A Corpse Claims Its Property

ghost stories of Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 366
and similar frightening tales
translated and/or edited by

D. L. Ashliman
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Iceland

A certain boy and girl, whose names this tale telleth not, once lived near a church. The boy being mischievously inclined, was in the habit of trying to frighten the girl in a variety of ways, till she became at last so accustomed to his tricks, that she ceased to care for anything whatever, putting down everything strange that she saw and heard to the boy's mischief.

One washing-day, the girl was sent by her mother to fetch home the linen, which had been spread to dry in the churchyard. When she had nearly filled her basket, she happened to look up, and saw sitting on a tomb near her a figure dressed in white from head to foot, but was not the least alarmed, believing it to be the boy playing her, as usual, a trick. So she ran up to it, and pulling its cap off said, "You shall not frighten me, *this* time."

old, rich and poor, pretty and plain, and could not meet with one to his mind. At last he found a woman young, fair, and rich, who possessed the supreme, the crowning glory of having a right arm of solid gold. He married her at once, and thought no man so fortunate as he was. They lived happily together, but, though he wished people to think otherwise, he was fonder of the golden arm than of all his wife's gifts besides.

At last she died. The husband appeared inconsolable. He put on the blackest black, and pulled the longest face at the funeral. But for all that he got up in the middle of the night, dug up the body, and cut off the golden arm. He hurried home to secrete his recovered treasure, and thought no one would know.

The following night he put the golden arm under his pillow, and was just falling asleep, when the ghost of his dead wife glided into the room. Stalking up to the bedside it drew the curtain, and looked at him reproachfully. Pretending not to be afraid, he spoke to the ghost, and said, "What have you done with your cheeks so red."

"All withered and wasted away," replied the ghost, in a hollow tone.

"What have you done with your red rosy lips?"

"All withered and wasted away."

"What have you done with your golden hair?"

"All withered and wasted away."

"What have you done with your *golden arm*?"

"You have it!"

- Source: S. Baring-Gould, Appendix to William Henderson, *Notes on the Folk Lore of the Northern Counties of England and the Borders* (London: Longmans, Green, and Company, 1866), no. 14, pp. 338-39.
- Baring-Gould's note on the telling of this story: "The dialog progresses in horror, till at the close, the ghost's exclamation is shrieked out at the top of the narrator's voice, the candle extinguished, and the young auditors duly panic stricken. No one desires to know what became of the avaricious husband."
- Language cautiously modernized by D. L. Ashliman.
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The Golden Cup

England

There was once a lady who had one little daughter, and this daughter had a beautiful golden cup. Now one day the lady was going out to visit her friends, and her little daughter asked if she might go too. Her mother said, "No, dear, I cannot take you now, but you can have your golden cup to play with until I come back."

When the mother had gone the little girl said to the maid, "Fetch me my golden cup out of the cupboard."

The maid said, "I can't fetch it now, I am too busy."

But the little girl, kept asking for the cup again and again, until at last the maid grew angry, and said, "If you ask for it again I'll cut your head off."

But the little girl asked for the cup once more, and thereupon the maid took her into the cellar, got the hatchet, and cut her head off. Then she got a pickaxe and a spade, and dug a hole, and buried the little girl under one of the stone flags in the cellar.

When the mother came back in the evening she said, "Where's baby?"

The maid said, "I have let her go out for a walk."

"Then go and seek her," said the mother.

The maid went out, and when she came back she said, "I have looked for her everywhere and cannot find her."

Then the mother was deeply grieved, and she sat up all that night, and all the next night. On the third night as she sat alone and wide awake she heard the voice of her daughter outside the door saying, "Can I have my golden cup?"

The mother opened the door, and when her daughter had repeated the question three times she saw her spirit, but the spirit vanished at once, and she never saw it more.

- Source: Sidney Oldall Addy, *Household Tales with Other Traditional Remains, Collected in the Counties of York, Lincoln, Derby, and Nottingham* (London: David Nutt, 1895), no. 43, pp. 42-43.
- This tale is from Eckington in Derbyshire.
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Teeny-Tiny

England

Once upon a time there was a teeny-tiny woman lived in a teeny-tiny house in a teeny-tiny village.

Now, one day this teeny-tiny woman put on her teeny-tiny bonnet, and went out of her teeny-tiny house to take a teeny-tiny walk. And when this teeny-tiny woman had gone a teeny-tiny way she came to a teeny-tiny gate. So the teeny-tiny woman opened the teeny-tiny gate, and went into a teeny-tiny churchyard. And when this teeny-tiny woman had got into the teeny-tiny churchyard, she saw a teeny-tiny bone on a teeny-tiny grave, and the teeny-tiny woman said to her teeny-tiny self, "This teeny-tiny bone will make me some teeny-tiny soup for my teeny-tiny supper."

So the teeny-tiny woman put the teeny-tiny bone into her teeny-tiny pocket, and went home to her teeny-tiny house.

Now when the teeny-tiny woman got home to her teeny-tiny house she was a teeny-tiny bit tired. So she went up her teeny-tiny stairs to her teeny-tiny bed, and put the teeny-tiny bone into a teeny-tiny cupboard. And when this teeny-tiny woman had been to sleep a teeny-tiny time, she was awakened by a teeny-tiny voice from the teeny-tiny cupboard, which said,

"Give me my bone!"

And this teeny-tiny woman was a teeny-tiny frightened, so she hid her teeny-tiny head under the teeny-tiny clothes and went to sleep again. And when she had been to sleep again a teeny-tiny time, the teeny-tiny voice again cried out from the teeny-tiny cupboard a teeny-tiny louder,

"Give me my bone!"

This made the teeny-tiny woman a teeny-tiny more frightened, so he hid her teeny-tiny head a teeny-tiny further under the teeny-tiny clothes. And when the teeny-tiny woman had been to sleep again a teeny-tiny time, the teeny-tiny voice from the teeny-tiny cupboard said again a teeny-tiny louder,

"Give me my bone!"

And this teeny-tiny woman was a teeny-tiny bit more frightened, but she put her teeny-tiny head out of the teeny-tiny clothes, and said in her loudest teeny-tiny voice, "TAKE IT!"

- Source: Joseph Jacobs, *English Fairy Tales* (London: David Nutt, 1890), no. 12, pp. 57-58.
- Jacobs' source: James Orchard Halliwell, *Nursery Rhymes and Nursery Tales* (London, 1843), p. 148. Another edition is *Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales: A Sequel to the Nursery Rhymes of England* (London: John Russell Smith, 1849), pp. 25-26.
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Give Me My Teeth

England

Mr. Halliwell gives us, in his *Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales*, the story of Teeny-Tiny. In this a little old woman takes a bone from the churchyard to make soup. She goes to bed, and puts the bone in the cupboard. During the night someone comes demanding the bone, and at length the terrified old woman gives it up.

A similar story is told in Cornwall.

An old lady had been to the church in the sands of Perranzabuloe. She found, amidst the numerous remains of mortality, some very good teeth. She pocketed these, and at night

placed them on her dressing table before getting into bed. She slept, but was at length disturbed by someone calling out, "Give me my teeth. Give me my teeth."

At first, the lady took no notice of this, but the cry, "Give me my teeth," was so constantly repeated, that she, at last, in terror, jumped out of bed, took the teeth from the dressing table, and, opening the window, flung them out, exclaiming, "Drat the teeth, take 'em!"

They no sooner fell into the darkness on the road than hasty retreating footsteps were heard, and there were no more demands for the teeth.

- Source: Robert Hunt, *Popular Romances of the West of England; or, The Drolls, Traditions, and Superstitions of Old Cornwall*, second series (London: John Camden Hotten, 1865), pp. 268-69.
- Hunt entitles this tale "Cornish Teeny-Tiny."
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The Old Man at the White House

England

There was once a man who lived in a white house in a certain village, and he knew everything about everybody that lived in the place.

In the same village there lived a woman who had a daughter called Sally, and one day she gave Sally a pair of yellow kid gloves and threatened to kill her if she lost them. Now Sally was very proud of her gloves, but she was careless enough to lose one of them. After she had lost it she went to a row of houses in the village and inquired at every door if they had seen her glove. But everybody said "No;" and she was told to go and ask the old man that lived in the white house.

So Sally went to the white house and asked the old man if he had seen her glove.

The old man said, "I have thy glove, and I will give it thee if thou wilt promise me to tell nobody where thou hast found it. And remember if thou tells anybody I shall fetch thee out of bed when the clock strikes twelve at night."

So he gave the glove back to Sally.

But Sally's mother got to know about her losing the glove, and said, "Where did thou find it?"

Sally said, "I daren't tell, for if I do an old man will fetch me out of bed at twelve o'clock at night."

Her mother said, "I will bar all the doors and fasten all the windows, and then he can't get in and fetch thee;" and then she made Sally tell her where she had found her glove.

So Sally's mother barred all the doors and fastened all the windows, and Sally went to bed at ten o'clock that night and began to cry. At eleven she began to cry louder, and at twelve

o'clock she heard a voice saying in a whisper, but gradually getting louder and louder:

"Sally, I'm up one step."

"Sally, I'm up two steps."

"Sally, I'm up three steps."

"Sally, I'm up four steps."

"Sally, I'm up five steps."

"Sally, I'm up six steps."

"Sally, I'm up seven steps."

"Sally, I'm up eight steps."

"Sally, I'm up nine steps."

"Sally, I'm up ten steps."

"Sally, I'm up eleven steps."

"Sally, I'm up twelve steps!"

"Sally, I'm at thy bedroom door!!"

"Sally, I have hold of thee!!!"

- Source: S. O. Addy, "Four Yorkshire Folktales," *Folklore*, vol. 8, no. 4 (December 1897), pp. 393-94.
- Addy's source: "From Wakefield. Told to me by C. R. Hirst, of Sheffield, aged 18.
- Note by Addy: "It is hoped that this tale will not be reprinted in any book intended for children."
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A Ghost Story

Joel Chandler Harris

The next time the little boy visited Uncle Remus he persuaded Tildy to go with him. Daddy Jack was in his usual place, dozing and talking to himself, while Uncle Remus oiled the carriage harness. After a while Aunt Tempy came in.

The conversation turned on Daddy Jack's story about "haunts" and spirits [the previous story in the collection, "Spirits, Seen and Unseen"]. Finally Tildy said, "When it comes to tales about haunts, I hear tell of one that will just naturally make the kinks on your head uncurl themselves."

"What tale is that, child?" asked Aunt Tempy.

"Uncle Remus, must I tell it?"

"Let it come," said Uncle Remus.

"Well then," said Tildy, rolling her eyes back and displaying her white teeth:

> One time there was a woman and a man. It seems like they lived close to one another, and the man, he set his eyes on the woman, and the woman, she just went along and tended to her business. The man, he kept his eyes set on her. By and by, the woman, she tended to her business so much that she took sick and died. The man, he up and told her folks she was dead, and the folks came and fixed her. They laid her out, and they lit some candles, and they sat up with her, just like folks do now, and they put two big round shiny silver dollars on her eyes to hold her eyelids down.

In describing the silver dollars Tildy joined the ends of her thumbs and forefingers together, and made a figure as large as a saucer. "They were lots bigger that dollars are these days." She continued:

> And they looked mighty pretty. It seems like they were all the money the woman had, and the folks put them on her eyelids to hold them down. Then when the folks did that, they called on the man and told him he would have to dig a grave and bury the woman, and then they all went off about their business.
>
> Well, then the man, he took and dug the grave and made ready to bury the woman. He looked at that money on her eyelids, and it shined mighty pretty. Then he took it off and felt it. It felt might good, but just about that time, the man looked at the woman, and he saw her eyelids open. It looked like she was looking at him, and he took and put the money where he got it from.
>
> Well, then the man, he took and got a wagon and hauled the woman out to the burying ground, and when he got there he fixed everything, and then he grabbed the money and covered up the grave right quick. Then he went home and put the money in a tin box and rattled it around. It rattled loud and it rattled nice, but the man, he didn't feel so good. It seems like he knew the woman's eyelids were stretched wide open looking for him. Yet he rattled the money around, and it rattled loud and it rattled nice.
>
> Well, then the man, he took and put the tin box with the money on the mantel shelf. The day went by, and night came, and when night came, the wind began to rise up and blow. It rose high and it blew strong. It blew on top of the house. It blew under the house. It blew around the house. The man, he felt queer. He sat by the fire and listened. The wind said "Buzz-zoo-o-o-o-o!" The man listened. The wind hollered and cried. It blew on top of the house. It blew under the house. It blew around the house. It blew into the house. The man got close to the chimney

jamb. The wind found the cracks and blew in them. "Bizzy, bizzy, buzz-zoo-o-o-o-o!"

Well, then the man, he listened and listened, but by and by he got tired of this, and he allowed to himself that he was going to bed. He took and flung a freshly lighted knot into the fire, and then he jumped into bed, and curled himself up, and put his head under the covers.

The wind hunted for the cracks, "Bizzy-buzz, bizzy-buzz, buzz-zoo-o-o-o-o!" The man kept his head under the covers. The lighted knot flared up and flickered. The man didn't dare to move. The wind blew and whistled, "Phew-fee-e-e-e!" The lighted knot flickered and flared. The man, he kept his head covered.

Well, then the man lay there, and got scareder and scareder. He scarcely dared to wink his eyes, and it seemed like he was going to have swamp fever. While he was lying there shaking, and the wind was a-blowing, and the fire flickering, he heard some other kind of noise. It was a mighty curious kind of noise, "Clinkity, clinkalinkle!"

The man said, "Hey! Who is stealing my money?"

But he kept his head covered while he lay and listened. He heard the wind blow, and then he heard that other kind of noise, "Clinkity, clink, clinkity, clinkalinkle!"

Well, then he flung off the covers and sat right up in bed. He looked, but he didn't see anything. The fire flickered and flared, and the wind blew. The man went and put a chain and a bar across the door. Then he went back to bed, and he had no more than touched his head on the pillow when he heard this other noise, "Clink, clink, clinkity, clinkalinkle!" The man got up, but he didn't see anything at all. Mighty queer!

Just about the time was going to lie down again, here came the noise, "Clinkity, clinkalinkle." It sounded like it was on the mantle shelf. Not only that, it sounded like it was in the tin box on the mantle shelf. Not only that, it sounded like it was the money in the tin box on the mantle shelf.

The man said, "Hey! A rat done got in the box!"

The man looked. No rat was there. He shut up the box and set it down on the shelf. As he did that, here came the noise, "Clinkity, clinkity, clinkalinkle!"

The man opened the box and looked at the money. Those two silver dollars were lying there just like he put them. While the man was doing this, it seemed liked he could hear something saying, away off yonder, "Where's my money? Oh, give me my money! I want my money!"

Well, then the man got scared sure enough, and he got a flatiron and put it on the tin box, and then he took and piled all the chairs against the door, and ran and

jumped into bed. He just knew there was a boogie coming. By the time he got into bed and covered his head, the money rattled louder, and something cried away off yonder, "I want my money! Oh, give me my money!"

The man, he shook and he shivered. The money, it clinked and rattled. And the boogie, it hollered and cried. The boogie came closer. The money clinked louder. The man shook worse and worse.

The money said, "Clinkity, clinkalinkle!"

The boogie cried, "Oh, give me my money!"

The man hollered, "Oh, Lordy, Lordy!"

Well, then it kept on this way until the man heard the door open. He peeped from under the covers, and in walked the woman that he had buried in the burying ground. The man shivered and shivered. The wind blew and blew. The money rattled and rattled. The woman cried and cried.

"Buzz-zoo-o-o-o-o!" said the wind.

"Clinkalink!" said the box.

"Oh, give me my money!" said the woman.

"Oh, Lordy!" said the man.

The woman heard the money, but it looked like she couldn't see it, and she groped around, and groped around, and groped around with her hands in the air like this.

Here Tildy stood up, pushed her chair back with her foot, raised her arms over her head, and leaned forward in the direction of Daddy Jack.

The wind was blowing. The fire was flickering. The money was rattling. The man was shaking and shivering. The woman was groping around and saying, "Give me my money! Oh, who's got my money?"

Tildy advanced a few steps.

The money looked like it was going to tear the tin box all to flinders. The woman groped and cried, until by and by she jumped on the man and hollered, "You've got my money!"

As she reached this climax, Tildy sprang at Daddy Jack and seized him, and for a few moments there was considerable confusion in the corner. The little boy was frightened, but the collapsed appearance of Daddy Jack convulsed him with laughter. The old African was very angry. His little eyes glistened with momentary malice, and he shook his cane

threateningly at Tildy. The latter coolly adjusted her earrings, as she exclaimed, "There now! I knew I'd get even with the old villain. Come a-calling me pigeon-toed!"

"Better keep your eye on him, child," said Aunt Tempy. "He'll bewitch you for sure."

"Bewitch who? If he comes bewitching around me, I'll break his back, I'm telling you that right point-blank."

- Source: Joel Chandler Harris, *Nights with Uncle Remus: Myths and Legends of the Old Plantation* (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company, 1883), no. 29, pp. 161-66.
- Dialect normalized by D. L. Ashliman. © 2000.
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How to Tell a Story: The Golden Arm

Mark Twain

The pause is an exceedingly important feat ure in any kind of story, and a frequently re curring feature, too. It is a dainty thing, and delicate, and also uncertain and treacherous; for it must be exactly the right length -- no more and no less -- or it fails of its purpose and makes trouble. If the pause is too short the impressive point is passed, and the audience have had time to divine that a surprise is in tended -- and then you can't surprise them, of course.

On the platform I used to tell a negro ghost story that had a pause in front of the snapper on the end, and that pause was the most im portant thing in the whole story. If I got it the right length precisely, I could spring the finishing ejaculation with effect enough to make some impressible girl deliver a startled little yelp and jump out of her seat -- and that was what I was after. This story was called " The Golden Arm," and was told in this fash ion. You can practise with it yourself -- and mind you look out for the pause and get it right.

The Golden Arm

Once 'pon a time dey wuz a monsus mean man, en he live 'way out in de prairie all 'lone by hisself, 'cep'n he had a wife. En bimeby she died, en he tuck en toted her way out dah in de prairie en buried her. Well, she had a golden arm -- all solid gold, fum de shoulder down. He wuz pow'ful mean -- pow'ful; en dat night he couldn't sleep, caze he want dat golden arm so bad.

When it come midnight he couldn't stan' it no mo'; so he git up, he did, en tuck his lantern en shoved out thoo de storm en dug her up en got de golden arm; en he bent his head down 'gin de win', en plowed en plowed en plowed thoo de snow. Den all on a sudden he stop (make a considerable pause here, and look startled, and take a listening attitude) en say: "My *lan',* what's dat!"

En he listen -- en listen -- en de win' say (set your teeth together and imitate the wailing and wheezing singsong of the wind), "Bzzz-z-zzz" -- en den, way back yonder whah de grave is, he hear a *voice!* -- he hear a voice all mix' up in de win' -- can't hardly tell 'em 'part -- "Bzzz-

zzz -- W-h-o -- g-o-t -- m-y -- g-o-l-d-e-n *arm?* -- zzz -- zzz -- W-h-o g-o-t m-y g-o-l-d-e-n *arm?* (You must begin to shiver violently now.)

En he begin to shiver en shake, en say, "Oh, my! *Oh,* my lan'!" en de win' blow de lantern out, en de snow en sleet blow in his face en mos' choke him, en he start a-plowin' knee-deep towards home mos' dead, he so sk'yerd -- en pooty soon he hear de voice agin, en (pause) it 'us comin' *after* him! "Bzzz -- zzz -- zzz -- W-h-o -- g-o-t -- m-y -- g-o-l-d-e-n -- *arm?*"

When he git to de pasture he hear it agin -- closter now, en a-*comin!* -- a-comin' back dah in de dark en de storm -- (repeat the wind and the voice). When he git to de house he rush up-stairs en jump in de bed en kiver up, head and years, en lay dah shiverin' en shakin' -- en den way out dah he hear it *agin!* -- en a- *comin!* En bimeby he hear (pause -- awed, listening attitude) -- pat -- pat -- pat -- *hit's a- comin' up-stairs!* Den he hear de latch, en he *know* it's in de room!

Den pooty soon he know it's a-*stannin' by de bed!* (Pause.) Den -- he know it's a-*bendin down over him* -- en he cain't skasely git his breath! Den -- den -- he seem to feel someth'n *c-o-l-d,* right down 'most agin his head ! (Pause.)

Den de voice say, *right at his year* -- " W-h-o -- g-o-t -- m-y -- g-o-l-d-e-n *arm?*" "(You must wail it out very plaintively and accusingly; then you stare steadily and impressively into the face of the farthest-gone auditor -- a girl, preferably -- and let that awe-inspiring pause begin to build itself in the deep hush. When it has reached exactly the right length, jump suddenly at that girl and yell, "You've got it!"

If you've got the *pause* right, she'll fetch a dear little yelp and spring right out of her shoes. But you *must* get the pause right; and you will find it the most troublesome and aggravating and uncertain thing you ever undertook.)

- Source: Mark Twain, *How to Tell a Story and Other Essays* (New York and London: Harper and Brothers, 1898), pp. 9-12.
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- Cattarinetta, a folktale from Italy of type 333A about a careless girl who is eaten up by a witch. They storyteller uses the same technique to build suspense as used in most tales of type 366.
- Another collection of folktales about grave-robbers: Revived from Apparent Death by a Grave-Robber, legends of Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 990.
- D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

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Then when she had finished collecting the linen she went home. But, to her astonishment -- for he could not have reached home before her without her seeing him -- the boy was the first person who greeted her on her arrival at the cottage.

Among the linen, too, when it was sorted, was found a moldy white cap, which appeared to be nobody's property, and which was half full of earth.

The next morning the ghost (for it was a ghost that the girl had seen) was found sitting with no cap upon its head, upon the same tombstone as the evening before. And as nobody had the courage to address it, or knew in the least how to get rid of it, they sent into the neighboring village for advice.

An old man declared that the only way to avoid some general calamity, was for the little girl to replace on the ghost's head the cap she had seized from it, in the presence of many people, all of whom were to be perfectly silent. So a crowd collected in the churchyard, and the little girl, going forward, half afraid, with the cap, placed it upon the ghost's head, saying, "Are you satisfied now?"

But the ghost, raising its hand, gave her a fearful blow, and said, "Yes, but are *you* now satisfied?"

The little girl fell down dead, and at the same instant the ghost sank into the grave upon which it had been sitting, and was no more seen.

- Source: Jón Arnason, *Icelandic Legends*, translated by George E. J. Powell and Eiríkur Magnússon (London: Richard Bentley, 1864), pp. 157-58.
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The Shroud

Russia

In a certain village there was a girl who was lazy and slothful, hated working, but would gossip and chatter away like anything! Well, she took it into her head to invite the other girls to a spinning party. For in the villages, as every one knows, it is the lazybones who gives the spinning feast, and the sweet-toothed are those who go to it.

Well, on the appointed night she got her spinners together. They span for her, and she fed them and feasted them. Among other things they chatted about was this -- which of them all was the boldest?

Says the lazybones, "I'm not afraid of anything!"

"Well then," say the spinners, "if you're not afraid, go past the graveyard to the church, take down the holy picture from the door, and bring it here."

"Good, I'll bring it; only each of you must spin me a distaff-full."

That was just her sort of notion: to do nothing herself, but to get others to do it for her. Well, she went, took down the picture, and brought it home with her. Her friends all saw that sure enough it was the picture from the church. But the picture had to be taken back again, and it was now the midnight hour. Who was to take it? At length the lazybones said, "You girls go on spinning. I'll take it back myself. I'm not afraid of anything!"

So she went and put the picture back in its place. As she was passing the graveyard on her return, she saw a corpse in a white shroud, seated on a tomb. It was a moonlight night; everything was visible. She went up to the corpse, and drew away its shroud from it. The corpse held its peace, not uttering a word; no doubt the time for it to speak had not come yet. Well, she took the shroud and went home.

"There!" says she, "I've taken back the picture and put it in its place; and, what's more, here's a shroud I took away from a corpse." Some of the girls were horrified; others didn't believe what she said, and laughed at her.

But after they had supped and lain down to sleep, all of a sudden the corpse tapped at the window and said, "Give me my shroud! Give me my shroud!"

The girls were so frightened they didn't know whether they were alive or dead. But the lazybones took the shroud, went to the window, opened it, and said, "There, take it."

"No," replied the corpse, "restore it to the place you took it from." Just then the cocks suddenly began to crow. The corpse disappeared.

Next night, when the spinners had all gone home to their own houses, at the very same hour as before, the corpse came, tapped at the window, and cried, "Give me my shroud!"

Well, the girl's father and mother opened the window and offered him his shroud. "No," says he, "let her take it back to the place she took it from."

"Really now, how could one go to a graveyard with a corpse? What a horrible idea!" she replied. Just then the cocks crew. The corpse disappeared.

Next day the girl's father and mother sent for the priest, told him the whole story, and entreated him to help them in their trouble. "Couldn't a service be performed?" they said.

The priest reflected awhile; then he replied, "Please tell her to come to church tomorrow."

Next day the lazybones went to church. The service began, numbers of people came to it. But just as they were going to sing the cherubim song, there suddenly arose, goodness knows whence, so terrible a whirlwind that all the congregation fell flat on their faces. And it caught up that girl, and then flung her down on the ground. The girl disappeared from sight; nothing was left of her but her back hair.

- Source: W. R. S. Ralston, *Russian Folk-Tales* (London: Smith, Elder, and Company, 1873), pp. 307-309.
- Ralston's source: Aleksandr Afanasyev.

- Ralston's footnote concerning "her back hair": "The *kosa* or single braid in which Russian girls wear their hair."
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Poland

In the village of Hammer near Czernikowo many years ago there lived a young married couple. The wife loved to eat liver and could not live if she didn't eat a liver every day. One day she sent her husband once again to town to fetch a liver. However, in Czernikowo the husband met a group of young merrymakers and went with them to a tavern, where he drank away all his money.

Sad, and without the liver, he made his way homeward. It was late. On his way he had to go through a great forest. Here he met a hunter, who asked him why he was so sad. The man told him everything, upon which the hunter said, "In the middle of the forest there is a clearing with a gallows, upon which a number of dead bodies are hanging. Take one of them down, cut out his liver, and give it to your wife. Tell her it is beef liver."

The man did just that.

When he arrived home his wife was at first angry because he had been away so long, but she calmed down as soon as she saw the liver, and began frying it. The man lay down and went to sleep.

Suddenly a white figure appeared at the window, and it cried into the room, "Everyone is asleep. The dogs are keeping watch in the yard. And you are standing there frying my liver."

The man was terrified, and in his fear he cried out to his wife that she should come to bed. But the wife wanted first to dip a little piece of bread into the gravy and taste it.

Meanwhile, the phantom, a white skeleton, had already entered the house, always calling out the same words again and again.

The woman was not afraid, but asked the ghost, "Now, my little fellow, what happened to your flesh?"

The ghost replied, "The ravens ate it, and the wind blew it away."

Then the woman asked, "Now, my little fellow, what happened to your eyes and ears?"

And the ghost answered, "The ravens ate them, and the wind blew them away."

The woman asked, "Now, my little fellow, what happened to your liver?"

Then the ghost cried out, "You have it!" And with that he seized the woman and strangled her to death.

- Source: Otto Knoop, "Die kleine Geschichte," *Ostmärkische Sagen, Märchen und*

Erzählungen (Lissa in Posen: Oskar Eulitz' Verlag, 1909), no. 85, p. 181-182.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2000.
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Ahlemann

Germany

There was once a man named Ahlemann, and he had a wife and four children. One day he wanted to eat some liver, so he said, "Have it ready when I arrive home from work."

His wife went to town and bought a nice large liver. After it was fried, and the husband still hadn't come home, it smelled so good that wanted some ever so much. Finally she sat down and tasted it herself. First she ate just a very little piece, thinking, "He will never notice it." But then she cut off another little piece, and soon the entire liver was gone.

Then she became terribly frightened that her husband would scold her, so she ran to the gallows where someone was hanging whom they had hanged a short time ago. She cut out his liver and fried it.

When Ahlemann came home he sat down, and it tasted marvelous. Afterward he went for beer with his children.

Evening came, and it was already dark. The woman was lying in her bed when she heard something approaching her room. A voice called out, "Where is Ah-lemann? Where is Ah-lemann?"

She said, "Ahlemann has gone for beer with all four!"

But she heard it coming closer and closer, and she called out in fear, "Come Ah-lemann; come Ah-lemann. I am terribly afraid."

But it was to no avail. Suddenly it was standing before her bed, and it broke her neck.

- Source: A. Kuhn and W. Schwartz, "Ahlemann," *Norddeutsche Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg [Mecklenburg], Pommern, der Mark, Sachsen, Thüringen, Braunschweig, Hannover, Oldenburg und Westfalen* (Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus, 1848), pp. 357-58.
- Kuhn's and Schwartz's source: "From the vicinity of Cottbus, through Professor Jungk."
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2008.
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The Man from the Gallows

Germany

Late one evening an old woman received guests. She had no more food and did not know

what she could cook for them. She went to the gallows where a dead man was hanging and cut out his liver. This she fried for her guests, and they ate all of it.

At midnight someone knocked on the door of her hut. She woke up. There stood the dead man. His head was naked; he had no eyes; and there was a wound in his body.

"Where is your hair?"

"The wind blew it off."

"Where are your eyes?"

"The ravens picked them out."

"Where is your liver?"

"You ate it."

- Source: Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, "Der Mann vom Galgen," *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*, vol. 3 (Göttingen: Verlag der Dieterich'schen Buchhandlung, 1856), p. 276).
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2008.
- The Grimms call this short piece a "fragment." It is contained in volume three of their famous collection, a volume comprising scholarly comments on their tales.
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The Burial Dress

Germany

As was previously the custom, a woman made her own burial dress while she was still living. After she died, her daughter-in-law thought that a lesser dress would do just as well. Therefore she kept the burial dress for herself and dressed the dead woman in an old worn-out one. However, the old woman had scarcely been buried when in the evening a voice was heard in the parlor saying, "I want to have my dress." This happened every evening, and did not stop until the right dress was laid on the grave.

- Source: Karl Bartsch, "Das Todtenhemd," *Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg [Mecklenburg]* (Vienna: Wilhelm Braumüller, 1879), vol. 1, no. 294, pp. 227-28.
- Bartsch's source: F. Haase, a teacher from Rostock.
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The Audacious Girl

Germany

1.

In Pinno some people lived directly next to the churchyard, and when their daughter went to the spinning room in the evening she always had to walk through the churchyard. The young fellows teased her about this and told her that something would happen to her if she continued to walk by herself through the churchyard. One evening when she was once again walking through the churchyard on her way to the spinning room, she saw a figure sitting on a grave. She thought it was one of the young fellows trying to frighten her, so she went up to the figure and ripped something off its body. She ran with it to the spinning room and said, "You tried to play a trick on me, but you failed! I took this away from the fellow who was trying to trick me!"

The other spinning girls said to her, "That is a burial shroud that you have in your hands."

She was frightened as she made her way home. The young fellows and girls went with her, and nothing happened to her.

In the night something knocked on her window, and a voice called out, "Give me my things. I'm freezing.!"

She was afraid to give the things back, and there came another knock. Then she opened the window a little and reached the things out with a stick. But outside no one took them.

Every night the knocking and the calling came again. Then the girl went with her mother to the pastor and told him about it. The pastor said that he and the teacher would go with her to take the things back to the same place where she had taken them. When all three were standing at the grave they heard the girl cry, "My Jesus! My Jesus!"

Suddenly the girl disappeared from their midst. They found only a few tattered pieces of her clothing lying there next to them. The Evil One had torn the girl apart and taken her with him.

2.

In a village there was once a very audacious girl who wanted to have something from the churchyard, for such things were considered to be of value. The girl went to the churchyard at twelve o'clock in the night. There she saw a white figure sitting on a grave. It had a white cloth wrapped around its head. The girl unwrapped the cloth and took it with her.

The next night the white figure came to the girl's bed and wanted the have the cloth back. This happened every night. Then the frightened girl ran to the pastor and told him about it. He said that she would have to take the cloth back to the place she had taken it from.

The following night the girl went to the churchyard. The white figure was sitting on the grave again, and she wrapped the cloth around its head. When the girl had done this she received a slap that knocked to the ground, and she was dead.

- Source: Karl Gander, "Das dreiste Mädchen," *Niederlausitzer Volkssagen, vornehmlich aus dem Stadt- und Landkreise Guben* (Berlin: Deutsche Schriftsteller-Genossenschaft, 1894), no. 198, pp. 77-78.
- Gander lists his source for the first legend as "oral" and for the second as "oral, from

Gubinchen."

- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2008.
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The Little Golden Leg

Germany

A distinguished lady once had a little girl. It cannot even be said how very, very much she loved her. Now the little girl went to school, and she walked on some ice, slipped and fell, and broke off one of her little legs. They picked her up and carried her back to her mother and told her that she had fallen on some ice and broken off one of her little legs. The mother cried many tears and then had the surgeon come and said to him, "If only you could bring the little girl so far that she could walk on her legs again."

The surgeon looked at the little leg from this side and that side and then said, "The girl must have a little golden leg."

So the mother had a little golden leg made and placed on the girl, but it did not help.

A little while later the door opened and Death entered. "Oh!" said the lady. "Are you going to take my dear, dear child away from me?"

"Yes," said Death, "her time and her hour have come. She must go with me."

"Oh!" said the mother to her child. "Are you going to leave me?"

"Mother, dear," said the child, "I must! I would like to stay here, but Death will not allow it."

Then Death took the little girl by the hand and went out the door with her.

When the child was buried the gravedigger broke open the casket and took the little golden leg off the little girl and went home with it. At the hour of midnight, the child came to the gravedigger's bed and said, "Give my little leg! Give me my little leg!"

But the gravedigger pretended that he did not hear her. So the child came the first night, and she came the second night, and she also came the third night, and said, "Give me my little leg! Give me my little leg!"

The third night the gravedigger said, "I do not have your little leg."

But the child did not allow herself to be made a fool of, and she said two times and three times, "Give me my little leg! Give me my little leg! There -- you -- have -- my -- little leg!"

> *This last sentence is to be suddenly shouted to the child who is anxiously listening. The child will jump with fear, then recover, and then laugh about being frightened. He will seldom ask about the conclusion, but if he does, the story ends thus:*

From that hour on, the girl rested peacefully in her grave.

- Source: Carl and Theodor Colshorn, "Vom gollenen Beineken," *Märchen und Sagen* (Hannover: Verlag von Carl Rümpler, 1854), no. 6, pp. 31-32.
- The Colshorns' source: "Oral, in Celle."
- Translated from Low German by D. L. Ashliman. © 2000.
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Saddaedda

Italy

Once upon a time there was a girl called Saddaedda, who was crazy. One day, when her mother had gone into the country and she was left alone in the house, she went into a church where the funeral service was being read over the body of a rich lady. The girl hid herself in the confessional. No one knew she was there. So, when the other people had gone, she was left alone with the corpse. It was dressed out in a rose-colored robe and everything else becoming, and it had earrings in its ears and rings on its fingers. These the girl took off, and then she began to undress the body. When she came to the stockings she drew off one easily, but at the other she had to pull so hard that at last the leg came off with it. Saddaedda took the leg, carried it to her lonely home, and locked it up in a box. At night came the dead lady and knocked at the door.

"Who's there?" said the girl.

"It is I," answered the corpse. "Give me back my leg and stocking!"

But Saddaedda paid no heed to the request. Next day she prepared a feast and invited some of her playfellows to spend the night with her. They came, feasted, and went to sleep. At midnight the dead woman began to knock at the door and to repeat last night's request. Saddaedda took no notice of the noise, but her companions, whom it awoke, were horrified, and as soon as they could, they ran away. On the third night just the same happened. On the fourth she could persuade only one girl to keep her company.

On the fifth she was left entirely alone. The corpse came, forced open the door, strode up to Saddaedda's bed, and strangled her. Then the dead woman opened the box, took out her leg and stocking, and carried them off with her to her grave.

- Source: Thomas Frederick Crane, *Italian Popular Tales* (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company; London: Macmillan and Company, 1885), no. 73, p. 238.
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The Golden Arm

England

There was once a man who traveled the land all over in search of a wife. He saw young and

A Fool Does Not Count the Animal He Is Riding

tales of Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 1288A
edited by

D. L. Ashliman
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1. The Simpleton with Ten Asses (Turkey).
2. The Hodja and His Eight Donkeys (Turkey).
3. Johha Fails to Count the Donkey He Is Riding (Palestine).
4. Related links.

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Turkey

A simpleton, who was a servant, had ten asses which he hired to certain people, and when they came back to their places he took his asses and counted them, and found them to be ten. Then he mounted one of them and rode some distance and came back, and as he was going away he counted those that were before him, and found them to be nine; and he was angry, and alighted and counted them over again, and found them to be ten. And he mounted an ass again, and counted the others and found them to be nine; thereupon he dismounted and counted them, and found them to be ten.

Then he said, "Verily there is a devil with me, for whenever I mount an ass I lose one of them; therefore I must not ride lest I lose one altogether."

Thus he traveled over the whole country on foot, for he dared not mount one of them.

- Source: Mâr Gregory John Bar-Hebraeus, Laughable Stories, translated by E. A. Wallis Budge (London: Luzac and Company, 1897), no. 569 (DLXIX), pp. 145-46.
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The Hodja and His Eight Donkeys

Turkey

The Hodja had eight donkeys; he mounted one of them. At the end of his ride he counted them, but he saw only seven. He forgot the one he was sitting on. After dismounting he counted eight. This so confused him that he asked a passerby, "Earlier there were only seven, but now there are suddenly eight!"

"The one you were sitting on brought the number to eight."

The Hodja answered, "But how was I to see what I had on my behind?"

- Source: Albert Wesselski, *Der Hodscha Nasreddin*, vol. 1 (Weimar: Alexander Duncker Verlag, 1911), no. 261, p. 152.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2009.
- Link to additional tales about Nasreddin Hodja.
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Johha Fails to Count the Donkey He Is Riding

Palestine

When Johha grew old enough to work for his living he became a donkey driver. One day, being in charge of twelve donkeys employed to carry earth to the city, it occurred to him, before starting with the laden animals, to count them. Finding the tale [tally] complete, he took them to their destination and unloaded them.

He then mounted one of them, and was going to return when he found one donkey missing. At once dismounting, he put them all in a row, and was astonished and greatly relieved to find the twelve there. He thereupon remounted and set off again, wondering as he rode along how it was that he had missed one donkey. Suddenly the suspicion flashed upon him that possibly the second count had been faulty, so he counted again, to find once more that only eleven were racing along in front of him. Terribly disconcerted, he again got down off the creature he was riding and, stopping the others, once more counted them. He was puzzled to find that there were again twelve.

So absorbed was he by this mystery, that he went on counting and recounting the donkeys till his master, surprised at his long absence, came and solved his difficulty by obliging him to follow his asses on foot.

- Source: J. E. Hanauer, *Folk-Lore of the Holy Land: Moslem, Christian, and Jewish* (London: Duckworth and Compnay, 1907), pp. 84-85.
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Related links

- Fools Cannot Count Themselves. Tales of type 1287.

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Abducted by Aliens

Edited by

D. L. Ashliman
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The aliens in the legends that follow are not those from outer space, but rather underground people from our own earth: fairies, trolls, elves, and the like.

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The Recovered Bride

Ireland

"It certainly is my daughter's ring; but I do not know how you came by it. I fear in no honest way."

"Call my mother, *she* will be sure to know me," said the poor girl, who, by this time, was crying bitterly.

"My poor wife is beginning to forget her sorrow. She seldom speaks of her daughter now. Why should I renew her grief by reminding her of her loss?"

But the young lady persevered, till at last the mother was sent for.

"Mother," she began, when the old lady came to the door, "don't *you* know your daughter?"

"I have no daughter; my daughter died and was buried a long, long time ago."

"Only look in my face, and surely you'll know me."

The old lady shook her head. "You have all forgotten me; but look at this mole on my neck. Surely, mother, you know me now?"

"Yes, yes," said the mother, " my Gracie had a mole on her neck like that; but then I saw her in her coffin, and saw the lid shut down upon her."

It became Jamie's turn to speak, and he gave the history of the fairy journey, of the theft of the young lady, of the figure he had seen laid in its place, of her life with his mother in Fannet, of last Halloween, and of the three drops that had released her from her enchantment.

She took up the story when he paused, and told how kind the mother and son had been to her.

The parents could not make enough of Jamie. They treated him with every distinction, and when he expressed his wish to return to Fannet, said they did not know what to do to show their gratitude.

But an awkward complication arose. The daughter would not let him go without her. "If Jamie goes, I'll go too," she said. "He saved me from the fairies, and has worked for me ever since. If it had not been for him, dear father and mother, you would never have seen me again. If he goes, I'll go too."

This being her resolution, the old gentleman said that Jamie should become his son-in-law. The mother was brought from Fannet in a coach and four, and there was a splendid wedding.

They all lived together in the grand Dublin house, and Jamie was heir to untold wealth at his father-in-law's death.

- Source: William Butler Yeats, *Fairy and Folk Tales of the Irish Peasantry* (London: Walter Scott, 1888), pp. 52-59.
- Yeats's source: "Miss Letitia Maclintock."

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Ethna the Bride

Ireland

The fairies, as we know, are greatly attracted by the beauty of mortal women, and Finvarra the king employs his numerous sprites to find out and carry off when possible the prettiest girls and brides in the country. These are spirited away by enchantment to his fairy palace at Knockma in Tuam, where they remain under a fairy spell, forgetting all about the earthly life and soothed to passive enjoyment, as in a sweet dream, by the soft low melody of the fairy music, which has the power to lull the hearer into a trance of ecstasy.

There was once a great lord in that part of the country who had a beautiful wife called Ethna, the loveliest bride in all the land. And her husband was so proud of her that day after day he had festivals in her honour; and from morning till night his castle was filled with lords and ladies, and nothing but music and dancing and feasting and hunting and pleasure was thought of.

One evening while the feast was merriest, and Ethna floated through the dance in her robe of silver gossamer clasped with jewels, more bright and beautiful than the stars in heaven, she suddenly let go the hand of her partner and sank to the floor in a faint.

They carried her to her room, where she lay long quite insensible; but towards the morning she woke up and declared that she had passed the night in a beautiful palace, and was so happy that she longed to sleep again and go there in her dreams. And they watched by her all day, but when the shades of evening fell dark on the castle, low music was heard at her window, and Ethna again fell into a deep trance from which nothing could rouse her.

Then her old nurse was set to watch her; but the woman grew weary in the silence and fell asleep, and never awoke till the sun had risen. And when she looked towards the bed, she saw to her horror that the young bride had disappeared. The whole household was roused up at once, and search made everywhere, but no trace of her could be found in all the castle, nor in the gardens, nor in the park. Her husband sent messengers in every direction, but to no purpose -- no one had seen her; no sign of her could be found, living or dead.

Then the young lord mounted his swiftest steed and galloped right off to Knockma, to question Finvarra, the fairy king, if he could give any tidings of the bride, or direct him where to search for her; for he and Finvarra were friends, and many a good keg of Spanish wine had been left outside the window of the castle at night for the fairies to carry away, by order of the young lord. But he little dreamed now that Finvarra himself was the traitor; so he galloped on like mad till he reached Knockma, the hill of the fairies.

And as he stopped to rest his horse by the fairy rath, he heard voices in the air above him, and one said, "Right glad is Finvarra now, for he has the beautiful bride in his palace at last; and never more will she see her husband's face."

"Yet," answered another, "if he dig down through the hill to the centre of the earth, he would find his bride; but the work is hard and the way is difficult, and Finvarra has more power than any mortal man."

"That is yet to be seen," exclaimed the young lord. "Neither fairy, nor devil, nor Finvarra himself shall stand between me and my fair young wife;" and on the instant he sent word by his servants to gather together all the workmen and labourers of the country round with their spades and pickaxes, to dig through the hill till they came to the fairy palace.

And the workmen came, a great crowd of them, and they dug through the hill all that day till a great deep trench was made down to the very centre. Then at sunset they left off for the night; but next morning when they assembled again to continue their work, behold, all the clay was put back again into the trench, and the hill looked as if never a spade had touched it -- for so Finvarra had ordered; and he was powerful over earth and air and sea.

But the young lord had a brave heart, and he made the men go on with the work; and the trench was dug again, wide and deep into the centre of the hill. And this went on for three days, but always with the same result, for the clay was put back again each night and the hill looked the same as before, and they were no nearer to the fairy palace.

Then the young lord was ready to die for rage and grief, but suddenly he heard a voice near him like a whisper in the air, and the words it said were these: "Sprinkle the earth you have dug up with salt, and your work will be safe."

On this new life came into his heart, and lie sent word through all the country to gather salt from the people; and the clay was sprinkled with it that night, when the men had left off their work at the hill.

Next morning they all rose up early in great anxiety to see what had happened, and there to their great joy was the trench all safe, just as they had left it, and all the earth round it was untouched.

Then the young lord knew he had power over Finvarra, and he bade the men work on with a good heart, for they would soon reach the fairy palace now in the centre of the hill. So by the next day a great glen was cut right through deep down to the middle of the earth, and they could hear the fairy music if they put their ear close to the ground, and voices were heard round them in the air.

"See now," said one, "Finvarra is sad, for if one of those mortal men strike a blow on the fairy palace with their spades, it will crumble to dust, and fade away like the mist."

"Then let Finvarra give up the bride," said another, "and we shall be safe."

On which the voice of Finvarra himself was heard, clear like the note of a silver bugle through the hill. "Stop your work," he said. "Oh, men of earth, lay down your spades, and at sunset the bride shall be given back to her husband. I, Finvarra, have spoken."

Then the young lord bade them stop the work, and lay down their spades till the sun went

down. And at sunset he mounted his great chestnut steed and rode to the head of the glen, and watched and waited; and just as the red light flushed all the sky, lie saw his wife coming along the path in her robe of silver gossamer, more beautiful than ever; and he sprang from the saddle and lifted her up before him, and rode away like the storm wind back to the castle. And there they laid Ethna on her bed; but she closed her eyes and spake no word. So day after day passed, and still she never spake or smiled, but seemed like one in a trance.

And great sorrow fell upon every one, for they feared she had eaten of the fairy food, and that the enchantment would never be btoken. So her husband was very miserable. But one evening as he was riding home late, he heard voices in the air, and one of them said, "It is now a year and a day since the young lord brought home his beautiful wife from Finvarra; but what good is she to him? She is speechless and like one dead; for her spirit is with the fairies though her form is there beside him."

Then another voice answered, "And so she will remain unless the spell is broken. He must unloose the girdle from her waist that is fastened with an enchanted pin, and burn the girdle with fire, and throw the ashes before the door, and bury the enchanted pin in the earth; then will her spirit come back from Fairyland, and she will once more speak and have true life."

Hearing this the young lord at once set spurs to his horse, and on reaching the castle hastened to the room where Ethna lay on her couch silent and beautiful like a waxen figure. Then, being determined to test the truth of the spirit voices, he untied the girdle, and after much difficulty extracted the enchanted pin from the folds. But still Ethna spoke no word; then he took the girdle and burned it with fire, and strewed the ashes before the door, and he buried the enchanted pin in a deep hole in the earth, under a fairy thorn, that no hand might disturb the spot. After which he returned to his young wife, who smiled as she looked at him, aud held forth her hand. Great was his joy to see the soul coming back to the beautiful form, and he raised her up and kissed her; and speech and memory came back to her at that moment, and all her former life, just as if it had never been broken or interrupted; but the year that her spirit had passed in Fairyland seemed to her but as a dream of the night, from which she had just awoke.

After this Finvarra made no further efforts to carry her off; but the deep cut in the hill remains to this day, and is called "The Fairy's Glen." So no one can doubt the truth of the story as here narrated.

- Source: Lady [Jane Francesca Elgee] Wilde. *Ancient Legends, Mystic Charms, and Superstitions of Ireland* (Boston: Ticknor and Company, 1888), pp. 42-45.
- Link to additional Sleeping Beauty stories.
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Ned the Jockey

Wales

One Edward Jones, or "Ned the Jockey", as he was familiarly called, resided, within the memory of the writer, in one of the roadside cottages a short distance from Llanidloes, on the

Newtown Road.

While returning home late one evening, it was his fate to fall in with a troop of fairies, who were not pleased to have their gambols disturbed by a mortal. Requesting him to depart, they politely offered him the choice of three means of locomotion, viz., being carried off by a "high wind, middle wind, or low wind." The jockey soon made up his mind, and elected to make his trip through the air by the assistance of a high wind.

No sooner had he given his decision, than he found himself whisked high up into the air, and his senses completely bewildered by the rapidity of his flight; he did not recover himself again till he came in contact with the earth, being suddenly dropped in the middle of a garden near Ty Gough, on the Bryndu Road, many miles distant from the spot whence he started on his aerial journey.

Ned, when relating this story, would vouch for its genuineness in the most solemn manner, and the person who narrated it to the writer brought forward, as a proof of its truth, "that there was not the slightest trace of any person going into the garden while Ned was found in the middle of it."

The ultimate fate of the hero of the above incident was extremely melancholy. Returning home inebriated one night, he appears to have mistaken his road, and walked into the Severn, just below the Long Bridge, where his body was found next morning.

- Source: Edward Hamer, "Parochial Account of Llanidloes: Chapter 10, Folk-Lore," *Collections Historical and Archaeological Relating to Montgomeryshire and Its Borders.* Issued by the Lowys-Land Club for the use of its members. Vol. 10. (London: Printed for the Club by Thomas Richards, 1877), p. 247.
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The Old Man and the Fairies

Wales

Many years ago the Welsh mountains were full of fairies. People used to go by moonlight to see them dancing, for they knew where they would dance by seeing green rings in the grass.

There was an old man living in those days who used to frequent the fairs that were held across the mountains. One day he was crossing the mountains to a fair, and when he got to a lonely valley he sat down, for he was tired, and he dropped off to sleep, and his bag fell down by his side. When he was sound asleep the fairies came and carried him off, bag and all, and took him under the earth, and when he awoke he found himself in a great palace of gold, full of fairies dancing and singing. And they took him and showed him everything, the splendid gold room and gardens, and they kept dancing round him until he fell asleep.

When he was asleep they carried him back to the same spot where they had found him, and when he awoke he thought he had been dreaming, so he looked for his bag, and got hold of it, but he could hardly lift it. When he opened it he found it was nearly filled with gold.

He managed to pick it up, and turning round, he went home.

When he got home, his wife Kaddy said, "What's to do, why haven't you been to the fair?"

"I've got something here," he said, and showed his wife the gold.

"Why, where did you get that?"

But he wouldn't tell her. Since she was curious, like all women, she kept worrying him all night -- for he'd put the money in a box under the bed -- so he told her about the fairies.

Next morning, when he awoke, he thought he'd go to the fair and buy a lot of things, and he went to the box to get some of the gold, but found it full of cockle-shells.

- Source: P. H. Emerson, *Welsh Fairy-Tales and Other Stories*. (London: D. Nutt, 1894), pp. 15-16.
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A Visit to Fairyland

Wales

One bright moonlight night, while on his way to Clogwyn y Gwin to see his sweetheart, one of the sons of Llwyn On, in Nant y Bettws, saw a group of fairies carousing and dancing to their heart's content, on a field by Llyn Cawellyn. He went and stood not far from them, and by degrees he was drawn, by the charming sweetness of their music, and by the nimble and lively manner of their sport, until he was right within their circle. Soon there fell upon him a certain charm, which made everything around him strange to him, and he found himself in one of the most beautiful countries he had ever seen, where everyone spent his time in nothing but joy and mirth. He had been there for seven years, and yet everything was but as a dream of the night; but he remembered the message on which he had set out, and his heart longed for his sweetheart. He therefore asked permission to return home, which was given him together with a whole host of companions to lead to his own country; and all of a sudden he found himself, as if awaking out of a dream, on the meadow on which the fairies were carrying on their sport.

He then turned his face homeward, but when he reached there all was changed: his parents were dead, his brothers and sisters could not recognize him, and his sweetheart was married to another. At the thought of such changes he broke his heart, and died in less than a week after his return.

- Source: D. E. Jenkins, *Bedd Gelert: Its Facts, Fairies, and Folk-Lore*. (Portmadoc: Llewelyn Jenkins, 1899), pp. 173-74.
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Four Years in Faery

Isle of Man

Like the Welsh fairies, the Manx ones take men away with them and detain them for years. Thus a Kirk Andreas man was absent from his people for four years, which he spent with the fairies. He could not tell how he returned, but it seemed as if, having been unconscious, he woke up at last in this world. The other world, however, in which he was for the four years was not far away, as he could see what his brothers and the rest of the family were doing every day, although they could not see him.

To prove this, he mentioned to them how they were occupied on such and such a day, and, among other things, how they took their corn on a particular day to Ramsey. He reminded them also of their having heard a sudden sharp crack as they were passing by a thorn bush he named, and how they were so startled that one of them would have run back home. He asked them if they remembered that, and they said they did, only too well. He then explained to them the meaning of the noise, namely, that one of the fairies with whom he had been galloping the whole time was about to let fly an arrow at his brothers, but that as he was going to do this, he (the missing brother) raised a plate and intercepted the arrow: that was the sharp noise they had heard.

Such was the account he had to give of his sojourn in Faery.

- Source: John Rhys, *Celtic Folklore: Welsh and Manx*, vol. 1 (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1901), pp. 290-91.
- Rhys does not give a title to this account.
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The Lost Wife of Ballaleece

Isle of Man

One time the Farmer of Ballaleece married a beautiful young wife, and they were thinking the world of one another. But before long she disappeared. Some persons said that she was dead and others that she was taken by the Little People. Ballaleece mourned for her with a heavy heart and looked for her from Point of Ayr to the Calf; but in the end, not finding her, he married another wife. This one was not beautiful, but there was some money at her.

Soon after the marriage his first wife appeared to Ballaleece one night, and said to him, "My man, my man, I was taken away by the Little People, and I live with them near to you. I can be set free if you will but do what I tell you."

"Tell me quick," said Ballaleece.

"We'll be riding through Ballaleece barn at midnight on Friday," said she. "We'll be going in on one door and out on another. I'll be riding behind one of the men on horseback. You'll sweep the barn clean, and mind there is not one straw left on the floor. Catch hold of my bridle rein, hold it fast, and I shall be free."

When the night came Ballaleece took a besom and swept the barn floor so clean that not one speck was left on it. Then he waited in the dark.

At midnight the barn doors opened wide, sweet music was heard, and in through the open door came a fine company of Little People, in green jackets and red caps, riding fine horses. On the last horse, sitting behind a Little Fellow, Ballaleece saw his first wife as pretty as a picture, and as young as when she left him. He seized hold of her bridle rein, but he was shaken from side to side like a leaf on a tree, and he was not able to hold her.

As she went out through the door she stretched out her right hand and pointed to a bushel in the corner of the barn, and called out in a sad voice, "There's been a straw put under the bushel for that reason you couldn't hold me, and you've done with me for ever!"

The second wife had heard what had passed and had hidden the straw, and turned the bushel upside down so that it would not be seen.

The young wife was never heard of any more.

- Source: Sophia Morrison, *Manx Fairy Tales*, (London: David Nutt, 1911), pp. 75-77.
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On Fairies

England

Another Part of this Conversation generally turns upon *Fairies*. These, they tell you, have frequently been heard and seen, nay that there are some still living who were stolen away by them, and confined seven Years. According to the Description they give of them, who pretend to have seen them, they are in the Shape of Men, exceeding little: They are always clad in Green, and frequent the Woods and Fields; when they make Cakes (which is a Work they have been often heard at) they are very noisy; and when they have done, they are full of Mirth and Pastime. But generally they dance in *Moon-Light* when Mortals are asleep, and not capable of seeing them, as may be observed on the following Morn; their dancing Places being very distinguishable. For as they dance Hand in Hand, and so make a *Circle* in their Dance, so next Day there will be seen *Rings* and *Circles* on the Grass.

Now in all this there is really nothing, but an old fabulous Story, which has been handed down even to our Days from the Times of *Heathenism*, of a certain Sort of Beings called Lamiæ, which were esteemed so mischievous and cruel, as to take away young Children and slay them. These, together with the the *Fauns*, the *Gods of the Woods*, seem to have formed the Notion of Fairies.

- Source: John Brand, *Observations on Popular Antiquities: Including the Whole of Mr. [Henry] Bourne's* ***Antiquitates Vulgares****, with Addenda to Every Chapter of That Work*, (Newcastle upon Tyne: Printed by T. Saint, for J. Johnson, 1777), pp. 107-108.
- Link to an article about Lamia, the child-eating daemon from Greek mythology.
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The Lost Child

England

In the little hamlet of Treonike, in the parish of St. Allen, has long lingered the story of a lost child, who was subsequently found. All the stories agree in referring the abduction of the child to supernatural agency, and in some cases it is referred to the "Small People or Piskies," -- in others to less amiable spiritual creatures.

Mr. Hals [See Davies Gilbert's *Parochial History of Cornwall*] has given one version of this story, which differs in some respects from the tale as I heard it, from an old woman some thirty years since, who then lived in this parish. Her tale was to the following effect.

It was a lovely evening, and the little boy was gathering flowers in the fields, near a wood. The child was charmed by hearing some beautiful music, which he at first mistook for the song of birds; but, being a sharp boy, he was not long deceived, and he went towards the wood to ascertain from whence the melodious sounds came. When he reached the verge of the wood, the music was of so exquisite a character, that he was compelled to follow the sound, which appeared to travel before him. Lured in this way, the boy penetrated to the dark center of the grove, and here, meeting with some difficulties, owing to the thick growth of underwood, he paused, and began to think of returning. The music, however, became more ravishing than before, and some invisible being appeared to crush down all the low and tangled plants, thus forming for him a passage, over which he passed without any difficulty.

At length he found himself on the edge of a small lake, and, greatly to his astonishment, the darkness of night was around him, but the heavens were thick with stars. The music ceased, and, wearied with his wanderings, the boy fell asleep on a bed of ferns.

He related, on his restoration to his parents, that he was taken by a beautiful lady through palaces of the most gorgeous description. Pillars of glass supported arches which glistened with every color, and these were hung with crystals far exceeding anything which were ever seen in the caverns of a Cornish mine. It is, however, stated that many days passed away before the child was found by his friends, and that at length he was discovered one lovely morning sleeping on the bed of ferns, on which he was supposed to have fallen asleep on the first adventurous evening.

There was no reason given by the narrator why the boy was "spirited away" in the first instance, or why he was returned. Her impression was, that some sprites, pleased with the child's innocence and beauty, had entranced him. That when asleep he had been carried through the waters to the fairy abodes beneath them; and she felt assured that a child so treated would be kept under the especial guardianship of the sprites for ever afterwards. Of this, however, tradition leaves us in ignorance.

- Source: Robert Hunt, *Popular Romances of the West of England; or, The Drolls, Traditions, and Superstitions of Old Cornwall*, first series (London: John Camden Hotten, 1865), pp. 72-74.
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The Fairies' Hill

Scotland

There is a green hill above Kintraw, known as the Fairies' Hill, of which the following story is told.

Many years ago, the wife of the farmer at Kintraw fell ill and died, leaving two or three young children. The Sunday after the funeral the farmer and his servants went to church, leaving the children at home in charge of the eldest, a girl of about ten years of age. On the farmer's return the children told him their mother had been to see them, and had combed their hair and dressed them. As they still persisted in their statement after being remonstrated with, they were punished for telling what was not true.

The following Sunday the same thing occurred again. The father now told the children, if their mother came again, they were in inquire of her why she came. Next Sunday, when she reappeared, the eldest child put her father's question to her, when the mother told them she had been carried off by the "Good People" (*Daione Sith*), and could only get away for an hour or two on Sundays, and should her coffin be opened it would be found to contain only a withered leaf.

The farmer, much perplexed, went to the minister for advice, who scoffed at the idea of any supernatural connection with the children's story, ridiculed the existence of "Good People," and would not allow the coffin to be opened. The matter was therefore allowed to rest. But, some little time after, the minister, who had gone to Lochgilphead for the day, was found lying dead near the Fairies' Hill, a victim, many people thought, to the indignation of the Fairy world he had laughed at.

- Source: Lord Archibald Campbell, *Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition*, Argyllshire Series, vol. 1 (London: David Nutt, 1889), pp. 71-72.
- Campbell's source: Mrs. Annie Thorpe *née* Miss MacDougall of Lunga, Ardbecknish, Lochow.
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The Stolen Lady

Scotland

John Roy, who lived in Glenbroun, in the parish of Abernethy, being out one night on the hills in search of his cattle, met a troop of fairies, who seemed to have got a prize of some sort or other. Recollecting that the fairies are obliged to exchange whatever they may have with any one who offers them anything, however low in value, for it, he flung his bonnet to them, crying *Shuis slo slumus sheen* (*i.e.*, mine is yours and yours is mine). The fairies dropped their booty, which proved to be a Sassenach (English) lady whom the dwellers of Shian of Coir-laggac had carried away from her own country, leaving a stock in her place which, of course, died and was buried.

John brought her home, and she lived for many years in his house.

"It happened, however, in the course of time," said the Gaelic narrator, "that the *new king* found it necessary to make the great roads through these countries by means of soldiers, for

There was a marriage in the townland of Curragraigue. After the usual festivities, and when the guests were left to themselves, and were drinking to the prosperity of the bride and bridegroom, they were startled by the appearance of the man himself rushing into the room with anguish in his looks.

"Oh!" cried he, "Margaret is carried away by the fairies, I'm sure. The girls were not left the room for half a minute when I went in, and there is no more sign of her there than if she never was born."

Great consternation prevailed, great search was made, but no Margaret was to be found. After a night and day spent in misery, the poor bridegroom laid down to take some rest. In a while he seemed to himself to awake from a troubled dream, and look out into the room. The moon was shining in through the window, and in the middle of the slanting rays stood Margaret in her white bridal clothes. He thought to speak and leap out of the bed, but his tongue was without utterance, and his limbs unable to move.

"Do not be disturbed, dear husband," said the appearance; "I am now in the power of the fairies, but if you only have courage and prudence we may be soon happy with each other again. Next Friday will be May-eve, and the whole court will ride out of the old fort after midnight. I must be there along with the rest. Sprinkle a circle with holy water, and have a black-hafted knife with you. If you have courage to pull me off the horse, and draw me into the ring, all they can do will be useless. You must have some food for me every night on the dresser, for if I taste one mouthful with them, I will be lost to you forever. The fairies got power over me because I was only thinking of you, and did not prepare myself as I ought for the sacrament. I made a bad confession, and now I am suffering for it. Don't forget what I have said."

"Oh, no, my darling," cried he, recovering his speech, but by the time he had slipped out of bed, there was no living soul in the room but himself.

Till Friday night the poor young husband spent a desolate time. The food was left on the dresser over night, and it rejoiced all hearts to find it vanished by morning. A little before midnight he was at the entrance of the old rath. He formed the circle, took his station within it, and kept the black-hafted knife ready for service. At times he was nervously afraid of losing his dear wife, and at others burning with impatience for the struggle.

At last the old fort with its dark high bushy fences cutting against the sky, was in a moment replaced by a palace and its court. A thousand lights flashed from the windows and lofty hall entrance; numerous torches were brandished by attendants stationed round the courtyard; and a numerous cavalcade of richly attired ladies and gentlemen was moving in the direction of the gate where he found himself standing.

As they rode by him laughing and jesting, he could not tell whether they were aware of his presence or not. He looked intent at each countenance as it approached, but it was some time before he caught sight of the dear face and figure borne along on a milk-white steed. She recognized him well enough, and her features now broke into a smile -- now expressed deep anxiety.

the purpose of letting coaches and carriages pass to the northern cities; and those soldiers had officers and commanders in the same way as our fighting army have now. Those soldiers were never great favorites in these countries, particularly during the time that our kings were alive; and consequently it was no easy matter for them, either officers or men, to procure for themselves comfortable quarters."

But John Roy would not keep up the national animosity to the *cottan dearg* (red-coats), and he offered a residence in his house to a *Saxon* captain and his son. When there they could not take their eyes off the English lady, and the son remarked to his father what a strong likeness she bore to his deceased mother.

The father replied that he too had been struck with the resemblance, and said he could almost fancy she *was* his wife. He then mentioned her name and those of some persons connected with them. The lady by these words at once recognized her husband and son, and honest John Roy had the satisfaction of reuniting the long-separated husband and wife, and receiving their most grateful acknowledgments.

- Source: Thomas Keightley, *The Fairy Mythology: Illustrative of the Romance and Superstition of Various Countries* (London: H. G. Bohn, 1850), pp. 391-92.
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Touching the Elements

Shetland Islands

A fiddler belonging to Yell was waylaid and carried off by the trows while on his way to supply music to a Halloween gathering that was being held in a neighboring district. After playing for some considerable time he was allowed to depart, and immediately proceeded homewards. When he came to his house, however, he saw with amazement that the roof was off, the walls decayed and crumbling into ruins, and the floor grown over with rank grass. He questioned the neighbors, but they were utter strangers to him and could cast no glimmer of light on the remarkable situation. The place had been in that ruinous condition all their time, they said. He sought out the oldest inhabitant, but even he had no recollection of anyone staying in the place, but he did remember hearing a tale to the effect that at one time the *guidman* [master] of that house had mysteriously disappeared, and never returned. It was commonly supposed that the hill-folk had taken him.

The fiddler, of course, knew no one, and had nowhere to go, and when the old man asked him to spend the night at his house, he very gladly accepted the invitation. It so happened that the following day was Sacrament Sunday, and they both went to church. The fiddler asked to be permitted to communicate. This request was granted, but no sooner did he touch the "elements" [bread and wine of the Eucharist] than he crumbled into dust.

- Source: John Nicolson, *Some Folk-Tales and Legends of Shetland* (Edinburgh: Thomas Allan and Sons, 1920), p. 14.
- Yell is one of the Shetland Islands, just north of Mainland, the largest island in the chain.

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The Aged Bride

Denmark

At a marriage at Nörre-Broby near Odense, the bride during a dance left the apartment and walked without reflection towards a mount in the adjacent field, where at the same time there were dancing and merriment among the elf-folk. On reaching the mount, she saw that it was standing on red pillars, and at the same moment an elf came and presented to her a cup of wine. She took the cup, and having emptied it, suffered herself to join in a dance.

When the dance was ended she bethought herself of her husband and hastened home. Here it appeared to her that everything in and about the place was changed, and on entering the village, she recognized neither house nor farm, and heard nothing of the noisy mirth of the wedding. At length she found herself standing before her husband's dwelling, but on entering saw no one whom she knew, and no one who knew her.

One old woman only, on hearing the bride's lamentation, exclaimed, "Is it then you, who a hundred years ago disappeared at my grandfather's brother's wedding?"

At these words the aged bride fell down and instantly expired.

- Source: Benjamin Thorpe, *Northern Mythology, Comprising the Principal Popular Traditions and Supterstitions of Scandinavia, North Germany, and the Netherlands*, vol. 2 (London: Edward Lumley, 1851), p. 138.
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A Smith Rescues a Captured Woman from a Troll

Denmark

As a smith was at work in his forge late one evening, he heard great wailing out on the road, and by the light of the red-hot iron that he was hammering, he saw a woman whom a troll was driving along, bawling at her "A little more! A little more!" He ran out, put the red-hot iron between them, and thus delivered her from the power of the troll.

He led her into his house and that night she was delivered of twins.

In the morning he waited on [went to] her husband, who he supposed must be in great affliction at the loss of his wife. But to his surprise he saw there, in bed, a woman the very image of her he had saved from the troll. Knowing at once what she must be, he raised an axe he had in his hand, and cleft her skull.

The matter was soon explained to the satisfaction of the husband, who gladly received his real wife and her twins.

- Source: Thomas Keightley, *The Fairy Mythology: Illustrative of the Romance and*

Superstition of Various Countries (London: H. G. Bohn, 1850), p. 392.

- Keightley's source: Thiele, I, 88.
- Keightley does not give this story a title.
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The Sea Nymph

Sweden (Gotland)

One night a number of fishermen quartered themselves in a hut by a fishing village on the northwest shores of an island. After they had gone to bed, and while they were yet awake, they saw a white, dew-besprinkled woman's hand reaching in through the door. They well understood that their visitor was a sea nymph, who sought their destruction, and feigned unconsciousness of her presence.

The following day their number was added to by the coming of a young, courageous and newly married man from Kinnar, in Lummelund. When they related to him their adventure of the night before, he made fun of their being afraid to take a beautiful woman by the hand, and boasted that if he had been present he would not have neglected to grasp the proffered hand.

That evening when they laid themselves down in the same room, the late arrival with them, the door opened again, and a plump, white woman's arm, with a most beautiful hand, reached in over the sleepers.

The young man arose from his bed, approached the door and seized the outstretched hand, impelled, perhaps, more by the fear of his comrades scoffing at his boasted bravery, than by any desire for a closer acquaintance with the strange visitor.

Immediately his comrades witnessed him drawn noiselessly out through the door, which closed softly after him. They thought he would return soon, but when morning approached and he did not appear, they set out in search of him. Far and near the search was pursued, but without success. His disappearance was complete.

Three years passed and nothing had been heard of the missing man. His young wife, who had mourned him all this time as dead, was finally persuaded to marry another. On the evening of the wedding day, while the mirth was at its highest, a stranger entered the cottage. Upon closer observation some of the guests thought they recognized the bride's former husband.

The utmost surprise and commotion followed.

In answer to the inquiries of those present as to where he came from and where he had been, he related that it was a sea nymph whose hand he had taken that night when he left the fisherman's hut; and that he was dragged by her down into the sea. In her pearly halls he forgot his wife, parents, and all that was loved by him until the morning of that day, when the sea nymph exclaimed, "There will be a dusting out in Kinnar this evening."

Then his senses immediately returned, and, with anxiety, he asked, "Then it is my wife who is

to be the bride?"

The sea nymph replied in the affirmative.

At his urgent request, she allowed him to come up to see his wife as a bride, stipulating that when he arrived at the house he should not enter. When he came and saw her adorned with garland and crown he could, nevertheless, not resist the desire to enter. Then came a tempest and took away half the roof of the house, whereupon the man fell sick and three days later died.

- Source: Herman Hofberg, *Swedish Fairy Tales*, translated by W. H. Myers (Chicago: Belford-Clarke Company, 1890), pp. 75-76.
- Link to additional Water Spirit Legends.
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She was unable for the throng to guide the animal close to the ring of power; so he suddenly rushed out of his bounds, seized her in his arms, and lifted her off. Cries of rage and fury arose on every side; they were hemmed in, and weapons were directed at his head and breast to terrify him. He seemed to be inspired with superhuman courage and force, and wielding the powerful knife he soon cleared a space round him, all seeming dismayed by the sight of the weapon. He lost no time, but drew his wife within the ring, within which none of the myriads round dared to enter. Shouts of derision and defiance continued to fill the air for some time, but the expedition could not be delayed.

As the end of the procession filed past the gate and the circle within which the mortal pair held each other determinedly clasped, darkness and silence fell on the old rath and the fields round it, and the rescued bride and her lover breathed freely. We will not detain the sensitive reader on the happy walk home, on the joy that hailed their arrival, and on all the eager gossip that occupied the townland and the five that surround it for a month after the happy rescue.

- Source: *Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts*, collected and narrated by Patrick Kennedy (London: Macmillan and Company, 1866), pp. 111-113.
- Patrick Kennedy's explanation of the word *rath*: The remains of the earthen fort of one of the small chiefs of old days. They are erroneously called "Danes' forts." (p. 100)
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Taken by the Good People

Ireland

I was serving my time to the cattle trade, with a man the name of Lynch -- God be good to him! I suppose I was no more than twelve years of age at the time. 'Twas a very out of the way place and mountainy.

Well, not far from my master's house there was a family of the Brogans. 'Twas the will of God that Mrs. Brogan took sick, and there was a baby born, but the poor woman died. Well, the sister, a younger girl than the woman that died, came to nurse the child. After some time she began to look very delicate and uneasy. The naghbours were beginning to talk amongs themselves about her, and it came to Brogan's ears, and, begor, it made him vexed. So he asked the sister what was up with her.

"Well, John," says she, "I did not like to tell you, but Ellie" -- that was the name of the dead woman -- "comes every night, and takes the baby and nurses it, and goes away without a word."

"By my word," says John, "she is not dead at all, but taken, and I will watch her to-night."

Good enough, he remained up, and about 12 o'clock in she came, and he put his arms around her, but as he said, felt no substance.

"You can't keep me now," says she, "for I'm married agin; but if you come to the Bottle Hill

field to-morrow night, there will be about 40 of us goin' t'words Blarney, and we will all be on horses, with our husbands. All the horses will be white, and I and my man will be last. Bring a hazel stick woud [with] you and strike the horse on the right side, and I will fall off. Just as I fall, ketch me with all your might. You will know my man, for he is the only one of them that has a red head."

Well, he went, and he must have a great heart, for on they come, gallopin' like mad. Just as the man with the red head's horse came he stood one-side and struck. She fell and he gripped her like iron. Well, such a hullabaloo as there was, was never heard, and all the other men makin' game of the red-headed man.

Well, he brought her home, and they lived for years after, and had a good family, and were the happiest people around the place. I often see some of her children; of course they are all married now, and gone here and there, but that's as true as my name is Tim Brosnan.

- Source: "Folk-Tales from County Limerick collected by Miss D. Knox," *Folk-Lore: A Quarterly Review of Myth, Tradition, Institution, & Custom* (London: Folk-Lore Society, 1917), v. 28, pp. 218-219.
- Knox's source: Told by Tim Brosnan, Dungeagan, County Kerry.
- I have retained Knox's spelling.
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Twenty Years with the Good People

Ireland

I had a gran'uncle, he was a shoemaker; he was only about 3 or 4 months married. I'm up to fourscore now. Well, God rest all their souls, for they are all gone, I hope to a better world!

Well, sir, he says to his wife, and a purty girl she was, as I hear um say, -- the fortune wasn't very big but 'twould buy him a good bit of leather, and I might tell you, 'twas all brogues that was worn at the time, and faith, you should be big before you would get them same.

Howisever, he started one day for Limerick would [with] and ass and car, to bring home leather and other little things he wanted. He did not return that night or the next, nor the next. Begor, the wife and some frinds went to Limerick next day, but no trace of the husband could be found. I forgot to tell you that the third morning after he was gone the wife rose very early, and there at the dure [door] was the ass and car. The whole country was searched, up high and low down, but no trace. Weeks, monts and years came and went, but he never turned up.

Now the wife kept on a little business, sellin' nick-nacks to support herself, and a son, that grew to be a fine strapping man, as I hear um say, the picture of his father.

Now, sir, the boy was in or about twenty, when one day, himself and his mother were atin' their dinner, whin in comes a man and says, "God save ye!"

"And you too," says the mother. "Will you ate a spud, sir?" says she.

He rached for the spud, and in doin' so the sleeve of his coat shortned as he reached out his hand. He had a mole on his wrist and she see it, and her husband had one in the same spot.

"Good God!" says she, "are you John M'Namara?" -- for that was his name.

"I am," says he, "and your husband, and that's my son, but I can't tell you for some time where I was since I left you. But some time I might have the power, but not now."

Well, lo and behold you, in a week's time he started to work, and the boots he made were a surprise to the whole country round, and I believe he lived for nine or ten years ater that, but he never tould her or any one where he was, but of course everbody knew that 'twas wood [with] the good people.

- Source: "Folk-Tales from County Limerick collected by Miss D. Knox," *Folk-Lore: A Quarterly Review of Myth, Tradition, Institution, & Custom* (London: Folk-Lore Society, 1917), v. 28, pp. 215-216.
- Knox's source: Told by John Kelly, Cooraclare?, County Clare.
- I have retained Knox's spelling.
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Jamie Freel and the Young Lady: A Donegal Tale

Ireland

Down in Fannet, in times gone by, lived Jamie Freel and his mother. Jamie was the widow's sole support; his strong arm worked for her untiringly, and as each Saturday night came round, he poured his wages into her lap, thanking her dutifully for the halfpence which she returned him for tobacco.

He was extolled by his neighbours as the best son ever known or heard of. But he had neighbours, of whose opinion he was ignorant—neighbours who lived pretty close to him, whom he had never seen, who are, indeed, rarely seen by mortals, except on May eves and Halloweens.

An old ruined castle, about a quarter of a mile from his cabin, was said to be the abode of the "wee folk." Every Halloween were the ancient windows lighted up, and passers-by saw little figures flitting to and fro inside the building, while they heard the music of pipes and flutes.

It was well known that fairy revels took place; but nobody had the courage to intrude on them.

Jamie had often watched the little figures from a distance, and listened to the charming music, wondering what the inside of the castle was like; but one Halloween he got up and took his cap, saying to his mother, "I'm awa' to the castle to seek my fortune."

"What!" cried she, "would you venture there? you that's the poor widow's one son! Dinna be sae venturesome an' foolitch, Jamie! They'll kill you, an' then what'll come o' me?"

"Never fear, mother; nae harm 'ill happen me, but I maun gae."

He set out, and as he crossed the potato field, came in sight of the castle, whose windows were ablaze with light, that seemed to turn the russet leaves, still clinging to the crab tree branches, into gold.

Halting in the grove at one side of the ruin, he listened to the elfin revelry, and the laughter and singing made him all the more determined to proceed.

Numbers of little people, the largest about the size of a child of five years old, were dancing to the music of flutes and fiddles, while others drank and feasted.

"Welcome, Jamie Freel! welcome, welcome, Jamie!" cried the company, perceiving their visitor. The word "Welcome" was caught up and repeated by every voice in the castle.

Time flew, and Jamie was enjoying himself very much, when his hosts said, "We're going to ride to Dublin tonight to steal a young lady. Will you come too, Jamie Freel?"

"Ay, that will I!" cried the rash youth, thirsting for adventure.

A troop of horses stood at the door. Jamie mounted, and his steed rose with him into the air. He was presently flying over his mother's cottage, surrounded by the elfin troop, and on and on they went, over bold mountains, over little hills, over the deep Lough Swilley, over towns and cottages, when people were burning nuts, and eating apples, and keeping merry Halloween. It seemed to Jamie that they flew all round Ireland before they got to Dublin.

"This is Derry," said the fairies, flying over the cathedral spire; and what was said by one voice was repeated by all the rest, till fifty little voices were crying out, "Deny! Derry! Derry!"

In like manner was Jamie informed as they passed over each town on the rout, and at length he heard the silvery voices cry, "Dublin! Dublin!"

It was no mean dwelling that was to be honoured by the fairy visit, but one of the finest houses in Stephen's Green.

The troop dismounted near a window, and Jamie saw a beautiful face, on a pillow in a splendid bed. He saw the young lady lifted and carried away, while the stick which was dropped in her place on the bed took her exact form.

The lady was placed before one rider and carried a short way, then given another, and the names of the towns were cried out as before.

They were approaching home. Jamie heard "Rathmullan," "Milford," "Tamney," and then he knew they were near his own house.

"You've all had your turn at carrying the young lady," said he. "Why wouldn't I get her for a wee piece?"

"Ay, Jamie," replied they, pleasantly, "you may take your turn at carrying her, to be sure."

Holding his prize very tightly, he dropped down near his mother's door.

"Jamie Freel, Jamie Freel! is that the way you treat us?" cried they, and they too dropped down near the door.

Jamie held fast, though he knew not what he was holding, for the little folk turned the lady into all sorts of strange shapes. At one moment she was a black dog, barking and trying to bite; at another, a glowing bar of iron, which yet had no heat; then, again, a sack of wool.

But still Jamie held her, and the baffled elves were turning away, when a tiny woman, the smallest of the party, exclaimed, "Jamie Freel has her awa' frae us, but he sall hae nae gude o' her, for I'll mak' her deaf and dumb," and she threw something over the young girl.

While they rode off disappointed, Jamie lifted the latch and went in.

"Jamie, man!" cried "his mother, "you've been awa' all night; what have they done on you?"

"Naething bad, mother; I ha' the very best of gude luck. Here's a beautiful young lady I ha' brought you for company.

"Bless us an' save us!" exclaimed the mother, and for some minutes she was so astonished that she could not think of anything else to say.

Jamie told his story of the night's adventure, ending, by saying, "Surely you wouldna have allowed me to let her gang with them to be lost forever?"

"But a *lady*, Jamie! How can a lady eat we'er poor diet, and live in we'er poor way? I ax you that, you foolitch fellow?"

"Weel, mother, sure it's better for her to be here nor over yonder," and he pointed in the direction of the castle.

Meanwhile, the deaf and dumb girl shivered in her light clothing, stepping close to the humble turf fire.

"Poor crathur, she's quare and handsome! Nae wonder they set their hearts on her," said the old woman, gazing at her guest with pity and admiration. "We maun dress her first; but what, in the name o' fortune, hae I fit for the likes o' her to wear?"

She went to her press in "the room," and took out her Sunday gown of brown drugget; she then opened a drawer, and drew forth a pair of white stockings, a long snowy garment of fine linen, and a cap, her "dead dress," as she called it.

These articles of attire had long been ready for a certain triste ceremony, in which she would some day fill the chief part, and only saw the light occasionally, when they were hung out to air; but she was willing to give even these to the fair trembling visitor, who was turning in dumb sorrow and wonder from her to Jamie, and from Jamie back to her.

The poor girl suffered herself to be dressed, and then sat down on a "creepie" in the chimney corner, and buried her face in her hands.

"What'll we do to keep up a lady like thou?" cried the old woman.

"I'll work for you both, mother," replied the son.

"An' how could a lady live on we'er poor diet?" she repeated.

"I'll work for her," was all Jamie's answer.

He kept his word. The young lady was very sad for a long time, and tears stole down her cheeks many an evening while the old woman spun by the fire, and Jamie made salmon nets, an accomplishment lately acquired by him, in hopes of adding to the comfort of his guest.

But she was always gentle, and tried to smile when she perceived them looking at her; and by degrees she adapted herself to their ways and mode of life. It was not very long before she began to feed the pig, mash potatoes and meal for the fowls, and knit blue worsted socks.

So a year passed, and Halloween came round again. "Mother," said Jamie, taking down his cap, "I'm off to the ould castle to seek my fortune."

"Are you mad, Jamie?" cried his mother, in terror; "sure they'll kill you this time for what you done on them last year."

Jamie made light of her fears and went his way.

As he reached the crab tree grove, he saw bright lights in the castle windows as before, and heard loud talking. Creeping under the window, he heard the wee folk say, "That was a poor trick Jamie Freel played us this night last year, when he stole the nice young lady from us."

"Ay," said the tiny woman, "an' I punished him for it, for there she sits, a dumb image by his hearth; but he does na' know that three drops out o' this glass I hold in my hand wad gie her her hearing and her speeches back again."

Jamie's heart beat fast as he entered the hall. Again he was greeted by a chorus of welcomes from the company: "Here comes Jamie Freel! welcome, welcome, Jamie!"

As soon as the tumult subsided, the little woman said, "You be to drink our health, Jamie, out o' this glass in my hand."

Jamie snatched the glass from her and darted to the door. He never knew how he reached his cabin, but he arrived there breathless, and sank on a stove by the fire.

"You're kilt surely this time, my poor boy," said his mother.

"No, indeed, better luck than ever this time!" and he gave the lady three drops of the liquid that still remained at the bottom of the glass, notwithstanding his mad race over the potato

field.

The lady began to speak, and her first words were words of thanks to Jamie.

The three inmates of the cabin had so much to say to one another, that long after cock-crow, when the fairy music had quite ceased, they were talking round the fire.

"Jamie," said the lady, "be pleased to get me paper and pen and ink, that I may write to my father, and tell him what has become of me."

She wrote, but weeks passed, and she received no answer. Again and again she wrote, and still no answer.

At length she said, "You must come with me to Dublin, Jamie, to find my father."

"I ha' no money to hire a car for you," he replied, "an' how can you travel to Dublin on your foot?"

But she implored him so much that he consented to set out with her, and walk all the way from Fannet to Dublin. It was not as easy as the fairy journey; but at last they rang the bell at the door of the house in Stephen's Green.

"Tell my father that his daughter is here," said she to the servant who opened the door.

"The gentleman that lives here has no daughter, my girl. He had one, but she died better nor a year ago."

"Do you not know me, Sullivan?"

"No, poor girl, I do not."

"Let me see the gentleman. I only ask to see him."

"Well, that's not much to ax; we'll see what can be done."

In a few moments the lady's father came to the door.

"Dear father," said she, "don't you know me?"

"How dare you call me your father?" cried the old gentleman, angrily. "You are an impostor. I have no daughter."

"Look in my face, father, and surely you'll remember me."

"My daughter is dead and buried. She died a long, long time ago." The old gentleman's voice changed from anger to sorrow. "You can go," he concluded.

"Stop, dear father, till you look at this ring on my finger. Look at your name and mine engraved on it."

Advice Well Taken

Folktales of Aarne-Thompson-Uther Type 910B
edited by

D. L. Ashliman
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The Three Advices

Ireland

The stories current among the Irish peasantry are not very remarkable for the inculcation of any moral lesson, although numberless are the legends related of pious and "good people," the saints and fairies. The following tale of the Three Advices is the only one of a moral character which I remember to have heard. It was told to me by a professional storyteller, whose diction I have endeavored to preserve, although his *soubriquet* of "Paddreen Trelah" or Paddy the Vagabond, from his wandering life, was not a particularly appropriate title for a moralist. The tale is certainly very ancient, and has probably found its way into Ireland from Wales, as it appears to be an amplification of a Bardic "Triad of Wisdom."

There once came, what of late has happened so often in Ireland, a hard year. When the crops failed, there was beggary and misfortune from one end of the island to the other. At that time many poor people had to quit the country from want of employment, and through the high price of provisions. Among others, John Carson was under the necessity of going over to England, to try if he could get work; and of leaving his wife and family behind him, begging for a bite and a sup up and down, and trusting to the charity of good Christians.

John was a smart young fellow, handy at any work, from the hay field to the stable, and willing to earn the bread he ate; and he was soon engaged by a gentleman. The English are mighty strict upon Irish servants; he was to have twelve guineas a year wages, but the money was not to be paid until the end of the year, and he was to forfeit the entire twelve guineas in the lump, if he misconducted himself in any way within the twelve months. John Carson was to be sure upon his best behavior, and conducted himself in every particular so well for the

III. Do nothing rashly until you have well considered what you will do.

Besides these three advices, the English farmer gave the highlander sufficient money to carry him home; and he also gave him a loaf, which he was not to break until he could eat it with his wife and son. Then they bade farewell.

After traveling several miles the highlander overtook a peddler, who was on his way to Scotland; so they agreed to keep company with one another, and to lodge at a certain town that same night: but as they were traveling quite agreeably, they came upon a by-way which was a great length shorter than the high road, and the peddler proposed that they should take it; but the highlander would not, for he thought of his master's first advice.

Then the peddler said that he was tired with his burthen, and that he would take the short by-way, and wait until his companion had come forward. So they went each their way, and the highlander kept to the high-way until he had come to the place appointed. There he found the peddler weeping, and without his pack, for he had been robbed in the by-way. So this was the benefit that the highlander got by following the first advice of the English farmer.

Then they walked on together to the town, the peddler weeping for the loss of his pack, and saying that he knew where they would get good lodgings. But, when they got to the house, the highlander saw an old man and a young wife; so he would not lodge there, for he remembered his master's second advice.

But the peddler remained in the house, and the highlander crept into a coal-house in the entry. At midnight he felt some one coming in at the door, and, after remaining a short time, going out again; but, as he passed him in the dark, the highlander, with his knife, cut a bit from the wing of his coat, and kept it.

In the morning the cry of murder was heard, and it was found that the old man who kept the house had been killed. The authorities of the town came and saw the dead body, and found the peddler sleeping in a room; and when they searched his pockets, there was a bloody knife found in them; and as he had no pack or money, they concluded he was a false peddler, and had murdered the old man to get his wealth. So the peddler was apprehended and condemned to be hanged; and the highlander accompanied him to the scaffold, and observed among the crowd a young man walking with the young wife of the murdered man; and the young man's coat was of the same color as the swatch he had cut from it in the coal-house in the entry.

"Hang me!" said the highlander, "if you pair are not the murderers."

So they were apprehended, and acknowledged their crime, and were hanged; and the peddler was set at liberty. And this was the benefit that was got from the High lander following the second advice of the English farmer.

It was midnight when the highlander got back home. He rapped at the door, and his wife got up, and recognized her husband, and lighted a candle. Upon that, the highlander saw a fine young man lying in the bed; and he was purposing to step up and kill him, apprehensive that

another had taken his place.

But he thought on his master's advice, and said, "Who is yon man?"

"It is our son!" said his wife. "He came home from his service last evening, and slept in that bed."

"I should have slain him but for the master!" said the highlander.

So this was the benefit he got from following the third advice of the English farmer.

The highlander's joy was now at its height. His son arose from the bed; more peats were put on, and a large fire kindled; and the highlander then sought a knife to cut the loaf that he had carried all the way from England. With the first slice he found silver money; and when he had cut all the loaf, he found therein all the wages that would have been paid him by his master. So the highlander got the money and the three advices also; and with the money he stocked a farm and lived comfortably till the end of his days.

- Source: Cuthbert Bede [pseudonym for Edward Bradley], *The White Wife: With Other Stories, Supernatural, Romantic, and Legendary* (London: Sampson Low, Son, and Marston, 1865), pp. 141-46.
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The Three Admonitions

Italy

A man once left his country to go to foreign parts, and there entered the service of an abbot. After he had spent some time in faithful service, he desired to see his wife and native land.

He said to the abbot, "Sir, I have served you thus long, but now I wish to return to my country."

"Yes, my son," said the abbot, " but before departing I must give you the three hundred ounces [nearly 13 francs] that I have put together for you. Will you be satisfied with three admonitions, or with the three hundred ounces?"

The servant answered, "I will be satisfied with the three admonitions."

"Then listen. First: When you change the old road for the new, you will find troubles which you have not looked for. Second: See much and say little. Third: Think over a thing before you do it, for a thing deliberated is very fine. Take this loaf of bread and break it when you are truly happy."

The good man departed, and on his journey met other travelers. These said to him, "We are going to take the by-way. Will you come with us?"

But he remembering the three admonitions of his master answered, "No, my friends, I will

keep on this road."

When he had gone half way, bang! bang! he heard some shots. "What was that, my sons?" The robbers had killed his companions. "I have gained the first hundred ounces!" he said, and continued his journey.

On his way he arrived at an inn as hungry as a dog and called for something to eat. A large dish of meat was brought which seemed to say, "Eat me, eat me!"

He stuck his fork in it and turned it over, and was frightened out of his wits, for it was human flesh! He wanted to ask the meaning of such food and give the innkeeper a lecture, but just then he thought, "See much and say little;" so he remained silent. The innkeeper came, he settled his bill, and took leave.

But the innkeeper stopped him and said, "Bravo, bravo! you have saved your life. All those who have questioned me about my food have been soundly beaten, killed, and nicely cooked."

"I have gained the second hundred ounces," said the good man, who did not think his skin was safe until then.

When he reached his own country he remembered his house, saw the door ajar and slipped in. He looked about and saw no one, only in the middle of the room was a table, well set with two glasses, two forks, two seats, service for two.

"How is this?" he said. "I left my wife alone and here I find things arranged for two. There is some trouble."

So he hid himself under the bed to see what went on. A moment after he saw his wife enter, who had gone out a short time before for a pitcher of water. A little after he saw a sprucely dressed young priest come in and seat himself at the table.

"Ah, is that he?" and he was on the point of coming forth and giving him a sound beating; but there came to his mind the final admonition of the abbot: "Think over a thing before you do it, for a thing deliberated is very fine;" and he refrained.

He saw them both sit down at the table, but before eating his wife turned to the young priest and said: "My son, let us say our accustomed Paternoster for your father."

When he heard this he came from under the bed crying and laughing for joy, and embraced and kissed them both so that it was affecting to see him. Then he remembered the loaf his master had given him and told him to eat in his happiness; he broke the loaf and there fell on the table all the three hundred ounces, which the master had secretly put in the loaf.

- Source: Thomas Frederick Crane, *Italian Popular Tales*, (London: Macmillan and Company, 1885), no. 41, pp. 157-59.
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The Prince Who Acquired Wisdom

India

There was once a raja who had an only son and the raja was always urging his son to learn to read and write in order that when he came to his kingdom he might manage well and be able to decide disputes that were brought to him for judgment; but the boy paid no heed to his father's advice and continued to neglect his lessons. At last when he was grown up, the prince saw that his father was right and he resolved to go away to foreign countries to acquire wisdom; so he set off without telling anyone but his wife, and he took with him a purse of money and three pieces of gold. After traveling a long time, he one day saw a man plowing in a field and he went and got some tobacco from him and asked him whether there were any wise men living in that neighborhood.

"What do you want with wise men?" asked the plowman.

The prince said that he was traveling to get wisdom. The plowman said that he would give him instruction if he were paid.

Then the prince promised to give him one gold piece for each piece of wisdom.

The plowman agreed and said. "Listen attentively! My first maxim is this: You are the son of a raja; whenever you go to visit a friend or one of your subjects and they offer you a bedstead, or stool, or mat to sit on, do not sit down at once but move the stool or mat a little to one side; this is one maxim: give me my gold coin."

So the prince paid him.

Then the plowman said, "The second maxim is this: You are the son of a raja; whenever you go to bathe, do not bathe at the common bathing place, but at a place by yourself; give me my coin," and the prince did so.

Then he continued, " My third maxim is this: You are the son of a raja; when men come to you for advice or to have a dispute decided, listen to what the majority of those present say and do not follow your own fancy, now pay me;" and the prince gave him his last gold coin, and said that he had no more.

"Well," said the plowman, "Your lesson is finished, but still I will give you one more piece of advice free and it is this: You are the son of a raja; restrain your anger, if anything you see or hear makes you angry, still do not at once take action; hear the explanation and weigh it well, then if you find cause you can give rein to your anger and if not, let the offender off!"

After this the prince set his face homewards as he had spent all his money; and he began to repent of having spent his gold pieces on advice that seemed worthless. However on his way he turned into a bazaar to buy some food and the shopkeepers on all sides called out, "Buy, buy," so he went to a shop and the shopkeeper invited him to sit on a rug; he was just about to do so when he remembered the maxim of his instructor and pulled the rug to one side; and when he did so he saw that it had been spread over the mouth of a well and that if he had sat

on it he would have been killed; so he began to believe in the wisdom of his teacher.

Then he went on his way and on the road he turned aside to a tank to bathe, and remembering the maxim of his teacher he did not bathe at the common place but went to a place apart; then having eaten his lunch he continued his journey, but he had not gone far when he found that he had left his purse behind, so he turned back and found it lying at the place where he had put down his things when he bathed; thereupon he applauded the wisdom of his teacher, for if he had bathed at the common bathing place, someone would have seen the purse and have taken it away.

When evening came on he turned into a village and asked the headman to let him sleep in his verandah, and there was already one other traveler sleeping there and in the morning it was found that the traveler had died in his sleep. Then the headman consulted the villagers and they decided that there was nothing to be done but to throw away the body, and that as the prince was also a traveler he should do it.

At first he refused to touch the corpse as he was the son of a raja, but the villagers insisted and then he bethought himself of the maxim that he should not act contrary to the general opinion; so he yielded and dragged away the body, and threw it into a ravine. Before leaving it he remembered that it was proper to remove the clothes, and when he began to do so he found round the waist of the body a roll of coin; so he took this and was glad that he had followed the advice of his teacher.

That evening he reached the boundary of his own territory and decided to press on home although it was dark; at midnight he reached the palace and without arousing anyone went to the door of his wife's room. Outside the door he saw a pair of shoes and a sword; at the sight he became wild with rage and drawing the sword he called out, "Who is in my room?"

As a matter of fact the prince's wife had got the prince's little sister to sleep with her, and when the girl heard the prince's voice she got up to leave; but when she opened the door and saw the prince standing with the drawn sword she drew back in fear; she told him who she was and explained that they had put the shoes and sword at the door to prevent anyone else from entering; but in his wrath the prince would not listen and called to her to come out and be killed. Then she took off her cloth and showed it to him through the crack of the door and at the sight of this he was convinced; then he reflected on the advice of his teacher and repented, because he had nearly killed his sister through not restraining his wrath.

- Source: Cecil Henry Bompas, *Folklore of the Santal Parganas* (London: David Nutt, 1909), no. 14, pp. 53-56.
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Revised January 12, 2013.

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whole time, there was no faulting him late or early, and the wages were fairly his.

The term of his agreement being expired, he determined on returning home, notwithstanding his master, who had a great regard for him, pressed him to remain, and asked him if he had any reason to be dissatisfied with his treatment.

"No reason in life, sir," said John; "you've been a good master and a kind master to me; the Lord spare you over your family; but I left a wife and two small children of my own at home, after me in Ireland, and your honor would never wish to keep me from them entirely, the wife and the children."

"Well, John," said the gentleman, "you have earned your twelve guineas, and you have been, in every respect, so good a servant, that, if you are agreeable, I intend giving you what is worth the twelve guineas ten times over, in place of your wages. But you shall have your choice. Will you take what I offer, on my word"?

John saw no reason to think that his master was jesting with him, or was insincere in making the offer; and, therefore, after a slight consideration, told him that he agreed to take for his wages whatever he would advise, whether it was the twelve guineas or not.

"Then listen attentively to my words," said the gentleman. "First, I would teach you this: Never to take a by-road when you have the highway. Secondly: Take heed not to lodge in the house where an old man is married to a young woman. And thirdly: Remember that honesty the best policy. These are the three advices I would pay you with; and they are in value far beyond any gold; however, here is a guinea for your traveling charges, and two cakes, one of which you must give to your wife, and the other you must not eat yourself until you have done so, and I charge you to be careful of them."

It was not without some reluctance on the part of John Carson that he was made to accept mere words for wages, or could be persuaded that they were more precious than golden guineas. His faith in his master was, however, so strong, that he at length became satisfied.

John set out for Ireland the next morning early; but he had not proceeded far, before he overtook two pedlars who were traveling the same way. He entered into conversation with them, and found them a pair of merry fellows, who proved excellent company on the road. Now it happened, towards the end of their day's journey, when they were all tired with walking, that they came to a wood, through which there was a path that shortened the distance to the town they were going towards, by two miles. The pedlars advised John to go with them through the wood; but he refused to leave the highway, telling them, at the same time, he would meet them again at a certain house in the town where travelers put up.

John was willing to try the worth of the advice which his master had given him, and he arrived in safety, and took up his quarters at the appointed place. While he was eating his supper, an old man came hobbling into the kitchen, and gave orders about different matters there, and then went out again. John would have taken no particular notice of this, but immediately after, a young woman, young enough to be the old man's daughter, came in, and gave orders exactly the contrary of what the old man had given, calling him, at the same time, such as old

fool, and old dotard, and so on.

When she was gone, John inquired who the old man was.

"He is the landlord," said the servant; "and, heaven help him! A dog's life has he led since he married his last wife."

"What," said John, with surprise, "is that young woman the landlord's wife? I see I must not remain in this house tonight;" and, tired as he was, he got up to leave it, but went no further than the door before he met the two pedlars, all cut and bleeding, coming in, for they had been robbed and almost murdered in the wood. John was very sorry to see them in that condition, and advised them not to lodge in the house, telling them, with a significant nod that all was not right there; but the poor pedlars were so weary and so bruised, that they would stop where they were, and disregarded the advice.

Rather than remain in the house, John retired to the stable, and laid himself down upon a bundle of straw, where he slept soundly for some time. About the middle of the night, he heard two persons come into the stable, and on listening to their conversation, discovered that it was the landlady and a man, laying a plan how to murder her husband. In the morning John renewed his journey; but at the next town he came to, he was told that the landlord in the town he had left had been murdered and that two pedlars, whose clothes were found all covered with blood, had been taken up for the crime, and were going to be hanged. John, without mentioning what he had overheard to any person, determined to save the pedlars if possible, and so returned, in order to intend their trial.

On going into the court, he saw the two men at bar, and the young woman and the man whose voice he had heard in the stable, swearing their innocent lives away. But the judge allowed him to give his evidence, and he told every particular of what had occurred. The man and the young woman instantly confessed their guilt; the poor pedlars were at once acquitted; and the judge ordered a large reward to be paid to John Carson, as through his means the real murderers were brought to justice.

John proceeded towards home, fully convinced of the value of two of the advices which his master had given him. On arriving at his cabin he found his wife and children rejoicing over a purse full of gold, which the eldest boy had picked up on the road that morning. Whilst he was away they had endured all the miseries which the wretched families of those who go over to seek work in England are exposed to. With precarious food, without a bed to lie down on, or a roof to shelter them, they had wandered through the country, seeking food from door to door of a starving population; and when a single potato was bestowed, showering down blessings and thanks on the giver, not in the set phrases of the mendicant, but in the burst of eloquence too fervid not to gush direct from the heart. Those only who have seen a family of such beggars as I describe, can fancy the joy with which the poor woman welcomed her husband back, and informed him of the purse full of gold.

"And where did Mick my boy, find it," inquired John Carson.

"It was the young squire, for certain, who dropped it," said his wife, "for he rode down the

road this morning, and was leaping his horse in the very gap where Micky picked it up; but sure, John, he has money enough, besides, and never the halfpenny have I to buy my poor *childer* a bit to eat this blessed night."

"Never mind that," said John. "Do as I bid you, and take up the purse at once to the big house, and ask for the young squire. I have two cakes which I brought every step of the way with me from England, and they will do for the children's supper. I ought surely to remember, as good right I have, what my master told me for my twelvemonths' wages, seeing I never, as yet, found what he said to be wrong!"

"And what did he say," inquired the wife.

"That honesty is the best policy," answered John.

"'Tis very well; and 'tis mighty easy for them to say so that have never been sore tempted by distress and famine to say otherwise, but your bidding is enough for me, John."

Straightways she went to the big house, and inquired for the young squire; but she was denied the liberty to speak to him.

"You must tell me your business, honest woman," said the servant, with a head all powdered and frizzled like a cauliflower, and who had on a coat covered with gold and silver lace and buttons, and everything in the world.

"If you knew but all," said she, "I am an honest woman, for I've brought a purse full of gold to the young master; for surely it is his; as nobody else could have so much money."

"Let me see it," said the servant. "Ay, it's all right. I'll take care of it. You need not trouble yourself any more about the matter;" and so saying, he slapped the door in her face.

When she returned, her husband produced the two cakes which his master gave him on parting; and breaking one to divide between his children, how was he astonished to find six guineas, in it; and when he took the other and broke it, he found as many more. He then remembered the words of his generous master, who desired him to give one of the cakes to his wife, and not to eat the other himself until that time; and this was the way his master took to conceal his wages, lest he should have been robbed, or have lost the money on the road.

The following day, as John was standing near his cabin door and turning over in his own mind what he should do with his money, the young squire came riding down the road. John pulled off his hat, for he had not forgotten his manners through the means of traveling to foreign parts, and then made so bold as to inquire if his honor had got the purse he lost.

"Why, it is true enough, my good fellow," said the squire, "I did lose my purse yesterday, and I hope you were lucky enough to find it; for if that is your cabin, you seem to be very poor, and shall keep it as a reward for your honesty."

"Then the servant at the big house never gave it to you last night, after taking it from Nance -- she's my wife, your honor -- and telling her it was all right?"

"Oh, I must look into this business," said the squire.

"Did you say your wife, my poor man, gave my purse to a servant -- to what servant?"

"I can't tell his name rightly," said John, "because I don't know it; but never trust Nance's eye again if she can't point him out to your honor, if so your honor is desirous of knowing."

"Then do you and Nance, as you call her, come up to the hall this evening, and I'll inquire into the matter, I promise you." So saying, the squire rode off.

John and his wife went up accordingly in the evening, and he gave a small rap with the big knocker at the great door. The door was opened by a grand servant, who, without hearing what the poor people had to say, exclaimed, "Oh, go! -- go! what business can you have here?" and shut the door.

John's wife burst out a crying. "There," said she, so sobbing as if her heart would break. "I knew that would be the end of it."

But John had not been in old England merely to get his twelve guineas packed in two cakes. "No," said he, firmly; "right is right, and I'll see the end of it."

So he sat himself down on the steps of the door, determined not to go until he had seen the young squire, and as it happened, it was not long before he came out.

"I have been expecting you for some time, John," said he; "come in and bring your wife in;" and he made them go before him into the house. Immediately he directed all the servants to come up stairs; and such an army of them as there was! It was a real sight to see them.

"Which of you," said the young squire, without making further words, "which of you all did this honest woman give my purse to?" but there was no answer. "Well I suppose she must be mistaken, unless she can tell herself."

John's wife at once pointed her finger towards the head footman; "there he is," said she, "if all the world were in the fore -- clergyman, magistrate, judge, jury and all. There he is, and I am ready to take my bible-oath to him. There he is who told me it was all right when he took the purse, and slammed the door in my face, without as much as thank ye for it."

The conscious footman turned pale.

"What is this I hear?" said his master. "If this woman gave you my purse, William, why did you not give it to me?"

The servant stammered out a denial; but his master insisted on his being searched, and the purse was found in his pocket.

"John," said the gentleman, turning round, "you shall be no loser by this affair. Here are ten guineas for you; go home now, but I will not forget your wife's honesty."

Within a month John Carson was settled in a nice new-slated house, which the squire had furnished and made ready for him. What with his wages, and the reward he got from the judge, and the ten guineas for returning the purse, he was well to do in the world, and was soon able to stock a little farm, where he lived respected all his days. On his deathbed, he gave his children the very three advices which his master had given him on parting:

> Never to take a by-road when they could follow the highway.
>
> Never to lodge in a house where an old man was married to a young woman.
>
> And, above all, to remember that honesty is the best policy.

- Source: T. Crofton Croker, "The Three Advices: An Irish Moral Tale," *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, vol. 4, no. 173 (May 23, 1835), pp. 131-32.
- The same story is found in *The Rural Repository*, vol. 12-13, new series (Hudson, New York: William B. Stoddard, 1835-36), pp. 107-108.
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The Three Advices Which the King with the Red Soles Gave to His Son

Ireland

When the chief of the *Bonna Dearriga* was on his deathbed he gave his son three counsels, and said misfortune would attend him if he did not follow them. The first was never to bring home a beast from a fair after having been offered a fair price for it; the second, never to call in ragged clothes on a friend when he wanted a favor from him; the third not to marry a wife with whose family he was not well acquainted.

The name of the young chief was Illan, called Don, from his brown hair, and the first thing he set about doing after the funeral, was to test the wisdom of his father's counsels. So he went to the fair of Tailtean [now Telltown in Meath] with a fine mare of his, and rode up and down. He asked twenty gold rings for his beast, but the highest bid he got was only nineteen. To work out his design he would not abate a *screpal*, but rode home on her back in the evening.

He could have readily crossed a ford that lay in his way near home; for sheer devilment he leaped the river higher up, where the banks on both sides were steep. The poor beast stumbled as she came near the edge, and was flung head foremost into the rocky bed, and killed. He was pitched forward, but his fall was broken by some shrubs that were growing in the face of the opposite bank. He was as sorry for the poor mare as any young fellow, fond of horses and dogs, could be. When he got home he sent a giolla to take off the animal's two forelegs at the knee, and these he hung up in the great hall of his dun, having first had them properly dried and prepared.

Next day he repaired again to the fair, and got into conversation with a rich chief of Oriel, whose handsome daughter had come to the meeting to purchase some cows. Illan offered his services, as he knew most of the bodachs and the bodachs' wives who were there for the object of selling. A word to them from the handsome and popular young chief, and good

bargains were given to the lady. So pleased was her father, ay and she too, with this civility that he forthwith received an invitation to hunt and fish at the northern rath, and very willingly he accepted it. So he returned home in a very pleasant state of mind, and was anxious that this second experiment should succeed better than the first.

The visit was paid, and in the mornings there were pleasant walks in the woods with the young lady, while her little brother and sister were chasing one another through the trees, and the hunting and fishing went on afterwards, and there were feasts of venison, and wild boar, and drinking of wine and mead in the evenings, and stories in verse recited by bards, and sometimes moonlight walks on the ramparts of the fort, and at last marriage was proposed and accepted.

One morning as Illan was musing on the happiness that was before him, an attendant on his promised bride walked into his room.

"Great must be your surprise, O Illan Don," said she, "at this my visit, but my respect for you will not allow me to see you fall into the pit that is gaping for you. Your affianced bride is an unchaste woman. You have remarked the deformed Fergus Rua, who plays on the small clarsech, and is the possessor of thrice fifty stories. He often attends in her room late in the evening to play soft music to her, and to put her to sleep with this soft music and his stories of the Danaan druids. Who would suspect the weak deformed creature, or the young lady of noble birth? By your hand, O Illan of the brown hair, if you marry her, you will bring disgrace on yourself and your clan. You do not trust my words! Then trust to your own senses. She would most willingly break off all connection with the lame wretch since she first laid eyes on you, but he has sworn to expose her before you and her father. When the household is at rest this night, wait at the entrance of the passage that leads to the women's apartments. I will meet you there. Tomorrow morning you will require no one's advice for your direction."

Before the sun tinged the purple clouds, next morning, Illan was crossing the outer moat of the lios, and lying behind him on the back of his trusty steed, was some long object carefully folded in skins.

"Tell your honored chief," said he to the attendant who was conducting him, "that I am obliged on a sudden to depart, and that I request him by his regard for me to return my visit a fortnight hence, and to bring his fair daughter with him."

On he rode, and muttered from time to time, "Oh, had I slain the guilty pair, it would be a well merited death! the deformed wretch! the weak lost woman! Now for the third trial!"

Illan had a married sister, whose rath was about twelve of our miles distant from his. To her home he repaired next day, changing clothes with a beggar whom he met on the road. When he arrived, he found that they were at dinner, and several neighboring families with them in the great hall.

"Tell my sister," said he to a giolla who was lounging at the door, "that I wish to speak with her."

"Who is your sister?" said the other in an insolent tone, for he did not recognize the young chief in his beggar's dress.

"Who should she be but the *Bhan a Teagh*, you rascal!"

The fellow began to laugh, but the open palm of the irritated young man coming like a sledge stroke on his cheek, dashed him on the ground, and set him a-roaring.

"Oh, what has caused this confusion?" said the lady of the house, coming out from the hall.

"I," said her brother, "punishing your giolla's disrespect."

"Oh, brother, what has reduced you to such a condition?"

"An attack on my house, and a creagh made on my lands in my absence. I have neither gold nor silver vessels in my dun, nor rich cloaks, nor ornaments, nor arms for my followers. My cattle have been driven from my lands, and all as I was on a visit at the house of my intended bride. You must come to my relief; you will have to send cattle to my ravaged fields, gold and silver vessels, and ornaments and furs, and rich clothes to my house, to enable me to receive my bride and her father in a few days."

"Poor dear Illan!" she answered, "my heart bleeds for you. I fear I cannot aid you, nor can I ask you to join our company within in these rags. But you must be hungry; stay here till I send you some refreshment."

She quitted him, and did not return again, but an attendant came out with a griddle cake in one hand, and a porringer with some Danish beer in it in the other. Illan carried them away to the spot where he had quitted the beggar, and gave him the bread, and made him drink the beer. Then changing clothes with him, he rewarded him, and returned home, bearing the porringer as a trophy.

On the day appointed with the father of his affianced, there were assembled in Illan's hall, his sister, his sister's husband, his affianced, her father, and some others.

When an opportunity offered after meat and bread, and wine had gone the way of all food, Illan addressed his guests: "Friends and relations, I am about confessing some of my faults before you, and hope you will be bettered by the hearing. My dying father charged me never to refuse a fair offer for horse, cow, or sheep, at a fair. For refusing a trifle less than I asked for my noble mare, there was nothing left to me but those bits of her forelegs you see hanging by the wall. He advised me never to put on an air of want when soliciting a favor. I begged help of my sister for a pretended need, and because I had nothing better than a beggar's cloak on me, I got nothing for my suit but the porringer that you see dangling by the poor remains of my mare. I wooed a strange lady to be my wife, contrary to my dying father's injunction, and after seeming to listen favorably to my suit, she at last said I should be satisfied with the crutches of her lame and deformed harper: there they are!"

The sister blushed, and was ready to sink through the floor for shame. The bride was in a much more wretched state, and would have fainted, but it was not the fashion of the day. Her

father stormed, and said this was but a subterfuge on the part of Illan. He deferred to her pleasure, but though torn with anguish for the loss of the young chief's love and respect, she took the blame on herself.

The next morning saw the rath without a visitor; but within a quarter of a year, the kind faced, though not beautiful daughter of a neighboring *Duine Uasal* (gentleman) made the fort cheerful by her presence. Illan had known her since they were children. He was long aware of her excellent qualities, but had never thought of her as a wife till the morning after his speech. He was fonder of her a month after his marriage than he was on the marriage morning, and much fonder when a year had gone by, and presented his house with an heir.

- Source: Patrick Kennedy, *Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts* (London: Macmillan and Company, 1866), pp. 73-77.
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The Highlander Takes Three Advices from the English Farmer

Scotland

In one of the glens of Cantire there lived a young and loving pair who were blessed with one child, a fine healthy lad. They strove hard to provide themselves with the necessaries of life; but their croft was sterile and their crops scanty: and, after many bitter and serious consultations, it was agreed that they should separate for a season, with the hope to make their circumstances better, and that the wife should shift for herself and the lad, and that the husband should travel in search of a situation where he would have food and wages.

Their separation was painful; but they comforted themselves with the promise to be true to each other, and to meet again in better circumstances. The husband had an aversion to become a soldier; so he sailed to Greenock, and from thence made his way into England, and traveled on until he met with a worthy farmer, with whom he agreed to work.

The bargain was made by signs, for the highlander had no English; but after a time they came to understand each other quite well, and the highlander learned a little English. His master respected his servant very much; and the servant was steady, honest, and industrious in his service. Time passed on, year after year; and every year the highlander left his wages in his master's hands, until he had a pretty round sum to take.

At length he prepared to return home to Cantire; and his master laid down all his wages on the table, and said, "Whether will you lift all your money, or take three advices in its place?"

The highlander replied, "Sir, your advices were always good to me, and I think it better to take them than to lift the money."

So the master took away the money, and gave him these three advices:

I. When you are going home keep on the high way, and take no by-way.

II. Lodge not in any house in which you see an old man and his young wife.

Aging and Death in Folklore

by

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Aging: realism and resignation expressed in proverbs

For most pre-industrial cultures, life's last chapter has been a bitter one. Surviving folklore reflects widespread resignation as to the inevitability of impoverishment, sexual impotence, failing health and vitality, and the loss of family and community status. No one expected the impossible. Such euphemisms as "golden years" and "senior citizens" did not exist.

- You cannot teach an old dog new tricks.
- There is no fool like an old fool.
- An old man who takes a young wife invites Death to the wedding.
- Nothing good will come from an old man who still wants to dance.
- For an old man to marry is like wanting to harvest in the wintertime.

Recognizing the corpse as his own mother, he enlists his wife's help to dispose of the body. The younger woman twice again sets up similar tricks. Thus, she can rid herself of her aging mother-in-law only after she has had her "killed" four times.

Source: "Die viermal getötete Frau," Schier, *Märchen aus Island,* no. 43."

The image of the aging parent as a troublesome burden is only thinly veiled behind the curtain of slapstick in these tales. And indeed, similar motifs are still extant in the active folklore of the twentieth century. "Disposing of Grandmother's Corpse" is still a popular theme in European and American folktales.

Note: Jan Harold Brunvand gives numerous examples, with interpretations, of this and related urban legends in *The Vanishing Hitchhiker,* ch. 5. See also Alan Dundes, "On the Psychology of Legend," in *American Folk Legend; A Symposium,* Wayland D. Hand, ed. (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1971), pp. 33-36. The legend was built into the popular film *National Lampoon's Vacation* starring Chevy Chase.

"The Stolen Corpse," collected in 1963 in England is typical of versions told throughout Europe and America. This story, like most of its counterparts, claims to be true. Its pedigree, following the tradition of legends, is established in the tale's opening sentence: "This story was told me by my cousin, who had heard it from a friend in Leeds, about a couple whom he knew, who went for a camping holiday in Spain with their car." The account, retold below, continues:

> They took his stepmother with them, and the old woman died one night in her tent. Not knowing how to deal with the foreign bureaucracy, they rolled the corpse up in a tent and tied it to the roof of their car. However, at their first coffee stop someone stole the car. Thus they returned to England without their car and without the stepmother. However, they were unable to prove her death for their inheritance.

Source: Briggs and Tongue, *Folktales of England,* no. 48.

The "stolen corpse" legends are exemplary in their economy. The burden (perceived or real) of an old person, nearly always a woman, on her family is concentrated into a single symbolic event, their inconvenience at having to deal with her corpse while on a family vacation. The problem always has the same solution -- theft. Here is poetic justice: The antisocial elements that normally cause us anxiety and grief at last bring us relief, and they in turn will have to answer the embarrassing and potentially threatening questions about the corpse in their luggage. However, getting rid of the old dependent does have a price: the family car and tangled legalities concerning her will and insurance.

Why old people are no longer put to death

Although "geronticide" as a linguistic expression is not nearly as common as "infanticide," survivals of such a practice occur in the folktales of many lands, classified as type 981 and generically called "The Killing of Old Men," as the intended victims of these legend-like tales

are nearly always male. Such stories, in the tradition of believed legends around the world, typically open with a sparse matter-of-factness, describing the purposeful killing of old people as if everyone knew that such acts were formerly necessary for the survival of the community. However, as these stories usually make clear, these views were selfishly short-sighted. The following tale from the Ukraine is typical:

> Once it was so on earth that the old people were killed. When a person got old they take him and kill him. "He is old," they say, "what good is he? Why should we feed him bread for nothing?" However, one son had pity on his father and instead of killing him, as required by law, he hid him in the cellar and continued to feed him. A famine came to the land and the people ate all the stored grain, even that which had been set aside for seed. The old father, seeing the great need, told the son to thresh the straw from their roof and to plant the seed thus gleaned. The son did as he was advised, and the seed grew immediately, miraculously yielding a quick and bountiful harvest. Everyone saw that it was the old man's wisdom and God's blessing that brought the unexpected crop, and from that time forth people have been allowed to die their own death.

Source: "Why Today People Die Their Own Death" (type 981, Mykytiuk, *Ukrainische Märchen,* no. 30).

This story, which has universal social utility, is told around the world. European, African, and Asian versions differ with respect to the nature of the problem solved by the old man, but the moral of the story remains constant: Take care of your old people. Their knowledge, wisdom, and experience are an invaluable resource for the next generation.

Notes: For additional examples of type 981 tales see "The King and the Thief" (Lithuania), Range, *Litauische Volksmärchen,* no. 57; *Folk-Lore*, vol. 29, pp. 238 ff.; M. Gaster, "The Killing of the Khazar Kings" (Romania) *Folk-Lore*, vol. 30 (London: Folk-Lore Society, 1919), pp. 136-139; "Killing of the Old Men" (Romania) *Folk-Lore*, vol. 32 (London: Folk-Lore Society, 1921), pp. 213-215; "The Mountain Where Old People Were Abandoned" (Seki, *Folktales of Japan,* no. 53); "An Old Man's Wisdom Saves the Kingdom" (Arewa, *Northern East Africa,* p. 180). For a study of this tale type see Paudler, *Die Volkserzählung von der Abschaffung der Altentötung.*

Proverbs, too, extol the wisdom of age and admonish youth to honor it:

- Age before beauty.
- An old man can see backward better than a young one can see forward.
- If an old man lacks knowledge, at least he has experience.
- There is wisdom in age.
- Age deserves honor.
- He who does not honor age does not deserve age.
- It is good to grow old in a place where age is honored.
- Even bad parents deserve our thanks.
- With old men take counsel.
- Old men should be honored.

- An old man can be outrun but not outcounseled.

Sources: Wander, *Deutsches Sprichwörter-Lexikon,* vol. 1, cols. 55, 56, 62, 1503; Jente, *Proverbia Communia*, nos. 181, 182, 525.

Those who fail to give the honor and respect due to their elders cannot expect the approbation of fate, a belief dramatically, illustrated in "The Old Man and the Three Young Men," one of La Fontaine's best known versified fables:

> An Old Man, planting a tree, was met
> By three joyous youths of the village near,
> Who cried, "It is dotage a tree to set
> At your years, sir, for it will not bear,
> Unless you reach Methuselah's age:
> To build a tomb were much more sage;
> But why, in any case, burden your days
> With care for other people's enjoyment?
> 'Tis for *you* to repent of your evil ways:
> To care for the future is *our* employment!"
> Then the aged man replies --
> "All slowly grows, but quickly dies.
> It matters not if then or now
> You die or I; we all must bow,
> Soon, soon, before the destinies.
> And tell me which of you, I pray,
> Is sure to see another day?
> Or whether e'en the youngest shall
> Survive this moment's interval?
> My great grandchildren, ages hence,
> Shall bless this tree's benevolence.
> And if you seek to make it plain
> That pleasing others is no gain,
> I, for my part, truly say
> I taste this tree's ripe fruit to-day,
> And hope to do so often yet.
> Nor should I be surprised to see --
> Though, truly, with sincere regret --
> The sunrise gild you tombstones three."
> These words were stern but bitter truths:
> For one of these adventurous youths,
> Intent to seek a distant land,
> Was drowned, just as he left the strand;
> The second, filled with martial zeal,
> Bore weapons for the common weal,
> And in a battle met the lot
> Of falling by a random shot.

The third one from a tree-top fell,
And broke his neck. -- The Old Sage, then,
Weeping for the three Young Men,
Upon their tomb wrote what I tell.

Source: La Fontaine, Book 11, Fable 8.

Gaining care by trickery

Proverbial wisdom notwithstanding, old people do not always gain the respect and the care that they deserve. Where ethics and morality fail, trickery is justified. In folktales there is no trickier fox than an old fox. The fox's cousin, faced with destruction, can also be clever.

Old animals trick their masters

Animal fables, one of the oldest and most honored genres of folklore, have been used for centuries to expose social injustice and to promote ethical behavior. A younger generation's care for the aged is a topic that has not gone unnoticed in this genre. The fables often exhibit a cynical view, suggesting that a younger person's moral sensitivity may not be sufficient in causing him or her to care for older individuals. A certain amount of trickery and deception may be required, but -- taking the tales at face value -- in this case the ends do indeed justify the means. Especially if *you* are the old person whose life is thus preserved.

A farmer intended to shoot a faithful dog, now too old to be of use. But the dog's friend the wolf had a plan. Accordingly, he seized the master's child; the dog pursued and with a pretended struggle rescued the child. The grateful farmer now promised to keep the old dog as long as he lived.

Source: Retold from "Old Sultan" (Grimm, *Tales,* no. 48, type 101). For additional tales of this type (from Germany, Bohemia, Russia, and Japan) see Old Dogs Learn New Tricks.

Another, even better known, story about old animals who make a good life for themselves through trickery is "The Bremen Town Musicians":

A donkey, a dog, a cat, and a rooster had all grown old and feared for their lives, so they set out for Bremen, where they hoped to become town musicians. That night they came to a house in the woods. Seeing a band of robbers inside, they devised a plan to drive the villains away. The donkey placed his forefeet on the window ledge, the dog mounted the donkey, the cat climbed on the dog's back, and the rooster perched on the cat's head. Then each began to sing. The terrified robbers fled, and the four musicians stayed there from then on.

Source: Type 130, retold from Grimm, no. 27. For numerous additional variants see Ashliman, *A Guide to Folktales,* p. 28, and Animals in Exile, folktales of Aarne-Thompson type 130.

Significantly, the aging and threatened animals in this famous tale do not even seek refuge with their own people and in their own community. The rural society symbolically reflected in

this fable has no safety net for those too old to further contribute. But there is always the hope greener grass on the other side of the fence, the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, the pie in the sky. The dispossessed farm animals know what the country has to offer them: poverty and death. They, like multitudes of their real-life human counterparts, can hope that the city will be kinder to them. Bremen, residence of bishops, center of trade, and gateway to the world surely can provide opportunity, even for old people whose only resources are naive faith and a willingness to sing for their supper.

The inventor of this fable wisely did not allow the dispossessed animals to find their way to the city, where -- by any realistic standards -- their dreams would have been cruelly shattered. This is not a cautionary tale, preaching exemplary behavior to the aged. This is a fable of fantasy escape, and our heroes find a safe haven in a remote corner of the forest, far from Bremen.

Note: The good citizens of Bremen seem to have lost sight of this detail. One of the city's most photographed attractions is Gerhard Marcks's statue of the four animal musicians located in the courtyard of the *Pfarrkirche Unserer Lieben Frauen* in the center of the city.

We are apparently little bothered by the fact that their security comes at the expense of another marginalized group, the robbers. We assume, if -- indeed -- we give such ethical details a second thought, that the robbers, like the witch in the Grimms' "Hansel and Gretel," the ogre in Perrault's "Little Thumb," and countless other sinister forest dwellers, came by their wealth dishonorably, and that it is hence legitimate booty for our (temporarily) disadvantaged heroes and heroines.

The old father's pretended treasure

> An old man, thinking himself near death, divided his property among his sons. But he did not die, and his sons treated their now impoverished father cruelly. To correct this, he obtained four bags full of gravel, and pretended they contained money he had received in payment of an old debt. Hoping for an added inheritance, the sons immediately became attentive to his every need, making every effort to please him until the day he died.

Source: Retold from "How the Wicked Sons Were Duped" (type 982, Jacobs, *Indian Fairy Tales,* p. 221. For additional tales of this type from India, Sri Lanka, Germany, and England see Ungrateful Heirs: Folktales of Type 982.

Grandchildren come to their grandparents' aid

The man with the pretended treasure, Old Sultan, and the would-be Bremen musicians ensured their well being in old age through blunt trickery. Another group of stories brings justice to helpless oldsters by awakening a sense of enlightened self interest in the younger generation. The story of "Half a Blanket" is typical:

> A man had a father who had grown too old to do anything but eat and smoke, so the man decided to send him away with nothing but a blanket. "Just give him half

a blanket," said the man's son from his cradle, "then I'll have half to give you when you grow old and I send you away." Upon hearing this, the man quickly reconsidered and allowed his old father to remain after all.

Type 980. Retold from Glassie, *Irish Folktales,* no. 24.

A variation on this story, a Hispanic version from the American Southwest, carries the same message, adding the warning between the lines about giving a woman unbridled authority in household matters. The tale starts with the explanation that "in the old days it was not unusual to find several generations living together in one home," then continues:

> A woman disliked her old father-in-law who lived with her family, and she insisted he be removed to a small room outside the house. One winter day the old man, who was suffering from hunger and cold, asked his grandson to bring him a blanket. The boy found a rug and asked his father to cut it in half for the grandfather. "Take the whole rug," the father said. "No," replied the boy. "I must save half for you for when you are as old as grandfather." The man quickly restored his old father to a warm room in the house, and from that time on he took care of his needs and visited him every day.

Retold from "The Boy and His Grandfather," Maestas and Anaya, *Cuentos: Tales from the Hispanic Southwest*, pp. 115-117. Type 980.

The story of the grandfather who is denied his customary place at the family table contains the same lesson of enlightened self interest:

> An old man spilled his soup and let food dribble from his mouth, so his son made him sit behind the stove and eat from a wooden bowl. One day the man saw his own son, a boy of four, carving a piece of wood. "This is a bowl for you to eat from when you are old," he explained. He immediately restored the old grandfather to his former place at the table.

Source: Retold from The Old Grandfather and His Grandson (type 980, Grimm, no. 78). For additional tales of this type see Old Grandfathers and Their Grandsons.

When enlightened self interest fails

We all know individuals who knowingly engage in behavior that will ultimately hurt them: the person with poor health habits, with a fiery temper, etc. The knowledge that cruel or self-indulging acts will with time prove costly, unfortunately, does not assure ethical behavior. The following tale of generational abuse illustrates this sad observation:

> A man in the prime of life abused his aging father; he would strike him and even drag him out of the house by his hair. When he too became old his son treated him the same way. One day the son dragged him out the door and onto the street. "You go too far!" cried the old man. "I never dragged my old father beyond the gate."

Source: Retold from "Turn About Is Fair Play" (type 980, Pourrat, *Treasury of French Tales,* p. 163).

There is, of course, always the threat of divine punishment, should a person fail to live up to his or her family and social obligations. And God, if we can believe the evidence of folktales, does indeed move in mysterious ways, his wonders to perform:

> A man, about to eat a roasted chicken, saw his aged father coming, and hid the bird so he would not have to share it. After the old man left, the son resumed eating, but the chicken became a toad and jumped into his face, and it stayed there for the rest of his life.

Source: Retold from The Ungrateful Son (type 980D, Grimm, no. 145). The Grimms' source was Johann Pauli, *Schimpf und Ernst* (1522), ch. 437.

An Eskimo variation, heard in Nain, Labrador, and East Greenland, is even crasser:

> An old woman, blind, and lame, asked her daughter for a drink of water. The young woman, tired of tending her old mother, gave her a bowl of her own urine. The old woman drank it, and then asked: "Which would you prefer as a lover, a louse or a sea scorpion?" "A sea scorpion," laughed the daughter, whereupon the old woman proceeded to pull sea scorpions from the daughter's vagina, one after another, until she fell over dead.

Source: Retold from "Old Age" (similar to type 980D), Millman, *A Kayak Full of Ghosts*, p. 192.

The inevitability of senility and death

"And they lived happily ever after," popular wisdom notwithstanding, is not the standard ending for European folktales. English fairy tales, it is true, often end with this formula, but stories from continental Europe rarely promise their heroes and heroines everlasting life. If their future life is mentioned at all, it will most likely be with a generality such as "and they lived happily until they died," or possibly with the absurdly safe promise that "if they have not died, they are still alive." Continental European folktales neither promise their leading characters life without end nor do they treat death as a taboo, to be mentioned only with euphemisms and with great caution. Death is as much a part of life in European folktales as are birth, marriage, and parenting. Like these other events, it can be painless (even fulfilling) or wrought with conflict and grief. There is probably more folklore emanating from mortals' response to dying and death than any other human experience. Mythology, religion, civilization, and science all offer their explanations and their aid to the dying and to the survivors, and we want more. Folklore too has added its voice in helping us to cope with the inevitable and ultimately the unexplainable final chapter.

- Young men may die, old men must die.
- Seventy years is the span of our life,

eighty if our strength holds;

the hurrying years are labor and sorrow,
so quickly they pass and are forgotten.

Sources: Jente, *Proverbia Communia*, no. 122 (p. **141**). Simrock, *Die deutschen Sprichwörter,* p. 281. Psalms 90:10.

Stages of life

From Shakespeare's *As You Like It* (act 2, scene 7):

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

The Grimms' "The Duration of Life," a tale collected from a peasant in his field in 1840, presents the same pessimistic outcome, but adds a playful teleological explanation:

When God created the world he gave the ass, the dog, the monkey, and man each a life-span of thirty years. The ass, knowing that his was to be a hard existence, asked for a shorter life. God had mercy and took away eighteen years. The dog and the monkey similarly thought their prescribed lives too long, and God reduced them respectively by twelve and ten years. Man, however, considered the

thirty years assigned to him to be too brief, and he petitioned for a longer life. Accordingly, God gave him the years not wanted by the ass, the dog, and the monkey.

Thus man lives seventy years. The first thirty are his human years, and they quickly disappear. Here he is healthy and happy; he works with pleasure, and enjoys his existence. The ass's eighteen years follow. Here one burden after the other is laid on him; he carries the grain that feeds others, and his faithful service is rewarded with kicks and blows. Then come the dog's twelve years, and he lies in the corner growling, no longer having teeth with which to bite. And when this time is past, the monkey's ten years conclude. Now man is weak headed and foolish; he does silly things and becomes a laughingstock for children.

Source: Retold from "The Duration of Life," Grimm, no. 176, type 173 (also categorized as type 828). Other versions include: "Man's Years," Daly, *Aesop without Morals,* no. 105; "The Span of Man's Life," Noy, *Folktales of Israel,* no. 26.

For more tales of this type see Stages of Life: Folktales of Type 173.

No one wants to die

An old woodcutter, too weary to pick up his load of sticks, exclaimed: "I wish that Death would take me!" Even as he spoke, Death appeared, but seeing him, the old man changed his mind. Now his only request was: "Would you help me lift this load to my shoulders?"

Source: Retold from "The Old Man and Death," Jacobs, *The Fables of Aesop,* no. 69, type 845.

Death's approach should surprise no one

Death promised a man that he would not take him without first sending messengers. The man's youth soon passed and he became miserable. One day Death arrived, but the man refused to follow him, because the promised messengers had not yet appeared. Death responded: "Have you not been sick? Have you not experienced dizziness, ringing in your ears, toothache, and blurred vision? These were my messengers." The man, at last recognizing the truth, quietly yielded and went away.

Source: Retold from Death's Messengers, Grimm, no. 177, type 335. This was a popular plot for the medieval writers of jests and fables. Lutz Röhrich gives twelve variants in his *Erzählungen des späten Mittelalters und ihr Weiterleben in Literatur und Volksdichtung bis zur Gegenwart,* vol. 1, pp. 80-92.

Attempts to trick death

One of mankind's most persistent dreams is to postpone death. Folktales describe many such attempts, cloaked in a variety of symbolic garbs. They rarely succeed, not even in the fantasy

world of the magic tale. The widespread story of "Godfather Death," retold below in a Swedish version, is typical:

> A poor man with a large family could find no one to be godfather for his latest son. Finally Death appeared, and the poor man chose him, saying: "You make no distinction between high and low."
>
> Years later, on the godson's wedding night, Death called him from his bed and took him to a cave where countless candles were burning.
>
> "Whose light is that?" asked the godson, pointing to a candle that was flickering out.
>
> "Your own," answered the godfather. The godson pleaded with Death to put a new candle in his holder, but the godfather did not answer. The light flickered and went out and the godson fell down dead.
>
> We find from this that you can neither persuade nor cheat Death.

Source: Retold from Thompson, *100 Favorite Folktales,* no. 18, type 332.

Similar tales include "The Godfather" (Grimm, no. 42) and "Godfather Death" (Grimm, no. 44).

See Godfather Death: Tales of Aarne-Thompson Type 332.

Although death cannot be avoided permanently, there are many folktales that describe temporary respites. The story of the blacksmith who tricked death (sometimes identified as "the devil") is one of the most popular folktales in Europe:

> The Lord granted a smith three wishes, and the latter chose a pear tree that would detain anyone who climbed into it, an easy chair that would hold anyone who sat in it, and a bag that would imprison anyone who climbed into it. The devil came to get the smith, and the smith invited him to help himself to some fruit from his pear tree. The devil climbed into the tree and was stuck there. The smith would not release him until he promised to give the smith four more years of life. When the time was up the devil returned, but he made the mistake of sitting in the smith's magic chair, and he had to promise four more years before the smith would release him. On the devil's third visit, the smith tricked him into his bag, and then beat the bag with his hammer until the devil promised to leave him alone.
>
> Later the smith got to thinking that he had perhaps acted unwisely, and he knocked on the gate of hell to make amends. However the devil would have nothing to do with him, so the smith found his way to heaven. He got there just as St. Peter was letting someone in, and the gate was still ajar. The smith made a rush, and if he didn't get in, then I don't know what became of him.

Source: Retold from "The Master-Smith," type 330 (Asbjørnsen and Moe, *East o' the Sun,* p.

- Old people can dye their hair, but they can't change their backs.
- Age is poverty.
- Age is a troublesome guest.
- Age is a sickness from which everyone must die.
- Youth rises, age falls.
- A young wife is an old man's dispatch horse to the grave.
- A young woman with an old husband is a wife by day and a widow by night.
- A woman's beauty, an echo in the forest, and a rainbow all quickly disappear.
- When the old cow dances, her claws rattle.
- When the wolf grows old, the crows ride him.

Source: Wander, *Deutsches Sprichwörter-Lexikon,* vol. 1, cols. 55, 58-60; Simrock, *Die deutschen Sprichwörter,* pp. 281, 614; Jente, *Proverbia Communia*, nos. 28, 102.

These proverbs reflect a chapter of life that most of us would prefer to ignore. We do not like to be reminded of our own mortality, and in today's world, institutions such as hospitals, hospices, retirement centers, and funeral homes (euphemisms abound in the language of death!) shield us from the worst of the Grim Reaper's ravages. We cope, or so it might seem, by pretending that death does not exist.

> The foolish man thinks he'll live forever
> if he stays away from war,
> but old age shows him no mercy
> though the spears spare him.
>
> ...
>
> Cattle die, kinsmen die,
> one day you die yourself;
> I know one thing that never dies --
> the dead man's reputation.

Source: *Poems of the Elder Edda*, translated by Patricia Terry, pp. 13, 21

It has not always been so. In the religion of the ancient north, even the gods were mortal. For example, Balder -- the Norse god of light and joy, and the son of Odin and Frigga -- was killed by a spear of mistletoe (according to Snorri Sturluson) or by a magic sword (according to Saxo Grammaticus). His death, we read in *The Prose Edda,* "was the greatest misfortune ever to befall gods and men." Other Nordic gods were also vulnerable. Loki, the infamous trickster, challenged the mighty Thor to wrestle his aged foster-mother, an old crone named Elli. Much to Thor's chagrin, the old woman beat him, but -- as Loki later explained -- the trickster had temporarily placed Thor under the spell of old age, and "there never has been, nor ever will be anyone (if he grows old enough to become aged), who is not tripped up by old age." In fact, none of the deities will be spared. According to Norse mythology, all the gods will be killed by the forces of evil on the day of Ragnarök (also known as the *Götterdämmerung* -- "Twilight of the Gods" -- perhaps best known now through Richard Wagner's opera).

105.) For additional variations on this very popular theme see Ashliman, *A Guide to Folktales,* pp. 73-75

From a theological perspective, possibly the most interesting aspect of this tale is the cavalier attitude that it demonstrates about agreements made with the devil. The devil of these folktales is not the cunning, sinister, wicked, nearly omnipotent being of traditional religion, but is instead a bungling fool, and one who can be outwitted by a clever mortal. This is not an unusual situation in folktales. In fact, even St. Peter is frequently portrayed as a fool, both in his role as keeper of the gate to heaven and as a contrast to his much wiser companion Jesus.

Death trivialized

Death has become one of the great taboos of the twentieth century. At the most basic level, the level of sustenance, we do our best to hide from ourselves (and certainly from our children) the harsh facts about fried chicken, hamburgers, and bacon. A pet, too old and frail to live much longer, is "put to sleep." At the human level, we are even more isolated from the one final act that we must all experience. Few people die at home. Funeral "homes" turn the act of mourning a "departed" loved one into a sanitized reunion of family and friends. The deceased are not "dead," they have merely "passed on." Euphemisms proliferate.

It has not always been so. Our forebears, young and old alike, frequently witnessed the slaughter of animals (or their capture by predators), and they were not spared the reality of human death. They could not avoid this reality, but they could laugh at it.

Laughter is one of humankind's most basic defense mechanisms. Even in the face of death, we can show our resolve and demonstrate our last bastion of control by doing the unexpected: laughing. Gallows humor, in one form or another, permeates pre-industrial European folklore, even making its way into children's nursery tales and rhymes. Indeed, some critics have claimed that traditional nursery rhymes are preoccupied with death and violence and have hence urged that they be rewritten for a more humane and enlightened era. Consider the following catalog of horrors ostensibly found in traditional children's rhymes by Geoffrey Handley-Taylor, writing in 1952:

The average collection of 200 traditional nursery rhymes contains approximately 100 rhymes which personify all that is glorious and ideal for the child. Unfortunately, the remaining 100 rhymes harbor unsavory elements. The incidents listed below occur in the average collection and may be accepted as a reasonably conservative estimate based on a general survey of this type of literature.

- 8 allusions to murder (unclassified),
- 2 cases of choking to death,
- 1 case of cutting a human being in half,
- 1 case of decapitation,
- 1 case of death by squeezing,
- 1 case of death by shriveling,
- 1 case of death by starvation,

- 1 case of boiling to death,
- 1 case of death by hanging,
- 1 case of death by drowning,
- 4 cases of killing domestic animals,
- 1 case of body snatching,
- 21 cases of death (unclassified),
- 7 cases relating to the severing of limbs,
- 1 case of the desire to have a limb severed,
- 2 cases of self-inflicted injury,
- 4 cases relating to the breaking of limbs,
- 1 allusion to a bleeding heart,
- 1 case of devouring human flesh,
- 5 threats of death,
- 1 case of kidnapping,
- 12 cases of torment and cruelty to human beings and animals,
- 8 cases of whipping and lashing,
- 3 allusions to blood,
- 14 cases of stealing and general dishonesty,
- 15 allusions to maimed human beings and animals,
- 1 allusion to undertakers,
- 2 allusions to graves,
- 23 cases of physical violence (unclassified),
- 1 case of lunacy,
- 16 allusions to misery and sorrow,
- 1 case of drunkenness,
- 4 cases of cursing,
- 1 allusion to marriage as a form of death,
- 1 case of scorning the blind,
- 1 case of scorning prayer,
- 9 cases of children being lost or abandoned,
- 2 cases of house burning,
- 9 allusions to poverty and want,
- 5 allusions to quarreling,
- 2 cases of unlawful imprisonment,
- 2 cases of racial discrimination.
- Expressions of fear, weeping, moans of anguish, biting, pain and evidence of supreme selfishness may be found in almost every other page.

Source: As quoted by Baring-Gould, *The Annotated Mother Goose,* pp. 20-21.

Nursery rhymes have no monopoly on such tragedies. The following tales are known, in many variations, throughout Europe:

The death of the little hen

> The little hen choked on a nut. The cock ran to seek help, but when he returned,

> the hen had already died. Six mice pulled her funeral carriage, but they slipped into a stream and drowned. The little cock dug her a grave; then he sat down and mourned until he died.

Source: "The Death of the Little Hen" (type 2021, Grimm, no. 80). For additional examples see Ashliman, *A Guide to Folktales,* pp. 311-312.

An animal mourns the death of a spouse

> A flea and a louse were brewing beer. The louse fell in and was killed. A door, a broom, a cart, an ash pile, a tree, and a girl all joined the flea in mourning the louse's death. Then a spring broke loose and drowned all the mourners.

Source: Little Louse and Little Flea, (type 2022, Grimm, no. 30). For additional examples see Mourning the Death of a Spouse: Chain Tales of Aarne-Thompson Type 2022 and Ashliman, *A Guide to Folktales,* p. 312

The fleeing pancake

> A pancake rolled out the door and down the road. Many animals tried to stop it, but it rolled past them all. A pig offered to carry it across a brook. The pancake agreed, and the pig swallowed it in one gulp.

Source: "The Pancake" (type 2025, Norway, Thompson, *100 Favorite Folktales,* no. 100). For additional examples see The Runaway Pancake: Folktales of Aarne-Thompson Type 2025 and Ashliman, *A Guide to Folktales,* pp. 312-313

The day the sky fell in

> An acorn fell upon Chicken-licken's head, and she thought that the sky had fallen, so she set off to tell the king. On the way she was joined by Hen-len, Cock-lock, Duck-luck, Drake-lake, Goose-loose, Gander-lander, Turkey-lurkey, and finally Fox-lox. Fox-lox offered to show them the way, but instead he took them to his den, where he and his young ones ate up poor Chicken-licken, Hen-len, Cock-lock, Duck-luck, Drake-lake, Goose-loose, Gander-lander, and Turkey-lurkey, and they never saw the king to tell him that the sky had fallen!

Death as punishment

Bogeys, hobgoblins, and bugbears

An unusual (at least for twentieth-century taste) statue stands guard at in Bern, Switzerland. High on a pedestal at the *Kornhausplatz*, in the center of the old city, stands an ogre, *der Chindlifrässer,* surrounded by terrified children. He has captured a half dozen children. They are in his pockets and arms, all awaiting the fate of the one whose head he has taken entirely into his mouth. Since about 1545 this statue has graphically warned Swiss children of the potentially dire consequences of disobedience.

Note: The Swiss children frightened by this bogey included, I presume, my grandfather Johann Aeschlimann (1868-1943) and my wife's great-grandparents Jacob Spori (1847-1903) and Magdalena Röschi Spori (1851-1900). For an account of the legendary background of this statue see Ernst Ludwig Rochholz, *Schweizersagen aus dem Aargau* (Aarau: Sauerländer, 1856), vol. 2, p. 209.

The Swiss are, course, not alone in their use of such primitive psychological pedagogy. Bächtold-Stäubli, in the index to his *Handwörterbuch des deutschen Aberglaubens,* lists no fewer than twenty-eight different spirits who punish bad German children, often fatally. England too has its share of bogeys, hobgoblins, and bugbears, one of whom carries the German-sounding name Menschikoff:

> Baby, baby, naughty baby,
> Hush! you squalling thing, I say;
> Peace this instant! peace! or maybe
> Menschikoff will pass this way.
>
> Baby, baby, he's a giant,
> Black and tall as Rouen's steeple,
> Sups and dines and lives reliant
> Every day on naughty people.
>
> Baby, baby, if he hears you
> As he gallops past the house,
> Limb from limb at once he'll tear you
> Just as pussy tears a mouse.
>
> And he'll beat you, beat you, beat you,
> And he'll beat you all to pap;
> And he'll eat you, eat you, eat you,
> Gobble you, gobble you, snap! snap! snap!

Note: "Menschikoff" is probably a corruption of "Menschenkopf" (human head). In some versions of this poem the ogre is named "Wellington" or "Bonaparte." Source: Eliza Gutch and Mabel Peacock, *County Folk-Lore*, vol. 5: *Examples of Printed Folk-Lore Concerning Lincolnshire* (London: Folk-Fore Society, 1908), pp. 383-384.

Naughty or disobedient children often meet tragic ends in fairy tales. The Germans have a descriptive word for this sub-genre of cautionary tales: *Schreckmärchen* (scare-tales). One of the most famous of such stories is the tale of "Little Red Riding Hood" who in many versions -- including the classical telling by Perrault -- does not survive her encounter with the wolf. She disobeys her mother, leaves the straight and narrow path, gets into bed with an unprincipled male, and pays for her indiscretion with her life. Unlike Perrault, the Grimms let their "Little Red-Cap" escape, but not all disobedient children in their collection get a second chance:

> A little girl went to see Frau Trude, although her parents told her not to. On the steps she saw a black man. Frau Trude said it was a charcoal burner. Then she

saw a green man. "He was a hunter," said Frau Trude. Then there was a blood-red man. "He was a butcher," was the explanation. Finally the girl said, "When I saw you through the window, it looked like the devil with a head of fire." Frau Trude answered by turning the girl into a block of wood, which she threw into the fire.

Source: Retold from Frau Trude (Grimm, no. 43, type 334).

The girl who spoke to the wolf (in Perrault's account) and the girl who visited Frau Trude were adequately warned by their parents but still yielded to temptations that, as it turned out, were fatal. The wolf and the witch in these two stories are believable symbols of real threats to children in any era. The children relaxed their guard and were destroyed by the evils that well-meaning adults had warned them about. In some stories, however, it is not evil per se that takes the disobedient child, but God himself:

There was once a child that was stubborn and did not do what his mother wanted. For this reason God was displeased with him and caused him to fall ill, and no doctor could help him, and in a short time he lay on his deathbed. He was buried in a grave and covered with earth, but his little arm came forth and reached up, and it didn't help when they put it back in and put fresh earth over it, for the little arm always came out again. So the mother herself had to go to the grave and beat the little arm with a switch, and as soon as she had done that, it withdrew, and the child finally came to peace beneath the ground.

Source: Literal translation of The Willful Child (Grimm, no. 117, type 779).

The Grimms derived this story from an oral tradition of miracle stories, legends whose credibility was reinforced both by theology and by sacred relics. For example:

In the church at Lunow, three quarters of a mile from Oderberg, there is a chopped off, dried up hand on display. It is clenched into a fist and holds a switch between its fingers. It comes from a son who in a godless manner had once struck his father. God himself punished him, for when he died and was buried, his hand emerged from the grave. However often they reburied it, it always reappeared. Finally they beat it with a switch, thinking that it would then return to beneath the earth, but that did not help. Therefore they chopped off the hand, put the switch in its fist, and placed it in the church at Lunow as an eternal warning to godless children.

Source: Hand wächst aus dem Grabe" (Kuhn and Schwartz, *Norddeutsche Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche*, pp. 44-45, no. 46). Essentially the same story describes the origin of a withered-hand relic on display in the village church at Groß-Redensleben, one hour from Seehausen ("Die Hand auf dem Grabe," Temme, *Die Volkssagen der Altmark*, pp. 48-49, no. 56). According to Temme, this legend also was told frequently in Szamaiten and in Poland.

What can one say about stories so flagrantly cruel? For good or for bad, literary, cultural, and theological traditions have taught us that it is good when a wicked person dies (countless

evildoers meet violent ends in folktales, and we shed no tears in sympathy). But can any reasonable person of today see justice in punishment, both before and after death, meted out to the "godless" children in the above tales?

Excessive grief

The Grimms' sentimental, legend-like tale "The Burial Shirt" reflects the belief that excessive mourning would prevent a deceased person from resting in peace:

> A mother had a little boy of seven years who was so attractive and good-natured that no one could look at him without liking him, and he was dearer to her than anything else in the world. Now it happened that he suddenly became ill, and God called him home. The mother could find no solace, and she cried day and night. However, soon after his burial, the child began to appear every night at those places where he had sat and played while still alive. When the mother cried, he cried as well, but when morning came he had disappeared. The mother did not cease crying, and one night he appeared with the white shirt in which he had been laid into his coffin, and with the little wreath on his head, he sat down on the bed at her feet and said, "Oh, mother, please stop crying, or I will not be able to fall asleep in my coffin, because my burial shirt will not dry out from your tears that keep falling on it." This startled the mother, and she stopped crying. The next night the child came once again. He had a little light in his hand and said, "See, my shirt is almost dry, and I will be able to rest in my grave." Then the mother surrendered her grief to God and bore it with patience and peace, and the child did not come again, but slept in he little bed beneath the earth.

Source: The Burial Shirt (Grimm, no. 109).

That this belief was not limited to unnamed characters in admittedly fictional tales is evidenced by the following account from northern England:

> An old woman still living (1854) in Piersebridge, who mourned with inordinate grief for a length of time the loss of a favorite daughter, asserts that she was visited by the spirit of her departed child, and earnestly exhorted not to disturb her peaceful repose by unnecessary lamentations and repinings at the will of God; and from that time she never grieved more. Events of this kind were common a century ago.

Source: *The Denham Tracts*, vol. 2, pp. 58-59.

For more tales of this type see The Death of a Child: Folktales about Excessive Mourning.

Death as a divine release

Death, of course, is not always looked upon as punishment. In fact, in many religious stories virtuous people (often children) are "called home," frequently under miraculous circumstances. For these blessed individuals, death is a divine release from the sorrows of

this world.

> Once there was a poor woman who had two children. The youngest one had to go into the forest every day to find wood. Once a little child helped him gather the wood, carried it to the house, and then disappeared. The child told his mother about the helper, but she didn't believe him. One day the helper child brought a rose and told the child that when the rose was in full blossom he would come again. The mother put the rose into some water. One morning the child did not get up; the mother went to his bed and found him lying there dead. On that same morning the rose came into full blossom.

Source: Retold from The Rose (Grimm, *Children's Legends,* no. 3). For similar accounts of foretold deaths, see Grimm, *German Legends,* nos. 263-267.

Religious legends are told throughout the world, and those describing premonitions and forewarnings of impending death are particularly widespread and persistent. Such accounts spontaneously emerge at solemn family gatherings, then disappear when the mood brightens. They surface again when needed -- unrehearsed at other sober occasions, or sophisticatedly refined in universal myths and in the great tragedies of world literature. At their primeval level, these accounts describe only modest miracles: the opening of a flower, the appearance of a bird, the dream of a departed loved one, or perhaps nothing more portentous than an uncanny feeling. They do not claim the power to change the course of human destiny, nor do they offer explanations to life's unfathomed mysteries. Instead, they are expressions of faith in continuity and of hope for justice, even at times when it is painfully evident that, on this earth at least, we do not live happily ever after.

Revised June 7, 2013.

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Our ancestors coped, from the evidence of mythology and folklore, by directly confronting the debilitation of age and the inevitability of death.

Distrust of old people in folklore

In spite of the numerous tales and proverbs celebrating the wisdom of old people and promoting their care, folklore is replete with reflections of a basic distrust of age. Various demonic personages, notably changelings and the devil himself, can be rendered powerless by tricking them into revealing their age. More significantly, in pre-industrial Europe superstitions abound that cast suspicion at old people, especially women. Proverbs and popular superstitions state the claim succinctly:

- If the devil can't come himself, he sends an old woman.
- It is not good if one goes out in the morning and encounters an old woman.
- He who walks between two old women early in the morning shall have only bad luck the rest of the day.
- To meet old women first thing in the morning means bad luck; young people, good luck.
- Many men would rather let themselves be beaten to death, than to pass between two old women.
- A person on his way to an important undertaking will have bad luck if he encounters an old woman. Encountering a young girl will bring him good luck.

Source: Wander, *Deutsches Sprichwörter-Lexikon*, vol. 4, col. 1105. Simrock, *Die deutschen Sprichwörter*, p. 554; Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie*, vol. 3, items 58, 380, 791, 938, 1015.

Further, the sinister nature of old women is reflected in numerous folktales, for example:

> An old woman, promised a pair of shoes by the devil if she could bring discord to a happily married couple, told the wife that she could increase her husband's love by cutting a few hairs from his chin. She then told the husband that his wife was plotting to cut his throat while he slept. The man pretended to sleep. Seeing his wife silently approaching with a razor, he struck her dead with a stick.

Source: Retold from "An Old Woman Sows Discord," Ranke, *Folktales of Germany*, no. 66. Type 1353.

Such tales help explain the widespread superstition, documented above, that if the first person you saw in the morning was an old woman, you would have bad luck. A curious variant on this view is the belief that meeting a virgin or a priest first thing in the morning also would bring bad luck, whereas meeting a whore would bring good fortune. Germans formerly believed that old people had the power to attract vitality from young people, but this -- of course -- came at the expense of the latter. The fear of oldsters (especially females) is further reflected in the fairy tales of many countries, where old women (even those who at first appear to be helpful and kindly) frequently turn out to be sinister witches. Even in those instances where an old person helps the hero or heroine, the aid is often suspicious, and the old person rarely shares in the reward.

Sources: Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie,* vol. 3, p. 440, item 177. Bächtold-Stäubli, *Handwörterbuch des deutschen Aberglaubens,* vol. 1, col. 324.

Widowhood

For a selection of folktales featuring widows who are too eager to remarry following the death of their husbands, see the following file: Widows in (Short-Lived) Mourning. Folktales of Aarne-Thompson types 65, 1350, 1352*, and 1510.

Caring for old people

Resignation

Widely distributed proverbs express with obvious irony and apparent acceptance the view that parents cannot necessarily expect the same care in their age that they earlier tendered to their children:

- One father can better nourish ten children than ten children can nourish one father.
- Parents love their children more than do children their parents.
- The old man saves, his son is a spendthrift.
- Good deeds are wasted on old men and on rogues.
- Age pipes and youth dances.
- The parents' death is often the children's good fortune.

Source: Wander, *Deutsches Sprichwörter-Lexikon,* vol. 1, cols. 54, 56, 58, 63, 1507.

- If the mother looks after the child, both smile. If the child looks after the mother, both cry. (Jewish proverb, heard in Pittsburgh, June 1998)

This pessimistic view is also reflected in animal fables:

> A raven was carrying his chicks, one at a time, from an island to the mainland. In mid flight he asked the first, "Who will carry me when I am old and can no longer fly?"
>
> "I will," answered the young raven, but the father did not believe him, and dropped him into the sea.
>
> The same question was put to the second chick. He too replied, "I will carry you when you are old," and the father also let him fall into the sea.
>
> The last chick received the same question, but he answered, "Father, you will have to fend for yourself when you are old, because by then I will have my own family to care for."
>
> "You speak the truth," said the father raven, and carried the chick to safety.

Source: Retold from Tolstoy's *Fourth Reader* (1872). This tale, type 244C*, is found primarily in Eastern European and Yiddish folklore. Other examples include: "A Fable of a Bird and Her Chicks," Weinreich, *Yiddish Folktales*, no. 12; and "The Partridge and Her Young," Gaster,

Rumanian Bird and Beast Stories, no. 95.

Euthanasia and geronticide

Europe

Every culture has its own folk medicine: rituals, practices, and preparations believed to cure illness and preserve good health. However, not all health related rituals are directed at the patient's recovery. For example, numerous European superstitions -- still extant in the nineteenth century, and possibly later -- claimed to help the mortally ill die faster and easier. From a purely medical perspective these were harmless acts. Removing roof tiles or simply opening windows was widely believed to speed death by giving the departing soul an easier exit. Similarly, some advised filling every hollow space in the house, thus denying the reluctant soul a hiding place. Other acts -- for example, taking away a dying person's pillow, cutting a scrap from one's clothing, or not allowing one to clinch one's thumb in one's fist -- were more intrusive, but still relatively harmless.

Sources: Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie*, vol. 3, p. 448, no. 439; p. 457, no. 664; p. 459, no. 721; p. 472, no. 992; p. 474, no. 1053. Bartsch, *Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg* (1880), vol. 2, p. 89, nos. 273-276. Kuhn *Sagen, Gebräuche und Märchen aus Westfalen* (1859), vol. 1, p. 47, no. 126.

However innocent these moves, their intent was clear to all concerned, and without doubt they sometimes may have set the stage for more aggressive acts. Such symbolic responses not only reflect a resignation with the inevitability of death, but they also claim -- indirectly but still clearly -- that it is the survivors' prerogative to assist the natural process of dying when it becomes evident that the time is right. Ancient Europeans had little sympathy for the infirm. To "die at the right time" was not a value first invented by Nietzsche's Zarathustra. Jacob Grimm, in his *German Legal Antiquities,* lists numerous examples of lethal acts against the aged in pre-Christian Germany. Suicide, self-sacrifice in battle, abandonment, and outright execution are among the solutions applied by our European forebears to those who lived too long.

Sources: Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra,* pt. 1, ch. 21. Grimm, *Deutsche Rechtsaltertümer,* vol. 1, pp. 669-675.

On the other hand, folklore not only contains survivals of these primitive lethal acts against the aged, but it also celebrates old people's wisdom and calls for their continuing care. This ambiguity reflects a fragility in the relationship between the generations that his been with humankind throughout all of recorded history. Hanns Bächthold-Stäubli explains this apparent cultural contradiction by giving a double definition of the word "old." In the more primitive stages, he claims, "old" designated people between 35 and 60 years of age, and these indeed were given special status and privilege. However, once a person became senile and could no longer contribute to family and society, he was pushed from his position of honor, and even executed or abandoned.

Source: *Handwörterbuch des deutschen Aberglaubens*, vol. 1, col. 328.

In times of war, forced migration, or famine the temptation to do away the weakest members of a group would be especially great. A saga contains the following description of a famine in Iceland in the 10th century (circumstances which, coincidentally, led to the Norsemen's colonization of Greenland and their discovery of America, some 500 years before Columbus): "Men ate ravens and foxes, and many loathsome thinges were eaten which should not be eaten, and some men had the old and helpless killed and thrown over the cliffs."

Source: As quoted in Jacqueline Simpson, *Everyday Life in the Viking Age* (New York: Dorset Press, 1987), p. 40.

One of the Grimms' *German Legends* (no. 454) tells how, in the eighth century, a community fleeing from enemy soldiers buried one of their old women alive to keep her from being taken captive. They carried out the fateful task while chanting "Creep under, creep under, the world is too sorrowful for you; you can no longer follow the commotion." In their commentary to this legend, the Grimms document two additional instances of ritualistic killing of the aged. In each of the Grimms' three examples the geronticide was accompanied by a ritualistic chant, which suggests that these had, to at least some extent, not only legitimized, but also formalized the killing of their aged.

Karl Haupt, writing in the mid nineteenth century, gives a particularly dramatic (and relatively recent) example of socially sanctioned European geronticide in Lausitz, a region in today's Southeast Germany. Himself a German, Haupt is quick to emphasize that this shameful custom was practiced by Slavic groups living in this region. His account follows:

> During heathen times the Sorbian Wends of Lausitz practiced the shameful and gruesome custom of ridding themselves of their old people who were no longer able to contribute. When , a father would be struck dead by his own son A son would strike his own father dead when he became old and incompetent, or he would throw him into water, or he would push him over a high cliff. Indeed, there are many examples of this, even after the advent of Christianity. For example:
>
> Herr Levin von Schulenburg, a high official in Altmark, was traveling among the Wends in about 1580 when he saw an old man being led away by several people. "Where are you going with the old man?" he asked, and received the answer, "To God!" They were going to sacrifice him to God, because he was no longer able to earn his own sustenance. When the official grasped what was happening, he forced them to turn the old man over to him. He took him home with him and hired him as a gatekeeper, a position that he held for twenty additional years.

Source: Karl Haupt, *Sagenbuch der Lausitz*, Zweiter Theil (Leipzig: Verlag von Wilhelm Engelmann, 1863), p. 9.

As a final survival of this gruesome custom, Haupt cites a Wendish ritualistic folk song, apparently still being sung as late as the mid nineteenth century:

> Old man, go to sleep!
> Young man, find a wife!

Throw stones at the old man,
And apples at the young ones;
Old man, go to sleep!
Young man, find a wife!

Source: Haupt, p. 10. Karl Haupt's source is Leopold Haupt and J. E. Schmaler, *Volkslieder der Wenden in der Ober- und Niederlausitz* (Grimma, 1841), vol. 2, p. 94. The German text of the song follows:

Schlaf, Alter, ein!
Junger du mußt frei'n!
Nach dem Alten mit den Steinen,
Nach den Jungen mit den Äpfeln;
Schlaf, Alter ein!
Junger du mußt frei'n!

Other primitive cultures

Abandonment of the sick or the aged by primitive peoples, especially those with a nomadic culture, is well documented and reflects the harshness of life endured by many of our forebears. An Eskimo story, for example, can begin, in a matter-of-fact tone: "One Winter there was an old woman who was left behind ... with only a few insects to eat." Similarly, a Chiricahua Indian myth tells how tribal members concluded that a certain old woman was "good for nothing" and hence decided to abandon her. Alone, she wept to the Mountain Spirits, and they performed a ceremony that cured her of her ailments. She returned to her people and shared with them the healing ceremony, which became a part of their culture. The myth thus explains the origin of a certain healing ritual, but it does not directly criticize the practice of abandoning an old, infirm tribal member to certain death.

Sources: Lawrence Millman, *A Kayak Full of Ghosts: Eskimo Tales* (Santa Barbara: Capra Press, 1987), p. 184. Margot Astrov, *American Indian Prose and Poetry* (New York: Capricorn), pp. 211-212. See also Harry Hoijer, *Chiricahua and Mescalero Apache Texts,* The University of Chicago Publications in Anthropology, Linguistic Series. (Chicago, 1938), p. 33.

Sacrificing one's grandmother

One of the crassest examples of disregard for the aged is found in many folk versions of the medieval jest "Unibos." (type 1535). An episode frequently contained in this immensely popular tale describes how the hero-trickster unremorsefully sacrifices his aging mother or grandmother. Asbjørnsen's and Moe's "Big Peter and Little Peter," summarized below, is typical:

There were two adult brothers, both named Peter, one rich and one poor. Wealthy Big Peter maliciously killed his poor brother's only calf. Little Peter skinned the animal and then went from farm to farm trying to sell the hide, but never with success. Overtaken by nightfall, he gained lodging from a farmer's wife, who -- as

Little Peter soon discovered -- was "making merry" with the village priest while her husband was away. The farmer unexpectedly returned, and the priest hid himself in a chest. Armed with this information and his own quick wit, Little Peter traded his calf skin for the chest and then extorted a small fortune from the captive priest.

Back at home, Little Peter showed his rich brother the unbelievable sum that he had received for the hide. Big Peter, filled with greed and envy, immediately slaughtered all of his own cattle and rushed to market with the hides, but instead of wealth, he found only ridicule and scorn. He returned home, swearing to strike his brother dead that very night. Little Peter heard the threat and saved himself by changing sleeping places with his old mother. Thus, when Big Peter tried to carried out his threat against his brother, he chopped off his old mother's head instead.

Little Peter then hatched a plan to use the old woman's corpse to further enrich himself. He put her body on a sledge, balanced the severed head on her neck, and dragged her to market where he set her up as an apple seller. Her first customer was a quick-tempered fellow who, insulted because she would not respond to his questions, gave her a slap, literally knocking her head off. Little Peter, by now quite good at extortion, collected a substantial sum from the would-be apple buyer in return for not reporting him to the authorities.

As if this were not enough, Little Peter returned home and showed Big Peter the money their old mother's body had brought at the market. The greedy brother, we are told, had an old stepmother, and he killed her outright, taking the body to market hoping for a similarly high price. But instead of money, he received only scorn and threats of arrest. Other tricks follow, tricks that ultimately cost Big Peter and his wife their lives and leave Little Peter a wealthy man.

Source: *East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon,* pp. 336-345.

This story of primitive justice offers no apologies or regrets for the fact that the hero not only tricks the villain into killing innocent people -- his wife and stepmother -- but also quite consciously sacrifices his own innocent old mother for his own well being.

Note: Another example of a type 1535 tale containing the episode of the intentionally sacrificed old mother or grandmother (here called a "great grandmother," presumably to emphasize her advanced age, and hence her dispensability): "Der Schelm von Mols" ("The Trickster from Mols" -- Denmark), Bødker, *Dänische Volksmärchen,* no. 23. In some tales of this type the grandmother's murder is repressed. The storyteller lets her die of natural causes or accidentally, but the hero still uses her corpse to extort money from others. Examples: "Little Claus and Big Claus," Andersen, *Complete Fairy Tales and Stories,* no. 2; "Master Sly" (Luxemburg), Bødker, Hole, and D'Aronco, *European Folk Tales* , pp. 99-102. In still other versions, the trickster hero uses his wife in a similar fashion. For example, in "The Peasant Pewit," (Ranke, *Folktales of Germany,* no. 51) the little peasant, threatened by enemies, exchanges clothing with his wife, thus tricking them into killing her instead of him.

The old woman in the chest

Only slightly less crass, applying twentieth-century standards, than Little Peter's mortal exploitation of his old mother is the tale of the woman in the chest (type 1536A), also a story of how a poor man becomes wealthy at the hands of a rich man, using an innocent old woman (usually the hero's own mother) as a sacrificial pawn. The Chilean version "The Miserly Rich Man and the Unlucky Poor Man" is typical of versions found throughout Europe and beyond.

A rich man suspects, with justification, that his poor brother is stealing food from him. To gain evidence, he puts his old mother into a chest, which he asks the poor man to safeguard for a few days. From her hiding place the old woman does indeed hear her poor son boasting about stealing a cow from his rich brother. Startled, she breaks her silence, and the poor man opens up the chest. Upon discovering the spy, the poor man jams a great chunk of hot meat and a piece of bread into her mouth, and she chokes to death. The rich brother reclaims his chest and finds his dead mother inside. Not knowing how she died and obviously fearing any official investigation, he takes the body to his brother and pays him a substantial sum to bury it. The poor man takes the money, but only pretends to bury the corpse, using it instead to extort more and more money from his miserly brother.

Source: Pino-Saavedra, *Folktales of Chile,* no. 45. Additional examples: "Die Geschichte von der Metzelsuppue," ("The Story of the Meat Soup" -- Swabia), Zaunert, *Deutsche Märchen seit Grimm,* no. 23; "The Artful Lad" (Sweden), Booss, *Scandinavian Folk and Fairy Tales,* pp. 208-220; "The Woman in the Chest," Ranke, *Folktales of Germany,* no. 52; "Wie ein Frau dreimal beerdigt wurde" ("How a Woman Was Buried Three Times" -- Ukraine), Mykytiuk, *Ukrainische Märchen,* no. 35; "Die gestohlene Sau" ("The Stolen Sow" -- Austria), Haiding, *Märchen aus Oberösterreich,* no. 19.

Tales of type 1535 and 1536A thus turn the hostility felt by members of different socio-economic classes and different generations toward each other into morbid jokes. Freud, in his famous essay *Jokes and Their Relation to the Unconscious* (chapter 3, section 3) noted that a common function of jokes is to provide verbal outlets for "brutal hostility, forbidden by law." Anecdotes of the types discussed above playfully depict the killing of old people and the use of their corpses for the betterment of their offspring. These tales thus continue to reflect feelings of hostility toward the aged long after civilization has developed safeguards against the literal killing of people deemed too old to be of further use.

Disposing of the corpse: a legend that is still alive

These stories not only turn the exploitation of the old into a joke, they also make light of problems encountered by the survivors in disposing of the corpse. These tales thus reflect the attitude that an old person can, at the same time, be both an expendable resource and a troublesome burden. This latter feature has given rise to an entire family of tales generically called "Disposing of the Corpse" (type 1536). An Icelandic version entitled "The Woman that Was Killed Four Times" is particularly revealing. It relates how a woman killed her old mother-in-law (who lived with her and her husband) and then set the body in a kneeling position over her husband's treasure chest. The husband thinks the "intruder" is a burglar and stabs her.

Air Castles

folktales of Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 1430
about daydreams of wealth and fame
translated and/or edited by

D. L. Ashliman
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1. The Broken Pot (India, *The Panchatantra*).
2. The Poor Man and the Flask of Oil (India, Bidpai).
3. The Story of the Devotee Who Spilt the Jar of Honey and Oil (India / Persia).
4. What Happened to the Ascetic When He Lost His Honey and Oil (*Kalilah and Dimnah*).
5. The Daydreamer (India, Cecil Henry Bompas).
6. Sheik Chilli (India, Alice Elizabeth Dracott).
7. The Fakir and His Jar of Butter (*1001 Nights*).
8. The Barber's Tale of His Fifth Brother (*1001 Nights*).
9. Day-Dreaming (*1001 Nights*, retold by Joseph Jacobs).
10. The Milkmaid and Her Pail (Aesop).
11. Story of an Old Woman, Carrying Milk to Market in an Earthen Vessel (France, Jacques de Vitry).
12. What Happened to a Woman Called Truhana (Spain, Prince Don Juan Manuel).
13. The Dairywoman and the Pot of Milk (France, Jean de La Fontaine).
14. Lazy Heinz (Germany, Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm).
15. Lean Lisa (Germany, Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm).
16. Buttermilk Jack (England, Thomas Hughes).
17. The Lad and the Fox (Sweden, Gabriel Djurklou).
18. The Peasant and the Cucumbers (Russia, Leo Tolstoy).
19. The Milkmaid and Her Bucket (USA, Ambrose Bierce).

The Panchatantra

In a certain place there lived a Brahman by the name of Svabhâvakripana, which means "luckless by his very nature." By begging he acquired a quantity of rice gruel, and after he had eaten what he wanted, there was still a potful left. He hung this pot on a nail in the wall above his bed. As night progressed, he could not take his eyes from the pot. All the while he was thinking:

> This pot is filled to overflowing with rice gruel. If a famine should come to the land, then I could sell it for a hundred pieces of silver. Then I could buy a pair of goats. They have kids every six months, so I would soon have an entire herd of goats. Then I would trade the goats for cattle. As soon as the cows had calved, I would

she will think me to be a sultan of exceeding dignity and will say to me: "O my lord, for God's sake, do not refuse to take the cup from thy servant's hand, for indeed I am thy handmaid."

But I will not speak to her, and she will press me, saying: "Needs must thou drink it," and put it to my lips.

Then I will shake my fist in her face and spurn her with my foot thus.

So saying, he gave a kick with his foot and knocked over the tray of glass, which fell over to the ground, and all that was in it was broken.

- Source: Joseph Jacobs, *Europa's Fairy Book* (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1916), no. 15, pp. 110-14.
- Note by Jacobs:

> I have given the story of the barber's fifth brother from the *Arabian Nights* as another example of the rare instances of tales that have become current among the folk, but which can be definitely traced to literary sources, though possibly, in the far-off past, it was a folk tale arising in the East.
>
> The various stages by which the story came into Europe have been traced by Benfey in the introduction to his edition of *Pantschatantra*, § 209, and after him by Max Mueller in his essay "On the Migration of Fables" (*Chips from a German Workshop*, iv., 145-209; it was thus a chip from another German's workshop).
>
> It came to Europe before the Arabian Nights and became popular in La Fontaine's fable of Perrette who counted her chickens before they were hatched, as the popular phrase puts it. In such a case one can only give a reproduction of the literary *source*, and it is a problem which of the various forms which appear in the folk books should be chosen. I have selected that from the *Thousand and One Nights* because I have given elsewhere the story of Perrette (Jacobs, *Æsop's Fables*, no. 45), and did not care to repeat it in this place. I have made my version a sort of composite from those of Mr. Payne and Sir Richard Burton, and have made the few changes necessary to fit the tale to youthful minds.
>
> It is from the quasi-literary spread of stories like this that the claim for an Oriental origin of all folk tales has received its chief strength, and it was necessary, therefore, to include one or two of them in *Europa's Fairy Book* (Androcles is another). But the mode of transmission is quite different and definitely traceable and, for the most part, the tales remain entirely unchanged; whereas, in the true folk tale, the popular storytellers exercised their choice, modifying incidents and giving local color. (pp. 243-44)

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The Milkmaid and Her Pail

Aesop

A farmer's daughter had been out to milk the cows, and was returning to the dairy carrying her pail of milk upon her head. As she walked along, she fell a-musing after this fashion:

> The milk in this pail will provide me with cream, which I will make into butter and take to market to sell. With the money I will buy a number of eggs, and these, when hatched, will produce chickens, and by and by I shall have quite a large poultry yard. Then I shall sell some of my fowls, and with the money which they will bring in I will buy myself a new gown, which I shall wear when I go to the fair; and all the young fellows will admire it, and come and make love to me, but I shall toss my head and have nothing to say to them.

Forgetting all about the pail, and suiting the action to the word, she tossed her head. Down went the pail, all the milk was spilled, and all her fine castles in the air vanished in a moment!

Moral:Do not count your chickens before they are hatched.

- Source: *Æsop's Fables*, translated by V. S. Vernon Jones (London: W. Heinemann; New York: Doubleday, Page and Company, 1916), pp. 25-26.
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Story of an Old Woman, Carrying Milk to Market in an Earthen Vessel.

Jacques de Vitry

An old woman, while carrying milk to market in an earthen vessel, began to consider in what way she could become rich. Reflecting that she might sell her milk for three pence (*obolos*), she thought she would buy with them a young hen, from whose eggs she would get many chickens, which she would sell and buy a pig. This she would fatten and sell and buy a foal, which she would rear until it was suitable to ride.

And she began to say to herself, "I shall ride that horse and lead it to pasture and say to it, 'Io! Io!'"

While she was thinking of these things she began to move her feet and heels as if she had spurs on them, clapped her hands for joy, so that by the motion of her feet and the clapping of her hands she broke the pitcher, and the milk was spilled on the ground, and she was left with nothing in her hands.

- Source: Jacques de Vitry *The Exempla; Or, Illustrative Stories from the Sermones Vulgares*, edited by Thomas Frederick Crane (London: Folk-Lore Society, 1890), no. 51,

pp. 154-55.
- Crane considers the above tale to be "the oldest European version of this famous fable."
- Jacques de Vitry was born in central France between about 1160 and 1170, and died in Rome in 1240.
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What Happened to a Woman Called Truhana

Spain, Prince Don Juan Manuel

A woman named Truhana, who was not very rich, went one day to market, carrying on her head a jar of honey. Along the road she was calculating how she could sell the honey and buy eggs, these eggs would produce chickens, and with the produce of the sale of these latter she would buy lambs; and in this way was calculating how she would become richer than her neighbors, and looked forward with anxiety to well marrying her sons and daughters, and how she would go through the streets, accompanied by her sons and daughters-in-law, and how the people would say what a fortunate woman she was to become so rich, having been so very poor.

Under the influence of these pleasurable thoughts, she laughed heartily; when, suddenly striking the jar with her hand, it fell to the ground and was broken.

Seeing this, she was in great grief at being so suddenly deprived of all her flattering anticipations; for, having fixed all her thoughts upon an illusion, she lost that which was real.

- Source: Prince Don Juan Manuel *Count Lucanor; or, The Fifty Pleasant Stories of Patronio: The Tales of the "Spanish Boccaccio"*, first done into English by James York, 1868 (London: Gibbings and Company, 1899), no. 28, pp. 147-49.
- This book (*Libro de los ejemplos del conde Lucanor y de Patronio*) was first written in 1335. Don Juan Manuel, Prince of Villena, was born in 1282 and died in 1348.
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The Dairywoman and the Pot of Milk

France, Jean de La Fontaine

A pot of milk upon her cushion'd crown,
Good Peggy hasten'd to the market town;
Short clad and light, with speed she went,
Not fearing any accident;
Indeed, to be the nimbler tripper,
Her dress that day,
The truth to say,
Was simple petticoat and slipper.

And, thus bedight,

Good Peggy, light, --
Her gains already counted, --
Laid out the cash
At single dash,
Which to a hundred eggs amounted.

Three nests she made,
Which, by the aid
Of diligence and care were hatch'd.
"To raise the chicks,
I'll easy fix,"
Said she, "beside our cottage thatch'd.
The fox must get
More cunning yet,
Or leave enough to buy a pig.
With little care
And any fare,
He'll grow quite fat and big;
And then the price
Will be so nice,
For which the pork will sell!
'Twill go quite hard
But in our yard
I'll bring a cow and calf to dwell --
A calf to frisk among the flock!"

The thought made Peggy do the same;
And down at once the milk-pot came,
And perish'd with the shock.

Calf, cow, and pig, and chicks, adieu!
Your mistress' face is sad to view;
She gives a tear to fortune spilt;
Then with the downcast look of guilt
Home to her husband empty goes,
Somewhat in danger of his blows.

Who buildeth not, sometimes, in air
His cots, or seats, or castles fair?
From kings to dairywomen, -- all, --
The wise, the foolish, great and small, --
Each thinks his waking dream the best.
Some flattering error fills the breast:

The world with all its wealth is ours,
Its honors, dames, and loveliest bowers.

Instinct with valor, when alone,
I hurl the monarch from his throne;
The people, glad to see him dead,
Elect me monarch in his stead,
And diadems rain on my head.

Some accident then calls me back,
And I'm no more than simple Jack.

- Jean de La Fontaine, *The Fables of La Fontaine*, translated from the French by Elizur Wright (London: George Bell and Sons, 1888), book 7, fable 10, pp. 159-60.
- Link to this fable in French: La laitière et le pot au lait.
- Jean de La Fontaine was born in 1621 and died in 1695. His *Fables* were first published in several volumes between 1668 and 1694.
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Lazy Heinz

Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm

Heinz was lazy, and although he had nothing else to do but to drive his goat out to the pasture every day, he nevertheless groaned every evening when he returned home after finishing his day's work.

"It is in truth a heavy burden," he said, "and a tiresome job, to drive such a goat out to the field year in and year out until late in the fall. If I could only lie down and sleep at it! But no, I must keep my eyes open so it won't damage the young trees, or force its way through the hedge into a garden, or even run away altogether. How can I get some rest and enjoy life?"

He sat down, collected his thoughts, and considered how he could lift this burden from his shoulders. For a long time his thoughts led to nothing, but suddenly it was as if scales were removed from his eyes.

"I know what I will do," he shouted. "I will marry Fat Trina. She too has a goat, and she can drive mine out with hers, and then I shall no longer have to torment myself."

So Heinz got up, set his weary limbs into motion, and walked across the street, for it was no further than that, to where Fat Trina's parents lived, and asked for the hand in marriage of their industrious and virtuous daughter.

Her parents did not think about it for long. "Birds of a feather, flock together," they thought, and gave their consent.

So Fat Trina became Heinz's wife, and drove out both of the goats. Heinz now enjoyed life, having no work to rest from, but his own laziness.

He went out with her only now and then, saying, "I'm doing this so that afterwards I will enjoy resting more. Otherwise I shall lose all feeling for it."

However, Fat Trina was no less lazy.

"Dear Heinz," she said one day, "why should we make our lives so miserable, ruining the best days of our youth, when there is no need for it? The two goats disturb our best sleep every morning with their bleating. Wouldn't it be better for us to give them to our neighbor, who will give us a beehive for them? We will put the beehive in a sunny place behind the house, and then not give it any more thought. Bees do not have to be taken care of, nor driven into the field. They fly out and find their way home again by themselves, and they collect honey without any effort at all on our part."

"You have spoken like a sensible woman," replied Heinz. "We will carry out your proposal without delay. And furthermore, honey tastes better and is more nourishing than goat's milk, and it keeps longer too."

The neighbor willingly gave them a beehive for the two goats. The bees flew tirelessly in and out from early morning until late evening, filling the hive with the best honey. Thus that fall-time, Heinz was able to take out a whole jugful.

They placed the jug on a shelf on their bedroom wall. Fearing that it might be stolen, or that the mice might get into it, Trina brought in a stout hazel stick and put it beside her bed, so that she would be able to reach it without having to get up, and then from her place in bed drive away the uninvited guests.

Lazy Heinz did not like to get out of bed before noon. "He who rises early," he would say, "wastes his wealth."

One morning when he was still lying in the feathers in broad daylight, resting from his long sleep, he said to his wife, "Women are fond of sweets, and you have been snacking on the honey. It would be better for us to exchange it for a goose with a young gosling, before you eat it all up."

"But not before we have a child to take care of them." replied Trina. Am I to torment myself with the young geese, wasting all my energy on them for no reason?"

"Do you think," said Heinz, "that the boy will tend geese? Nowadays children no longer obey. They do just as they please, because they think that they are smarter than their parents, just like that servant who was supposed to look for the cow and chased after three blackbirds."

"Oh," replied Trina, "he will get it if he does not do what I say. I will take a stick and tan his hide with more blows than can be counted."

"See here, Heinz," she shouted in her fervor, seizing the stick that she intended to use to drive away the mice. "See here! This is how I will beat him."

She struck forth, unfortunately hitting the jug of honey above the bed. The jug struck against the wall and fell down in pieces. The fine honey flowed out onto the floor.

"There lies the goose with the young gosling," said Heinz. "And they do not need to be

tended. But it is lucky that the jug did not fall on my head. We have every reason to be satisfied with our fate."

Then noticing that there was still some honey in one of the pieces of the jug, he reached out for it, saying quite happily, "Wife, let us enjoy the leftovers, and then we will rest a little from the fright we have had. What does it matter if we get up a little later than usual? The day will be long enough."

"Yes," answered Trina, "there is always time enough. You know, the snail was once invited to a wedding and started on his way, but arrived at the child's baptism. In front of the house it fell over the fence, and said, 'Haste makes waste.'"

- Source: Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, "Der faule Heinz," *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*, vol. 2 (Göttingen: Verlag der Dieterichschen Buchhandlung, 1857), no. 164, pp. 313-15.
- I have followed the Grimms' seventh and final edition (1857). This tale was added to their collection in the third edition (1837).
- Translation © 2001 by D. L. Ashliman.
- Link to a separate file containing only the tale Lazy Heinz.
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Lean Lisa

Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm

Lean Lisa was not at all like Lazy Heinz and Fat Trina, who would not allow anything to disturb their rest. She burned herself out from morning until evening and loaded so much work on her husband, Lanky Lenz, that it was harder for him than for a donkey loaded with three sacks. But it was all for naught. They had nothing, and they got nothing.

One evening she was lying in bed, too tired to move a muscle but still unable to fall asleep, when she poked her husband in the side with her elbow and said, "Lenz, listen to what I just thought of. If I were to find a florin, and you were to give me another one, then I'd borrow yet another one, and you'd give me still another one, and then I would take the four florins and buy a young cow."

The man agreed. "I don't know," he said, "where I'm to get that florin I'm supposed to give you, but after you have the money to buy a cow, it will be a good thing." Then he added, "I'm looking forward to the time after the cow calves, so I can have some good refreshing milk to drink."

"The milk is not for you," said the woman. "We will let the calf suck, so it will grow large and fat, and we can sell it for a good price."

"Of course," said the man, "but it won't hurt anything if we take a little milk."

"Who taught you about cows?" said the woman. "I won't allow it, whether it will hurt anything or not. You can stand on your head, but you won't get a single drop of milk. Lanky Lenz, just because you are always hungry, you think that you can devour everything that my hard work

brings in."

"Woman," said the man, "be quiet, or I'll plant one on the side of your face."

"What!" she cried. "Are you threatening me! You glutton! You good-for-nothing! You lazybones!"

She was reaching for his hair, but Lanky Lenz raised himself up, took hold of both her skinny arms with one hand, then pushed her head into the pillow with the other one. He held her there and let her scold until she fell asleep from exhaustion.

The next morning when she woke up, I do not know whether she continued to quarrel, or whether she went out to look for the florin that she wanted to find.

- Source: Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, "Die hagere Liese," *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*, vol. 2 (Göttingen: Verlag der Dieterichschen Buchhandlung, 1857), no. 168, pp. 332-33.
- I have followed the Grimms' seventh and final edition (1857). This tale was added to their collection in the fourth edition (1840).
- Translation © 1998 by D. L. Ashliman.
- Link to a separate file containing only the tale Lean Lisa.
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Buttermilk Jack

England, Thomas Hughes

Ther wur an owld 'oman as had but one son,
And thay lived together as you med zee;
And they'd nought but an owld hen as wanted to sett,
Yet somehow a landlord he fain would be.

Oh, I've been and begged me some buttermilk, mother,
Off of an owld 'oman as has girt store;
And I shall well rewarded be,
Vor she's g'in me haf a gallon or mwore.

Oh mother, my buttermilk I will sell,
And all for a penny as you med zee;
And with my penny then I will buy eggs,
Vor I shall have seven for my penney.

Oh mother, I'll set them all under our hen,
And seven cock chickens might chance for to be;
But seven cock chickens or seven cap hens,
There'll be seven half-crownds for me.

Oh, I'll go carry them to market, mother,

And nothing but vine volk shall I zee;

And with my money then I will buy land, Zo as a landlord I med be.

"Oh my dear zon, wilt thee know me,
When thee hast gotten great store of wealth?"
"Oh, my dear mother, how shall I know thee,
When I shall hardly know my own self?"

With that the owld 'oman she flew in a passion,
And dashed her son Jack up agin the wall,
And his head caught the shelf where the buttermilk stood,
So down came the buttermilk, pitcher and all.

Zo aal you as has got an old hen for to sett,
Both by night and by day mind you has her well watched,
Lest you should be like unto Buttermilk Jack,
To reckon your chickens before thay are hatched.

- Source: Thomas Hughes *The Scouring of the White Horse; or, The Long Vacation Ramble of a London Clerk* (Cambridge and London: Macmillan and Company, 1859), pp. 171-72.
- According to the narrator, this song was sung at a country fair "by a queer little man, with a twisted face, and a lurcher dog between his knees."
- Thomas Hughes, best known for his novel *Tom Brown's School Days* (1857), was born in 1822 and died in 1896.
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The Lad and the Fox

Sweden

There was once upon a time a little lad, who was on his way to church, and when he came to a clearing in the forest he caught sight of a fox, who was lying on the top of a big stone fast asleep, so that the fox did not know the lad had seen him.

"If I kill that fox," said the lad, taking a heavy stone in his fist, "and sell the skin, I shall get money for it, and with that money I shall buy some rye, and that rye I shall sow in father's cornfield at home. When the people who are on their way to church pass by my field of rye they'll say, 'Oh, what splendid rye that lad has got!' Then I shall say to them, 'I say, keep away from my rye!' But they won't heed me. Then I shall shout to them, 'I say, keep away from my rye!' But still they won't take any notice of me. Then I shall scream with all my might, 'Keep away from my rye!' and then they'll listen to me."

But the lad screamed so loudly that the fox woke up and made off at once for the forest, so that the lad did not even get as much as a handful of his hair.

No, it's best always to take what you can reach, for of undone deeds you should never

screech, as the saying goes.

- Source: Gabriel Djurklou, *Fairy Tales from the Swedish*, translated by H. L. Brækstad (London: William Heinemann, 1901), pp. 85-86.
- Nils Gabriel Djurklou was born in 1829 and died in 1904.
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The Peasant and the Cucumbers

Leo Tolstoy

A peasant once went to the gardener's, to steal cucumbers. He crept up to the cucumbers, and thought, "I will carry off a bag of cucumbers, which I will sell; with the money I will buy a hen. The hen will lay eggs, hatch them, and raise a lot of chicks. I will feed the chicks and sell them; then I will buy me a young sow, and she will bear a lot of pigs. I will sell the pigs, and buy me a mare; the mare will foal me some colts. I will raise the colts, and sell them. I will buy me a house, and start a garden. In the garden I will sow cucumbers, and will not let them be stolen, but will keep a sharp watch on them. I will hire watchmen, and put them in the cucumber patch, while I myself will come on them, unawares, and shout, 'Oh, there, keep a sharp lookout!'"

And this he shouted as loud as he could. The watchmen heard it, and they rushed out and beat the peasant.

- Source: Leo Tolstoy, *Fables for Children; Stories for Children; Natural Science Stories*, translated by Leo Wiener (London: J. M. Dent and Company, 1904), p. 40.
- Leo Tolstoy was born in 1828 and died in 1910.
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The Milkmaid and Her Bucket

Ambrose Bierce

A senator fell to musing as follows: "With the money which I shall get for my vote in favour of the bill to subsidise cat-ranches, I can buy a kit of burglar's tools and open a bank. The profit of that enterprise will enable me to obtain a long, low, black schooner, raise a death's-head flag and engage in commerce on the high seas. From my gains in that business I can pay for the presidency, which at $50,000 a year will give me in four years --" but it took him so long to make the calculation that the bill to subsidise cat-ranches passed without his vote, and he was compelled to return to his constituents an honest man, tormented with a clean conscience.

- Source: Ambrose Bierce, *Fantastic Fables* (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1899), p. 192.
- The American satirist Ambrose Bierce was born in 1842 and died about 1914. He was last seen in Chihuahua, Mexico.

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sell the calves. Then I would trade the cattle for buffalo. And the buffalo for horses. And when the horses foaled, I would own many horses. From their sale I would gain a large amount of gold. With this gold I would buy a house with four buildings in a rectangle.

Then a Brahman would enter my house and give me a very beautiful girl with a large dowry for my wife. She will give birth to a son, and I will give him the name Somasarman. When he is old enough to be bounced on my knee, I will take a book, sit in the horse stall, and read. In the meantime, Somasarman will see me and want to be bounced on my knee. He will climb down from his mother's lap and walk toward me, coming close to the horses hooves. Then, filled with anger, I will shout at my wife, "Take the child! Take the child!"

But she, busy with her housework, will not hear me. So I will jump up and give her a kick!

And, buried in his thoughts, he struck out with his foot, breaking the pot, and painting himself white with the rice gruel that had been in it. Therefore I say:

He who dreams about unrealistic projects for the future will have the same fate as Somasarman's father: He will find himself lying there painted white with rice gruel.

- Source: *Pantschatantra: Fünf Bücher indischer Fabeln, Märchen und Erzählungen*, translated from the Sanskrit into German by Theodor Benfey, vol. 2 (Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus, 1859), book 5, story 9, pp. 345-46.
- Translated from the German by D. L. Ashliman, © 1998.
- One of India's most influential contributions to world literature, *The Panchatantra* (also spelled *Pañcatantra* or *Pañca-tantra*) consists of five books of animal fables and magic tales (some 87 stories in all) that were compiled, in their current form, between the third and fifth centuries AD. The German Sanskrit scholar Johannes Hertel (1872-1955) believed that the original collection was compiled in Kashmir about 200 BC, and that at this time many of the stories were already ancient. The work's self-proclaimed purpose is to educate the sons of royalty.

Although the original author's or compiler's name is unknown, an Arabic translation from about 750 AD attributes the Panchatantra to a wise man called Bidpai (also spelled Pilpay), which is probably a Sanskrit word meaning "court scholar."

The fables of the *Panchatantra* found their way to Europe through oral folklore channels and by way of Persian and Arabic translations. They substantially influenced European fabulists.

- Link to a selection of tales from *The Panchatantra*.
- Link to Arthur W. Ryder's English translation of the *Panchatantra*.
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The Poor Man and the Flask of Oil

Bidpai

There was once a poor man, who lived in a house next to a wealthy merchant who sold oil and honey. As the merchant was a kind neighbor, he one day sent a flask of oil to the poor man. The poor man was delighted, and put it carefully away on the top shelf.

One evening, as he was gazing at it, he said half aloud, "I wonder how much oil there is in that bottle. There is a large quantity. If I should sell it, I could buy five sheep. Every year I should have lambs, and before long I should own a flock. Then I should sell some of the sheep, and be rich enough to marry a wife. Perhaps we might have a son. And what a fine boy he would be! So tall, strong, and obedient! But if he should disobey me," and he raised the staff which he held in his hand, "I should punish him thus!"

And he swung the staff over his head and brought it heavily to the ground, knocking, as he did so, the flask off the shelf so that the oil ran over him from head to foot.

- Source: *The Tortoise and the Geese and other Fables of Bidpai*, retold by Maude Barrows Dutton (Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1908), pp. 8-9.
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The Story of the Devotee Who Spilt the Jar of Honey and Oil

India/Persia

They have related that a pious man had a house in the vicinity of a merchant, and lived happily through favor of his neighborly kindness. The merchant continually sold honey and oil, and made his profits by that traffic in unctuous and sweet commodities. Inasmuch as the pious man lived a blameless life, and ever sowed in the field of his guileless heart the seed of the love of God, the merchant reposed implicit confidence in him, and took the supply of his wants upon himself. And in this very thing is the use of riches: to win over the hearts of the poor, and to raise up a perpetual provision from perishable wealth.

The merchant, too, considering the opportunity of doing good a blessing, sent every day somewhat from the stock, in the buying and selling of which he was occupied, for the support of the devotee. The latter used somewhat of this and stored up the rest in a corner. In a short time a jar was filled by these means.

One day the pious man looked into that jar, and thought thus to himself, "Well, now! What quantity of honey and oil is collected in this vessel?"

At last he conjectured ten *mans* to be there, and said:

> If I can sell these for ten dirhams, I can buy for that sum five ewes, and these five will each have young every six months, and each will have two lambs. Thus in a year there will be twenty-five, and in ten years from their progeny there will be herds upon herds. So by these means I shall have an abundant supply, and will sell some, and lay in a handsome stock of furniture, and wed a wife of a noble family.

> After nine months, I shall have a son born to me, who will study science and polite manners. However, when the weakness of infancy is exchanged for the strength of youth, and that graceful cypress grows up in the garden of manhood, it is probable that he may transgress my orders, and begin to be refractory, and in that case it will be necessary for me to correct him, and I will do so with this very staff which I hold in my hand.

He then lifted up his staff, and was so immersed in thought, that, fancying the head and neck of his rebellious son before him, he brought down the staff, and struck it on the jar of honey and oil. It happened that the jar was placed on a shelf, beneath which he sat with it facing him. As soon as his staff reached the jar, it broke it, and let out the honey and oil all over the head and face and vest and hair of the pious man.

- Source: *The Anvár-i Suhailí; or, The Lights of Canopus, Being the Persion Version of The Fables of Pilpay*, translated by Edward B. Eastwick (Hertford: Stephen Austin, 1854), p. 409.
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What Happened to the Ascetic When He Lost His Honey and Oil

Kalilah and Dimnah

It is said that an ascetic derived his nourishment from a king, that is, the governor of a town, every day so much oil and so much honey. And whatever he had remaining, he used to pour into an earthenware vessel which he hung on a peg above the bedstead on which he slept. One day while sleeping on the bedstead, with the earthenware vessel full of oil and honey, he began to say within himself:

> If I sold this honey and oil, I might sell it for a dinar and with the dinar I might buy ten she-goats, and after five months they would have young, and after a lapse of five years these would have young and their number would become very large, and I should buy two yoke of oxen and a cow, and I should sow my fields and reap much corn and amass much oil, and I should buy a certain number of servants and maid-servants, and when I had taken to myself a wife of beautiful appearance and she had borne me a handsome son, I should instruct him and he would be secretary to the king.

Now in his hand, was a staff, and while he was saying these things, he kept brandishing the staff with his hand, and struck the earthenware vessel with it and broke it, whereupon the oil and honey ran down on his head as he slept. So all his plans came to naught, and he was confounded.

- Source: *Kalilah and Dimnah; or, The Fables of Bidpai*: Being an account of their literary history, with an English translationof the later Syriac version of the same, by I. G. N. Keith-Falconer (Cambridge: At the University Press, 1885), p. 170.
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The Daydreamer

India, Henry Cecil Bompas

Once an oil man was going to market with his pots of oil arranged on a flat basket, and he engaged a Santal for two annas to carry the basket. And as he went along, the Santal thought:

> With one anna I will buy food and with the other I will buy chickens, and the chickens will grow up and multiply, and then I will sell some of the fowls and eggs, and with the money I will buy goats. And when the goats increase, I will sell some and buy cows, and then I will exchange some of the calves for she-buffaloes, and when the buffaloes breed, I will sell some and buy land and start cultivation, and then I will marry and have children, and I will hurry back from my work in the fields, and my wife will bring me water, and I will have a rest, and my children will say to me, "Father, be quick and wash your hands for dinner," but I will shake my head and say, 'No, no, not yet!"

And as he thought about it he really shook his head, and the basket fell to the ground, and all the pots of oil were smashed.

Then the oil man abused him and said that he must pay two rupees for the oil and one anna for the pots. But the Santal said that he had lost much more than that, and the oil man asked him how that could be, and the Santal explained how with his wages he was going to get fowls and then goats and then oxen and buffaloes and land, and how he came to spill the basket, and at that the oil man roared with laughter and said, "Well, I have made up the account, and I find that our losses are equal, so we will cry quits." And so saying they went their ways laughing.

- Source: Cecil Henry Bompas, *Folklore of the Santal Parganas* (London: David Nutt, 1909), no. 39, pp. 140-141.
- From Bompas' preface: "The Santals are a Munda tribe, a branch of that aboriginal element which probably entered India from the northeast. At the present day they inhabit the eastern outskirts of the Chutia Nagpore plateau."
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Sheik Chilli

India, Alice Elizabeth Dracott

The hero of this story was one day walking along with a vessel of oil upon his head. As he walked he kept thinking of the future:

> I will sell the oil, and with the money I shall buy a goat, and then I shall sell the kids, and then I shall buy a cow, and sell the milk, till I get a large sum of money; then I shall buy a pair of buffaloes, and a field, and plough the field, and gain more money, and build myself a house, and marry a wife, and have many sons and

> daughters. And when my wife comes to call me to dinner, I'll say: "Dhur, away! I'll come when I think fit!"

And with that he held up his head suddenly, and away fell the chattie with the oil, and it was all spilt.

This upset Sheik Chilli so much that he began to yell: "I have lost my goats, I have lost my cows, I have lost my buffaloes, and my house, and my wife and children."

That such dire calamity should befall a man caused great pity, so the bystanders took Sheik Chilli to the Rajah, who asked him how it had all happened. When he heard the story he laughed, and said: "This boy has a good heart, let him be given a reward to compensate him for the loss of his oil."

- Source: Alice Elizabeth Dracott, *Simla Village Tales; or, Folk Tales from the Himalayas* (London: John Murray, 1906), pp. 68-69.
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The Fakir and His Jar of Butter

The 1001 Nights

A fakir abode once with one of the nobles of a certain town, who made him a daily allowance of three scones and a little clarified butter and honey. Now such butter was dear in those parts and the devotee laid all that came to him together in a jar he had, till he filled it and hung it up over his head for safekeeping. One night, as he sat on his bed staff in hand, he fell a-musing upon the butter and the greatness of its price and said in himself:

> I sell all this butter I have accumulated and with the proceeds buy a ewe. The first year she will bear a male lamb and a female and the second a female and a male and these in their turn will bear other males and other females. The males I will sell and buy with them bulls and cows, which will also increase and multiply; after which I will purchase a piece of land and plant a garden therein and build thereon a fine palace.
>
> Moreover, I will purchase robes and raiment and slaves and slave-girls, and then hold a wedding exceeding all that have ever been seen. I will slaughter cattle and make rich meats and confections and assemble all the musicians and mimes and performers and invite rich and poor to the celebration.
>
> Lastly I will go in to my bride, after her unveiling and enjoy her beauty and loveliness.
>
> In due time my wife will bear me a boy, and I shall rejoice in him and make banquets in his honor and rear him daintily and teach him philosophy and mathematics and polite letters, so that I shall make his name renowned among men and glory in him among the assemblies of the learned; and I will bid him do good and he shall not contradict me, and I will forbid him from lewdness and

iniquity and exhort him to piety and the practice of righteousness; and, I will bestow on him rich and goodly gifts. I will reward his obedience with rich gifts, but if I should ever see him incline to disobedience, I will come down on him with this staff.

So saying, he raised his hand to beat his son, but the staff hit the jar of butter hanging above his head, and broke it. The shards fell upon him, and the butter ran down upon his head, his beard, his clothes, and his bed.

- Source: *The Book of the Thousand Nights and a Night*, translated by Richard F. Burton, vol. 9 (Benares: Printed by the Kamashastra Society for private subscribers only, 1885), pp. 40-41.
- Revised and abridged by D. L. Ashliman. © 2014.
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The Barber's Tale of His Fifth Brother

1001 Nights

When our father died, he left each of us one hundred dirhams. My fifth brother invested his inheritance in glassware, hoping to resell it at a handsome profit. He exhibited the glassware on a large tray, then fell to musing:

> These pieces will bring me two hundred dirhams, which I can use to buy more glass, which I will then sell for four hundred dirhams. With this money I can buy more glass and other merchandise to sell, and so on and so on until I have amassed a hundred thousand dirhams. Then I will purchase a fine house with slaves and eunuchs, and when my capital has grown to a hundred thousand dinars, I will demand to marry the Prime Minister's eldest daughter, and if he refuses consent, I will take her by force.
>
> On my wedding night I will don my finest attire and seat myself on a cushion of gold brocade to receive my bride. She will present herself in her most beautiful clothing, lovely as the full moon, but I will not even glance at her until her attendants kiss the ground before me and beg me to look at her, and then I will cast at her one single glance.
>
> When they leave us alone I will neither look at her nor speak to her, but will show my contempt by lying beside her with my face to the wall. Presently her mother will come into the chamber and beg of me, "Please, my lord, your handmaid longs for your favor." I will give no answer. Then she will kiss my feet and say, "My lord, my daughter is truly a beautiful maid who has never before been with a man. Do speak to her and soothe her mind and spirit." Then she will bring a cup of wine, hand it to her daughter, saying, "Take this to your lord."
>
> I will say nothing, leaning back so that she may see in me a sultan and a mighty man. She will say to me, "My lord, do not refuse to take this cup from the hand of

> your servant." I will say nothing, and she will insist, "You must drink it," and press the cup to my lips. Then I will shake my fist in her face and kick her with my foot.

With that he struck out, catching the tray of glassware with his foot. It crashed to the ground and everything broke to pieces, and thus my brother lost both his capital and his profit.

- Source: *The Book of the Thousand Nights and a Night*, translated from the Arabic by Richard F. Burton, reprinted from the original edition and edited by Leonard C. Smithers, vol. 1 (London: H. S. Nichols and Company , 1894), pp. 309-312.
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Day-Dreaming

The 1001 Nights

Now there was once a man at Bagdad who had seven sons, and when he died he left to each of them one hundred dirhams; and his fifth son, called Alnaschar the Babbler, invested all this money in some glassware, and, putting it in a big tray, from which to show and sell it, he sat down on a raised bench, at the foot of a wall, against which he leant back, placing the tray on the ground in front of him. As he sat he began day-dreaming and said to himself:

> I have laid out a hundred dirhams on this glass. Now I will surely sell it for two hundred, and with it I will buy more glass and sell that for four hundred; nor will I cease to buy and sell till I become master of much wealth. With this I will buy all kinds of merchandise and jewels and perfumes and gain great profit on them till, God willing, I will make my capital a hundred thousand dinars or two million dirhams. Then I will buy a handsome house, together with slaves and horses and trappings of gold, and eat and drink, nor will there be a singing girl in the city but I will have her to sing to me.

This he said looking at the tray before him with glassware worth a hundred dirhams. Then he continued:

> When I have amassed a hundred thousand dinars I will send out marriage-brokers to demand for me in marriage the hand of the Vizier's daughter, for I hear that she is perfect in beauty and of surpassing grace. I will give her a dowry of a thousand dinars, and if her father consent, 'tis well; if not, I will take her by force, in spite of him. When I return home, I will buy ten little slaves and clothes for myself such as are worn by kings and sultans and get a saddle of gold, set thick with precious jewels. Then I will mount and parade the city, with slaves before and behind me, while the people will salute me and call down blessings upon me: after which I will go to the Vizier, the girl's father, with slaves behind and before me, as well as on either hand.
>
> When the Vizier sees me, he will rise and seating me in his own place, sit down below me, because I am his son-in-law. Now I will have with me two slaves with

purses, in each a thousand dinars, and I will give him the thousand dinars of the dowry and make him a present of another thousand dinars so that he may recognize my nobility and generosity and greatness of mind and the littleness of the world in my eyes; and for every ten words he will say to me, I will answer him only two.

Then I will return to my house, and if anyone come to me on the bride's part, I will make him a present of money and clothe him in a robe of honor; but if he bring me a present I will return it to him and will not accept it so that they may know how great of soul I am.

After a while Alnaschar continued:

Then I will command them to bring the Vizier's daughter to me in state and will get ready my house in fine condition to receive her. When the time of the unveiling of the bride is come, I will put on my richest clothes and sit down on a couch of brocaded silk, leaning on a cushion and turning my eyes neither to the right nor to the left, to show the haughtiness of my mind and the seriousness of my character.

My bride shall stand before me like the full moon, in her robes and ornaments, and I, out of my pride and my disdain, will not look at her, till all who are present shall say to me: "O my lord, thy wife and thy handmaid stands before thee; deign to look upon her, for standing is irksome to her."

And they will kiss the earth before me many times, whereupon I will lift my eyes and give one glance at her, then bend down my head again. Then they will carry her to the bride-chamber, and meanwhile I will rise and change my clothes for a richer suit. When they bring in the bride for the second time, I will not look at her till they have implored me several times, when I will glance at her and bow down my head; nor will I cease doing thus, till they have made an end of parading and displaying her. Then I will order one of my slaves to fetch a purse, and, giving it to the tire-women, command them to lead her to the bride-chamber.

When they leave me alone with the bride, I will not look at her or speak to her, but will sit by her with averted face, that she may say I am high of soul.

Presently her mother will come to me and kiss my head and hands and say to me: "O my lord, look on thy handmaid, for she longs for thy favor, and heal her spirit."

But I will give her no answer; and when she sees this, she will come and kiss my feet and say, "O my lord, verily my daughter is a beautiful girl, who has never seen man; and if thou show her this aversion, her heart will break; so do thou be gracious to her and speak to her."

Then she will rise and fetch a cup of wine, and her daughter will take it and come to me; but I will leave her standing before me, while I recline upon a cushion of cloth of gold, and will not look at her to show the haughtiness of my heart, so that

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edited by

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1. The Forty Thieves (retold by Andrew Lang).
2. Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves (translated by Richard F. Burton).
3. Links to related sites.

Retold by Andrew Lang

In a town in Persia there dwelt two brothers, one named Cassim, the other Ali Baba. Cassim was married to a rich wife and lived in plenty, while Ali Baba had to maintain his wife and children by cutting wood in a neighboring forest and selling it in the town.

One day, when Ali Baba was in the forest, he saw a troop of men on horseback, coming toward him in a cloud of dust. He was afraid they were robbers, and climbed into a tree for safety. When they came up to him and dismounted, he counted forty of them. They unbridled their horses and tied them to trees.

The finest man among them, whom Ali Baba took to be their captain, went a little way among some bushes, and said, "Open, Sesame!" so plainly that Ali Baba heard him.

A door opened in the rocks, and having made the troop go in, he followed them, and the door shut again of itself. They stayed some time inside, and Ali Baba, fearing they might come out and catch him, was forced to sit patiently in the tree. At last the door opened again, and the Forty Thieves came out. As the Captain went in last he came out first, and made them all pass by him; he then closed the door, saying, "Shut, Sesame!"

Every man bridled his horse and mounted, the Captain put himself at their head, and they returned as they came.

Then Ali Baba climbed down and went to the door concealed among the bushes, and said, "Open, Sesame!" and it flew open.

Ali Baba, who expected a dull, dismal place, was greatly surprised to find it large and well lighted, hollowed by the hand of man in the form of a vault, which received the light from an opening in the ceiling. He saw rich bales of merchandise -- silk, stuff-brocades, all piled together, and gold and silver in heaps, and money in leather purses. He went in and the door shut behind him. He did not look at the silver, but brought out as many bags of gold as he thought his asses, which were browsing outside, could carry, loaded them with the bags, and hid it all with fagots.

none may know its secret."

Quoth she, "Right is thy rede! still would I weigh the moneys and have some inkling of their amount;" and he replied, "As thou pleasest, but see thou tell no man."

So she went off in haste to Kasim's home to borrow weights and scales wherewith she might balance the Ashrafis and make some reckoning of their value; and when she could not find Kaim she said to his wife, "Lend me, I pray thee, thy scales for a moment."

Replied her sister-in-law, "Hast thou need of the bigger balance or the smaller?" and the other rejoined, "I need not the large scales, give me the little;" and her sister-in-law cried, "Stay here a moment whilst I look about and find thy want."

With this pretext Kasim's wife went aside and secretly smeared wax and suet over the pan of the balance, that she might know what thing it was Ali Baba's wife would weigh, for she made sure that whatso it be some bit thereof would stick to the wax and fat. So the woman took this opportunity to satisfy her curiosity, and Ali Baba's wife suspecting naught thereof carried home the scales and began to weigh the gold, whilst Ali Baba ceased not digging; and, when the money was weighed, they twain stowed it into the hole which they carefully filled up with earth.

Then the good wife took back the scales to her kinswoman, all unknowing that an Ashrafi had adhered to the cup of the scales; but when Kasim's wife espied the gold coin she fumed with envy and wrath, saying to herself, "So ho! they borrowed my balance to weigh out Ashrafis?" and she marvelled greatly whence so poor a man as Ali Baba had gotten such store of wealth that he should be obliged to weigh it with a pair of scales.

Now after long pondering the matter, when her husband returned home at eventide, she said to him, "O man, thou deemest thyself a wight of wealth and substance, but lo, thy brother Ali Baba is an Emir by the side of thee and richer far than thou art. He hath such heaps of gold that he must needs weigh his moneys with scales, whilst thou, forsooth, art satisfied to count thy coin."

"Whence knowe'st thou this?" asked Kasim, and in answer his wife related all anent the pair of scales and how she found an Ashrafi stuck to them, and shewed him the gold coin which bore the mark and superscription of some ancient king.

No sleep had Kasim all that night by reason of his envy and jealousy and covetise; and next morning he rose betimes and going to Ali Baba said, "O my brother, to all appearance thou art poor and needy; but in effect thou hast a store of wealth so abundant that perforce thou must weigh thy gold with scales."

Quoth Ali Baba, "What is this thou sayest? I understand thee not; make clear thy purport;" and quoth Kasim with ready rage, "Feign not that thou art ignorant of what I say and think not to deceive me."

Then showing him the Ashrafi he cried, "Thousands of gold coins such as these thou hast put

by; and meanwhile my wife found this one stuck to the cup of the scales."

Then Ali Baba understood how both Kasim and his wife knew that he had store of Ashrafis, and said in his mind that it would not avail him to keep the matter hidden, but would rather cause ill-will and mischief; and thus he was induced to tell his brother every whit concerning the bandits and also of the treasure trove in the cave.

When he had heard the story, Kasim exclaimed, "I would fain learn of thee the certainty of the place where them foundest the moneys; also the magical words whereby the door opened and closed; and I forewarn thee an thou tell me not the whole truth, I will give notice of those Ashrafis to the Wali; then shalt thou forfeit all thy wealth and be disgraced and thrown into gaol."

Thereupon Ali Baba told him his tale not forgetting the magical words; and Kasim who kept careful heed of all these matters next day set out, driving ten mules he had hired, and readily found the place which Ali Baba had described to him. And when he came to the aforesaid rock and to the tree whereon Ali Baba had hidden himself, and he had made sure of the door he cried in great joy, "Open, O Simsim!"

The portal yawned wide at once and Kasim went within and saw the piles of jewels and treasures lying ranged all around; and, as soon as he stood amongst them the door shut after him as wont to do. He walked about in ecstasy marvelling at the treasures, and when weary of admiration he gathered together bags of Ashrafis, a sufficient load for his ten mules, and placed them by the entrance in readiness to be carried outside and set upon the beasts. But by the will of Allah Almighty he had clean forgotten the cabalistic words and cried out, "Open, O Barley!" whereat the door refused to move.

Astonished and confused beyond measure he named the names of all manner of grains save sesame, which had slipped from his memory as though he had never heard the word; whereat in his dire distress he heeded not the Ashrafis that lay heaped at the entrance and paced to and fro, backwards and forwards, within the cave sorely puzzled and perplexed. The wealth whose sight had erewhile filled his heart with joy and gladness was now the cause of bitter grief and sadness.

Kasini gave up all hope of the life which he by his greed and envy had so sore imperilled.

It came to pass that at noontide the robbers, returning by that way, saw from afar some mules standing beside the entrance and much they marvelled at what had brought the beasts to that place; for, inasmuch as Kasim by mischance had failed to tether or hobble them, they had strayed about the jungle and were browsing hither and thither. However, the thieves paid scant regard to the estrays nor cared they to secure them, but only wondered by what means they had wandered so far from the town.

Then, reaching the cave the Captain and his troop dismounted and going up to the door repeated the formula and at once it flew open. Now Kasim had heard from within the cave the horse-hooves drawing nigh and yet nigher; and he fell down to the ground in a fit of fear never doubting that it was the clatter of the banditti who would slaughter him without fail.

Howbeit he presently took heart of grace and at the moment when the door flew open he rushed out hoping to make good his escape. But the unhappy ran full tilt against the Captain who stood in front of the band, and felled him to the ground; whereupon a robber standing near his chief at once bared his brand and with one cut clave Kasim clean in twain.

Thereupon the robbers rushed into the cavern, and put back as they were before the bags of Ashrafis which Kasim had heaped up at the doorway ready for taking away; nor recked they aught of those which Ali Baba had removed, so dazed and amazed were they to discover by what means the strange man had effected an entrance. All knew that it was not possible for any to drop through the skylights so tall and steep was the rock's face, withal slippery of ascent; and also that none could enter by the portal unless he knew the magical words whereby to open it.

However they presently quartered the dead body of Kasim and hung it to the door within the cavern, two parts to the right jamb and as many to the left that the sight might be a warning of approaching doom for all who dared enter the cave. Then coming out they closed the hoard door and rode away upon their wonted work.

Now when night fell and Kasim came not home, his wife waxed uneasy in mind and running round to Ali Baba said, "O my brother, Kasim hath not returned: thou knowest whither he went, and sore I fear me some misfortune hath betided him."

Ali Baba also divined that a mishap had happened to prevent his return; not the less, however, he strove to comfort his sister-in-law with words of cheer and said, "O wife of my brother, Kasim haply exerciseth discretion and, avoiding the city, cometh by a roundabout road and will be here anon. This, I do believe, is the reason why he tarrieth."

Thereupon comforted in spirit Kasim's wife fared homewards and sat awaiting her husband's return; but when half the night was spent and still he came not, she was as one distraught. She feared to cry aloud for her grief, lest haply the neighbours hearing her should come and learn the secret; so she wept in silence and upbraiding herself fell to thinking, "Wherefore did I disclose this secret to him and beget envy and jealousy of Ali Baba? this be the fruit thereof and hence the disaster that hath come down upon me."

She spent the rest of the night in bitter tears and early on the morrow hied in hottest hurry to Ali Baba and prayed that he would go forth in quest of his brother; so he strove to console her and straightway set out with his asses for the forest. Presently, reaching the rock he wondered to see stains of blood freshly shed and not finding his brother or the ten mules he forefelt a calamity from so evil a sign.

He then went to the door and saving, "Open, O Simsim!" he pushed in and saw the dead body of Kasim, two parts hanging to the right, and the rest to the left of the entrance. Albeit he was affrighted beyond measure of affright he wrapped the quarters in two cloths and laid them upon one of his asses, hiding them carefully with sticks and fuel that none might see them. Then he placed the bags of gold upon the two other animals and likewise covered them most carefully; and, when all was made ready he closed the cave-door with the magical words, and set him forth wending homewards with all ward and watchfulness.

The asses with the load of Ashrafis he made over to his wife and bade her bury the bags with diligence; but he told her not the condition in which he had come upon his brother Kasim, Then he went with the other ass, to wit, the beast whereon was laid the corpse to the widow's house and knocked gently at the door.

Now Kasim had a slave-girl shrewd and sharp-witted, Morgiana hight. She as softly undid the bolt and admitted Ali Baba and the ass into the courtyard of the house, when he let down the body from the beast's back and said, "O Morgiana, haste thee and make thee ready to perform the rites for the burial of thy lord: I now go to tell the tidings to thy mistress and I will quickly return to help thee in this matter."

At that instant Kasim's widow seeing her brother-in-law, exclaimed, "O Ali Baba, what news bringest thou of my spouse? Alas, I see grief tokens written upon thy countenance. Say quickly what hath happened."

Then he recounted to her how it had fared with her husband and how he had been slain by the robbers and in what wise he had brought home the dead body.

Ali Baba pursued: "O my lady, what was to happen hath happened, but it behoveth us to keep this matter secret, for that our lives depend upon privacy."

She wept with sore weeping and made answer, "It hath fared with my husband according to the fiat of Fate; and now for thy safety's sake I give thee my word to keep the affair concealed."

He replied, "Naught can avail when Allah hath decreed. Rest thee in patience; until the days of thy widowhood be accomplisht; after which time I will take thee to wife, and thou shalt live in comfort and happiness; and fear not lest my first spouse vex thee or show aught of jealousy, for that she is kindly and tender of heart."

The widow lamenting her loss noisily, cried, "Be it as e'en thou please."

Then Ali Baba farewelled her, weeping and wailing for her husband; and joining Morgiana took counsel with her how to manage the burial of his brother. So, after much consultation and many warnings, he left the slave-girl and departed home driving his ass before him.

As soon as Ali Baba had fared forth Morgiana went quickly to a druggist's shop; and, that she might the better dissemble with him and not make known the matter, she asked of him a drug often administered to men when diseased with dangerous distemper.

He gave it saying, "Who is there in thy house that lieth so ill as to require this medicine?" and said she, "My Master Kasim is sick well nigh unto death: for many days he hath nor spoken nor tasted aught of food, so that almost we despair of his life."

Next day Morgiana went again and asked the druggist for more of medicine and essences such as are adhibited to the sick when at door of death, that the moribund may haply rally before the last breath.

The man gave the potion and she taking it sighed aloud and wept, saying, "I fear me he may not have strength to drink this draught: methinks all will be over with him ere I return to the house."

Meanwhile Ali Baba was anxiously awaiting to hear sounds of wailing and lamentation in Kasim's home that he might at such signal hasten thither and take part in the ceremonies of the funeral. Early on the second day Morgiana went with veiled face to one Baba Mustafa, a tailor well shotten in years whose craft was to make shrouds and cerecloths; and as soon as she saw him open his shop she gave him a gold piece and said, "Do thou bind a bandage over thine eyes and come along with me."

Mustafa made as though he would not go, whereat Morgiana placed a second gold coin in his palm and entreated him to accompany her. The tailor presently consented for greed of gain, so tying a kerchief tightly over his eyes she led him by the hand to the house wherein lay the dead body of her master.

Then, taking off the bandage in the darkened room she bade him sew together the quarters of the corpse, limb to its limb; and, casting a cloth upon the body, said to the tailor, "Make haste and sew a shroud according to the size of this dead man and I will give thee therefor yet another ducat."

Baba Mustafa quickly made the cere cloth of fitting length and breadth, and Morgiana paid him the promised Ashrafi; then once more bandaging his eyes led him back to the place whence she had brought him. After this she returned hurriedly home and with the help of Ali Baba washed the body, in warm water and donning the shroud lay the corpse upon a clean place ready for burial.

This done Morgiana went to the mosque and gave notice to an Imam that a funeral was awaiting the mourners in a certain household, and prayed that he would come to read the prayers for the dead; and the Imam went back with her. Then four neighbours took up the bier and bore it on tneir shoulders and fared forth with the Imam and others who were wont to give assistance at such obsequies. After the funeral prayers were ended four other men carried off the coffin; and Morgiana walked before it bare of head, striking her breast and weeping and wailing with exceeding loud lament, whilst Ali Baba and the neighbours came behind.

In such order they entered the cemetery and buried him; then, leaving him to Munkar and Nakir -- the Questioners of the Dead -- all wended their ways.

Presently the women of the quarter, according to the custom of the city, gathered together in the house of mourning and sat an hour with Kasim's widow comforting and condoling, presently leaving her somewhat resigned and cheered. Ali Baba stayed forty days at home in ceremonial lamentation for the loss of his brother; so none within the town save himself and his wife (Kasim's widow) and Morgiana knew aught about the secret. And when the forty days of mourning were ended Ali Baba removed to his own quarters all the property belonging to the deceased and openly married the widow; then he appointed his nephew, his brother's eldest son, who had lived a long time with a wealthy merchant and was perfect of knowledge in all matters of trade, such as selling and buying, to take charge of the defunct's shop and to

carry on the business.

It so chanced one day when the robbers, as was their wont, came to the treasurecave that they marvelled exceedingly to find nor sign nor trace of Kasim's body whilst they observed that much of gold had been carried off.

Quoth the Captain, "Now it behoveth us to make enquiry in this matter; else shall we suffer much of loss arid this our treasure, which we and our forefathers have amassed during the course of many years, will little by little be wasted and spoiled."

Hereto all assented and with single mind agreed that he whom they had slain had knowledge of the magical words whereby the door was made to open; moreover that some one beside him had cognizance of the spell and had carried off the body, and also much of gold; wherefore they needs must make diligent research and find out who the man ever might be. They then took counsel and determined that one amongst them, who should be sagacious and deft of wit, must don the dress of some merchant from foreign parts; then, repairing to the city he must go about from quarter to quarter and from street to street, and learn if any townsman had lately died and if so where he wont to dwell, that with this clue they might be enabled to find the wight they sought.

Hereat said one of the robbers, "Grant me leave that I fare and find out such tidings in the town and bring thee word anon; and if I fail of my purpose I hold my life in forfeit."

Accordingly that bandit, after disguising himself by dress, pushed at night into the town and next morning early he repaired to the market-square and saw that none of the shops had yet been opened, save only that of Baba Mustafa the tailor, who thread and needle in hand sat upon his working-stool.

The thief bade him good day and said, "'Tis yet dark: how canst thou see to sew?"

Said the tailor, "I perceive thou art a stranger. Despite my years my eyesight is so keen that only yesterday I sewed together a dead body whilst sitting in a room quite darkened."

Quoth the bandit thereupon to himself, "I shall get somewhat of my want from this snip;" and to secure a further clue he asked, "Meseemeth thou wouldst jest with me and thou meanest that a cerecloth for a corpse was stitched by thee and that thy business is to sew shrouds."

Answered the tailor, "It mattereth not to thee: question me no more questions."

Thereupon the robber placed an Ashrafi in his hand and continued, "I desire not to discover aught thou hidest, albeit my breast like every honest man's is the grave of secrets; and this only would I learn of thee, in what house didst thou do that job? Canst thou direct me thither, or thyself conduct me thereto?"

The tailor took the gold with greed and cried, "I have not seen with my own eyes the way to that house. A certain bondswoman led me to a place which I know right well and there she bandaged my eyes and guided me to some tenement and lastly carried me into a darkened room where lay the dead body dismembered. Then she unbound the kerchief and bade me

sew together first the corpse and then the shroud, which having done she again blindfolded me and led me back to the stead whence she had brought me and left me there. Thou seest then I am not able to tell thee where thou shalt find the house."

Quoth the robber, "Albeit thou knowest not the dwelling whereof thou speakest, still canst thou take me to the place where thou wast blindfolded; then I will bind a kerchief over thine eyes and lead thee as thou wast led: on this wise perchance thou mayest hit upon the site. An thou wilt do this favour by me, see here another golden ducat is thine."

Thereupon the bandit slipped a second Ashrafi into the tailor's palm, and Baba Mustafa thrust it with the first into his pocket; then, leaving his shop as it was, he walked to the place where Morgiana had tied the kerchief around his eyes, and with him went the robber who, after binding on the bandage, led him by the hand.

Baba Mustafa, who was clever and keen-witted, presently striking the street whereby he had fared with the handmaid, walked on counting step by step; then, halting suddenly, he said, "Thus far I came with her;" and the twain stopped in front of Kasim's house wherein now dwelt his brother Ali Baba.

The robber then made marks with white chalk upon the door to the end that he might readily find it at some future time, and removing the bandage from the tailor's eyes said, "O Baba Mustafa, I thank thee for this favour: and Almighty Allah guerdon thee for thy goodness. Tell me now, I pray thee, who dwelleth in yonder house?"

Quoth he, "In very sooth I wot not, for I have little knowledge concerning this quarter of the city;" and the bandit, understanding that he could find no further clue from the tailor, dismissed him to his shop with abundant thanks, and hastened back to the tryst-place in the jungle where the band awaited his coming.

Not long after it so fortuned that Morgiana, going out upon some errand, marvelled exceedingly at seeing the chalk-marks showing white in the door; she stood awhile deep in thought and presently divined that some enemy had made the signs that he might recognize the house and play some sleight upon her lord. She therefore chalked the doors of all her neighbours in like manner and kept the matter secret, never entrusting it or to master or to mistress.

Meanwhile the robber told his comrades his tale of adventure and how he had found the clue; so the Captain and with him all the band went one after other by different ways till they entered the city ; and he who had placed the mark on Ali Baba's door accompanied the Chief to point out the place. He conducted him straightway to the house and shewing the sign exclaimed, "Here dwelleth he of whom we are in search!"

But when the Captain looked around him he saw that all the dwellings bore chalk-marks after like fashion and he wondered saying, "By what manner of means knowest thou which house of all these houses that bear similar signs is that whereof thou spakest?"

Hereat the robber-guide was confounded beyond measure of confusion, and could make no

answer; then with an oath he cried, "I did assuredly set a sign upon a door, but I know not whence came all the marks upon the other entrances; nor can I say for a surety which it was I chalked."

Thereupon the Captain returned to the market-place and said to his men, "We have toiled and laboured in vain, nor have we found the house we went forth to seek. Return we now to the forest our rendezvous: I also will fare thither."

Then all trooped off and assembled together within the treasure-cave; and, when the robbers had all met, the Captain judged him worthy of punishment who had spoken falsely and had led them through the city to no purpose. So he imprisoned him in presence of them all; and then said he, "To him amongst you will I show special favour who shall go to town and bring me intelligence whereby we may lay hands upon the plunderer of our property."

Hereat another of the company came forward and said, "I am ready to go and enquire into the case, and 'tis I who will bring thee to thy wish."

The Captain after giving him presents and promises despatched him upon his errand; and by the decree of Destiny which none may gainsay, this second robber went first to the house of Baba Mustafa the tailor, as had done the thief who had foregone him. In like manner he also persuaded the snip with gifts of golden coin that he be led hoodwinked and thus too he was guided to Ali Baba's door. Here noting the work of his predecessor, he affixed to the jamb a mark with red chalk the better to distinguish it from the others whereon still showed the white. Then hied he back in stealth to his company; but Morgiana on her part also descried the red sign on the entrance and with subtle forethought marked all the others after the same fashion; nor told she any what she had done.

Meanwhile the bandit rejoined his band and vauntingly said, "O our Captain, I have found the house and thereon put a mark whereby I shall distinguish it clearly from all its neighbours."

The Captain despatched another of his men to the city and he found the place, but, as aforetime, when the troop repaired thither they saw each and every house marked with signs of red chalk. So they returned disappointed and the Captain, waxing displeased exceedingly and distraught, clapped also this spy into gaol.

Then said the chief to himself, "Two men have failed in their endeavour and have met their rightful meed of punishment; and I trow that none other of my band will essay to follow up their research; so I myself will go and find the house of this wight."

Accordingly he fared along and aided by the tailor Baba Mustafa, who had gained much gain of golden pieces in this matter, he hit upon the house of Ali Baba; and here he made no outward show or sign, but marked it on the tablet of his heart and impressed the picture upon the page of his memory.

Then returning to the jungle he said to his men, "I have full cognizance of the place and have limned it clearly in my mind ; so now there will be no difficulty in finding it. Go forth straightways and buy me and bring hither nineteen mules together with one large leathern jar

of mustard oil and seven and thirty vessels of the same kind clean empty. Without me and the two locked up in gaol ye number thirty-seven souls; so I will stow you away armed and accoutred each within his jar and will load two upon each mule, and upon the nineteenth mule there shall be a man in an empty jar on one side, and on the other the jar full of oil. I for my part, in guise of an oil-merchant, will drive the mules into the town, arriving at the house by night, and will ask permission of its master to tarry there until morning. After this we shall seek occasion during the dark hours to rise up and fall upon him and slay him."

Furthermore the Captain spake saying, "When we have made an end of trim we shall recover the gold and treasure whereof he robbed us and bring it back upon the mules."

This counsel pleased the robbers who went forthwith and purchased mules and huge leathern jars, and did as the Captain had bidden them. And after a delay of three days shortly before nightfall they arose; and over-smearing all the jars with oil of mustard, each hid him inside an empty vessel. The Chief then disguised himself in trader's gear and placed the jars upon the nineteen mules; to wit, the thirty-seven vessels in each of which lay a robber armed and accoutred, and the one that was full of oil. This done, he drove the beasts before him and presently he reached Ali Baba's place at nightfall; when it chanced that the house-master was strolling after supper to and fro in front of his home.

The Captain saluted him with the salam and said, "I come from such and such a village with oil; and ofttimes have I been here a-selling oil, but now to my grief I have arrived too late and I am sore troubled and perplexed as to where I shall spend the night. An thou have pity on me I pray thee grant that I tarry here in thy courtyard and ease the mules by taking down the jars and giving the beasts somewhat of fodder."

Albeit Ali Baba had heard the Captain's voice when perched upon the tree and had seen him enter the cave, yet by reason of the disguise he knew him not for the leader of the thieves, and granted his request with hearty welcome and gave him full license to halt there for the night. He then pointed out an empty shed wherein to tether the mules, and bade one of the slave-boys go fetch grain and water. He also gave orders to the slave-girl Morgiana saying, "A guest hath come hither and tarrieth here to-night. Do thou busy thyself with all speed about his supper and make ready the guestbed for him."

Presently, when the Captain had let down all the jars and had fed and watered his mules, Ali Baba received him with all courtesy and kindness, and summoning Morgiana said in his presence, "See thou fail not in service of this our stranger nor suffer him to lack for aught. To-morrow early I would fare to the Hammam and bathe; so do thou give my slave-boy Abdullah a suit of clean white clothes which I may put on after washing; moreover make thee ready a somewhat of broth overnight that I may drink it after my return home."

Replied she, "I will have all in readiness as thou hast bidden."

So Ali Baba retired to his rest, and the Captain, having supped, repaired to the shed and saw that all the mules had their food and drink for the night.

The Captain, after seeing to the mules and the jars which Ali Baba and his household held to

be full of oil, finding utter privacy, whispered to his men who were in ambush, "This night at midnight when ye hear my voice, do you quickly open with your sharp knives the leathern jars from top to bottom and issue forth without delay."

Then passing through the kitchen he reached the chamber wherein a bed had been dispread for him, Morgiana showing the way with a lamp.

Quoth she, "An thou need aught beside I pray thee command this thy slave who is ever ready to obey thy say!"

He made answer, "Naught else need I;" then, putting out the light, he lay him down on the bed to sleep awhile ere the time came to rouse his men and finish off the work.

Meanwhile Morgiana did as her master had bidden her: she first took out a suit of clean white clothes and made it over to Abdullah who had not yet gone to rest; then she placed the pipkin upon the hearth to boil the broth and blew the fire till it burnt briskly. After a short delay she needs must see an the broth be boiling, but by that time all the lamps had gone out and she found that the oil was spent and that nowhere could she get a light.

The slave-boy Abdullah observed that she was troubled and perplexed hereat, and quoth he to her, "Why make so much ado? In yonder shed are many jars of oil: go now and take as much soever as thou listest."

Morgiana gave thanks to him for his suggestion; and Abdullah, who was lying at his ease in the hall, went off to sleep so that he might wake betimes and serve Ali Baba in the bath.

So the handmaiden rose and with oil-can in hand walked to the shed where stood the leathern jars all ranged in rows. Now, as she drew nigh unto one of the vessels, the thief who was hidden therein hearing the tread of footsteps bethought him that it was of his Captain whose summons he awaited; so he whispered, "Is it now time for us to sally forth?"

Morgiana started back affrighted at the sound of human accents; but, inasmuch as she was bold and ready of wit, she replied, "The time is not yet come," and said to herself, "These jars are not full of oil and herein I perceive a manner of mystery. Haply the oil merchant hatcheth some treacherous plot against my lord; so Allah, the Compassionating, the Compassionate, protect us from his snares!"

Wherefore she answered in a voice made like to the Captain's, "Not yet, the time is not come."

Then she went to the next jar and returned the same reply to him who was within, and so on to all the vessels one by one. Then said she in herself, "Laud to the Lord! my master took this fellow in believing him to be an oil-merchant, but lo, he hath admitted a band of robbers, who only await the signal to fall upon him and plunder the place and do him die."

Then passed she on to the furthest jar and finding it brimming with oil, filled her can, and returning to the kitchen, trimmed the lamp and lit the wicks; then, bringing forth a large cauldron, she set it upon the fire, and filling it with oil from out the jar heaped wood upon the

Using the words, "Shut, Sesame!" he closed the door and went home.

Then he drove his asses into the yard, shut the gates, carried the money-bags to his wife, and emptied them out before her. He bade her keep the secret, and he would go and bury the gold.

"Let me first measure it," said his wife. "I will go borrow a measure of someone, while you dig the hole."

So she ran to the wife of Cassim and borrowed a measure. Knowing Ali Baba's poverty, the sister was curious to find out what sort of grain his wife wished to measure, and artfully put some suet at the bottom of the measure. Ali Baba's wife went home and set the measure on the heap of gold, and filled it and emptied it often, to her great content. She then carried it back to her sister, without noticing that a piece of gold was sticking to it, which Cassim's wife perceived directly her back was turned.

She grew very curious, and said to Cassim when he came home, "Cassim, your brother is richer than you. He does not count his money, he measures it."

He begged her to explain this riddle, which she did by showing him the piece of money and telling him where she found it. Then Cassim grew so envious that he could not sleep, and went to his brother in the morning before sunrise. "Ali Baba," he said, showing him the gold piece, "you pretend to be poor and yet you measure gold."

By this Ali Baba perceived that through his wife's folly Cassim and his wife knew their secret, so he confessed all and offered Cassim a share.

"That I expect," said Cassim; "but I must know where to find the treasure, otherwise I will discover all, and you will lose all."

Ali Baba, more out of kindness than fear, told him of the cave, and the very words to use. Cassim left Ali Baba, meaning to be beforehand with him and get the treasure for himself. He rose early next morning, and set out with ten mules loaded with great chests. He soon found the place, and the door in the rock.

He said, "Open, Sesame!" and the door opened and shut behind him. He could have feasted his eyes all day on the treasures, but he now hastened to gather together as much of it as possible; but when he was ready to go he could not remember what to say for thinking of his great riches. Instead of "Sesame," he said, "Open, Barley!" and the door remained fast. He named several different sorts of grain, all but the right one, and the door still stuck fast. He was so frightened at the danger he was in that he had as much forgotten the word as if he had never heard it.

About noon the robbers returned to their cave, and saw Cassim's mules roving about with great chests on their backs. This gave them the alarm; they drew their sabers, and went to the door, which opened on their Captain's saying, "Open, Sesame!"

Cassim, who had heard the trampling of their horses' feet, resolved to sell his life dearly, so

hearth and fanned it to a fierce flame the readier to boil its contents. When this was done she baled it out in potfuls and poured it seething hot into the leathern vessels one by one while the thieves unable to escape were scalded to death and every jar contained a corpse.

Thus did this slave-girl by her subtle wit make a clean end of all noiselessly and unknown even to the dwellers m the house. Now when she had satisfied herself that each and every of the men had been slain, she went back to the kitchen and shutting to the door sat brewing Ali Baba's broth.

Scarce had an hour passed before the Captain woke from sleep; and, opening wide his window, saw that all was dark and silent; so he clapped his hands as a signal for his men to come forth but not a sound was heard in return. After awhile he clapped again and called aloud but got no answer; and when he cried out a third time without reply he was perplexed and went out to the shed wherein stood the jars.

He thought to himself, "Perchance all are fallen asleep whenas the time for action is now at hand, so I must e'en awaken them without stay or delay."

Then approaching the nearest jar he was startled by a smell of oil and seething flesh; and touching it outside he felt it reeking hot; then going to the others one by one, he found all in like condition. Hereat he knew for a surety the fate which had betided his band and, fearing for his own safety, he clomb on to the wall, and thence dropping into a garden made his escape in high dudgeon and sore disappointment.

Morgiana awaited awhile to see the Captain return from the shed but he came not; whereat she knew that he had scaled the wall and had taken to flight, for that the street-door was double-locked; and the thieves being all disposed of on this wise Morgiana laid her down to sleep in perfect solace and ease of mind.

When two hours of darkness yet remained, Ali Baba awoke and went to the Hammam knowing naught of the night-adventure, for the gallant slave-girl had not aroused him, nor indeed had she deemed such action expedient, because had she sought an opportunity of reporting to him her plan, she might haply have lost her chance and spoiled the project.

The sun was high over the horizon when Ali Baba walked back from the Baths; and he marvelled exceedingly to see the jars still standing under the shed and said, "How cometh it that he, the oil-merchant my guest, hath not carried to the market his mules and jars of oil?"

Ali Baba presently asked Morgiana what had befallen the oil-merchant his guest whom he had placed under her charge; and she answered, "Allah Almighty vouchsafe to thee six score years and ten of safety! I will tell thee in privacy of this merchant."

So Ali Baba went apart with his slave-girl, who taking him without the house first locked the court-door; then showing him a jar she said, "Prithee look into this and see if within there be oil or aught else."

Thereupon peering inside it he perceived a man at which sight he cried aloud and fain would

have fled in his fright.

Quoth Morgiana, "Fear him not, this man hath no longer the force to work thee harm, he lieth dead and stone-dead."

Hearing such words of comfort and reassurance Ali Baba asked, "O Morgiana, what evils have we escaped and by what means hath this wretch become the quarry of Fate?"

She answered "Alhamdolillah -- Praise be to Almighty Allah! -- I will inform thee fully of the case; but hush thee, speak not aloud, lest haply the neighbours learn the secret and it end in our confusion. Look now into all the jars, one by one from first to last."

So Ali Baba examined them severally and found in each a man fully armed and accoutred and all lay scalded to death. Hereat speechless for sheer amazement he stared at the jars, but presently recovering himself he asked, "And where is he, the oil-merchant?"

Answered she, "Of him also I will inform thee. The villain was no trader but a traitorous assassin whose honied words would have ensnared thee to thy doom; and now I will tell thee what he was and what hath happened; but, meanwhile thou art fresh from the Hammam and thou shouldst first drink somewhat of this broth for thy stomach's and thy health's sake."

So Ali Baba went within and Morgiana served up the mess; after which quoth her master, "I fain would hear this wondrous story: prithee tell it to me and set my heart at ease."

Hereat the handmaid fell to relating whatso had betided in these words:

> O my master, when thou badest me boil the broth and retiredst to rest, thy slave in obedience to thy command took out a suit of clean white clothes and gave it to the boy Abdullah; then kindled the fire and set on the broth. As soon as it was ready I had need to light a lamp so that I might see to skim it, but all the oil was spent, and, learning this I told my want to the slave-boy Abdullah, who advised me to draw somewhat from the jars which stood under the shed.
>
> Accordingly, I took a can and went to the first vessel when suddenly I heard a voice within whisper with all caution, "Is it now time for us to sally forth?"
>
> I was amazed thereat and judged that the pretended merchant had laid some plot to slay thee; so I replied, "The time is not yet come."
>
> Then I went to the second jar and heard another voice to which I made the like answer, and so on with all of them. I now was certified that these men awaited only some signal from their Chief whom thou didst take to guest within thy walls supposing him to be a merchant in oil; and that after thou receivedst him hospitably the miscreant had brought these men to murther thee and to plunder thy good and spoil thy house. But I gave him no opportunity to win his wish.
>
> The last jar I found full of oil and taking somewhat therefrom I lit the lamp; then, putting a large cauldron upon the fire, I filled it up with oil which I brought from the

jar and made a fierce blaze under it; and, when the contents were seething hot, I took out sundry cansful with intent to scald them all to death, and going to each jar in due order, I poured within them one by one boiling oil. On this wise having destroyed them utterly, I returned to the kitchen and having extinguished the lamps stood by the window watching what might happen, and how that false merchant would act next.

Not long after I had taken my station, the robber-captain awoke and ofttimes signalled to his thieves. Then getting no reply he came downstairs and went out to the jars, and finding that all his men were slain he fled through the darkness I know not whither.

So when he had clean disappeared I was assured that, the door being double-locked, he had scaled the wall and dropped into the garden and made his escape. Then with my heart at rest I slept.

And Morgiana, after telling her story to her master, presently added, "This is the whole truth I have related to thee. For some days indeed have I had inkling of such matter, but withheld it from thee deeming it inexpedient to risk the chance of its meeting the neighbours' ears; now, however, there is no help but to tell thee thereof. One day as I came to the house-door I espied thereon a white chalk-mark, and on the next day a red sign beside the white. I knew not the intent wherewith the marks were made, nevertheless I set others upon the entrances of sundry neighbours, judging that some enemy had done this deed whereby to encompass my master's destruction. Therefore I made the marks on all the other doors in such perfect conformity with those I found, that it would be hard to distinguish amongst them."

Morgiana continued to Ali Baba: "Judge now and see if these signs and all this villainy be not the work of the bandits of the forest, who marked our house that on such wise they might know it again. Of these forty thieves there yet remain two others concerning whose case I know naught; so beware of them, but chiefly of the third remaining robber, their Captain, who fled hence alive. Take good heed and be thou cautious of him, for, shouldst thou fall into his hands, he will in no wise spare thee but will surely murther thee. I will do all that lieth in me to save from hurt and harm thy life and property, nor shall thy slave be found wanting in any service to my lord."

Hearing these words Ali Baba rejoiced with exceeding joyance and said to her, "I am well pleased with thee for this thy conduct ; and say me what wouldst thou have me do in thy behalf; I shall not fail to remember thy brave deed so long as breath in me remaineth."

Quoth she, "It behoveth us before all things forthright to bury these bodies in the ground, that so the secret be not known to any one."

Hereupon Ali Baba took with him his slave-boy Abdullah into the garden and there under a tree they dug for the corpses of the thieves a deep pit in size proportionate to its conterits, and they dragged, the bodies (having carried off their weapons) to the fosse and threw them in; then, covering up the remains of the seven and thirty robbers they made the ground appear level and clean as it wont to be. They also hid the leathern jars and the gear and arms

and presently Ali Baba sent the mules by ones and twos to the bazar and sold them all with the able aid of his slave-boy Abdullah.

Thus the matter wras hushed up nor did it reach the ears of any; however, Ali Baba ceased not to be ill at ease lest haply the Captain or the surviving two robbers should wreak their vengeance on his head. He kept himself private with all caution and took heed that none learn a word of what had happened and of the wealth which he had carried off from the bandits' cave.

Meanwhile the Captain of the thieves having escaped with his life, fled to the forest in hot wrath and sore irk of mind; and his senses were scattered and the colour of his visage vanished like ascending smoke. Then he thought the matter over again and again, and at last he firmly resolved that he needs must take the life of Ali Baba, else he would lose all the treasure which his enemy, by knowledge of the magical words, would take away and turn to his own use. Furthermore, he determined that he would undertake the business single-handed; and, that after getting rid of Ali Baba, he would gather together another band of banditti and would pursue his career of brigandage, as indeed his forbears had done for many generations.

So he lay down to rest that night, and rising early in the morning donned a dress of suitable appearance; then going to the city alighted at a caravanserai, thinking to himself, "Doubtless the murther of so many men hath reached the Wali's ears, and Ali Baba hath been seized and brought to justice, and his house is levelled and his good is confiscated. The townfolk must surely have heard tidings of these matters."

So he straightway asked of the keeper of the Khan, "What strange things have happened in the city during the last few days?" and the other told him all that he had seen and heard, but the Captain could not learn a whit of that which most concerned him.

Hereby he understood that Ali Baba was ware and wise, and that he had not only carried away such store of treasure but he had also destroyed so many lives and withal had come off scatheless; furthermore, that he himself must needs have all his wits alert not to fall into the hands of his foe and perish.

With this resolve the Captain hired a shop in the Bazar, whither he bore whole bales of the finest stuffs and goodly merchandise from his forest treasure-house; and presently he took his seat within the store and fell to doing merchant's business. By chance his place fronted the booth of the defunct Kasim where his son, Ali Baba's nephew, now traded; and the Captain, who called himself Khwajah Hasan soon formed acquaintance and friendship with the shopkeepers around about him and treated all with profuse civilities, but he was especially gracious and cordial to the son of Kasim, a handsome youth and a well-dressed, and ofttimes he would sit and chat with him for a long while.

A few days after it chanced that Ali Baba, as he was sometime wont to do, came to see his nephew, whom he found sitting in his shop.

The Captain saw and recognised him at sight and one morning he asked the young man,

saying, "Prithee tell me, who is he that ever and anon cometh to thee at thy place of sale?" whereto the youth made answer, "He is my uncle, the brother of my father."

Whereupon the Captain showed him yet greater favour and affection the better to deceive him for his own devices, and gave him presents and made him sit at meat with him and fed him with the daintiest of dishes.

Presently Ali Baba's nephew bethought him it was only right and proper that he also should invite the merchant to supper, but whereas his own house was small, and he was straitened for room and could not make a show of splendour, as did Khwajah Hasan, he took counsel with his uncle on the matter.

Ali Baba replied to his nephew: "Thou sayest well: it behoveth thee to entreat thy friend in fairest fashion even as he hath entreated thee. On the morrow, which is Friday, shut thy shop as do all merchants of repute; then, after the early meal, take Khwajah Hasan to smell the air,and as thou walkest lead him hither unawares; meanwhile I will give orders that Morgiana shall make ready for his coming the best of viands and all necessaries for a feast. Trouble not thyself on any wise, but leave the matter in my hands."

Accordingly on the next day, to wit, Friday, the nephew of Ali Baba took Khwajah Hasan to walk about the garden; and, as they were returning he led him by the street wherein his uncle dwelt.

When they came to the house, the youth stopped at the door and knocking said, "O my lord, this is my second home: my uncle hath heard much of thee and of thy goodness mewards and desireth with exceeding desire to see thee; so, shouldst thou consent to enter and visit him, I shall be truly glad and thankful to thee."

Albeit Khwajah Hasan rejoiced in heart that he had thus found means whereby he might have access to his enemy's house and household, and although he hoped soon to attain his end by treachery, yet he hesitated to enter in and stood to make his excuses and walk away. But when the door was opened by the slave-porter, Ali Baba's nephew seized his companion's hand and after abundant persuasion led him in, whereat he entered with great show of cheerfulness as though much pleased and honoured.

The housemaster received him with all favour and worship and asked him of his welfare, and said to him, "O my lord, I am obliged and thankful to thee for that thou hast shewn favour to the son of my brother and I perceive that thou regardest him with an affection even fonder than my own."

Khwajah Hasan replied with pleasant words and said, "Thy nephew vastly taketh my fancy and in him I am well pleased, for that although young in years yet he hath been endued by Allah with much of wisdom."

Thus they twain conversed with friendly conversation and presently the guest rose to depart and said, "O my lord, thy slave must now farewell thee; but on some future day Inshallah he will again wait upon thee,"

Ali Baba, however, would not let him leave and asked, "Whither wendest thou, my friend ? I would invite thee to my table and I pray thee sit at meat with us and after hie thee home in peace. Perchance the dishes are not as delicate as those whereof thou art wont to eat, still deign grant me this request I pray thee and refresh thyself with my victual."

Quoth Khwajah Hasan, "O my lord I am beholden to thee for thy gracious invitation, and with pleasure would I sit at meat with thee, but for a special reason must I needs excuse myself; suffer me therefore to depart for I may not tarry longer nor accept thy gracious offer."

Hereto the host made reply, "I pray thee, O my lord, tell me what may be the reason so urgent and weighty?"

And Khwajah Hasan answered, "The cause is this: I must not, by order of the physician, who cured me lately of my complaint, eat aught of food prepared with salt."

Quoth Ali Baba, "An this be all, deprive me not, I pray thee, of the honour thy company will confer upon me: as the meats are not yet cooked, I will forbid the kitchener to make use of any salt. Tarry here awhile and I will return anon to thee."

So saying Ali Baba went in to Morgiana and bade her not put salt into any one of the dishes; and she, while busied with her cooking, fell to marvelling greatly at such order and asked her master, "Who is he that eateth meat wherein is no salt?"

He answered, "What to thee mattereth it who he may be? Only do thou my bidding."

She rejoined, "'Tis well: all shall be as thou wishest;" but in mind she wondered at the man who made such strange request and desired much to look upon him.

Wherefore, when all the meats were ready for serving up, she helped the slave-boy Abdullah to spread the table and set on the meal; and no sooner did she see Khwajah Hasan than she knew who he was, albeit he had disguised himself in the dress of a stranger merchant; furthermore, when she eyed him attentively she espied a dagger hidden under his robe.

"So ho!" quoth she to herself, "this is the cause why the villain eateth not of salt, for that he seeketh an opportunity to slay my master whose mortal enemy he is; howbeit I will be beforehand with him and despatch him ere he find a chance to harm my lord."

Morgiana, having spread a white cloth upon the table and served up the meal, went back to the kitchen and thought out her plot against the robber-Captain.

Now when Ali Baba and Khwajah Hasan had eaten their sufficiency, the slave-boy Abdullah brought Morgiana word to serve the dessert, and she cleared the table and set on fruit fresh and dried in salvers, then she placed by the side of Ali Baba a small tripod for three cups with a flagon of wine, and lastly she went off with the slave-boy Abdullah into another room, as though she would herself eat supper.

Then Khwajah Hasan, that is, the Captain of the robbers, perceiving that the coast was clear, exulted mightily saying to himself, "The time hath come for me to take full vengeance; with

one thrust of my dagger I will despatch this fellow, then escape across the garden and wend my ways. His nephew will not adventure to stay my hand, for an he do but move a finger or toe with that intent another stab will settle his earthly account. Still must I wait awhile until the slave-boy and the cook-maid shall have eaten and lain down to rest them in the kitchen."

Morgiana, however, watched him wistfully and divining his purpose said in her mind, "I must not allow this villain advantage over my lord, but by some means I must make void his project and at once put an end to the life of him."

Accordingly, the trusty slave-girl changed her dress with all haste and donned such clothes as dancers wear; she veiled her face with a costly kerchief; around her head she bound a fine turband, and about her middle she tied a waist-cloth worked with gold and silver wherein she stuck a dagger, whose hilt was rich in filigree and jewelry.

Thus disguised she said to the slave-boy Abdullah, "Take now thy tambourine that we may play and sing and dance in honour of our master's guest."

So he did her bidding and the twain went into the room, the lad playing and the lass following. Then, making a low congee, they asked leave to perform and disport and play; and Ali Baba gave permission, saying, "Dance now and do your best that this our guest may be mirthful and merry."

Quoth Khwajah Hasan, "O my lord, thou dost indeed provide much pleasant entertainment."

Then the slave-boy Abdullah standing by began to strike the tambourine whilst Morgiana rose up and showed her perfect art and pleased them vastly with graceful steps and sportive motion; and suddenly drawing the poniard from her belt she brandished it and paced from side to side, a spectacle which pleased them most of all. At times also she stood before them, now clapping the sharp-edged dagger under her armpit and then setting it against her breast. Lastly she took the tambourine from the slave-boy Abdullah, and still holding the poniard in her right she went round for largesse as is the custom amongst merry-makers.

First she stood before Ali Baba who threw a gold coin into the tambourine, and his nephew likewise put in an Ashrafi; then Khwajah Hasan, seeing her about to approach him, fell to pulling out his purse, when she heartened her heart and quick as the blinding leven she plunged the dagger into his vitals, and forthwith the miscreant fell back stone-dead.

Ali Baba was dismayed and cried in his wrath, "O unhappy, what is this deed thou hast done to bring about my ruin!"

But she replied, "Nay, O my lord, rather to save thee and not to cause thee harm have I slain this man: loosen his garments and see what thou wilt discover thereunder."

So Ali Baba searched the dead man's dress and found concealed therein a dagger.

Then said Morgiana, "This wretch was thy deadly enemy. Consider him well: he is none other than the oil merchant, the Captain of the band of robbers. Whenas he came hither with intent to take thy life, he would not eat thy salt; and when thou toldest me that he wished not any in

the meat I suspected him and at first sight I was assured that he would surely do thee die; Almighty Allah be praised 'tis even as I thought."

Then Ali Babi lavished upon her thanks and expressions of gratitude, saying, "Lo, these two times hast thou saved me from his hand," and falling upon her neck he cried, "See thou art free, and as reward for this thy fealty I have wedded thee to my nephew."

Then turning to the youth he said, "Do as I bid thee and thou shalt prosper. I would that thou marry Morgiana, who is a model of duty and loyalty: thou seest now yon Khwajah Hasan sought thy friendship only that he might find opportunity to take my life, but this maiden with her good sense and her wisdom hath slain him and saved us."

Ali Baba's nephew straightway consented to marry Morgiana. After which the three, raising the dead body bore it forth with all heed and vigilance and privily buried it in the garden, and for many years no one knew aught thereof.

In due time Ali Baba married his brother's son to Morgiana with great pomp, and spread a bride-feast in most sumptuous fashion for his friends and neighbours, and made merry with them and enjoyed singing and all manner of dancing and amusements. He prospered in every undertaking and Time smiled upon him and a new source of wealth was opened to him. For fear of the thieves he had not once visited the jungle-cave wherein lay the treasure, since the day he had carried forth the corpse of his brother Kasim. But some time after, he mounted his hackney one morning and journeyed thither, with all care and caution, till finding no signs of man or horse, and reassured in his mind he ventured to draw near the door.

Then alighting from his beast he tied it up to a tree, and going to the entrance pronounced the words which he had not forgotten, "Open, O Simsim!"

Hereat, as was its wont, the door flew open, and entering thereby he saw the goods and hoard of gold and silver untouched and lying as he had left them. So he felt assured that not one of all the thieves remained alive, and, that save himself there was not a soul who knew the secret of the place. At once he bound in his saddlecloth a load of Ashrafis such as his horse could bear and brought it home; and in after days he showed the hoard to his sons and sons' sons and taught them how the door could be caused to open and shut.

Thus Ali Baba and his household lived all their lives in wealth and joyance in that city where erst he had been a pauper, and by the blessing of that secret treasure he rose to high degree and dignities.

- Source: Richard F. Burton, *Supplemental Nights to the Book of the Thousand Nights and a Night*, Shammar edition, vol. 4 (Printed by the Burton Club for private subscribers only, [1886]), pp. 369-402.
- Another copy: Richard F. Burton, *Supplemental Nights to the Book of the Thousand Nights and a Night*, Shammar edition, vol. 3 (Benares: Printed by the Kamashastra Society for private subscribers only, 1887), pp. 369-402.
- The three principal episodes in this story fit the following folktale classifications:
    1. Discovery of the magic treasure cave: Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 676.

2. Death of the intruder (Kasim) and the subsequent removal of his corpse: type 950.
3. Assassination of the thieves hidden in the oil containers: type 954.

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Links to related sites

- Simeli Mountain, a tale of type 676, as recorded by Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm in their *Children's and Household Tales* (no. 142).
- Additional folktales of type 676: Open Sesame!
- Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Revised February 3, 2013.

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when the door opened he leaped out and threw the Captain down. In vain, however, for the robbers with their sabers soon killed him. On entering the cave they saw all the bags laid ready, and could not imagine how anyone had got in without knowing their secret. They cut Cassim's body into four quarters, and nailed them up inside the cave, in order to frighten anyone who should venture in, and went away in search of more treasure.

As night drew on Cassim's wife grew very uneasy, and ran to her brother-in-law, and told him where her husband had gone. Ali Baba did his best to comfort her, and set out to the forest in search of Cassim. The first thing he saw on entering the cave was his dead brother. Full of horror, he put the body on one of his asses, and bags of gold on the other two, and, covering all with some fagots, returned home. He drove the two asses laden with gold into his own yard, and led the other to Cassim's house.

The door was opened by the slave Morgiana, whom he knew to be both brave and cunning. Unloading the ass, he said to her, "This is the body of your master, who has been murdered, but whom we must bury as though he had died in his bed. I will speak with you again, but now tell your mistress I am come."

The wife of Cassim, on learning the fate of her husband, broke out into cries and tears, but Ali Baba offered to take her to live with him and his wife if she would promise to keep his counsel and leave everything to Morgiana; whereupon she agreed, and dried her eyes.

Morgiana, meanwhile, sought an apothecary and asked him for some lozenges. "My poor master," she said, "can neither eat nor speak, and no one knows what his distemper is." She carried home the lozenges and returned next day weeping, and asked for an essence only given to those just about to die.

Thus, in the evening, no one was surprised to hear the wretched shrieks and cries of Cassim's wife and Morgiana, telling everyone that Cassim was dead.

The day after Morgiana went to an old cobbler near the gates of the town who opened his stall early, put a piece of gold in his hand, and bade him follow her with his needle and thread. Having bound his eyes with a handkerchief, she took him to the room where the body lay, pulled off the bandage, and bade him sew the quarters together, after which she covered his eyes again and led him home. Then they buried Cassim, and Morgiana his slave followed him to the grave, weeping and tearing her hair, while Cassim's wife stayed at home uttering lamentable cries. Next day she went to live with Ali Baba, who gave Cassim's shop to his eldest son.

The Forty Thieves, on their return to the cave, were much astonished to find Cassim's body gone and some of their money-bags.

"We are certainly discovered," said the Captain, "and shall be undone if we cannot find out who it is that knows our secret. Two men must have known it; we have killed one, we must now find the other. To this end one of you who is bold and artful must go into the city dressed as a traveler, and discover whom we have killed, and whether men talk of the strange manner of his death. If the messenger fails he must lose his life, lest we be betrayed."

One of the thieves started up and offered to do this, and after the rest had highly commended him for his bravery he disguised himself, and happened to enter the town at daybreak, just by Baba Mustapha's stall. The thief bade him good-day, saying, "Honest man, how can you possibly see to stitch at your age?"

"Old as I am," replied the cobbler, "I have very good eyes, and will you believe me when I tell you that I sewed a dead body together in a place where I had less light than I have now."

The robber was overjoyed at his good fortune, and, giving him a piece of gold, desired to be shown the house where he stitched up the dead body. At first Mustapha refused, saying that he had been blindfolded; but when the robber gave him another piece of gold he began to think he might remember the turnings if blindfolded as before. This means succeeded; the robber partly led him, and was partly guided by him, right in front of Cassim's house, the door of which the robber marked with a piece of chalk. Then, well pleased, he bade farewell to Baba Mustapha and returned to the forest. By and by Morgiana, going out, saw the mark the robber had made, quickly guessed that some mischief was brewing, and fetching a piece of chalk marked two or three doors on each side, without saying anything to her master or mistress.

The thief, meantime, told his comrades of his discovery. The Captain thanked him, and bade him show him the house he had marked. But when they came to it they saw that five or six of the houses were chalked in the same manner. The guide was so confounded that he knew not what answer to make, and when they returned he was at once beheaded for having failed.

Another robber was dispatched, and, having won over Baba Mustapha, marked the house in red chalk; but Morgiana being again too clever for them, the second messenger was put to death also.

The Captain now resolved to go himself, but, wiser than the others, he did not mark the house, but looked at it so closely that he could not fail to remember it. He returned, and ordered his men to go into the neighboring villages and buy nineteen mules, and thirty-eight leather jars, all empty except one, which was full of oil. The Captain put one of his men, fully armed, into each, rubbing the outside of the jars with oil from the full vessel. Then the nineteen mules were loaded with thirty-seven robbers in jars, and the jar of oil, and reached the town by dusk.

The Captain stopped his mules in front of Ali Baba's house, and said to Ali Baba, who was sitting outside for coolness, "I have brought some oil from a distance to sell at tomorrow's market, but it is now so late that I know not where to pass the night, unless you will do me the favor to take me in."

Though Ali Baba had seen the Captain of the robbers in the forest, he did not recognize him in the disguise of an oil merchant. He bade him welcome, opened his gates for the mules to enter, and went to Morgiana to bid her prepare a bed and supper for his guest. He brought the stranger into his hall, and after they had supped went again to speak to Morgiana in the kitchen, while the Captain went into the yard under pretense of seeing after his mules, but

really to tell his men what to do.

Beginning at the first jar and ending at the last, he said to each man, "As soon as I throw some stones from the window of the chamber where I lie, cut the jars open with your knives and come out, and I will be with you in a trice."

He returned to the house, and Morgiana led him to his chamber. She then told Abdallah, her fellow slave, to set on the pot to make some broth for her master, who had gone to bed. Meanwhile her lamp went out, and she had no more oil in the house.

"Do not be uneasy," said Abdallah; "go into the yard and take some out of one of those jars."

Morgiana thanked him for his advice, took the oil pot, and went into the yard. When she came to the first jar the robber inside said softly, "Is it time?"

Any other slave but Morgiana, on finding a man in the jar instead of the oil she wanted, would have screamed and made a noise; but she, knowing the danger her master was in, bethought herself of a plan, and answered quietly, "Not yet, but presently."

She went to all the jars, giving the same answer, till she came to the jar of oil. She now saw that her master, thinking to entertain an oil merchant, had let thirty-eight robbers into his house. She filled her oil pot, went back to the kitchen, and, having lit her lamp, went again to the oil jar and filled a large kettle full of oil. When it boiled she went and poured enough oil into every jar to stifle and kill the robber inside. When this brave deed was done she went back to the kitchen, put out the fire and the lamp, and waited to see what would happen.

In a quarter of an hour the Captain of the robbers awoke, got up, and opened the window. As all seemed quiet, he threw down some little pebbles which hit the jars. He listened, and as none of his men seemed to stir he grew uneasy, and went down into the yard. On going to the first jar and saying, "Are you asleep?" he smelt the hot boiled oil, and knew at once that his plot to murder Ali Baba and his household had been discovered. He found all the gang was dead, and, missing the oil out of the last jar, became aware of the manner of their death. He then forced the lock of a door leading into a garden, and climbing over several walls made his escape. Morgiana heard and saw all this, and, rejoicing at her success, went to bed and fell asleep.

At daybreak Ali Baba arose, and, seeing the oil jars still there, asked why the merchant had not gone with his mules. Morgiana bade him look in the first jar and see if there was any oil. Seeing a man, he started back in terror. "Have no fear," said Morgiana; "the man cannot harm you; he is dead."

Ali Baba, when he had recovered somewhat from his astonishment, asked what had become of the merchant.

"Merchant!" said she, "he is no more a merchant than I am!" and she told him the whole story, assuring him that it was a plot of the robbers of the forest, of whom only three were left, and that the white and red chalk marks had something to do with it. Ali Baba at once gave

Morgiana her freedom, saying that he owed her his life. They then buried the bodies in Ali Baba's garden, while the mules were sold in the market by his slaves.

The Captain returned to his lonely cave, which seemed frightful to him without his lost companions, and firmly resolved to avenge them by killing Ali Baba. He dressed himself carefully, and went into the town, where he took lodgings in an inn. In the course of a great many journeys to the forest he carried away many rich stuffs and much fine linen, and set up a shop opposite that of Ali Baba's son. He called himself Cogia Hassan, and as he was both civil and well dressed he soon made friends with Ali Baba's son, and through him with Ali Baba, whom he was continually asking to sup with him.

Ali Baba, wishing to return his kindness, invited him into his house and received him smiling, thanking him for his kindness to his son.

When the merchant was about to take his leave Ali Baba stopped him, saying, "Where are you going, sir, in such haste? Will you not stay and sup with me?"

The merchant refused, saying that he had a reason; and, on Ali Baba's asking him what that was, he replied, "It is, sir, that I can eat no victuals that have any salt in them."

"If that is all," said Ali Baba, "let me tell you that there shall be no salt in either the meat or the bread that we eat to-night."

He went to give this order to Morgiana, who was much surprised.

"Who is this man," she said, "who eats no salt with his meat?"

"He is an honest man, Morgiana," returned her master; "therefore do as I bid you."

But she could not withstand a desire to see this strange man, so she helped Abdallah to carry up the dishes, and saw in a moment that Cogia Hassan was the robber Captain, and carried a dagger under his garment.

"I am not surprised," she said to herself, "that this wicked man, who intends to kill my master, will eat no salt with him; but I will hinder his plans."

She sent up the supper by Abdallah, while she made ready for one of the boldest acts that could be thought on. When the dessert had been served, Cogia Hassan was left alone with Ali Baba and his son, whom he thought to make drunk and then to murder them. Morgiana, meanwhile, put on a headdress like a dancing-girl's, and clasped a girdle round her waist, from which hung a dagger with a silver hilt, and said to Abdallah, "Take your tabor, and let us go and divert our master and his guest."

Abdallah took his tabor and played before Morgiana until they came to the door, where Abdallah stopped playing and Morgiana made a low courtesy.

"Come in, Morgiana," said Ali Baba, "and let Cogia Hassan see what you can do"; and, turning to Cogia Hassan, he said, "She's my slave and my housekeeper."

Cogia Hassan was by no means pleased, for he feared that his chance of killing Ali Baba was gone for the present; but he pretended great eagerness to see Morgiana, and Abdallah began to play and Morgiana to dance. After she had performed several dances she drew her dagger and made passes with it, sometimes pointing it at her own breast, sometimes at her master's, as if it were part of the dance. Suddenly, out of breath, she snatched the tabor from Abdallah with her left hand, and, holding the dagger in her right hand, held out the tabor to her master. Ali Baba and his son put a piece of gold into it, and Cogia Hassan, seeing that she was coming to him, pulled out his purse to make her a present, but while he was putting his hand into it Morgiana plunged the dagger into his heart.

"Unhappy girl!" cried Ali Baba and his son, "what have you done to ruin us?"

"It was to preserve you, master, not to ruin you," answered Morgiana. "See here," opening the false merchant's garment and showing the dagger; "see what an enemy you have entertained! Remember, he would eat no salt with you, and what more would you have? Look at him! he is both the false oil merchant and the Captain of the Forty Thieves."

Ali Baba was so grateful to Morgiana for thus saving his life that he offered her to his son in marriage, who readily consented, and a few days after the wedding was celebrated with greatest splendor.

At the end of a year Ali Baba, hearing nothing of the two remaining robbers, judged they were dead, and set out to the cave. The door opened on his saying, "Open Sesame!" He went in, and saw that nobody had been there since the Captain left it. He brought away as much gold as he could carry, and returned to town. He told his son the secret of the cave, which his son handed down in his turn, so the children and grandchildren of Ali Baba were rich to the end of their lives.

- Source: Andrew Lang, *The Blue Fairy Book*, 5th edition (London: Longmans, Green, and Company, 1891), pp. 242-50.
- The three principal episodes in this story fit the following folktale classifications:
    1. Discovery of the magic treasure cave: Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 676.
    2. Death of the intruder (Kasim) and the subsequent removal of his corpse: type 950.
    3. Assassination of the thieves hidden in the oil containers: 954.
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Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves

Translated by Richard F. Burton

In days of yore and in times and tides long gone before there dwelt in a certain town of Persia two brothers one named Kasim and the other Ali Baba, who at their father's demise had divided the little wealth he had left to them with equitable division, and had lost no time in wasting and spending it all. The elder, however, presently took to himself a wife, the daughter of an opulent merchant; so that when his father-in-law fared to the mercy of Almighty Allah, he became owner of a large shop filled with rare goods and costly wares and of a storehouse

stocked with precious stuffs; likewise of much gold that was buried in the ground. Thus was he known throughout the city as a substantial man.

But the woman whom Ali Baba had married was poor and needy; they lived, therefore, in a mean hovel and Ali Baba eked out a scanty livelihood by the sale of fuel which he daily collected in the jungle and carried about the town to the Bazar upon his three asses.

Now it chanced one day that Ali Baba had cut dead branches and dry fuel sufficient for his need, and had placed the load upon his beasts when suddenly he espied a dust-cloud spireing high in air to his right and moving rapidly towards him; and when he closely considered it he descried a troop of horsemen riding on amain and about to reach him.

At this sight he was sore alarmed, and fearing lest perchance they were a band of bandits who would slay him and drive off his donkeys, in his affright he began to run; but forasmuch as they were near hand and he could not escape from out the forest, he drove his animals laden with the fuel into a bye-way of the bushes and swarmed up a thick trunk of a huge tree to hide himself therein; and he sat upon a branch whence he could descry everything beneath him whilst none below could catch a glimpse of him above; and that tree grew close beside a rock which towered high above-head.

The horsemen, young, active, and doughty riders, came close up to the rock-face and all dismounted; whereat Ali Baba took good note of them and soon he was fully persuaded by their mien and demeanour that they were a troop of highwaymen who, having fallen upon a caravan had despoiled it and carried off the spoil and brought their booty to this place with intent of concealing it safely in some cache. Moreover he observed that they were forty in number.

Ali Baba saw the robbers, as soon as they came under the tree, each unbridle his horse and hobble it; then all took off their saddle-bags which proved to be full of gold and silver. The man who seemed to be the captain presently pushed forwards, load on shoulder, through thorns and thickets, till he came up to a certain spot where he uttered these strange words, "Open, O Simsim I" and forthwith appeared a wide doorway in the face of the rock.

The robbers went in and last of all their Chief and then the portal shut of itself. Long while they stayed within the cave whilst Ali Baba was constrained to abide perched upon the tree, reflecting that if he came down peradventure the band might issue forth that very moment and seize him and slay him. At last he had determined to mount one of the horses and driving on his asses to return townwards, when suddenly the portal flew open.

The robber-chief was first to issue forth; then, standing at the entrance, he saw and counted his men as they came out, and lastly he spake the magical words, "Shut, O Simsim!" whereat the door closed of itself. When all had passed muster and review, each slung on his saddle-bags and bridled his own horse and as soon as ready they rode off, led by the leader, in the direction whence they came.

Ali Baba remained still perched on the tree and watched their departure; nor would he descend until what time they were clean gone out of sight, lest perchance one of them return

and look around and descry him.

Then he thought within himself, "I too will try the virtue of those magical words and see if at my bidding the door will open and close."

So he called out aloud, "Open, O Simsim!"

And no sooner had he spoken than straightway the portal flew open and he entered within. He saw a large cavern and a vaulted, in height equalling the stature of a full-grown man and it was hewn in the live stone and lighted up with light that came through air-holes and bullseyes in the upper surface of the rock which formed the roof. He had expected to find naught save outer gloom in this robbers' den, and he was surprised to see the whole room filled with bales of all manner stuffs, and heaped up from sole to ceiling with camel-loads of silks and brocades and embroidered cloths and mounds on mounds of vari-coloured carpetings; besides which he espied coins golden and silvern without measure or account, some piled upon the ground and others bound in leathern bags and sacks. Seeing these goods and moneys in such abundance, Ali Baba determined in his mind that not during a few years only but for many generations thieves must have stored their gains and spoils in this place.

When he stood within the cave, its door had closed upon him, yet he was not dismayed since, he had kept in memory the magical words; and he took no heed of the precious stuffs around him, but applied himself only and wholly to the sacks of Ashrafis. Of these he carried out as many as he judged sufficient burthen for the beasts; then he loaded them upon his animals, and covered this plunder with sticks and fuel, so none might discern the bags, but might think that he was carrying home his usual ware.

Lastly he called out, "Shut, O Simsim!" and forthwith the door closed, for the spell so wrought that whensoever any entered the cave, its portal shut of itself behind him; and, as he issued therefrom, the same would neither open nor close again till he had pronounced the words, "Shut, O Simsim!"

Presently, having laden his asses Ali Baba urged them before him with all speed to the city and reaching home he drove them into the yard; and, shutting close the outer door, took down first the sticks and fuel and after the bags of gold which he carried in to his wife.

She felt them and finding them full of coin suspected that Ali Baba had been robbing and fell to berating and blaming him for that he should do so ill a thing.

Then quoth Ali Baba to his wife: "Indeed I am no robber but rather do thou rejoice with me at our good fortune."

Hereupon he told her of his adventure and began to pour the gold from the bags in heaps before her, and her sight was dazzled by the sheen and her heart delighted at his recital and adventures.

Then she began counting the gold, whereat quoth Ali Baba, "O silly woman, how long wilt thou continue turning over the coin? Now let me dig a hole wherein to hide this treasure that

selected and edited by

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1. The Bear Who Married a Woman (Tsimshian).
2. The Girl Who Married the Crow (Thompson [Ntlakyapamuk]).
3. The Woman Who Became a Horse (Thompson [Ntlakyapamuk]).
4. The Woman Who Became a Horse (Skidi Pawnee).
5. The Bear Woman (Okanagon).
6. The Fish Man (Salish).
7. The Man Who Married a Bear (Nez Percé).
8. Of the Woman Who Loved a Serpent Who Lived in a Lake (Passamaquoddy).

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Tsimshian

Once upon a time there lived a widow of the tribe of the Gispaxlâ'ts. Many men tried to marry her daughter, but she declined them all.

The mother said, "When a man comes to marry you, feel of the palms of his hands. If they are soft, decline him. If they are rough, accept him." She meant that she wanted to have for a son-in-law a man skillful in building canoes.

Her daughter obeyed her commands and refused the wooings of all young men. One night a youth came to her bed. The palms of his hands were very rough, and therefore she accepted his suit. Early in the morning, however, he had suddenly disappeared, even before she had seen him.

When her mother arose early in the morning and went out, she found a halibut on the beach in front of the house, although it was midwinter. The following evening the young man came back, but disappeared again before the dawn of the day. In the morning the widow found a seal in front of the house. Thus they lived for some time. The young woman never saw the face of her husband; but every morning she found an animal on the beach, every day a larger one. Thus the widow came to be very rich.

She was anxious to see her son-in-law, and one day she waited until he arrived. Suddenly she saw a red bear emerge from the water. He carried a whale on each side, and put them down on the beach. As soon as he noticed that he was observed, he was transformed into a rock, which may be seen up to this day. He was a supernatural being of the sea.

- Source: Franz Boas, *Tsimshian Mythology* (Washington, DC: United States Government Printing Office, 1916), p. 19.
- The Tsmimshian Indians are native to the coastal regions of British Columbia and

About midnight the grizzly-bear girl had another dream. She sang a song, and told her husband, "I will leave you as soon as the sun is up. This blood you see coming out of my mouth is my own blood. The hunters are close by, and will soon be here."

Soon the youth could hear the hunters talking. Then they took a pole and hung an empty garment near the mouth of the cave, and the bear rushed out at this decoy. When she turned to go back, they fired, and killed her.

The youth in the cave heard the hunters say, "Watch out! There must be another one in the cave."

So he decided he would go out; and when he came into the light, the hunters recognized him. He went home with them and told the story.

This was the year before the French trappers came, and Five-Times-Surrounded-in-War went away with them. In a year he returned, and after that he disappeared.

- Source: Franz Boas, *Folk-Tales of Salishan and Sahaptin Tribes = Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. 11 (Lancaster and New York: American Folk-Lore Society, 1917), pp. 198-200.
- This tale was collected by Herbert J. Spinden.
- According to Spinden, "this is supposed to be a true tale of recent times, and not a myth."
- Asotin Creek is in southeastern Washington. It flows into the Snake River near Lewiston, Idaho. The Grande Ronde River is mostly in northeastern Oregon and also flows into the Snake River.
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Of the Woman Who Loved a Serpent Who Lived in a Lake

Passamaquoddy

Of old times. There was a very beautiful woman. She turned the heads of all the men. She married, and her husband died very soon after, but she immediately took another. Within a single year she had five husbands, and these were the cleverest and handsomest and bravest in the tribe. And then she married again.

This, the sixth, was such a silent man that he passed for a fool. But he was wiser than people thought. He came to believe, by thinking it over, that this woman had some strange secret. He resolved to find it out. So he watched her all the time. He kept his eye on her by night and by day.

It was summer, and she proposed to go into the woods to pick berries, and to camp there. By and by, when they were in the forest, she suggested that he should go on to the spot where they intended to remain and build a wigwam. He said that he would do so. But he went a little way into the woods and watched her.

As soon as she believed that he was gone, she rose and walked rapidly onwards. He

followed her, unseen. She went on, till, in a deep, wild place among the rocks, she came to a pond. She sat down and sang a song. A great foam, or froth, rose to the surface of the water. Then in the foam appeared the tail of a serpent. The creature was of immense size.

The woman, who had laid aside all her garments, embraced the serpent, which twined around her, enveloping all her limbs and body in his folds. The husband watched it all. He now understood that, the venom of the serpent having entered the woman, she had saved her life by transferring it to others, who died.

He went on to the camping ground and built a wigwam. He made up two beds. He built a fire. His wife came. She was earnest that there should be only a single bed. He sternly bade her lie by herself. She was afraid of him.

She laid down and went to sleep. He arose three times during the night to replenish the fire. Every time he called her, and there was no answer. In the morning he shook her. She was dead. She had died by the poison of the serpent.

They sunk her in the pond where the snake lived.

- Source: Charles G. Leland, *The Algonquin Legends of New England; or, Myths and Folk Lore of the Micmac, Passamaquoddy, and Penobscot Tribes* (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company, 1884), pp. 273-274.
- The Passamaquoddy Indians formerly occupied an area between present-day Maine and New Brunswick. Today they live primarily in Maine.
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Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Revised March 19, 2013.

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southern Alaska.
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The Girl Who Married the Crow

Thompson (Ntlakyapamuk)

A girl belonging to a village of four underground lodges near Lytton refused all suitors who had come from Spences Bridge, Nicola, Kamloops, and Lillooet, although they brought as marriage gifts robes, *dentalia*, and other valuables. Her parents and the chief of the village were angry with her for refusing so many good suitors. Therefore she became sad, and would have committed suicide had not her brothers talked kindly with her.

One morning, when she had gone to the river to bathe and to draw water for the house, she thought, "I wish a man from far away would come and take me!"

Crow-Man, who lived at the mouth of the river, heard her. He said, "A pretty girl far away wants a husband. I wish I could go to her!"

At once a man appeared to him and said, "I will help you, if you will do as I direct you. You must shut your eyes and pray to me, and I shall grant your desire. Now begin!"

Crow-Man knelt down and prayed that he might be enabled to go to the girl. His eyes closed while he was praying. Then his helper told him to open his eyes and look at himself. He saw that he had been transformed into a crow, with wings and with black feathers all over his body. He was afraid, and remained silent.

His helper told him that he would not be a crow always, but only for the journey to the girl. He said, "Now, fly up the river! And early in the morning you will see a girl bathing near four underground lodges. She is the wife that you desire!"

It was springtime, when crows come up the river. Three mornings the girl had repeated her supplication for a husband. Early the fourth morning she went to the accustomed place, put down her bark water baskets, took off her clothes, and went to bathe. She had just made her supplication when a crow came up the river and passed close to her head.

She called him nasty names and said, "Why do you fly so close to my head, you black ugly bird? You will blind me with the dirt of your feet."

It was Crow-Man, who was acting under the instructions of his helper. He flew past out of sight, alighted on the ground, shut his eyes, and prayed. When he opened his eyes, he was a man again. He walked back to where the girl was washing herself in the water, and sat down on her clothes. Presently she saw him, and asked him to leave. She pleaded with him to go away, but he paid no heed.

When she had asked him four times, he replied, "If you will become my wife, I will release your clothes."

She assented, saying, "You must be my husband, for you have seen my naked body."

Crow-Man shut his eyes and prayed. When he opened them again, a large beaverskin robe was there, and a dugout cedar canoe. He gave the robe to his wife. They embarked in the canoe and went downstream.

As the girl did not return, the people looked for her. They found her clothes and the water baskets, and thought that she had drowned herself.

She lived in her husband's country for a while, and bore a son to him. When the boy was growing up, he wished to see his grandparents. Every day he asked for them. Finally his parents determined to take him to see them.

They went up the river in a canoe loaded with presents of many kinds, and eventually reached Lytton. They moored their canoe at the watering place. The weather was warm, and the woman's parents were living in a mat tent. Her younger sister came down to draw water and discovered them. She went back with the news; and the parents cleaned their house, and made ready to receive their son-in-law. He gave his father-in-law all the presents, and the people danced to welcome them. He made up his mind to live there and became an adopted member of the tribe.

- Source: Franz Boas, *Folk-Tales of Salishan and Sahaptin Tribes = Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. 11 (Lancaster and New York: American Folk-Lore Society, 1917), pp. 30-32.
- This tale was collected by James A. Teit.
- The place names mentioned in this legend (Lytton, Spences Bridge, Nicola, Kamloops, and Lillooet) are all in southern British Columbia. Lytton is at the junction of the Thompson and Fraser rivers.
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The Woman Who Became a Horse

Thompson (Ntlakyapamuk)

A chief had many horses, and among them a stallion which his wife often rode. The woman and stallion became enamoured of each other and cohabited. The woman grew careless of her household duties and always wanted to look after the horses.

When the people moved camp, and the horses were brought in, it was noticed that the stallion made right for the woman and sniffed about her as stallions do with mares. After this she was watched.

When her husband learned the truth, he shot the stallion. The woman cried and would not go to bed.

At daybreak she was gone, no one knew where. About a year after this it was discovered that she had gone off with some wild horses. One day when the people were traveling over a large open place they saw a band of horses, and the woman among them. She had partly

changed into a horse. Her pubic hair had grown so long that it resembled a tail. She also had much hair on her body, and the hair of her head had grown to resemble a horse's mane. Her arms and legs had also changed considerably; but her face was still human, and bore some resemblance to her original self.

The chief sent some young men to chase her. All the wild horses ran away, but she could not run so fast as they, and was run down and lassoed. She was brought into her husband's lodge; and the people watched her for some time, trying to tame her, but she continued to act and whinny like a horse. At last they let her free. The following year they saw her again. She had become almost entirely horse, and had a colt by her side. She had many children afterwards.

- Source: Franz Boas, *Folk-Tales of Salishan and Sahaptin Tribes = Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. 11 (Lancaster and New York: American Folk-Lore Society, 1917), p. 53.
- This tale was collected by James A. Teit.
- A note by Teit about his source: "The narrator said he thought there was a little more to this story, but he did not remember it. He said the story was common to both the Thompson and the Okanagon. He had first heart it himself from an Okanagon over fifty years ago; but it was probably in vogue among the Thompson before that, although he had not heard it.
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The Woman Who Became a Horse

Skidi Pawnee

There was a village, and the men decided to go on a warpath. So these men started, and they journeyed for several days toward the south. They came to a thickly wooded country. They found wild horses, and among them was a spotted pony.

One man caught the spotted pony and took care of it. He took it home, and instructed his wife to look after it, as if it were their chief. This she did, and, further, she liked the horse very much. She took it where there was good grass. In the winter time she cut young cottonwood shoots for it, so that the horse was always fat. In the night, if it was stormy, she pulled a lot of dry grass, and when she put the blanket over the horse and tied it up, she stuffed the grass under the blanket, so the horse never got cold. It was always fine and sleek.

One summer evening she went to where she had tied the horse, and she met a fine-looking man, who had on a buffalo robe with a spotted horse pictured on it. She liked him; he smelt finely.

She followed him until they came to where the horse had been, and the man said, "You went with me. It is I who was a horse."

She was glad, for she liked the horse. For several years they were together, and the woman gave birth, and it was a spotted pony. When the pony was born, the woman found she had a

tail like that of a horse. She also had long hair. When the colt sucked, the woman stood up.

For several years they roamed about, and had more ponies, all spotted. At home the man mourned for his lost wife. He could not make out why should go off.

People went on a hunt many years afterward, and they came across these spotted ponies. People did not care to attack them, for among them was a strange looking animal. But, as they came across them now and then, they decided to catch them. They were hard to catch, but at last they caught them, all but the woman, for she could run fast; but as they caught her children, she gave in and was caught.

People said, "This is the woman who was lost."

And some said, "No, it is not."

Her husband was sent for, and he recognized her. He took his bow and arrows out and shot her dead, for he did not like to see her with the horse's tail. The other spotted ponies were kept, and as they increased, they were spotted. So the people had many spotted ponies.

- Source: George A. Dorsey, *Traditions of the Skidi Pawnee = Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. 8 (Boston and New York: Published for the American Folk-Lore Society by Houghton, Mifflin, and Company, 1904), pp. 294-295.
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The Bear Woman

Okanagon

It was late fall, and people were in the mountains hunting. Six people were living together: a man and his wife, his parents, and his two sisters.

One day when out hunting, the man came on a patch of lily roots. On his return home he said to his wife, "I saw a fine patch of large lilies. Tomorrow morning we shall move there and stay for a few days, so that you can dig them."

They set up a lodge near the place. And on the following morning early, on his way to hunt, he showed his wife the place and left her there to dig.

In the afternoon a large grizzly bear appeared at the place. The woman was intent on her work and did not notice the bear until he was close to her. He said to her, "I want you to be my wife."

She agreed, for she knew he would kill her if she refused. He took her on his back and carried her to his house.

Towards evening the hunter returned carrying a load of deer meat. His wife was not there. He thought, "She is late and will come soon."

He roasted meat for both of them. He ate, and then took his bow and arrows and went in search of his wife. He saw where she had been digging roots. He called, but received no answer. It grew dark, and he returned to his camp. He could not sleep. At daybreak he went out again. He saw the tracks of the grizzly bear going away, but no tracks of his wife leaving the spot. He thought she might have gone to his parents' camp, or the bear might have killed her, but he saw neither her tracks nor signs of a struggle with the bear.

He went to the camp. His father told him that she had not arrived. He related what he had seen, and his father said, "The grizzly bear has not killed her. He has married her."

The man could neither sleep nor eat. At last the fourth night he slept, for he was very tired.

His wife appeared to him in a dream and said, "The grizzly has taken me." She told him where the bear's house was. She said, "Every morning at daybreak he takes me to dig roots at a certain place. If you are strong, you can kill him; but he is very fierce and endowed with magic power. You must fix your arrows as I direct you, and sit where I tell you. I have prepared a hiding place for you, where you may sit on a boulder. Prepare medicine to wash me with, for otherwise, when the bear dies, I shall die too through his power. If he kills you, I shall kill myself. Get young fir-tops and *konêlps* [*veratrum californicum*, durand], and soak them in water. With these you must rub me. Prepare one arrow by rubbing it with fat of snakes, and the other arrow anoint with rattlesnake poison. Sit down on the rock in the place that I have prepared; and on the fourth morning, when I bring the bear past close to the rock, shoot him in the throat."

The hunter prepared everything as directed. He made two new arrows with detachable foreshafts. He made them very carefully, and put good stone heads on them. He searched for snakes, and anointed the foreshafts of his arrows and the points. Early in the morning he was at the place indicated.

The grizzly bear's house was a cave in a cliff, and at daybreak the man saw the smoke from his fire coming out through a hole in the top of the cliff. Soon he saw his wife and the bear emerge from the entrance. Her face was painted, and she carried her root digger. She dug roots, and the bear gathered them.

The man returned home and told what he had seen to his father, who said, "I have a strong guardian spirit, and I shall protect you. Do not be afraid. Act according the directions your wife has given to you in your dream, and kill the bear."

On the fourth morning at daybreak he was sitting on the rock. His wife and the bear drew near. She was digging in circles, and the grizzly bear followed her. When she made the fourth circle, she passed quite close to the rock.

He aimed an arrow at his wife, and she cried, "Husbands never kill their wives!" He lowered his bow and laughed.

The bear stood up and was angry. He abused the woman, calling her bad names. Just then he was close to the rock. The hunter spoke to him, and the bear turned to look at the hunter,

who shot him right in the throat. The grizzly bear tried to pull out the arrow, but could remove only the shaft. He rushed at the hunter, but could not reach him. The hunter shot his second arrow with such great force that the shaft fell off. The bear fell over and died.

Then his wife swooned, and would have died through the bear's power, had not her husband rubbed her with fir-tops and *veratrum*.

She revived and stood up. She said, "I warn you not to have connection with me. The influence of the bear is still over me. Build a lodge of fir brush for me some distance away from the people. Let your sisters feed me, and wash me with fir and *veratrum* leaves. You may speak to me from a distance. Next spring, when the snow is almost gone, I shall be your wife again."

In the spring she washed at a stream, using hot water, and her sisters-in-law rubbed her with fir boughs. The hunter also washed. Then she went into his lodge, and lived with him as before.

- Source: Franz Boas, *Folk-Tales of Salishan and Sahaptin Tribes = Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. 11 (Lancaster and New York: American Folk-Lore Society, 1917), pp. 90-92.
- This tale was collected by James A. Teit.
- The Okanagon tribe belongs to the Salish group. Their territory included present-day British Columbia, northern Washington and Idaho, and western Montana.
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The Fish-Man

Salish

Somewhere near the mouth of the Fraser River lived a girl who had refused all suitors.

After a while a man came to visit her, and lay with her at night.

The girl said to him, "You must stay until daylight, and show yourself to my parents."

He answered, "No, I am too poor. Your people would not like me."

As he continued to come every night, the girl told her parents, and they were very angry. Then Fish-Man caused the sea to recede for many miles from the village. He let all the freshwater streams dry up, and no rain fall. The animals became thirsty, and left the country. The people could get no fish, no game, and no water to drink.

The girl told the people, "My lover has done this, because you were wroth with him and refused him."

Then the people made a long walk of planks over the mud to the edge of the sea. At the end of this they built a large platform of planks, which they covered with mats. They heaped many woolen blankets on it. Then they dressed the girl in a fine robe, combed and oiled her hair,

painted her face, and put down on her head. Then they placed her on the top of the blankets and left her there. At once the sky became overcast, rain fell, the springs burst out, the streams ran, and the sea came in. The people watched until the sea rose, and floated the platform with the blankets. They saw a man climb up beside the girl

They stood up; and the girl called, "Now all is well. I shall visit you soon."

Night came on, and they saw them no more. In two days she came back, and told the people, "I live below the sea, in the fish country. The houses there are just the same as here, and the people live in the same way."

She returned again with her husband bringing presents of fish. She said, "Henceforth people here shall always be able to catch plenty of fish."

Once more she came to show them her newly born child. After that she returned to the sea, and was never seen again.

- Source: Franz Boas, *Folk-Tales of Salishan and Sahaptin Tribes = Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. 11 (Lancaster and New York: American Folk-Lore Society, 1917), p. 131.
- This tale was collected by James A. Teit.
- A note by Teit concerning his source: "This myth ... I collected at Hope [on the Fraser River], where interior influence is rather strong. Similar versions are said to be current among the Spuzzum Indians. The narrator was an old man who could speak some Thompson.
- The Fraser River flows through British Columbia, Canada, into the Strait of Georgia at the site of present-day Vancouver.
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The Man Who Married a Bear

Nez Percé

A man name Five-Times-Surrounded-in-War (Pákatamápaütx) lived with his father at Asotin, and in the spring of the year the youth would go away from home and lose himself till fall. He would tell no one where he had been. Now, he really was accustomed to go up the Little Salmon (Hune'he) branch of the Grande Ronde River to fish for salmon. It was the second year that he went there that this thing happened.

A bear girl lived just below the forks of Asotin Creek, and from that place she used to go over onto the Little Salmon, where Five-Times-Surrounded-in-War had a camp made of boughs. One day, after fishing, he was lying in his camp not quite asleep. He heard the noise of someone walking in the woods. He heard the noise of walking go all around the camp. The grizzly-bear girl was afraid to go near the man, and soon she went away and left him Next morning he tried to track her; and while he could see the tracks in the grass, he could not tell what it was that made them.

Next day the youth hunted deer in order to have dried meat for the winter; and that evening the grizzly-bear girl, dressed up as a human being, came into his camp. Five-Times-Surrounded-in-War had just finished his supper when he heard the footfalls, and, looking out into the forest, he saw a fine girl come into the open. He wondered if this person was what he had heard the night before.

He asked the girl to tell him what she wanted, and she came and sat down beside him. The youth was bashful and could not talk to her, although she was a pretty girl. Then he said, "Where are you camping?" And she told him that three days before she had come from the forks of Asotin Creek.

"I came to see you, and to find out whether or not you would marry me."

Now, Five-Times-Surrounded-in-War did not know of anyone who lived above the mouth of Asotin Creek, and for that reason he told the girl he would take home his meat and salmon and return in ten days. So the girl went back to the forks of Asotin Creek, and the youth to the mouth of the stream with his meat. Then they returned and met; and the youth fell deeply in love with the girl, and married her.

So they lived in his camp until she said to him, "Now we will go to my home."

And when they arrived, he saw that she had a fine supply of winter food -- dried salmon, dried meat, camas, *kaus*, *sanitx*, serviceberries, and huckleberries. But what most surprised him was that they went into a hole in the ground, because then he knew she must be a bear.

It grew late in the fall, and they had to stay in the cave, for the girl could not go out. In the dead of winter they were still in the cave when the snow began to settle and harden. One night, near midnight, when both were asleep in their beds, the grizzly-bear girl dreamed, and roared out in her sleep.

She told her husband to build a fire and make a light. Then the grizzly-bear girl sang a song, and blood came running from her mouth. She said, "This blood you see coming from my mouth is not my blood. It is the blood of men. Down at the mouth of Asotin Creek the hunters are making ready for a bear hunt. They have observed this cave, and five hunters are coming here to see if a bear is in it." The grizzly-bear girl in her sleep knew that the hunters were making ready.

Next morning the five hunters went up to that place, and that same morning the grizzly-bear girl donned a different dress from what she usually wore, a dress that was painted red. She told her husband, "Soon after the sun leaves the earth, these hunters will be here, and then I will do my killing."

They arrived, and Five-Times-Surrounded-in-War heard them talking. He heard them say that something must be living in the cave. When the first hunter came to the door of the cave, the grizzly-bear girl rushed out and killed him. Then the four other hunters went home and told the news, and ten hunters made ready to come up and kill the bear. They camped close by for the night.

Amleth, Prince of Denmark

Edited by

D. L. Ashliman
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The account that follows was written about 1185 but is based on older oral tradition. It describes the same players and events that were immortalized by William Shakespeare in his *The Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, written about 1600.

The following table lists a few of Shakespeare's characters with their approximate counterparts in Saxo's account.

William Shakespeare	**Saxo Grammaticus**
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark	Amleth, Prince of Denmark
Hamlet's father	Horwendil
Gertrude	Gurutha, daughter of Rorik
King Claudius	Feng
Ophelia	An unnamed "fair woman"
Polonius	An unnamed evesdropper
Rosencrantz and Guildenstern	Two unnamed retainers of Feng

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Amleth, Prince of Denmark

Horwendil, King of Denmark, married Gurutha, the daughter of Rorik, and she bore him a son, whom they named Amleth. Horwendil's good fortune stung his brother Feng with jealousy, so that the latter resolved treacherously to waylay his brother, thus showing that goodness is not safe even from those of a man's own house. And behold when a chance came to murder him, his bloody hand sated the deadly passion of his soul.

Then he took the wife of the brother he had butchered, capping unnatural murder with incest. For whoso yields to one iniquity, speedily falls an easier victim to the next, the first being an incentive to the second. Also the man veiled the monstrosity of his deed with such hardihood of cunning, that he made up a mock pretense of goodwill to excuse his crime, and glossed over fratricide with a show of righteousness.

Gerutha, said he, though so gentle that she would do no man the slightest hurt, had been visited with her husband's extremest hate; and it was all to save her that he had slain his brother; for he thought it shameful that a lady so meek and unrancorous should suffer the heavy disdain of her husband. Nor did his smooth words fail in their intent; for at courts, where fools are sometimes favored and backbiters preferred, a lie lacks not credit. Nor did Feng keep from shameful embraces the hands that had slain a brother; pursuing with equal guilt both of his wicked and impious deeds.

minds.

Whose breast is so hard that it can be softened by no fellow-feeling for what I have felt? Who is so stiff and stony, that he is swayed by no compassion for my griefs? Ye whose hands are clean of the blood of Horwendil, pity your fosterling, be moved by my calamities. Pity also my stricken mother, and rejoice with me that the infamy of her who was once your queen is quenched. For this weak woman had to bear a two-fold weight of ignominy, embracing one who was her husband's brother and murderer.

Therefore, to hide my purpose of revenge and to veil my wit, I counterfeited a listless bearing; I feigned dullness; I planned a stratagem; and now you can see with your own eyes whether it has succeeded, whether it has achieved its purpose to the full; I am content to leave you to judge so great a matter.

It is your turn: trample under foot the ashes of the murderer! Disdain the dust of him who slew his brother, and defiled his brother's queen with infamous desecration, who outraged his sovereign and treasonably assailed his majesty, who brought the sharpest tyranny upon you, stole your freedom, and crowned fratricide with incest. I have been the agent of this just vengeance; I have burned for this righteous retribution: uphold me with a high-born spirit; pay me the homage that you owe me; warm me with your kindly looks. It is I who have wiped off my country's shame; I who have quenched my mother's dishonor; I who have beaten back oppression; I who have put to death the murderer; I who have baffled the artful hand of my uncle with retorted arts.

Were he living, each new day would have multiplied his crimes. I resented the wrong done to father and to fatherland: I slew him who was governing you outrageously and more hardly than it beseemed men. Acknowledge my service, honor my wit, give me the throne if I have earned it; for you have in me one who has done you a mighty service, and who is no degenerate heir to his father's power; no fratricide, but the lawful successor to the throne; and a dutiful avenger of the crime of murder.

You have me to thank for the recovery of the blessings of freedom, for release from the power of him who vexed you, for relief from the oppressor's yoke, for shaking off the sway of the murderer, for trampling the despot's scepter under foot. It is I who have stripped you of slavery, and clothed you with freedom; I have restored your height of fortune, and given you your glory back; I have deposed the despot and triumphed over the butcher. In your hands is the reward: you know what I have done for you: and from your righteousness I ask my wage.

Every heart had been moved while the young man thus spoke; he affected some to compassion, and some even to tears. When the lamentation ceased, he was appointed king by prompt general acclaim. For one and all rested the greatest hopes on his wisdom, since he had devised the whole of such an achievement with the deepest cunning, and accomplished it with the most astonishing contrivance. Many could have been seen

marveling how he had concealed so subtle a plan over so long a space of time.

After these deeds in Denmark he equipped three vessels lavishly, and went back to Britain to see his wife and her father.

He had also enrolled in his service the flower of the warriors, and arrayed them very choicely, wishing to have everything now magnificently appointed, even as of old he had always worn contemptible gear, and to change all his old devotion to poverty for outlay on luxury.

He also had a shield made for him, whereon the whole series of his exploits, beginning with his earliest youth, was painted in exquisite designs. This he bore as a record of his deeds of prowess, and gained great increase of fame thereby.

Here were to be seen depicted the slaying of Horwendil; the fratricide and incest of Feng; the infamous uncle, the whimsical nephew; the shapes of the hooked stakes; the stepfather suspecting, the stepson dissembling; the various temptations offered, and the woman brought to beguile him; the gaping wolf; the finding of the rudder; the passing of the sand; the entering of the wood; the putting of the straw through the gadfly; the warning of the maiden after the escort was eluded. And likewise could be seen the picture of the palace; the queen there with her son; the slaying of the eavesdropper; and how, after being killed, he was boiled down, and so dropped into the sewer, and so thrown out to the swine; how his limbs were strewn in the mud, and so left for the beasts to finish. Also it could be seen how Amleth surprised the secret of his sleeping attendants, how he erased the letters, and put new characters in their places; how he disdained the banquet and scorned the drink; how he condemned the face of the king and taxed the queen with faulty behavior. There was also represented the hanging of the envoys, and the young man's wedding; then the voyage back to Denmark; the festive celebration of the funeral rites. Amleth, in answer to questions, pointing to the sticks in place of his attendants, acting as cup-bearer, and purposely drawing his sword and pricking his fingers; the sword riveted through, the swelling cheers of the banquet, the dance growing fast and furious; the hangings flung upon the sleepers, then fastened with the interlacing crooks, and wrapped tightly round them as they slumbered; the brand set to the mansion, the burning of the guests, the royal palace consumed with fire and tottering down; the visit to the sleeping-room of Feng, the theft of his sword, the useless one set in its place; and the king slain with his own sword's point by his stepson's hand.

All this was there, painted upon Amleth's battle-shield by a careful craftsman in the choicest of handiwork; he copied truth in his figures, and embodied real deeds in his outlines. Moreover, Amleth's followers, to increase the splendor of their presence, wore shields which were gilt over.

The King of Britain received them very graciously, and treated them with costly and royal pomp. During the feast he asked anxiously whether Feng was alive and prosperous. His son-in-law told him that the man of whose welfare he was vainly inquiring had perished by the sword. With a flood of questions he tried to find out who had slain Feng, and learnt that the messenger of his death was likewise its author. And when the king heard this, he was secretly aghast, because he found that an old promise to avenge Feng now devolved upon himself. For Feng and he had determined of old, by a mutual compact, that one of them

should act as the avenger of the other.

Thus the king was drawn one way by his love for his daughter and his affection for his son-in-law, another way by his regard for his friend, and moreover by his strict oath and the sanctity of their mutual declarations, which it was impious to violate. At last he slighted the ties of kinship, and sworn faith prevailed. His heart turned to vengeance, and he put the sanctity of his oath before family bonds. But since it was thought sin to wrong the holy ties of hospitality, he preferred to execute his revenge by the hand of another, wishing to mask his secret crime with a show of innocence.

So he veiled his treachery with attentions, and hid his intent to harm under a show of zealous goodwill.

His queen having lately died of illness, he requested Amleth to undertake the mission of making him a fresh match, saying that he was highly delighted with his extraordinary shrewdness. He declared that there was a certain queen reigning in Scotland, whom he vehemently desired to marry. Now he knew that she was not only unwedded by reason of her chastity, but that in the cruelty of her arrogance she had always loathed her wooers, and had inflicted on her lovers the uttermost punishment, so that not one out of all the multitude was to be found who has not paid for his insolence with his life.

Perilous this commission was, Amleth started, never shrinking to obey the duty imposed on him, but trusting partly in his own servants, and partly in the attendants of the king. He entered Scotland, and, when quite close to the abode of the queen, he went into a meadow by the wayside to rest his horses. Pleased by the look of the spot, he thought of resting--the pleasant prattle of the stream exciting a desire to sleep--and posted men to keep watch some way off.

The queen on hearing of this, sent out ten warriors to spy on the approach of the foreigners and their equipment. One of these, being quick-witted, slipped past the sentries, pertinaciously made his way up, and took away the shield, which Amleth had chanced to set at his head before he slept, so gently that he did not ruffle his slumbers, though he was lying upon it, nor awaken one man of all that troop; for he wished to assure his mistress not only by report but by some token. With equal address he filched the letter entrusted to Amleth from the coffer in which it was kept. When these things were brought to the queen, she scanned the shield narrowly, and from the notes appended made out the whole argument. Then she knew that here was the man who, trusting his own nicely-calculated scheme, had avenged on his uncle the murder of his father.

She also looked at the letter containing the suit for her hand, and rubbed out all the writing; for wedlock with the old she utterly abhorred, and desired the embraces of young men. But she wrote in its place a commission purporting to be sent from the King of Britain to herself, signed like the other with his name and title, wherein she pretended that she was asked to marry the bearer. Moreover, she included an account of the deeds of which she had learnt from Amleth's shield, so that one would have thought the shield confirmed the letter, while the letter explained the shield. Then she told the same spies whom she had employed before to take the shield back, and put the letter in its place again; playing the very trick on Amleth

which, as she had learnt, he had himself used in outwitting his companions.

Amleth, meanwhile, who found that his shield had been filched from under his head, deliberately shut his eyes and cunningly feigned sleep, hoping to regain by pretended what he had lost by real slumbers. For he thought that the success of his one attempt would incline the spy to deceive him a second time. And he was not mistaken. For as the spy came up stealthily, and wanted to put back the shield and the writing in their old place, Amleth leapt up, seized him, and detained him in bonds. Then he roused his retinue, and went to the abode of the queen. As representing his father-in-law, he greeted her, and handed her the writing, sealed with the king's seal.

The queen who was named Hermutrude, took and read it, and spoke most warmly of Amleth's diligence and shrewdness, saying that Feng had deserved his punishment, and that the unfathomable wit of Amleth had accomplished a deed past all human estimation; seeing that not only had his impenetrable depth devised a mode of revenging his father's death and his mother's adultery, but it had further, by his notable deeds of prowess, seized the kingdom of the man whom he had found constantly plotting against him.

She marveled therefore that a man of such instructed mind could have made the one slip of a mistaken marriage; for though his renown almost rose above mortality, he seemed to have stumbled into an obscure and ignoble match. For the parents of his wife had been slaves, though good luck had graced them with the honors of royalty.

Now (said she), when looking for a wife, a wise man must reckon the luster of her birth and not of her beauty. Therefore if he were to seek a match in a proper spirit, he should weigh the ancestry, and not be smitten by the looks; for though looks were a lure to temptation, yet their empty bedizenment had tarnished the white simplicity of many a man.

Now there was a woman, as nobly born as himself, whom he could take. She herself, whose means were not poor nor her birth lowly, was worthy his embraces, since he did not surpass her in royal wealth nor outshine her in the honor of his ancestors. Indeed she was a queen, and but that her sex gainsaid it, might be deemed a king; nay (and this is yet truer), whomsoever she thought worthy of her bed was at once a king, and she yielded her kingdom with herself. Thus her scepter and her hand went together. It was no mean favor for such a woman to offer her love, who in the case of other men had always followed her refusal with the sword. Therefore she pressed him to transfer his wooing, to make over to her his marriage vows, and to learn to prefer birth to beauty. So saying, she fell upon him with a close embrace.

Amleth was overjoyed at the gracious speech of the maiden, fell to kissing back, and returned her close embrace, protesting that the maiden's wish was his own. Then a banquet was held, friends bidden, the chief nobles gathered, and the marriage rites performed.

When they were accomplished, he went back to Britain with his bride, a strong band of Scots being told to follow close behind, the he might have its help against the diverse treacheries in his path.

As he was returning, the daughter of the King of Britain, to whom he was still married, met him. Though she complained that she was slighted by the wrong of having a paramour put over her, yet, she said, it would be unworthy for her to hate him as an adulterer more than she loved him as a husband; nor would she so far shrink from her lord as to bring herself to hide in silence the guile which she knew was intended against him. For she had a son as a pledge of their marriage, and regard for him, if nothing else, must have inclined his mother to the affection of a wife.

"He", she said, "may hate the supplanter of his mother, I will love her; no disaster shall put out my flame for thee; no ill-will shall quench it, or prevent me from exposing the malignant designs against thee, or from revealing the snares I have detected. Bethink thee, then, that thou must beware of thy father-in-law, for thou hast thyself reaped the harvest of thy mission, foiled the wishes of him who sent thee, and with willful trespass seized over all the fruit for thyself." By this speech she showed herself more inclined to love her husband than her father.

While she thus spoke, the King of Britain came up and embraced his son-in-law closely, but with little love, and welcomed him with a banquet, to hide his intended guile under a show of generosity. But Amleth, having learnt the deceit, dissembled his fear, took a retinue of two hundred horsemen, put on an under-shirt [of mail], and complied with the invitation, preferring the peril of falling in with the king's deceit to the shame of hanging back. So much heed for honor did he think that he must take in all things.

As he rode up close, the king attacked him just under the porch of the folding doors, and would have thrust him through with his javelin, but that the hard shirt of mail threw off the blade. Amleth received a slight wound, and went to the spot where he had bidden the Scottish warriors wait on duty. He then sent back to the king his new wife's spy, whom he had captured. This man was to bear witness that he had secretly taken from the coffer where it was kept the letter which was meant for his mistress, and thus was to make the whole blame recoil on Hermutrude, by this studied excuse absolving Amleth from the charge of treachery.

The king without tarrying pursued Amleth hotly as he fled, and deprived him of his forces. So Amleth, on the morrow, wishing to fight for dear life, and utterly despairing of his powers of resistance, tried to increase his apparent numbers. He put stakes under some of the dead bodies of his comrades to prop them up, set others on horseback like living men, and tied others to neighboring stones, not taking off any of their armor, and dressing them in due order of line and wedge, just as if they were about to engage. The wing composed of the dead was as thick as the troop of the living. It was an amazing spectacle this, of dead men dragged out to battle, and corpses mustered to fight.

The plan served him well, for the very figures of the dead men showed like a vast array as the sunbeams struck them. For those dead and senseless shapes restored the original number of the army so well, that the mass might have been unthinned by the slaughter of yesterday. The Britons, terrified at the spectacle, fled before fighting, conquered by the dead men whom they had overcome in life. I cannot tell whether to think more of the cunning or of the good fortune of this victory The Danes came down on the king as he was tardily making off, and

killed him. Amleth, triumphant, made a great plundering, seized the spoils of Britain, and went back with his wives to his own land.

Meanwhile Rorik had died, and Wiglek, who had come to the throne, had harassed Amleth's mother with all manner of insolence and stripped her of her royal wealth, complaining that her son had usurped the kingdom of Jutland and defrauded the King of Leire, who had the sole privilege of giving away and taking away the rights of high offices. This treatment Amleth took with such forbearance as apparently to return kindness for slander, for he presented Wiglek with the riches of his spoils. But afterwards he seized a chance of taking vengeance, attacked him, subdued him, and from a cover became an open foe.

Fialler, the governor of Skanne and Zealand, sent envoys to challenge Amleth to a war. Amleth, with his marvelous shrewdness, saw that he was tossed between two difficulties, one of which involved disgrace and the other danger. For he knew that if he took up the challenge he was threatened with the peril of his life, while to shrink from it would disgrace his reputation as a soldier. Yet in that spirit ever fixed on deeds of prowess the desire to save his honor won the day. Dread of disaster was blunted by more vehement thirst for glory; he would not tarnish the unblemished luster of his fame by timidly skulking from his fate. Also he saw that there is almost as wide a gap between a mean life and a noble death as that which is acknowledged between honor and disgrace themselves.

Yet he was enchained by such love for Hermutrude, that he was more deeply concerned in his mind about her future widowhood than about his own death, and cast about very zealously how he could decide on some second husband for her before the opening of the war. Hermutrude, therefore, declared that she had the courage of a man, and promised that she would not forsake him even on the field, saying that the woman who dreaded to be untied with her lord in death was abominable. But she kept this rare promise ill; for when Amleth had been slain by Wiglek in battle in Jutland, she yielded herself up unasked to be the conqueror's spoil and bride.

Thus all vows of women are loosed by change of fortune and melted by the drifting of time; the faith of their soul rests on a slippery foothold, and is weakened by casual chances; glib in promises, and as sluggish in performance, all manner of lustful promptings enslave it, and it bounds away with panting and precipitate desire, forgetful of old things, in the ever hot pursuit after something.

So ended Amleth. Had fortune been as kind to him as nature, he would have equaled the gods in glory, and surpassed the labors of Hercules by his deeds of prowess. A plain in Jutland is to be found, famous for his name and burial-place. Wiglek's administration of the kingdom was long and peaceful.

- Source: *The First Nine Books of the Danish History of Saxo Grammaticus*, translated by Oliver Elton (London: David Nutt, 1894), books 3-4, pp. 106-130. Translation slightly revised.
- *Gesta Danorum*, the multi-volume work from which this account was taken, was written about 1185. Saxo Grammaticus, the author-compiler, was born about 1150 and died about 1220.

Amleth beheld all this, but feared lest too shrewd a behavior might make his uncle suspect him. So he chose to feign dullness, and pretend an utter lack of wits. This cunning course not only concealed his intelligence but ensured his safety.

Every day he remained in his mother's house utterly listless and unclean, flinging himself on the ground and bespattering his person with foul and filthy dirt. His discolored face and visage smutched with slime denoted foolish and grotesque madness. All he said was of a piece with these follies; all he did savored of utter lethargy. In a word, you would not have thought him a man at all, but some absurd abortion due to a mad fit of destiny.

He used at times to sit over the fire, and, raking up the embers with his hands, to fashion wooden crooks, and harden them in the fire, shaping at their tips certain barbs, to make them hold more tightly to their fastenings. When asked what he was about, he said that he was preparing sharp javelins to avenge his father. This answer was not a little scoffed at, all men deriding his idle and ridiculous pursuit; but the thing helped his purpose afterwards.

Now it was his craft in this matter that first awakened in the deeper observers a suspicion of his cunning. For his skill in a trifling art betokened the hidden talent of the craftsman; nor could they believe the spirit dull where the hand had acquired so cunning a workmanship. Lastly, he always watched with the most punctual care over his pile of stakes that he had pointed in the fire. Some people, therefore, declared that his mind was quick enough, and fancied that he only played the simpleton in order to hide his understanding, and veiled some deep purpose under a cunning feint.

His wiliness (said these) would be most readily detected, if a fair woman were put in his way in some secluded place, who would provoke his mind to the temptations of love; all man's natural temper being too blindly amorous to be artfully dissembled, and this passion being also too impetuous to be checked by cunning. Therefore, if his lethargy were feigned, he would seize the opportunity, and yield straightway to violent delights. Some men were commissioned to draw the young man in his rides into a remote part of the forest, and there assail him with a temptation of this nature. Among these chanced to be a foster-brother of Amleth, who had not ceased to have regard to their common nurture; and who esteemed his present orders less than the memory of their past fellowship. He attended Amleth among his appointed train, being anxious not to entrap, but to warn him; and was persuaded that he would suffer the worst if he showed the slightest glimpse of sound reason, and above all if he did the act of love openly. This was also plain enough to Amleth himself. For when he was bidden mount his horse, he deliberately set himself in such a fashion that he turned his back to the neck and faced about, fronting the tail; which he proceeded to encompass with the reins, just as if on that side he would check the horse in its furious pace. By this cunning thought he eluded the trick, and overcame the treachery of his uncle. The reinless steed galloping on, with the rider directing its tail, was ludicrous enough to behold.

Amleth went on, and a wolf crossed his path amid the thicket. When his companions told him that a young colt had met him, he retorted, that in Feng's stud there were too few of that kind fighting. This was a gentle but witty fashion of invoking a curse upon his uncle's riches. When they averred that he had given a cunning answer, he answered that he had spoken

deliberately: for he was loath to be thought prone to lying about any matter, and wished to be held a stranger to falsehood; and accordingly he mingled craft and candor in such wise that, though his words did lack truth, yet there was nothing to betoken the truth and betray how far his keenness went.

Again, as he passed along the beach, his companions found the rudder of a ship which had been wrecked, and said they had discovered a huge knife. "This" said he, "was the right thing to carve such a huge ham;" by which he really meant the sea, to whose infinitude, he thought, this enormous rudder matched.

Also, as they passed the sandhills, and bade him look at the meal, meaning the sand, he replied that it had been ground small by the hoary tempests of the ocean. His companions praising his answer, he said that he had spoken it wittingly.

Then they purposely left him, that he might pluck up more courage to practice wantonness. The woman whom his uncle had dispatched met him in a dark spot, as though she had crossed him by chance; and he took her and would have ravished her, had not his foster-brother, by a secret device, given him an inkling of the trap. For this man, while pondering the fittest way to play privily the prompter's part, and forestall the young man's hazardous lewdness, found a straw on the ground and fastened it underneath the tail of a gadfly that was flying past; which he then drove towards the particular quarter where he knew Amleth to be: an act which served the unwary price exceedingly well. The token was interpreted as shrewdly as it had been sent. For Amleth saw the gadfly, espied with curiosity the straw which it wore embedded in its tail, and perceived that it was a secret warning to beware of treachery. Alarmed, scenting a trap, and fain to possess his desire in greater safety, he caught up the woman in his arms and dragged her off to a distant and impenetrable fen. Moreover, when they had lain together, he conjured her earnestly to disclose the matter to none, and the promise of silence was accorded as heartily as it was asked. For both of them had been under the same fostering in their childhood; and this early rearing in common had brought Amleth and the girl into great intimacy.

So, when he had returned home, they all jeeringly asked him whether he had given way to love, and he avowed that he had ravished the maid. When he was next asked where he did it, and what had been is pillow, he said that he had rested upon the hoof of a beast of burden, upon a cockscomb, and also upon a ceiling. For, when he was starting into temptation, he had gathered fragments of all these things, in order to avoid lying. And though his jest did not take aught of the truth out of the story, the answer was greeting with shouts of merriment from the bystanders.

The maiden, too, when questioned on the matter, declared that he had done no such thing; and her denial was the more readily credited when it was found that the escort had not witnessed the deed. Then he who had marked the gadfly in order to give a hint, wishing to show Amleth that to his trick he owed his salvation, observed that latterly he had been singly devoted to Amleth. The young man's reply was apt. Not to seem forgetful of his informant's service, he said that he had seen a certain thing bearing a straw flit by suddenly, wearing a stalk of chaff fixed on its hinder parts. The cleverness of this speech, which made the rest

split with laughter, rejoiced the heart of Amleth's friend.

Thus all were worsted, and none could open the secret lock of the young man's wisdom.

But a friend of Feng, gifted more with assurance than judgment, declared that the unfathomable cunning of such a mind could not be detected by any vulgar plot, for the man's obstinacy was so great that it ought not to be assailed with any mild measures; there were many sides to his wiliness, and it ought not to be entrapped by any one method. Accordingly, said he, his own profounder acuteness had hit on a more delicate way, which was well fitted to be put in practice, and would effectually discover what they desired to know. Feng was purposely to absent himself, pretending affairs of great import. Amleth should be closeted alone with his mother in her chamber; but a man should first be commissioned to place himself in a concealed part of the room and listen heedfully to what they talked about. For if the son had any wits at all he would not hesitate to speak out in the hearing of his mother, or fear to trust himself to the fidelity of her who bore him. The speaker, loath to seem readier to devise than to carry out the plot, zealously proffered himself as the agent of the eavesdropping. Feng rejoiced at the scheme, and departed on pretense of a long journey. Now he who had given up this counsel repaired privily to the room where Amleth was shut up with his mother, and lay down skulking in the straw.

But Amleth had his antidote for the treachery. Afraid of being overheard by some eavesdropper, he at first resorted to his usual imbecile ways, and crowed like a noisy cock, beating his arms together to mimic the flapping of wings. Then he mounted the straw and began to swing his body and jump again and again, wishing to try if aught lurked there in hiding. Feeling a lump beneath his feet, he drove his sword into the spot, and impaled him who lay hid. Then he dragged him from his concealment and slew him. Then, cutting his body into morsels, he seethed it in boiling water, and flung it through the mouth of an open sewer for the swine to eat, bestrewing the stinking mire with his hapless limbs.

Having in this wise eluded the snare, he went back to the room. Then his mother set up a great wailing and began to lament her son's folly to his face; but he said: "Most infamous of women! dost thou seek with such lying lamentations to hide thy most heavy guilt? Wantoning like a harlot, thou hast entered a wicked and abominable state of wedlock, embracing with incestuous bosom thy husband's slayer, and wheedling with filthy lures of blandishment him who had slain the father of thy son. This, forsooth, is the way that the mares couple with the vanquishers of their mates; for brute beasts are naturally incited to pair indiscriminately; and it would seem that thou, like them, hast clean forgot thy first husband. As for me, not idly do I wear the mask of folly; for I doubt not that he who destroyed his brother will riot as ruthlessly in the blood of his kindred. Therefore it is better to choose the garb of dullness than that of sense, and to borrow some protection from a show of utter frenzy. Yet the passion to avenge my father still burns in my heart; but I am watching the chances, I await the fitting hour. There is a place for all things; against so merciless and dark a spirit must be used the deeper devices of the mind. And thou, who hadst been better employed in lamenting thine own disgrace, know it is superfluity to bewail my witlessness; thou shouldst weep for the blemish in thine own mind, not for that in another's. On the rest see thou keep silence."

With such reproaches he rent the heart of his mother and redeemed her to walk in the ways of virtue; teaching her to set the fires of the past above the seductions of the present.

When Feng returned, nowhere could he find the man who had suggested the treacherous espial; he searched for him long and carefully, but none said they had seen him anywhere. Amleth, among others, was asked in jest if he had come on any trace of him, and replied that the man had gone to the sewer, but had fallen through its bottom and been stifled by the floods of filth, and that he had then been devoured by the swine that came up all about that place. This speech was flouted by those who heard; for it seemed senseless, though really it expressly avowed the truth.

Feng now suspected that his stepson was certainly full of guile, and desired to make way with him, but durst not do the deed for fear of the displeasure, not only of Amleth's grandsire Rorik, but also of his own wife.

So he thought that the King of Britain should be employed to slay him, so that another could do the deed, and he be able to feign innocence. Thus, desirous to hide his cruelty, he chose rather to besmirch his friend than to bring disgrace on his own head. Amleth, on departing, gave secret orders to his mother to hang the hall with knotted tapestry, and to perform pretended obsequies for him a year thence; promising that he would then return. Two retainers of Feng then accompanied him, bearing a letter graven on wood--a kind of letter enjoined the king of the Britons to put to death the youth who was sent over to him.

While they were reposing, Amleth searched their coffers, found the letter, and read the instructions therein. Whereupon he erased all the writing on the surface, substituted fresh characters, and so, changing the purport of the instructions, shifted his own doom upon his companions. Nor was he satisfied with removing from himself the sentence of death and passing the peril on to others, but added and entreaty that the King of Britain would grant his daughter in marriage to a youth of great judgment whom he was sending to him. Under this was falsely marked the signature of Feng.

Now when they had reached Britain, the envoys went to the king, and proffered him the letter which they supposed was an implement of destruction to one another, but which really betokened death to themselves. The king dissembled the truth, and entreated them hospitably and kindly.

Then Amleth scouted all the splendor of the royal banquet like vulgar viands, and abstaining very strangely, rejected that plenteous feast, refraining from the drink even as from the banquet. All marveled that a youth and a foreigner should disdain the carefully cooked dainties of the royal board and the luxurious banquet provided, as if it were some peasant's relish. So, when the revel broke up, and the king was dismissing his friends to rest, he had a man sent into the sleeping-room to listen secretly, in order that he might hear the midnight conversation of his guests.

Now, when Amleth's companions asked him why he had refrained from the feast of yestereve, as if it were poison, he answered that the bread was flecked with blood and tainted; that there was a tang of iron in the liquor; while the meats of the feast reeked of the

stench of a human carcass, and were infected by a kind of smack of the odor of the charnel. He further said that the king had the eyes of a slave, and that the queen had in three ways shown the behavior of a bondmaid. This he reviled with insulting invective not so much the feast as its givers. And presently his companions, taunting him with his old defect of wits, began to flout him with many saucy jeers, because he blamed and caviled at seemly and worthy things, and because he attacked thus ignobly and illustrious king and a lady of so refined a behavior, bespattering with the shamefullest abuse those who merited all praise.

All this the king heard from his retainer; and declared that he who could say such things had either more than mortal wisdom or more than mortal folly; in these few words fathoming the full depth of Amleth's penetration.

Then he summoned his steward and asked him whence he had procured the bread. The steward declared that it had been made by the king's own baker.

The king asked where the corn had grown of which it was made, and whether any sign was to be found there of human carnage? The other answered, that not far off was a field, covered with the ancient bones of slaughtered men, and still bearing plainly all the signs of ancient carnage; and that he had himself planted this field with grain in springtide, thinking it more fruitful than the rest, and hoping for plenteous abundance; and so, for aught he knew, the bread had caught some evil savor from this bloodshed.

The king, on hearing this, surmised that Amleth had spoken truly, and took the pains to learn also what had been the source of the lard. The other declared that his hogs had, through negligence, strayed from keeping, and battened on the rotten carcass of a robber, and that perchance their pork had thus come to have something of a corrupt smack.

The king, finding that Amleth's judgment was right in this thing also, asked of what liquor the steward had mixed the drink? Hearing that it had been brewed of water and meal, he had the spot of the spring pointed out to him, and set to digging deep down; and there he found, rusted away, several swords, the tang whereof it was thought had tainted the waters. Others relate that Amleth blamed the drink because, while quaffing it, he had detected some bees that had fed in the paunch of a dead man; and that the taint, which had formerly been imparted to the combs, had reappeared in the taste.

The king, seeing that Amleth had rightly given the causes of the taste he had found so faulty, and learning that the ignoble eyes wherewith Amleth had reproached him concerned some stain upon his birth, had a secret interview with his mother and asked her who his father had really been. She said she had submitted to no man but the king. But when he threatened that he would have the truth out of her by a trial, he was told that he was the offspring of a slave. By the evidence of the avowal thus extorted he understood the whole mystery of the reproach upon his origin.

Abashed as he was with shame for his low estate, he was so ravished with the young man's cleverness, that he asked him why he had aspersed the queen with the reproach that she had demeaned herself like a slave? But while resenting that the courtliness of his wife had been accused in the midnight gossip of a guest, he found that her mother had been a

bondmaid. For Amleth said he had noted in her three blemishes showing the demeanor of a slave; first, she had muffled her head in her mantle as bondmaids do; next, that she had gathered up her gown for walking; and thirdly, that she had first picked out with a splinter, and then chewed up the remnant of food that stuck in the crevices between her teeth. Further, he mentioned that the king's mother had been brought into slavery from captivity, lest she should seem servile only in her habits, yet not in her birth.

Then the king adored the wisdom of Amleth as though it were inspired, and gave him his daughter to wife; accepting his bare word as though it were a witness from the skies. Moreover, in order to fulfill the bidding of his friend, he hanged Amleth's companions on the morrow. Amleth, feigning offense, treated this piece of kindness as a grievance, and received from the king, as compensation, some gold, which he afterwards melted in the fire, and secretly caused to be poured into some hollowed sticks.

When he had passed a whole year with the king he obtained to make a journey, and returned to his own land, carrying away of all his princely wealth and state only the sticks which held the gold.

On reaching Jutland, he exchanged his present attire for his ancient demeanor, which he had adopted for righteous ends, purposely assuming an aspect of absurdity. Covered with filth, he entered the banquet-room where is own obsequies were being held, and struck all men utterly aghast, rumor having falsely noised abroad his death. At last terror melted into mirth, and the guests jeered and taunted one another, that he whose last rites they were celebrating as though he were dead, should appear in the flesh.

When he was asked concerning his comrades, he pointed to the sticks he was carrying, and said, "Here is both the one and the other." This he observed with equal truth and pleasantry; for his speech, though most thought it idle, yet departed not from the truth; for it pointed at the weregild of the slain as though it were themselves. Thereon, wishing to bring the company into a gayer mood, he joined the cupbearers, and diligently did the office of plying the drink.

Then, to prevent his loose dress hampering his walk, he girded his sword upon his side, and purposely drawing it several times, pricked his fingers with its point. The bystanders accordingly had both sword and scabbard riveted across with an iron nail.

Then, to smooth the way more safely to his plot, he went to the lords and plied them heavily with draught upon draught, and drenched them all so deep in wine, that their feet were made feeble with drunkenness, and they turned to rest within the palace, making their bed where they had reveled. Then he saw they were in a fit state for his plots, and thought that here was a chance offered to do his purpose. So he took out of his bosom the stakes he had long ago prepared, and went into the building, where the ground lay covered with the bodies of the nobles wheezing off their sleep and their debauch. Then, cutting away its supports, he brought down the hanging his mother had knitted, which covered the inner as well as the outer walls of the hall. This he flung upon the snorers, and then applying the crooked stakes, he knotted and bound them up in such insoluble intricacy, that not one of the men beneath, however hard he might struggle, could contrive to rise.

After this he set fire to the palace. The flames spread, scattering the conflagration far and wide. It enveloped the whole dwelling, destroyed the palace, and burnt them all while they were either buried in deep sleep of vainly striving to arise.

Then he went to the chamber of Feng, who had before this been conducted by his train into his pavilion; plucked up a sword that chanced to be hanging to the bed, and planted his own in its place. Then, awakening his uncle, he told him that his nobles were perishing in the flames, and that Amleth was here, armed with his old crooks to help him, and thirsting to exact the vengeance, now long overdue, for his father's murder. Feng, on hearing this, leapt from his couch, but was cut down while, deprived of his own sword, he strove in vain to draw the strange one.

O valiant Amleth, and worthy of immortal fame, who being shrewdly armed with a feint of folly, covered a wisdom too high for human wit under a marvelous disguise of silliness! and not only found in his subtlety means to protect his own safety, but also by its guidance found opportunity to avenge his father. By this skillful defense of himself, and strenuous revenge for his parent, he has left it doubtful whether we are to think more of his wit or his bravery.

Amleth, when he had accomplished the slaughter of his stepfather, feared to expose his deed to the fickle judgment of his countrymen, and thought it well to lie in hiding till he had learnt what way the mob of the uncouth populace was tending. So the whole neighborhood, who had watched the blaze during the night, and in the morning desired to know the cause of the fire they had seen, perceived the royal palace fallen in ashes; and, on searching through its ruins, which were yet warm, found only some shapeless remains of burnt corpses. For the devouring flame had consumed everything so utterly, that not a single token was left to inform them of the cause of such a disaster.

Also they saw the body of Feng lying pierced by the sword, amid his blood-stained raiment. Some were seized with open anger, others with grief, and some with secret delight. One party bewailed the death of their leader, the other gave thanks that the tyranny of the fratricide was now laid at rest. Thus the occurrence of the king's slaughter was greeted by the beholders with diverse minds.

Amleth, finding the people so quiet, made bold to leave his hiding. Summoning those in whom he knew the memory of his father to be fast-rooted, he went to the assembly and there made a speech after this manner:

> Nobles! Let not any who are troubled by the piteous end of Horwendil be troubled by the sight of this disaster before you: be not ye, I say, troubled, who have remained loyal to your king and duteous to your father. Behold the corpse, not of a prince, but of a fratricide. Indeed, it was a sorrier sight when ye saw our prince lying lamentably butchered by a most infamous fratricide--brother, let me not call him. With your own compassionating eyes ye have beheld the mangled limbs of Horwendil; they have seen his body done to death with many wounds. Surely that most abominable butcher only deprived his king of life that he might despoil his country of freedom! The hand that slew him made you slaves.

Who then so mad as to choose Feng the cruel before Horwendil the righteous?

Remember how benignantly Horwendil fostered you, how justly he dealt with you, how kindly he loved you. Remember how you lost the mildest of princes and justest of fathers, while in his place was put a tyrant and an assassin set up; how your rights were confiscated; how everything was plague-stricken; how the country was stained with infamies; how the yoke was planted on your necks, and how your free will was forfeited! And now all this is over; for ye see the criminal stifled in his own crimes, the slayer of his kin punished for his misdoings.

What man of but ordinary wit, beholding it, would account this kindness a wrong? What sane man could be sorry that the crime has recoiled upon the culprit? Who could lament the killing of a most savage executioner? or bewail the righteous death of most cruel despot?

Ye behold the doer of the deed; he is before you. Yea, I own that I have taken vengeance for my country and my father. Your hands were equally bound to the task which mine fulfilled. What it would have beseemed you to accomplish with me, I achieved alone. Nor had I any partner in so glorious a deed, or the service of any man to help me. Not that I forget that you would have helped this work, had I asked you; for doubtless you have remained loyal to your king and loving to your prince. But I chose that the wicked should be punished without imperiling you; I thought that others need not set their shoulders to the burden when I deemed mine strong enough to bear it. Therefore I consumed all the others to ashes, and left only the trunk of Feng for your hands to burn, so that on this at least you may wreak all your longing for a righteous vengeance.

Now haste up speedily, heap the pyre, burn up the body of the wicked, consume away his guilty limbs, scatter his sinful ashes, strew broadcast his ruthless dust: let no urn or barrow enclose the abominable remnants of his bones. Let no trace of his fratricide remain; let there be no spot in his own land for his tainted limbs; let no neighborhood suck infection from him; let not sea nor soil be defiled by harboring his accursed carcass. I have done the rest; this one loyal duty is left for you. These must be the tyrant's obsequies, this the funeral procession of the fratricide. It is not seemly that he who stripped his country of her freedom should have his ashes covered by his country's earth.

Besides, why tell again my own sorrows? Why count over my troubles? Why weave the thread of my miseries anew? Ye know them more fully than I myself. I, pursued to the death by my stepfather, scorned by my mother, spat upon by friends, have passed my years in pitiable wise, and my days in adversity; and my insecure life has teemed with fear and perils. In fine, I passed every season of my age wretchedly and in extreme calamity. Often in your secret murmurings together you have sighed over my lack of wits: there was none (you said) to avenge the father, none to punish the fratricide. And in this I found a secret testimony of your love; for I saw that the memory of the King's murder had not yet faded from your

Andreas Grein of Purbach

a legend about Turkish slavery
from Burgenland, Austria
translated by

D. L. Ashliman
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Andreas Grein of Purbach

Burgenland, Austria

During the Turkish wars the wild hordes of riders advanced as far as Purbach. On such occasions the townspeople of Purbach fled into the nearby Leitha Mountains to seek refuge there from the hordes. During one such attack Andreas Grein remained at home.

When the Turkish horde found Grein, they placed him in handcuffs, tied him to a horse's tail, and thus forced him to run along behind. The Turks took Grein back to their country, where he was housed in a stall and forced to pull a plow by day. For food he received nuts and millet.

After seven years of terrible suffering he succeeded -- with the help of a fellow countrywoman -- in escaping from Turkey. In October 1647, after traveling on foot for many months, he arrived at Purbach. He stopped to rest on his own property, about 1000 steps from the town. He then went to his home, where he encountered his wife, who had recently remarried. She did not recognize Grein, because of his wild appearance. After much discussion she recognized her husband from his voice. She asked him for forgiveness, and they lived happily together until they died. The second husband, of course, had to step aside.

At the place where he had rested, Grein erected a Holy Trinity column, inscribed with the year 1647.

- Source: Inscription on a roadside plaque near Purbach, Burgenland, Austria.
- Transcribed and translated by D. L. Ashliman, July 10, 1997.

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Androcles and the Lion

and other folktales of Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 156
edited by

D. L. Ashliman
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Aesop

A slave named Androcles once escaped from his master and fled to the forest. As he was wandering about there he came upon a lion lying down moaning and groaning. At first he turned to flee, but finding that the lion did not pursue him, he turned back and went up to him. As he came near, the lion put out his paw, which was all swollen and bleeding, and Androcles found that a huge thorn had got into it, and was causing all the pain. He pulled out the thorn and bound up the paw of the lion, who was soon able to rise and lick the hand of Androcles like a dog. Then the lion took Androcles to his cave, and every day used to bring him meat from which to live.

But shortly afterwards both Androcles and the lion were captured, and the slave was sentenced to be thrown to the lion, after the latter had been kept without food for several days.

The emperor and all his court came to see the spectacle, and Androcles was led out into the middle of the arena. Soon the lion was let loose from his den, and rushed bounding and roaring towards his victim. But as soon as he came near to Androcles he recognized his friend, and fawned upon him, and licked his hands like a friendly dog.

The emperor, surprised at this, summoned Androcles to him, who told him the whole story. Whereupon the slave was pardoned and freed, and the lion let loose to his native forest.

Moral:Gratitude is the sign of noble souls.

- Source: *The Fables of Æsop*, selected, told anew, and their history traced by Joseph Jacobs (London: Macmillan and Company, 1902), no. 23, pp. 60-61. First published 1894.
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The Slave and the Lion

Aesop

A slave ran away from his master, by whom he had been most cruelly treated, and, in order to avoid capture, betook himself into the desert. As he wandered about in search of food and shelter, he came to a cave, which he entered and found to by unoccupied. Really, however, it was a lion's den, and almost immediately, to the horror of the wretched fugitive, the lion himself appeared. The man gave himself up for lost. But, to his utter astonishment, the lion, instead of springing upon him, came and fawned upon him, at the same time whining and lifting up his paw. Observing it to be much swollen and inflamed, he examined it and found a large thorn embedded in the ball of the foot. He accordingly removed it and dressed the wound as well as he could. And in course of time it healed up completely.

The lion's gratitude was unbounded. He looked upon the man as his friend, and they shared the cave for some time together. A day came, however, when the slave began to long for the society of his follow men, and he bade farewell to the lion and returned to the town. Here he was presently recognized and carried off in chains to his former master, who resolved to make an example of him, and ordered that he should be thrown to the beasts at the next public spectacle in the theater.

On the fatal day the beasts were loosed into the arena, and among the rest a lion of huge bulk and ferocious aspect. And then the wretched slave was cast in among them. What was the amazement of the spectators, when the lion after one glance bounded up to him and lay down at his feet with every expression of affection and delight! It was his old friend of the cave! The audience clamored that the slave's life should be spared. And the governor of the town, marveling at such gratitude and fidelity in a beast, decreed that both should receive their liberty.

- Source: *Æsop's Fables*, translated by V. S. Vernon Jones (London: W. Heinemann, 1912), pp. 31-32.
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Androcles and the Lion

Joseph Jacobs

It happened in the old days at Rome that a slave named Androcles escaped from his master and fled into the forest, and he wandered there for a long time until he was weary and well nigh spent with hunger and despair. Just then he heard a lion near him moaning and

groaning and at times roaring terribly. Tired as he was Androcles rose up and rushed away, as he thought, from the lion; but as he made his way through the bushes he stumbled over the root of a tree and fell down lamed, and when he tried to get up there he saw the lion coming towards him, limping on three feet and holding his forepaw in front of him.

Poor Androcles was in despair; he had not strength to rise and run away, and there was the lion coming upon him. But when the great beast came up to him instead of attacking him it kept on moaning and groaning and looking at Androcles, who saw that the lion was holding out his right paw, which was covered with blood and much swollen. Looking more closely at it Androcles saw a great big thorn pressed into the paw, which was the cause of all the lion's trouble. Plucking up courage he seized hold of the thorn and drew it out of the lion's paw, who roared with pain when the thorn came out, but soon after found such relief from it that he fawned upon Androcles and showed, in every way that he knew, to whom he owed the relief. Instead of eating him up he brought him a young deer that he had slain, and Androcles managed to make a meal from it. For some time the lion continued to bring the game he had killed to Androcles, who became quite fond of the huge beast.

But one day a number of soldiers came marching through the forest and found Androcles, and as he could not explain what he was doing they took him prisoner and brought him back to the town from which he had fled. Here his master soon found him and brought him before the authorities, and he was condemned to death because he had fled from his master. Now it used to be the custom to throw murderers and other criminals to the lions in a huge circus, so that while the criminals were punished the public could enjoy the spectacle of a combat between them and the wild beasts.

So Androcles was condemned to be thrown to the lions, and on the appointed day he was led forth into the Arena and left there alone with only a spear to protect him from the lion. The Emperor was in the royal box that day and gave the signal for the lion to come out and attack Androcles. But when it came out of its cage and got near Androcles, what do you think it did? Instead of jumping upon him it fawned upon him and stroked him with its paw and made no attempt to do him any harm.

It was of course the lion which Androcles had met in the forest. The Emperor, surprised at seeing such a strange behavior in so cruel a beast, summoned Androcles to him and asked him how it happened that this particular lion had lost all its cruelty of disposition. So Androcles told the Emperor all that had happened to him and how the lion was showing its gratitude for his having relieved it of the thorn. Thereupon the Emperor pardoned Androcles and ordered his master to set him free, while the lion was taken back into the forest and let loose to enjoy liberty once more.

- Source: Joseph Jacobs, *Europa's Fairy Book* (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, © 1916), pp. 107-109. This book was also published under the title *European Folk and Fairy Tales*.
- Jacobs' story is a reconstruction from various historical sources.
- In 1912 George Bernard Shaw created a delightful, if irreverent, play, *Androcles and the Lion* from the traditional tale.

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The Lion and the Saint

Andrew Lang

If you should have the opportunity of seeing any large picture gallery abroad, or our own National Gallery in London, you will be very likely to come across some picture by one or other "old master" representing an old man, with a long beard, sometimes reading or writing in a study, sometimes kneeling in a bare desert-place; but wherever he may be, or whatever he may be doing, there is almost always a lion with him.

The old man with the beard is St. Jerome, who lived fifteen hundred years ago, and I want now to tell you why a lion generally appears in any picture of him.

At one time of his life, St. Jerome lived in a monastery he had founded at Bethlehem. One day he and some of his monks were sitting to enjoy the cool of the evening at the gate of the monastery when a big lion suddenly appeared walking up to them. The monks were horribly frightened, and scampered off as fast as they could to take refuge indoors; but St. Jerome had noticed that as the lion walked he limped as though in pain, and the Saint, who always tried to help those in trouble, waited to see what he could do for the poor animal.

The lion came near, and when he was quite close he held up one paw and looked plaintively at the men.

St. Jerome fearlessly took the paw on his lap, and, on examining it, found a large thorn, which he pulled out, binding up the injured limb. The wound was rather a bad one, but St. Jerome kept the lion with him and nursed him carefully till he was quite well again.

The lion was so grateful, and became so much attached to his kind doctor, that he would not leave him, but stayed on in the monastery.

Now, in this house no one, from the highest to the lowest, man or beast, was allowed to lead an idle life. It was not easy to find employment for a lion; but at length a daily task was found for him.

This was to guard and watch over the ass, who each day carried in the firewood which was cut and gathered in the forest. The lion and ass became great friends, and no doubt the ass felt much comfort in having such a powerful protector.

But it happened, on one very hot summer's day, that whilst the ass was at pasture the lion fell asleep. Some merchants were passing that way and seeing the ass grazing quietly, and apparently alone, they stole her and carried her off with them.

In due time the lion awoke; but when he looked for the ass she was not to be seen. In vain he roamed about, seeking everywhere; he could not find her; and when evening came he had to return to the monastery alone, and with his head and tail drooping to show how ashamed he felt.

As he could not speak to explain matters, St. Jerome feared that he had not been able to resist the temptation to eat raw flesh once more, and that he had devoured the poor ass. He therefore ordered that the lion should perform the daily task of his missing companion, and carry the firewood instead of her.

The lion meekly submitted, and allowed the load of faggots to be tied on his back, and carried them safely home. As soon as he was unloaded he would run about for some time, still hoping to find the ass.

One day, as he was hunting about in this fashion, he saw a caravan coming along with a string of camels. The camels, as was usual in some places, were led by an ass, and to the lion's joy he recognised his lost friend.

He instantly fell on the caravan, and, without hurting any of the camels, succeeded in frightening them all so completely that he had no difficulty in driving them into the monastery where St. Jerome met them.

The merchants, much alarmed, confessed their theft, and St. Jerome forgave them, and was very kind to them; but the ass, of course, returned to her former owners. And the lion was much petted and praised for his goodness and cleverness, and lived with St. Jerome till the end of his life.

- Source: Andrew Lang, *The Red Book of Animal Stories* (London: Longmans, Green, and Company, 1899), pp. 138-42.
- Link to a painting of Saint Jerome by Niccolò Antonio Colantonio.
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Of the Remembrance of Benefits

Gesta Romanorum

There was a knight who devoted much of his time to hunting. It happened one day, as he was pursuing this diversion, that he was met by a lame lion, who showed him his foot. The knight dismounted, and drew from it a sharp thorn; and then applied an unguent to the wound, which speedily healed it.

A while after this, the king of the country hunted in the same wood, and caught that lion, and held him captive for many years.

Now, the knight, having offended the king, fled from his anger to the very forest in which he had been accustomed to hunt. There he betook himself to plunder, and spoiled and slew a multitude of travelers. But the king's sufferance was exhausted; he sent out an army, captured, and condemned him to be delivered to a fasting lion. The knight was accordingly thrown into a pit, and remained in terrified expectation of the hour when he should be devoured. But the lion, considering him attentively, and remembering his former friend, fawned upon him; and remained seven days with him destitute of food.

When this reached the ears of the king, he was struck with wonder, and directed the knight to

be taken from the pit. "Friend," said he, "by what means have you been able to render the lion harmless?"

"As I once rode along the forest, my lord, that lion met me lame. I extracted from his foot a large thorn, and afterward healed the wound, and therefore he has spared me."

"Well," returned the king, "since the lion has spared you, I will for this time ratify your pardon. Study to amend your life."

The knight gave thanks to the king, and ever afterwards conducted himself with all propriety. He lived to a good old age, and ended his days in peace.

Application: My beloved, the knight is the world; the lame lion is the human race; the thorn, original sin, drawn out by baptism. The pit represents penitence, whence safety is derived.

- Source: *Gesta Romanorum*, translated by Charles Swan, revised and corrected by Wynnard Hooper (London: George Bell and Sons, 1906), no. 104, pp. 180-81.
- The *Gesta Romanorum* or "Deeds of the Romans" is a collection of some 283 legends and fables. Created as a collection ca. 1330 in England, it served as a source of stories and plots for many of Europe's greatest writers.
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The Lion and the Thorn

Ambrose Bierce

A lion roaming through the forest, got a thorn in his foot, and, meeting a shepherd, asked him to remove it. The shepherd did so, and the lion, having just surfeited himself on another shepherd, went away without harming him.

Some time afterward the shepherd was condemned on a false accusation to be cast to the lions in the amphitheater.

When they were about to devour him, one of them said, "This is the man who removed the thorn from my foot."

Hearing this, the others honorably abstained, and the claimant ate the shepherd all himself.

- Source: Ambrose Bierce, *Fantastic Fables* (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1899), pp. 170-71.
- Link to an article about Ambrose Bierce.
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Revised July 13, 2009.

Animal Brides

translated and/or edited by

D. L. Ashliman
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Chonguita the Monkey Wife

Philippines

There was a king who had three sons, named Pedro, Diego, and Juan. One day the king ordered these three gentlemen to set out from the kingdom and seek their fortunes. The three brothers took different directions, but before they separated they agreed to meet in a certain place in the forest.

After walking for many days, Don Juan met an old man on the road. This old man gave Don Juan bread, and told him to go to a palace which was a mile away. "But as you enter the gate," said the old man, "you must divide the bread which I have given you among the monkeys which are guarding the gate to the palace; otherwise you will not be able to enter."

your swift bullocks today." There came forth from the lake such a team of oxen as was never seen on sea or land.

The youth drove the bullocks away, came to his lord's field, and plowed and sowed them in one day.

His lord was very much surprised. He did not know if there was anything impossible to this man, whose wife he wanted. He called him a second time, and said, "Go and gather up the wheat you have sown, that not a grain may be wanting, and that the barn may be full. If you do not do this, your wife is mine."

"This is impossible," said the man to himself. He went home to his wife, who again reproached him, and then said, "Go to the lake's edge and ask for the jackdaws."

The husband went to the edge of the lake and called out, "Mother and Father! I beg you to lend me your jackdaws today." From the lake came forth flocks of jackdaws; they flew to the plowed ground, each gathered up a seed and put it into the barn.

The lord came and cried out, "There is one seed short; I know each one, and one is missing." At that moment a jackdaw's caw was heard; it came with the missing seed, but owing to a lame foot it was a little late.

The lord was very angry that even the impossible was possible to this man, and could not think what to give him to do.

He puzzled his brain until he thought of the following plan. He called the man and said to him, "My mother, who died in this village, took with her a ring. If you go to the other world and bring that ring back to me, it is well; if not, I shall take away your wife."

The man said to himself, "This is quite impossible." He went home and complained to his wife. She reproached him, and then said, "Go to the lake and ask for the ram."

The husband went to the lake and called out, "Mother and Father! Give me your ram today, I pray you." From the lake there came forth a ram with twisted horns; from its mouth issued a flame of fire. It said to the man, "Mount on my back!"

The man sat down, and, quick as lightning, the ram descended towards the lower regions. It went on and shot like an arrow through the earth.

They traveled on, and saw in one place a man and woman sitting on a bullock's skin, which was not big enough for them, and they were like to fall off. The man called out to them, "What can be the meaning of this, that this bullock skin is not big enough for two people?"

They said, "We have seen many pass by like you, but none has returned. When you come back we shall answer your question."

They went on their way and saw a man and woman sitting on an ax handle, and they were not afraid of falling. The man called out to them, "Are you not afraid of falling from the handle

of an ax?"

They said to him, "We have seen many pass by like you, but none has returned. When you come back we shall answer your question."

They went on their way again, until they came to a place where they saw a priest feeding cattle. This priest had such a long beard that it spread over the ground, and the cattle, instead of eating grass, fed on the priest's beard, and he could not prevent it. The man called out, "Priest, what is the meaning of this? Why is your beard pasture for these cattle?"

The priest replied, "I have seen many pass by like you, but none has returned. When you come back I shall answer your question."

They journeyed on again until they came to a place where they saw nothing but boiling pitch, and a flame came forth from it -- and this was hell. The ram said, "Sit firmly on my back, for we must pass through this fire." The man held fast. The ram gave a leap, and they escaped through the fire unhurt.

There they saw a melancholy woman seated on a golden throne. She said; "What is it, my child? What troubles you? What has brought you here?" He told her everything that had happened to him. She said, "I must punish this very wicked child of mine, and you must take him a casket from me." She gave him a casket, and said, "Whatever you do, do not open this casket yourself. Take it with you, give it to your lord, and run quickly away from him."

The man took the casket and went away. He came to the place where the priest was feeding the cattle. The priest said, "I promised you an answer. Hearken unto my words: In life I loved nothing but myself; I cared for nothing else. My flocks I fed on other pastures than my own, and the neighboring cattle died of starvation. Now I am paying the penalty."

Then he went on to the place where the man and woman were sitting on the handle of the ax. They said, "We promised you an answer. Hearken unto our words: We loved each other too well on earth, and it is the same with us here."

Then he came to the two seated on the bullock skin, which was not big enough for them. They said, "We promised you an answer. Hearken unto our words: We despised each other in life, and we equally despise each other here."

At last the man came up on earth, descended from the ram, and went to his lord. He gave him the casket and quickly ran away. The lord opened the casket, and there came forth fire, which swallowed him up. Our brother was thus victorious over his enemy, and no one took his wife from him. They lived lovingly together, and blessed God as their deliverer.

- Source: Marjory Wardrop, *Georgian Folk Tales* (London, 1894), pp. 15-21.
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The Tsarevna Frog

Russia

In old, old Russian tsarstvo, I do not know when, there lived a sovereign prince with the princess his wife. They had three sons, all of them young, and such brave fellows that no pen could describe them. The youngest had the name of Ivan Tsarevitch.

One day their father said to his sons: "My dear boys, take each of you an arrow, draw your strong bow and let your arrow fly; in whatever court it falls, in that court there will be a wife for you."

The arrow of the oldest Tsarevitch fell on a boyar-house just in front of the terem where women live; the arrow of the second Tsarevitch flew to the red porch of a rich merchant, and on the porch there stood a sweet girl, the merchant's daughter. The youngest, the brave Tsarevitch Ivan, had the ill luck to send his arrow into the midst of a swamp, where it was caught by a croaking frog.

Ivan Tsarevitch came to his father: "How can I marry the frog?" complained the son. "Is she my equal? Certainly she is not."

"Never mind, "replied his father. "You have to marry the frog, for such is evidently your destiny."

Thus the brothers were married: the oldest to a young boyarishnia, a nobleman's child; the second to the merchant's beautiful daughter, and the youngest, Tsarevitch Ivan, to a croaking frog.

After a while the sovereign prince called his three sons and said to them: "Have each of your wives bake a loaf of bread by tomorrow morning."

Ivan returned home. There was no smile on his face, and his brow was clouded.

"C-r-o-a-k! C-r-o-a-k! Dear husband of mine, Tsarevitch Ivan, why so sad?" gently asked the frog. "Was there anything disagreeable in the palace?"

"Disagreeable indeed," answered Ivan Tsarevitch; "the Tsar, my father, wants you to bake a loaf of white bread by tomorrow."

"Do not worry, Tsarevitch. Go to bed; the morning hour is a better adviser than the dark evening."

The Tsarevitch, taking his wife's advice, went to sleep. Then the frog threw off her frog skin and turned into a beautiful, sweet girl, Vassilissa by name. She now stepped out on the porch and called aloud: "Nurses and waitresses, come to me at once and prepare a loaf of white bread for tomorrow morning, a loaf exactly like those I used to eat in my royal father's palace."

In the morning Tsarevitch Ivan awoke with the crowing cocks, and you know the cocks and chickens are never late.

Yet the loaf was already made, and so fine it was that nobody could even describe it, for only

in fairyland one finds such marvelous loaves. It was adorned all about with pretty figures, with towns and fortresses on each side, and within it was white as snow and light as a feather.

The Tsar father was pleased and the Tsarevitch received his special thanks.

"Now there is another task," said the Tsar smilingly. "Have each of your wives weave a rug by tomorrow."

Tsarevitch Ivan came back to his home. There was no smile on his face and his brow was clouded.

"C-r-o-a-k! C-r-o-a-k! Dear Tsarevitch Ivan, my husband and master, why so troubled again? Was not father pleased?"

"How can I be otherwise? The Tsar, my father, has ordered a rug by tomorrow."

"Do not worry, Tsarevitch. Go to bed; go to sleep. The morning hour will bring help."

Again the frog turned into Vassilissa, the wise maiden, and again she called aloud: "Dear nurses and faithful waitresses, come to me for new work. Weave a silk rug like the one I used to sit upon in the palace of the king, my father."

Once said, quickly done. When the cocks began their early "cock-a-doodle-doo," Tsarevitch Ivan awoke, and lo! there lay the most beautiful silk rug before him, a rug that no one could begin to describe. Threads of silver and gold were interwoven among bright-colored silken ones, and the rug was too beautiful for anything but to admire.

The Tsar father was pleased, thanked his son Ivan, and issued a new order. He now wished to see the three wives of his handsome sons, and they were to present their brides on the next day.

The Tsarevitch Ivan returned home. Cloudy was his brow, more cloudy than before.

"C-r-o-a-k! C-r-o-a-k! Tsarevitch, my dear husband and master, why so sad ? Hast thou heard anything unpleasant at the palace?"

"Unpleasant enough, indeed! My father, the Tsar, ordered all of us to present our wives to him. Now tell me, how could I dare go with thee?"

"It is not so bad after all, and could be much worse," answered the frog, gently croaking. "Thou shalt go alone and I will follow thee. When thou hearest a noise, a great noise, do not be afraid; simply say: 'There is my miserable froggy coming in her miserable box.'"

The two elder brothers arrived first with their wives, beautiful, bright, and cheerful, and dressed in rich garments. Both the happy bridegrooms made fun of the Tsarevitch Ivan.

"Why alone, brother?" they laughingly said to him. "Why didst thou not bring thy wife along with thee? Was there no rag to cover her? Where couldst thou have gotten such a beauty?

We are ready to wager that in all the swamps in the dominion of our father it would be hard to find another one like her." And they laughed and laughed.

Lo! what a noise! The palace trembled, the guests were all frightened. Tsarevitch Ivan alone remained quiet and said: "No danger; it is my froggy coming in her box."

To the red porch came flying a golden carriage drawn by six splendid white horses, and Vassilissa, beautiful beyond all description, gently reached her hand to her husband. He led her with him to the heavy oak tables, which were covered with snow-white linen and loaded with many wonderful dishes such as are known and eaten only in the land of fairies and never anywhere else. The guests were eating and chatting gaily.

Vassilissa drank some wine, and what was left in the tumbler she poured into her left sleeve. She ate some of the fried swan, and the bones she threw into her right sleeve. The wives of the two elder brothers watched her and did exactly the same.

When the long, hearty dinner was over, the guests began dancing and singing. The beautiful Vassilissa came forward, as bright as a star, bowed to her sovereign, bowed to the honorable guests and danced with her husband, the happy Tsarevitch Ivan.

While dancing, Vassilissa waved her left sleeve and a pretty lake appeared in the midst of the hall and cooled the air. She waved her right sleeve and white swans swam on the water. The Tsar, the guests, the servants, even the gray cat sitting in the corner, all were amazed and wondered at the beautiful Vassilissa. Her two sisters-in-law alone envied her. When their turn came to dance, they also waved their left sleeves as Vassilissa had done, and, oh, wonder! they sprinkled wine all around. They waved their right sleeves, and instead of swans the bones flew in the face of the Tsar father. The Tsar grew very angry and bade them leave the palace. In the meantime Ivan Tsarevitch watched a moment to slip away unseen. He ran home, found the frog skin, and burned it in the fire.

Vassilissa, when she came back, searched for the skin, and when she could not find it her beautiful face grew sad and her bright eyes filled with tears.

She said to Tsarevitch Ivan, her husband: "Oh, dear Tsarevitch, what hast thou done? There was but a short time left for me to wear the ugly frog skin. The moment was near when we could have been happy together forever. Now I must bid thee goodbye. Look for me in a faraway country to which no one knows the roads, at the palace of Kostshei the Deathless;" and Vassilissa turned into a white swan and flew away through the window.

Tsarevitch Ivan wept bitterly. Then he prayed to the almighty God, and making the sign of the cross northward, southward, eastward, and westward, he went on a mysterious journey.

No one knows how long his journey was, but one day he met an old, old man. He bowed to the old man, who said: "Good-day, brave fellow. What art thou searching for, and whither art thou going?"

Tsarevitch Ivan answered sincerely, telling all about his misfortune without hiding anything.

"And why didst thou burn the frog skin? It was wrong to do so. Listen now to me. Vassilissa was born wiser than her own father, and as he envied his daughter's wisdom he condemned her to be a frog for three long years. But I pity thee and want to help thee. Here is a magic ball. In whatever direction this ball rolls, follow without fear."

Ivan Tsarevitch thanked the good old man, and followed his new guide, the ball. Long, very long, was his road. One day in a wide, flowery field he met a bear, a big Russian bear. Ivan Tsarevitch took his bow and was ready to shoot the bear.

"Do not kill me, kind Tsarevitch," said the bear. "Who knows but that I maybe useful to thee?" And Ivan did not shoot the bear.

Above in the sunny air there flew a duck, a lovely white duck. Again the Tsarevitch drew his bow to shoot it. But the duck said to him: "Do not kill me, good Tsarevitch. I certainly shall be useful to thee some day."

And this time he obeyed the command of the duck and passed by. Continuing his way he saw a blinking hare. The Tsarevitch prepared an arrow to shoot it, but the gray, blinking hare said: "Do not kill me, brave Tsarevitch. I shall prove myself grateful to thee in a very short time."

The Tsarevitch did not shoot the hare, but passed by. He walked farther and farther after the rolling ball, and came to the deep blue sea. On the sand there lay a fish. I do not remember the name of the fish, but it was a big fish, almost dying on the dry sand.

" O Tsarevitch Ivan!" prayed the fish, "have mercy upon me and push me back into the cool sea."

The Tsarevitch did so, and walked along the shore. The ball, rolling all the time, brought Ivan to a hut, a queer, tiny hut standing on tiny hen's feet.

"Izboushka! Izboushka!" -- for so in Russia do they name small huts -- "Izboushka, I want thee to turn thy front to me," cried Ivan, and lo! the tiny hut turned its front at once. Ivan stepped in and saw a witch, one of the ugliest witches he could imagine.

"Ho! Ivan Tsarevitch! What brings thee here?" was his greeting from the witch.

"O, thou old mischief!" shouted Ivan with anger. "Is it the way in holy Russia to ask questions before the tired guest gets something to eat, something to drink, and some hot water to wash the dust off?"

Baba Yaga, the witch, gave the Tsarevitch plenty to eat and drink, besides hot water to wash the dust off. Tsarevitch Ivan felt refreshed. Soon he became talkative, and related the wonderful story of his marriage. He told how he had lost his dear wife, and that his only desire was to find her.

"I know all about it," answered the witch. "She is now at the palace of Kostshei the Deathless, and thou must understand that Kostshei is terrible. He watches her day and night and no one can ever conquer him. His death depends on a magic needle. That needle is within a hare;

that hare is within a large trunk; that trunk is hidden in the branches of an old oak tree; and that oak tree is watched by Kostshei as closely as Vassilissa herself, which means closer than any treasure he has."

Then the witch told Ivan Tsarevitch how and where to find the oak tree. Ivan hastily went to the place. But when he perceived the oak tree he was much discouraged, not knowing what to do or how to begin the work. Lo and behold! that old acquaintance of his, the Russian bear, came running along, approached the tree, uprooted it, and the trunk fell and broke. A hare jumped out of the trunk and began to run fast; but another hare, Ivan's friend, came running after, caught it and tore it to pieces. Out of the hare there flew a duck, a gray one which flew very high and was almost invisible, but the beautiful white duck followed the bird and struck its gray enemy, which lost an egg. That egg fell into the deep sea. Ivan meanwhile was anxiously watching his faithful friends helping him. But when the egg disappeared in the blue waters he could not help weeping. All of a sudden a big fish came swimming up, the same fish he had saved, and brought the egg in his mouth. How happy Ivan was when he took it! He broke it and found the needle inside, the magic needle upon which everything depended.

At the same moment Kostshei lost his strength and power forever. Ivan Tsarevitch entered his vast dominions, killed him with the magic needle, and in one of the palaces found his own dear wife, his beautiful Vassilissa. He took her home and they were very happy ever after.

- Source: Verra Xenophontovna Kalamatiano de Blumenthal, *Folk Tales from the Russian* (Chicago, New York, and London: Rand, McNally and Compnay, 1903), pp. 13-26.
- Type 402, "The Animal Bride"; followed by type 302, "The Giant Whose Heart Was in an Egg."
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The Frog

Austria/Italy

A man and a woman had no children, although they would have given their lives to have some. They prayed for offspring, under any conditions. It appeared that heaven had mercy on them, but when the time came, the newborn was a female frog.

Not letting themselves be distracted, the man and the woman raised her. They taught her music and all kinds of skills.

Above all else the frog loved to sing, and she trained her voice and her range until one would think she was the best singer from the city. Other people had not seen the frog and thought indeed that she was an unknown singer and could not explain why she did not perform in public.

One day the king's son passed by the house and heard the frog singing. He stopped and listened for a long time. He immediately fell in love with the unknown singer and approached her father with a request for permission to see her and speak with her, but the father refused.

The prince heard her sing again and fell even more deeply in love with her. He demanded that her father give her to him in marriage. The father replied that he would have to ask his daughter. The frog agreed under the conditions that she be taken to the royal castle in an enclosed carriage and that she be allowed to enter the bridal chamber without being seen. The prince, his curiosity even more aroused, accepted the conditions.

On the appointed day the frog rode to the royal castle in a tightly enclosed carriage and made her way to the splendid bridal chamber without being seen. She hid herself in one of the two beds that were there. The prince came that evening and was astonished when he could not find his bride. Disappointed, he went to bed.

At midnight the frog crept out of the cushions and onto the prince's breast. Half asleep, he took the frog into his hand and threw her to the floor. She hopped angrily down the steps and home.

The next morning the prince was sorry that he had thrown the frog to the floor, and he became sad and melancholy.

Some time later he went back to the house. Hearing singing, he fell madly in love and began courting his bride anew. The frog accepted, this time without setting any conditions. She made a little carriage out of cardboard, hitched a rooster to it, and drove it herself to the royal castle.

Three fairies were standing in the road. One of them had swallowed a fishbone, which stuck in her throat and was causing her great pain. When the three of them saw the frog driving by in her little carriage and cracking her whip so merrily, they all laughed out with joy. The fishbone dislodged itself from the one fairy's throat, freeing her suddenly of her pain.

They approached the frog, and the first one said, "I will give you a beautiful carriage with horses and servants!" And in an instant a carriage was there with horses and servants in beautiful livery.

Then the second one said, "I will give you expensive clothes and gold and silver!" And in an instant it was all there, gleaming and shimmering, and it was such a joy.

Then came the third fairy, the one who had been freed of the fishbone by laughing, and she said, "I will transform you!"

In that instant the frog became a beautiful maiden. She graciously thanked the three kind fairies and drove happily to the royal castle and to her jubilant and joyful wedding.

- Source: Christian Schneller, *Märchen und Sagen aus Wälschtirol: Ein Beitrag zur deutschen Sagenkunde* (Innsbruck: Verlag der Wagner'schen Universitäts-Buchhandlung, 1867), no. 29, pp. 82-84.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. Copyright 1999.
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The Frog's Bridegroom

Germany

Once upon a time there was a father who had three sons. He sent two of them out to find brides for themselves, but the third one, stupid Hansl, was to stay home and feed the animals. He was not satisfied with this, so the father finally said, "Just go. You can look for a bride too."

So Hansl left, and he came to a great forest. On the other side of the forest there was a pond. A frog was sitting on the pond's bank, and it asked, "Now there, Hansl, where are you going?"

"Oh, I'm looking for a bride!"

"Marry me!" said the frog, and this was all right with Hansl, because he did not know where he might find a bride. The frog jumped into the pond, and Hansl went back home.

His brothers were already there, and they wanted to know if the fool had found a bride. "Yes," said Hansl, "I have one already!"

The next day the father gave each one a bundle of flax, saying, "I will give the house to the one of you whose bride can spin the most beautiful yarn in three days." Then each one left, including Hansl.

The frog was again sitting on the bank of the pond. "Now there, bridegroom, where are you going?"

"To you. Can you spin?"

"Yes," said the frog. Just tie the flax onto my back."

Hansl did this, and the frog jumped into the pond. One strand of flax was sticking out below and the other one above. "Too bad about the flax. It's gone," thought Hans, and he sadly went back home.

But nonetheless, on the third day he returned to the pond. The frog was again sitting on the bank, and it asked, "Now there, bridegroom, where are you going?"

"Have you spun?"

"Yes," said the frog, hopped into the pond, and returned with a skein of yarn that was more beautifully spun than any other. Hans was happy, and he joyfully ran back home, and he did indeed have the most beautiful yarn.

The brothers complained, and then the father said, "I will give the house to the one of you who brings home the most beautiful bride."

The brothers left once again, but this time Hansl took a water jug with him. The other two wanted to know, "Why are you taking a water jug with you?"

"To put my bride in."

The two laughed, "He must have some beautiful bride!"

The frog was already sitting next to the pond. "Now there, bridegroom, where are you going?"

"Today I am coming for you!"

Then the frog jumped into the pond and came back with three keys. "Go up there," it said. "There is a castle up there. One of these three keys unlocks the living room, one unlocks the stall, and one unlocks the carriage house. In the living room there are three robes: a red one, a green one, and a white one. In the stall there are two white horses, two black ones, and two brown ones. In the carriage house are three coaches: one of gold, one of silver, and one of glass. In each place you can take what you want."

Once in the castle Hansl first tried on the red robe, but he did not like it: "It makes me look like a butcher." He did not like the green one either: "It makes me look like a hunter." The white one suited him well. Then he went to the stall and took the brown horses. In the carriage house he first wanted to take the golden coach, but it was too lordly for him. The silver one was too heavy, so he took the glass one. He hitched up the brown horses and drove to the pond.

A beautiful young woman was standing there. She said, "You have redeemed me. If you had taken the best thing in each place then I would have had to remain a frog. And the great forest is a fruit orchard, and the pond is a rose garden. All this belongs to you. Let your brothers have the house. You can marry anyone you want to."

"No, you must come with me, so that my father and my brothers can see you." So she rode off with him.

The father and the brothers were amazed when they saw Hansl with the beautiful young woman in the coach. But she suddenly disappeared and flew into the air as a white dove. Hansl gave the house to his brothers. He married a woman from his estate and was very happy. And if he hasn't died, then he still must be alive.

- Source: Gustav Jungbauer, *Böhmerwald-Märchen* (Passau, 1923), no. 1.
- Translated by by D. L. Ashliman. Copyright 1999.
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Doll i' the Grass

Norway

Once on a time there was a king who had twelve sons. When they were grown big he told them they must go out into the world and win themselves wives, but these wives must each be able to spin, and weave, and sew a shirt in one day, else he wouldn't have them for daughters-in-law.

To each he gave a horse and a new suit of mail, and they went out into the world to look after their brides; but when they had gone a bit of the way, they said they wouldn't have Boots,

Don Juan took the bread; and when he reached the palace, he did as the old man had advised him. After entering the gate, he saw a big monkey. Frightened at the sight of the animal, Don Juan was about to run away, when the animal called to him, and said, "Don Juan, I know that your purpose in coming here was to find your fortune; and at this very moment my daughter Chonguita will marry you."

The archbishop of the monkeys was called, and Don Juan and Chonguita were married without delay.

A few days afterwards Don Juan asked permission from his wife to go to the place where he and his brothers had agreed to meet. When Chonguita's mother heard that Don Juan was going away, she said to him, "If you are going away, take Chonguita with you."

Although Don Juan was ashamed to go with Chonguita because she was a monkey, he was forced to take her, and they set out together. When Don Juan met his two brothers and their beautiful wives at the appointed place, he could not say a word.

Don Diego, noticing the gloomy appearance of his brother, said, "What is the matter with you? Where is your wife, Don Juan?"

Don Juan sadly replied, "Here she is."

"Where?" asked Don Pedro.

"Behind me," replied Don Juan.

When Don Pedro and Don Diego saw the monkey, they were very much surprised. "Oh!" exclaimed Don Pedro. "What happened to you? Did you lose your head?"

Don Juan could say nothing to this question. At last, however, he broke out, "Let us go home! Our father must be waiting for us."

So saying, Don Juan turned around and began the journey. Don Pedro and Don Diego, together with their wives, followed Don Juan. Chonguita walked by her husband's side.

When the return of the three brothers was announced to the king, the monarch hastened to meet them on the stairs. Upon learning that one of his sons had married a monkey, the king fainted; but after he had recovered his senses, he said to himself, "This misfortune is God's will. I must therefore bear it with patience." The king then assigned a house to each couple to live in.

But the more the king thought of it, the greater appeared to be the disgrace that his youngest son had brought on the family. So one day he called his three sons together, and said to them, "Tell your wives that I want each one of them to make me an embroidered coat. The one who fails to do this within three days will be put to death."

Now, the king issued this order in the hope that Chonguita would be put to death, because he thought that she would not be able to make the coat; but his hope was disappointed. On the

their youngest brother, with them. He wasn't fit for anything.

Well, Boots had to stay behind, and he didn't know what to do or whither to turn; and so he grew so downcast, he got off his horse, and sat down in the tall grass to weep. But when he had sat a little while, one of the tufts in the grass began to stir and move, and out of it came a little white thing, and when it came nearer, Boots saw it was a charming little lassie, only such a tiny bit of a thing. So the lassie went up to him, and asked if he would come down below and see "Doll i' the Grass."

Yes, he'd be very happy; and so he went.

Now, when he got down, there sat Doll i' the Grass on a chair. She was so lovely and so smart, and she asked Boots wither he was going, and what was his business.

So he told her how there were twelve brothers of them, and how the king had given them horse and mail, and said they must each go out into the world and find them a wife who could spin, and weave, and sew a shirt in a day. "But if you'll only say at once you'll be my wife, I'll not go a step farther," said Boots to Doll i' the Grass.

Well, she was willing enough, and so she made haste and span, and wove, and sewed the shirt, but it was so tiny, tiny little. It wasn't longer than so ---- long.

So Boots set off home with it, but when he brought it out he was almost ashamed, it was so small. Still the king said he should have her, and so Boots set off, glad and happy to fetch his little sweetheart. So when he got to Doll i' the Grass, he wished to take her up before him on his horse; but she wouldn't have that, for she said she would sit and drive along in a silver spoon, and that she had two small white horses to draw her. So off they set, he on his horse and she on her silver spoon, and the two horses that drew her were two tiny white mice. But Boots always kept the other side of the road, he was so afraid lest he should ride over her, she was so little.

So when they had gone a bit of the way, they came to a great piece of water. Here Boots' horse got frightened, and shied across the road and upset the spoon, and Doll i' the Grass tumbled into the water. Then Boots got so sorrowful, because he didn't know how to get her out again. But in a little while up came a merman with her, and now she was as well and full grown as other men and women, and far lovelier than she had been before. So he took her up before him on his horse, and rode home.

When Boots got home all his brothers had come back, each with his sweetheart, but these were all so ugly, and foul, and wicked, that they had done nothing but fight with one another on the way home, and on their heads they had a kind of hat that was daubed over with tar and soot, and so the rain had run down off the hats onto their faces, till they got far uglier and nastier than they had been before.

When his brothers saw Boots and his sweetheart, they were all as jealous as jealous could be of her; but the king was so overjoyed with them both, that he drove all the others away, and so boots held his wedding feat with Doll i' the Grass, and after that they lived well and

happily together a long, long time, and if they're not dead, why they're alive still.

- Source: Peter Christen Asbjørnsen and Jørgen Moe, *Popular Tales from the Norse*, translated by George Webbe Dasent (Edinburgh: David Douglas, 1888), pp. 374-376.
- This tale differs from others in this group in that the "creature" discovered by the hero in his search for a bride is not a creepy, crawly thing, but rather a beautiful -- but diminutive -- human (or possibly elfin) female. However, in all other aspects this story follows the outline of a traditional type 402 folktale.
- Link to the above tale in Norwegian: Dukken i gresset av Peter Christen Asbjørnsen og Jørgen Moe.
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The She-Wolf

Croatia

There was an enchanted mill, so that no one could stay there, because a she-wolf always haunted it. A soldier went once into the mill to sleep. He made a fire in the parlor, went up into the garret above, bored a hole with an auger in the floor, and peeped down into the parlor.

A she-wolf came in and looked about the mill to see whether she could find anything to eat. She found nothing, and then went to the fire, and said, "Skin down! Skin down! Skin down!" She raised herself upon her hind-legs, and her skin fell down. She took the skin, and hung it on a peg, and out of the wolf came a damsel. The damsel went to the fire, and fell asleep there.

He came down from the garret, took the skin, nailed it fast to the mill-wheel, then came into the mill, shouted over her, and said, "Good morning, damsel! How do you do?

She began to scream, "Skin on me! Skin on me! Skin on me!" But the skin could not come down, for it was fast nailed.

The pair married and had two children.

As soon as the elder son got to know that his mother was a wolf, he said to her, "Mamma! Mamma! I have heard that you are a wolf."

His mother replied, "What nonsense are you talking! How can you say that I am a wolf?"

The father of the two children went one day into the field to plow, and his son said, "Papa, let me, too, go with you."

His father said, "Come."

When they had come to the field, the son asked his father, "Papa, is it true that our mother is a wolf?"

The father said, "It is."

The son inquired, "And where is her skin?"

His father said, "There it is, on the mill-wheel."

No sooner had the son got home, than he said at once to his mother, "Mamma! Mamma! You are a wolf! I know where your skin is."

His mother asked him, "Where is my skin?"

He said, "There, on the mill-wheel."

His mother said to him, "Thank you, sonny, for rescuing me." Then she went away, and was never heard of more.

- Source: A. H. Wratislaw, *Sixty Folk-Tales from Exclusively Slavonic Sources* (London: Elliot Stock, 1889), pp. 290-291.
- The motif of the stolen skin is also found in many tales from the Swan Maiden and the Mermaid Wife groups.
- "The She-Wolf" is, of course, a variant of the many werewolf legends that exist throughout Europe. Link to additional werewolf legends.
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Links to additional tales about animal brides

1. The Three Feathers (Germany, Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, *Children's and Household Tales,* no. 63).
2. The German text of the above tale: Die drei Federn von den Brüdern Grimm. This is a text from the Projekt Gutenberg-DE.
3. The Poor Miller's Boy and the Cat (Germany, Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, *Children's and Household Tales,* no. 106).
4. The German text of the above tale: Der arme Müllerbursch und das Kätzchen von den Brüdern Grimm. This is a text from the Projekt Gutenberg-DE.
5. The Frog (Italy). This link will take you to Andrew Lang's *The Violet Fairy Book* (London: Longmans, Green, and Company, 1901) at the University of Virginia's electronic text center.
6. Oisin in Tir na n-Og. Oisin (also spelled Ossian), the legendary Celtic hero and poet, marries a princess who through a Druidic spell has been cursed with the head of a pig.

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- D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.
- Animal Brides and Animal Bridegrooms: an index page of folktales about marriage with a beast.

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third day his daughters-in-law presented to him the coats that they had made, and the one embroidered by Chonguita was the prettiest of all.

Still anxious to get rid of the monkey wife, the king next ordered his daughters-in-law to embroider a cap for him in two days, under penalty of death in case of failure. The caps were all done on time.

At last, thinking of no other way by which he could accomplish his end, the king summoned his three daughters-in-law, and said, "The husband of the one who shall be able to draw the prettiest picture on the walls of my chamber within three days shall succeed me on the throne."

At the end of the three days the pictures were finished. When the king went to inspect them, he found that Chonguita's was by far the prettiest, and so Don Juan was crowned king.

A great feast was held in the palace in honor of the new king. In the midst of the festivities Don Juan became very angry with his wife for insisting that he dance with her, and he hurled her against the wall. At this brutal action the hall suddenly became dark; but after a while it became bright again, and Chonguita had been transformed into a beautiful woman.

- Source: Dean S. Fansler, *Filipino Popular Tales* (Lancaster and New York: American Folk-Lore Society, 1921), no. 29, pp. 244-246.
- Copyright 1921 by the American Folk-Lore Society.
- Fansler's source: "Narrated by Pilar Ejercito, a Tagalog from Pagsanjan, Laguna. She heard the story from her aunt, who had heard it when she was still a little girl."
- Fansler entitles this story simply "Chonguita."
- For comparison, follow this link to a collection of tales about Monkey Bridegrooms.
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The Dog Bride

India

Once upon a time there was a youth who used to herd buffaloes; and as he watched his animals graze he noticed that exactly at noon every day a she-dog used to make its way to a ravine, in which there were some pools of water. This made him curious and he wondered to whom it belonged and what it did in the ravine. So he decided to watch, and one day when the dog came he hid himself and saw that when it got to the water, it shed its dog skin, and out stepped a beautiful maiden and began to bathe. And when she had finished bathing she put on the skin and became a dog again, and went off to the village. The herdboy followed her and watched into what house she entered, and he inquired to whom the house belonged. Having found out all about it, he went back to his work.

That year the herdboy's father and mother decided that it was time for him to marry and began to look about for a wife for him. But he announced that he had made up his mind to have a dog for his wife, and he would never marry a human girl.

Everyone laughed at him for such an extraordinary idea, but he could not be moved. So at last they concluded that he must really have the soul of a dog in him, and that it was best to let him have his own way. So his father and mother asked him whether there was any particular dog he would like to have for his bride, and then he gave the name of the man into whose house he had tracked the dog that he had seen going to the ravine. The master of the dog laughed at the idea that anyone should wish to marry her, and gladly accepted a bride's price for her. So a day was fixed for the wedding and the booth built for the ceremony, and the bridegroom's party went to the bride's house, and the marriage took place in due form, and the bride was escorted to her husband's house.

Every night when her husband was asleep, the bride used to come out of the dog's skin and go out of the house. And when her husband found out this, he one night only pretended to go to sleep and lay watching her. And when she was about to leave the room he jumped up and caught hold of her and seizing the dog skin, threw it into the fire, where it was burnt to ashes. So his bride remained a woman, but she was of more than human beauty. This soon became known in the village, and everyone congratulated the herdboy on his wisdom in marrying a dog.

Now the herdboy had a friend named Jitu, and when Jitu saw what a prize his friend had got, he thought that he could not do better than marry a dog himself. His relations made no objection, and a bride was selected, and the marriage took place, but when they were putting vermilion on the bride's forehead she began to growl; but in spite of her growling they dragged her to the bridegroom's house, and forcibly anointed her with oil and turmeric. But when the bride's party set off home, the dog broke loose and ran after them. Then everyone shouted to Jitu to run after his bride and bring her back, but she only growled and bit at him, so that he had at last to give it up.

Then everyone laughed at him so much that he was too ashamed to speak, and two or three days later he hanged himself.

- Source: Cecil Henry Bompas, *Folklore of the Santal Parganas* (London: David Nutt, 1909), no. 85, pp. 254-256.
- From the preface: "The Santals are a Munda tribe, a branch of that aboriginal element which probably entered India from the northeast. At the present day they inhabit the eastern outskirts of the Chutia Nagpore plateau.... The Santal Parganas is a district 4800 square miles in area, lying about 150 miles north of Calcutta."
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The Cat Who Became a Queen

India

"Ah me! Ah me! What availeth my marriage with all these women? Never a son has the Deity vouchsafed me. Must I die, and my name be altogether forgotten in the land?" Thus soliloquized one of the greatest monarchs that ever reigned in Kashmir, and then went to his *zanána* [the apartment where his wives lived], and threatened his numerous wives with banishment if they did not bear him a son within the next year.

The women prayed most earnestly to the god Shiva to help them to fulfil the king's desire, and waited most anxiously for several months, hoping against hope, till at last they knew that it was all in vain, and that they must dissemble matters if they wished to remain in the royal household.

Accordingly, on an appointed time, word was sent to the king that one of his wives was *enciente*, and a little while afterwards the news was spread abroad that a little princess was born. But this, as we have said, was not so. Nothing of the kind had happened. The truth was, that a cat had given birth to a lot of kittens, one of which had been appropriated by the king's wives.

When his majesty heard the news he was exceedingly glad, and ordered the child to be brought to him -- a very natural request, which the king's wives had anticipated, and therefore were quite prepared with a reply. "Go and tell the king," said they to the messenger, "that the Brahmans have declared that the child must not be seen by her father until she is married." Thus the matter was hushed for a time.

Constantly did the king inquire after his daughter, and received wonderful accounts of her beauty and cleverness; so that his joy was great. Of course he would like to have had a son, but since the Deity had not condescended to fulfil his desire, he comforted himself with the thought of marrying his daughter to some person worthy of her, and capable of ruling the country after him. Accordingly, at the proper time he commissioned his counselors to find a suitable match for his daughter. A clever, good, and handsome prince was soon found, and arrangements for the marriage were quickly concluded.

What were the king's wives to do now? It was of no use for them to attempt to carry on their deceit any longer. The bridegroom would come and would wish to see his wife, and the king, too, would expect to see her.

"Better," said they, "that we send for this prince and reveal everything to him, and take our chance of the rest. Never mind the king. Some answer can be made to satisfy him for a while."

So they sent for the prince and told him everything, having previously made him swear that he would keep the secret, and not reveal it even to his father or mother. The marriage was celebrated in grand style, as became such great and wealthy kings, and the king was easily prevailed on to allow the palanquin containing the bride to leave the palace without looking at her. The cat only was in the palanquin, which reached the prince's country in safety. The prince took great care of the animal, which he kept locked up in his own private room, and would not allow anyone, not even his mother, to enter it.

One day, however, while the prince was away, his mother thought that she would go and speak to her daughter-in-law from outside the door. "O daughter-in-law," she cried, "I am very sorry that you are shut up in this room and not permitted to see anybody. It must be very dull for you. However, I am going out today; so you can leave the room without fear of seeing anyone. Will you come out?"

The cat understood everything, and wept much, just like a human being. Oh those bitter tears! They pierced the mother's heart, so that she determined to speak very strictly to her son on the matter as soon as he should return. They also reached the ears of Párvatí [the wife of Shiva], who at once went to her lord and entreated him to have mercy on the poor helpless cat.

"Tell her," said Shiva, "to rub some oil over her fur, and she will became a beautiful woman. She will find the oil in the room where she now is."

Párvatí lost no time in disclosing this glad news to the cat, who quickly rubbed the oil over its body, and was changed into the most lovely woman that ever lived. But she left a little spot on one of her shoulders which remained covered with cat's fur, lest her husband should suspect some trickery and deny her.

In the evening the prince returned and saw his beautiful wife, and was delighted. Then all anxiety as to what he should reply to his mother's earnest solicitations fled. She had only to see the happy, smiling, beautiful bride to know that her fears were altogether needless.

In a few weeks the prince, accompanied by his wife, visited his father-in-law, who, of course, believed the princess to be his own daughter, and was glad beyond measure. His wives too rejoiced, because their prayer had been heard and their lives saved. In due time the king settled his country on the prince, who eventually ruled over both countries, his father's and his father-in-law's, and thus became the most illustrious and wealthy monarch in the world.

- Source: J. Hinton Knowles, *Folk-Tales of Kashmir* (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Company, 1893), pp. 8-10.
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The Mouse Maiden

Sri Lanka

There are a king and a queen of a certain city, and there is a daughter of the queen.

They asked permission to summon the daughter to go in marriage to the prince of another city. The king said, "Ha," so they came from that city to summon the king's princess. After coming, they told the bride to come out of her chamber in order to eat the rice of the wedding feast.

The queen said, "She is eating cooked rice in the house."

Then they told her to come out in order to dress her in the robes sent by the bridegroom. The queen said, "She is putting on robes in her chamber."

Then they told her to come out in order to go to the bridegroom's city. So the queen told two persons to come, and, having put a female mouseling in an incense box, brought it, and gave it into the hands of the two persons, and said, "Take this, and until seven days have gone by, do not open the mouth of the box."

Having taken it to the city, when they opened the mouth of the box after seven days, a mouse sprang out, and hid itself among the cooking pots.

There was also a servant girl at the prince's house. The girl apportioned and gave cooked rice and vegetable curry to the prince, and covered up the cooking pots containing the rest of the food. Then the mouseling came and, having taken and eaten some of the cooked rice and vegetables, covered up the cooking pots, and went again among the pots.

On the following day the same thing occurred. The prince said to the girl, "Does the mouseling eat the cooked rice? Look and come back."

The girl, having gone and looked, came back and said, "She has eaten the cooked rice, and covered the cooking pots, and has gone."

The prince said, "Go also, and eat rice, and come back." So the girl went and ate rice, and returned.

Next day the prince said, "I am going to cut paddy (growing rice). Remain at the house, and in the evening place the articles for cooking near the hearth." Then the prince went. Afterwards, in the evening, the girl placed the things for cooking near the hearth, and went out of the way.

The mouseling came, and cooked, and placed the food ready, and again went behind the pots. After evening had come, that girl apportioned and gave the rice to the prince. The prince ate, and told the girl, "Go also, and eat rice, and come back." So the girl went and ate rice, and, having covered the cooking pots, came to the place where the prince was.

Then the mouseling came and ate rice, and covered up the pots. After that, she said to the other mice, "Let us go and cut the paddy," and, collecting a great number of mice, cut all the paddy, and again returned to the house, and stayed among the pots. Next day when the prince went to the rice field to cut the paddy, all had been cut.

Afterwards the prince came back, and, saying "Let us go and collect and stack the paddy," collected the men, and stacked it, and threshed it by trampling it with buffaloes. Then they went and called the women, and, having got rid of the chaff in the wind, brought the paddy home.

After they had brought it, the prince went near the place where the cooking pots were stored, at which the mouseling was hidden, and said, "Having pounded this paddy to remove the husk, and cooked rice, let us go to your village to present it to your parents as the first-fruits."

The mouseling said, "I will not. You go."

So the prince told the girl to pound the paddy and cook rice, and having done this she gave it to the prince.

The prince took the package of cooked rice, and went to the mouseling's village, and gave it to the mouseling's mother.

The queen asked at the hand of the prince, "Where is the girl?"

The prince said, "She refused to come."

The queen said, "Go back to the city, and, having placed the articles for cooking near the hearth, get hid, and stay in the house."

After the prince returned to the city, he did as she had told him. The mouseling, having come out, took off her mouse jacket, and, assuming her shape as a girl, put on other clothes. While she was preparing to cook, the prince took the mouse jacket and burnt it.

Afterwards, when the girl went to the place where the mouse jacket had been, and looked for it, it was not there. Then she looked in the hearth, and saw that there was one sleeve in it. While she was there weeping and weeping, the prince came forward and said, "Your mother told me to burn the mouse jacket."

So the mouseling became the princess again, and the prince and princess remained there.

- Source: H. Parker, *Village Folk Tales of Ceylon* (London: Luzac and Company, 1910), no. 54, pp. 295-298.
- Parker's source: A tom-tom beater from the Northwestern province.
- Punctuation revised by D. L. Ashliman.
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The Frog's Skin

Georgia

There were once three brothers who wished to marry. They said, "Let us each shoot an arrow, and each shall take his wife from the place where the arrow falls." They shot their arrows; those of the two elder brothers fell on noblemen's houses, while the youngest brother's arrow fell in a lake. The two elder brothers led home their noble wives, and the youngest went to the shore of the lake. He saw a frog creep out of the lake and sit down upon a stone. He took it up and carried it back to the house. All the brothers came home with what fate had given them; the elder brothers with the noble maidens, and the youngest with a frog.

The brothers went out to work. The wives prepared the dinner and attended to all their household duties. The frog sat by the fire croaking, and its eyes glittered. Thus they lived together a long time in love and harmony.

At last the sisters-in-law wearied of the sight of the frog. When they swept the house, they threw out the frog with the dust. If the youngest brother found it, he took it up in his hand; if not, the frog would leap back to its place by the fire and begin to croak. The noble sisters did not like this, and said to their husbands, "Drive this frog out, and get a real wife for your brother." Every day the brothers bothered the youngest.

He replied, saying, "This frog is certainly my fate. I am worthy of no better. I must be faithful to it." His sisters-in-law persisted in telling their husbands that the brother and his frog must be

sent away, and at last they agreed.

The young brother was now left quite desolate. There was no one to make his food, no one to stand watching at the door. For a short time a neighboring woman came to wait upon him, but she had not time, so he was left alone. The man became very melancholy.

Once when he was thinking sadly of his loneliness, he went to work. When he had finished his day's labor, he went home. He looked into his house and was struck with amazement. The sideboard was well replenished; in one place was spread a cloth, and on the cloth were many different kinds of tempting dishes. He looked and saw the frog in its place croaking. He said to himself that his sisters-in-law must have done this for him, and went to his work again. He was out all day working, and when he came home he always found everything prepared for him.

Once he said to himself, "I will see for once who is this unseen benefactor, who comes to do good to me and look after me." That day he stayed at home; he seated himself on the roof of the house and watched. In a short time the frog leaped out of the fireplace, jumped over to the doors, and all around the room. Seeing no one there, it went back and took off the frog's skin, put it near the fire, and came forth a beautiful maiden, fair as the sun; so lovely was she that the man could not imagine anything prettier. In the twinkling of an eye she had tidied everything, prepared the food, and cooked it. When everything was ready, she went to the fire, put on the skin again, and began to croak. When the man saw this he was very much astonished; he rejoiced exceedingly that God had granted him such happiness. He descended from the roof, went in, caressed his frog tenderly, and then sat down to his tasty supper.

The next day the man hid himself in the place where he had been the day before. The frog, having satisfied itself that nobody was there, stripped off its skin and began its good work. This time the man stole silently into the house, seized the frog's skin in his hand and threw it into the fire. When the maiden saw this she entreated him, she wept, and she said, "Do not burn it, or you shall surely be destroyed," but the man had burned it in a moment. "Now, if your happiness be turned to misery, it is not my fault," said the sorrow-stricken woman.

In a very short time the whole countryside knew that the man who had a frog now possessed in its place a lovely woman, who had come to him from heaven.

The lord of the country heard of this, and wished to take her from him. He called the beautiful woman's husband to him and said, "Sow a barnful of wheat in a day, or give me your wife." When he had spoken thus, the man was obliged to consent, and he went home melancholy.

When he went in he told his wife what had taken place. She reproached him, saying, "I told you what would happen if you did burn the skin, and you did not heed me; but I will not blame you. Be not sad; go in the morning to the edge of the lake from which I came, and call out, 'Mother and Father! I pray you, lend me your swift bullocks.' Lead them away with you, and the bullocks will in one day plow the fields and sow the grain." The husband did this.

He went to the edge of the lake and called out, "Mother and Father! I entreat you, lend me

Anti-Semitic Legends

translated and/or edited by

D. L. Ashliman
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These legends reflect an anti-Jewish sentiment long exhibited by European Christians. These tales, like their witchcraft analogs, illustrate a tragic and lengthy chapter in ecclesiastical history. Archives, like microscopes, often reveal root causes of sickness and evil. Our best hope of correcting the errors of the past lies in exposing their root causes to the light of day.

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13. Link to The Jew in the Thorns, tale number 110 from the *Children's and Household Tales* of Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm.
    - Link to the original German text: Der Jude im Dorn.
14. Link to The Golem: A Jewish Legend. The Golem was a man-and-magic-made monster created to protect Jews against the false accusations of ritual murder.

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The Jews' Stone

Austria

In the year 1462 in the village of Rinn in Tyrol a number of Jews convinced a poor farmer to surrender his small child to them in return for a large sum of money. They took the child out into the woods, where, on a large stone, they martyred it to death in the most unspeakable manner. From that time the stone has been called the Jews' Stone. Afterward they hung the mutilated body on a birch tree not far from a bridge.

The child's mother was working in a field when the murder took place. She suddenly thought of her child, and without knowing why, she was overcome with fear. Meanwhile, three drops of fresh blood fell onto her hand, one after the other. Filled with terror she rushed home and asked for her child. Her husband brought her inside and confessed what he had done. He was about to show her the money that would free them from poverty, but it had turned into leaves. Then the father became mad and died from sorrow, but the mother went out and sought her child. She found it hanging from the tree and, with hot tears, took it down and carried it to the church at Rinn. It is lying there to this day, and the people look on it as a holy child. They also brought the Jews' Stone there.

According to legend a shepherd cut down the birch tree, from which the child had hung, but when he attempted to carry it home he broke his leg and died from the injury.

- Source: Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, *Deutsche Sagen* (1816/1818), no. 353.
- Link to the original text: Der Judenstein.
- Link to a well documented study of the blood libel cult associated with the above legend, Medieval Sourcebook: A Blood Libel Cult: Anderl von Rinn, d. 1462, by Paul Halsall, Fordham University.
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The Girl Who Was Killed by Jews

Germany

In the year 1267 in Pforzheim an old woman, driven by greed, sold an innocent seven-year-old girl to the Jews. The Jews gagged her to keep her from crying out, cut open her veins, and surrounded her in order to catch her blood with cloths. The child soon died from the torture, and they weighted her down with stones and threw her into the Enz River.

A few days later little Margaret reached her little hand above the streaming water. A number of people, including the Margrave himself soon assembled. Some boatmen succeeded in pulling the child out of the water. She was still alive, but as soon as she had called for vengeance against her murderers, she died.

Suspicion fell upon the Jews, and they were all summoned to appear. As they approached the corpse, blood began to stream from its open wounds. The Jews and the old woman confessed the evil deed and were executed. The child's coffin, with an inscription, stands next to the bell rope near the entrance to the palace church at Pforzheim.

Children of the members the boatmen's guild unanimously pass the legend from generation to generation that at that time the Margrave rewarded their ancestors by freeing them from sentry duty in the city of Pforzheim "as long as the sun and the moon continue to shine." At the same time they were given the right to be represented by twenty-four boatmen, carrying arms and musical instruments, who parade and stand watch over the city every year at the Carnival celebration. This privilege applies even to this day.

- Source: Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, *Deutsche Sagen* (1816/1818), no. 354.
- Link to the original text: Das von den Juden getötete Mägdlein.
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Pfefferkorn the Jew at Halle

Germany

In the year 1515, or according to others 1514, on September 13, the Wednesday following Saint Aegidius' Day, at the Jewish cemetery near Moritz Castle, Johann Pfefferkorn, a baptized Jew from Halle, after having been tortured with red-hot pincers, was bound to a column with a chain fastened around his body in such a manner that he could walk around the column. Burning coals were place around him, then raked ever closer to him, until he was roasted and then burned to death. He had confessed that:

1. For about twenty years he had served as a priest, although he had never been ordained or consecrated.
2. He had stolen three consecrated hosts. He had kept one of them, martyring and piercing it. The other two he had sold to the Jews.
3. Having received one hundred guilder from the Jews, he had sworn an oath to them that he would poison Archbishop Albrecht of Magdeburg and Elector Joachim of Brandenburg, together with all of their court officials. This very nearly happened, for he was in possession of poison at the time of his arrest.
4. Likewise, to give poison to all the subjects of the Archbishoprics of Magdeburg and Halberstadt and to persecute them with arson.
5. He had stolen two children, one of whom he sold to the Jews. He himself helped them to martyr and pierce the one child, so they could collect its blood to mix with their excrement. Because it had red hair, he gave the other one away without harming it.
6. He had presented himself as a physician. However, instead of helping his patients, he gave them poison, thus killing fifteen people.
7. He had stolen a bound devil from a priest in Franconia, using it to practice sorcery. He later sold in for five guilders.
8. He had poisoned wells.

- Source: J. G. Th. Grässe, *Sagenbuch des Preußischen Staats*, vol. 1 (Glogau: Verlag von Carl Flemming, 1868), no. 339, p. 301.
- Grässe's source is Olearius, *Halygraphia Topo-Chronol.; oder, Ort- und Zeitbeschreibung der Stadt Halle in Sachsen* (Halle, 1667), p. 231.
- There seems to be a chronological inconsistency in the chronology, because Saint Aegidius' Day is September 1.

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The Expulsion of the Jews from Prussia

Germany

The Jews were expelled from Prussia under Grand Master Ludolph König, for the following reason:

> At the time of this Grand Master in the city of Schwetz there lived a fisherman who had but little luck fishing on the Weichsel River and who was therefore very poor. One day a Jew came to him and taught him how he could take a consecrated host, place it in his net, and thus catch as many fish as he wanted.
>
> The poor man followed the Jew's advice. Whenever he participated in the sacrament of the Lord's supper, he did not swallow the Lord's flesh but instead secretly took it from his mouth, then caught many fish with it, and became a rich man.
>
> One year afterward the Jew was imprisoned for other misdeeds, and he also confessed to what he had taught the fisherman. The fisherman learned what had happened, jumped quickly into his boat, and escaped. However, the Jew was executed, and all of his fellow Jews were expelled from the land.

From that time forth no Jews have been allowed to enter Prussia, except to attend the Twelfth-Night Fair at Thorn, and even then they must be escorted and must wear a sign on their clothing so they can be recognized.

- Source: W. A. J. von Tettau and J. D. H. Temme, *Die Volkssagen Ostpreußens, Litthauens und Westpreußens* (Berlin: In der Nikolaischen Buchhandlung, 1837), no. 71.
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The Bloody Children of the Jews

Germany

Between about 1492 and 1500 in many areas of Germany, for example in Brandenburg and in Mecklenburg, the Jews were committing all kinds of godless sins, especially the desecration of the holy sacrament. For this reason they were expelled from the country by their lords. Duke Bogislav of Pomerania was among those who expelled the Jews, many of whom at that time were living at Damm near Stettin, at Bart, and in all the small towns in the country.

Among these Jews there were a man and a woman who had themselves baptized. The Duke allowed them to stay, and they moved to the vicinity of Lake Trieb. However, their baptism was only for the sake of appearance, and in reality they remained Jews. For this reason, they were visibly punished by God.

Every time the woman gave birth to a child, it came to the earth with a bloody hand. Because the Christian women observed this, everyone shied away from them, and no one wanted to have anything to do with them. Therefore the Jew and his wife moved away from Lake Trieb, first to Lassahn, and then to Usedom. But the curse followed them wherever they went, until they finally underwent a spiritual conversion and confessed that previously they had remained Jews in their hearts.

- Source: J. D. H. Temme, *Die Volkssagen von Pommern und Rügen* (Berlin: In der Nikolaischen Buchhandlung, 1840), no. 81.
- Temme's source is Thomas Kantzow, *Pomerania*, 2 vols. (Greifswald, 1816/1817).
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The Imprisoned Jew at Magdeburg

Germany

At the time of Bishop Conrad of Magdeburg, who was born a Count of Sternberg, and who died in the year 1278, a Jew fell into a privy on a Saturday. Because it was the Sabbath, the Jews would not pull him out, nor would they allow Christians to do so, because the Jew would have had to help by grabbing hold with his hands.

The Bishop was so outraged by this superstition that the following day, Sunday -- the Christian Sabbath, he decreed that the Jews would have to keep the Christian Sabbath as well. Thus the poor fool had to spend two days and two nights stuck in a privy.

- Source: J. D. H. Temme, *Die Volkssagen der Altmark, mit einem Anhange von Sagen aus den übrigen Marken und aus dem Magdeburgischen* (Berlin: In der Nicolaischen Buchhandlung, 1839), p. 133.
- Another version of this legend can be found in J. G. Th. Grässe, *Sagenbuch des Preußischen Staats* (Glogau: Verlag von Carl Flemming, 1868), vol. 1, no. 277, pp. 229-230.
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The Chapel of the Holy Body at Magdeburg

Germany

In the year 1315 a thief broke into Saint Paul's Church in Magdeburg during the night and stole a box containing consecrated hosts, which were used for the sacrament. The next morning he took them to Saint Peter's Church, intending to place them on the altar there. However, he changed his mind and threw the sacrament into a puddle between the paving stones behind the churchyard. He turned the box over to the Jews.

Now it happened that someone came by with a water cart that was used to carry water from the River Elbe for the purpose of beer brewing. The horses stopped when they came to the place where the sacrament was lying, and they would not proceed. The cart driver became aware of the sacrament lying there, and a miller, who just happened upon the scene, picked it

up with his sword.

They soon discovered who the thief was. He was captured in the clothing market with the Jews and was afterward dragged to death.

In commemoration of this miracle, the citizens built a chapel where the sacrament had been found. The chapel was named the Chapel of the Holy Body. Inside they painted a mural depicting the event and hung the sword that had been used to pick up the sacrament.

The chapel was still standing behind the Saint Mary Magdalene Convent until a short time ago. One could enter the chapel either from the convent or from the churchyard.

Inside the chapel there was also a well and an iron bucket with which one could draw water.

- Source: J. D. H. Temme, *Die Volkssagen der Altmark, mit einem Anhange von Sagen aus den übrigen Marken und aus dem Magdeburgischen* (Berlin: In der Nicolaischen Buchhandlung, 1839), pp. 133-134.
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The Lost Jew

Germany

Eighty-one year old Frau Bandow from Fünfeichen narrated:

> Once in my life I saw the lost Jew. One afternoon I was home alone when a youthful Jewish man entered my house. He wanted neither to buy nor to sell anything, but with his Jewish accent asked me for a bite of bread.
>
> I said to him, "You won't like our coarse peasant bread," to which he replied, "I will like it, if the lady would just give me some."
>
> I then asked him, "Have you come a long way?"
>
> He answered, "My way is long! I must travel forever throughout the world!" With that he left, but a short time later he returned and asked again for a bite of bread.
>
> I immediately said to myself, "Today you have seen the lost Jew," but to make sure I asked the preacher. He listened to my story and said that he could not prove it, but that the belief was there.

This answer only strengthened the woman's opinion, which was further verified through an innkeeper's wife from a neighboring village, where the Jew had stayed overnight. She reported that he had eaten nothing and that he had not slept. She had prepared a place for him to lie down, but he paced back and forth in the sitting room the entire night.

Even in her old age, the woman who told this story took great pleasure that she had had the good fortune to have seen the lost Jew.

- Source: Karl Gander, *Niederlausitzer Volkssagen, vornehmlich aus dem Stadt- und Landkreis Guben* (Berlin: Deutsche Schriftsteller-Genossenschaft, 1894), no. 41, pp. 14-15.
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The Story of Judas

Italy

You must know that Judas was the one who betrayed Jesus Christ.

Now when Judas betrayed him, his Master said: "Repent, Judas, for I pardon you."

But Judas, not at all! He departed with his bag of money, in despair and cursing heaven and earth. What did he do? While he was going along thus desperate he came across a tamarind tree. (You must know that the tamarind was formerly a large tree, like the olive and walnut.) When he saw this tamarind a wild thought entered his mind, remembering the treason he had committed. He made a noose in a rope and hung himself to the tamarind. And hence it is (because this traitor Judas was cursed by God) that the tamarind tree dried up, and from that time on it ceased growing up into a tree and became a short, twisted, and tangled bush; and its wood is good for nothing, neither to burn, nor to make anything out of, and all on account of Judas, who hanged himself on it.

Some say that the soul of Judas went to the lowest hell, to suffer the most painful torments; but I have heard, from older persons who can know, that Judas's soul has a severer sentence. They say that it is in the air, always wandering about the world, without being able to rise higher or fall lower; and every day, on all the tamarind shrubs that it meets, it sees its body hanging and torn by the dogs and birds of prey. They say that the pain he suffers cannot be told, and that it makes the flesh creep to think of it. And thus Jesus Christ condemned him for his great treason.

- Source: Thomas Frederick Crane, *Italian Popular Tales* (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company, 1885), no. 56, pp. 195-196.
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Malchus at the Column

Italy

Malchus was the head of the Jews who killed our Lord. The Lord pardoned them all, and likewise the good thief, but he never pardoned Malchus, because it was he who gave the Madonna a blow.

He is confined under a mountain, and condemned to walk around a column, without resting, as long as the world lasts. Every time that he walks about the column he gives it a blow in memory of the blow he gave the mother of our Lord. He has walked around the column so long that he has sunk into the ground. He is now up to his neck. When he is under, head and all, the world will come to an end, and God will then send him to the place prepared for him.

He asks all those who go to see him (for there are such) whether children are yet born; and when they say yes, he gives a deep sigh and resumes his walk, saying: "The time is not yet!" for before the world comes to an end there will be no children born for seven years.

- Source: Thomas Frederick Crane, *Italian Popular Tales* (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company, 1885), no. 58, p. 197.
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Buttadeu

Sicily

It was in winter, and my good father was at Sacalone, in the warehouse, warming himself at the fire, when he saw a man enter, dressed differently from the people of that region, with breeches striped in yellow, red, and black, and his cap the same way. My good father was frightened. "Oh!" he said, "what is this person?"

"Do not be afraid," the man said. "I am called Buttadeu."

"Oh!" said my father, "I have heard you mentioned. Be pleased to sit down a while a tell me something."

"I cannot sit, for I am condemned by my God always to walk." And while he was speaking he was always walking up and down and had no rest. Then he said: "Listen. I am going away; I leave you, in memory of me, this, that you must say a *credo* at the right hand of our Lord, and five other *credos* at his left, and a *salve regina* to the Virgin, for the grief I suffer on account of her son. I salute you."

"Farewell."

"Farewell, my name is Buttadeu."

- Source: Thomas Frederick Crane, *Italian Popular Tales* (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company, 1885), no. 59, pp. 197-198.
- This story was reported by the daughter of a certain Antonino Caseio, a peasant of Salaparuta
- The name *Buttadeu* comes from buttari, to thrust away, and deu, God; or, in popular terms, "the Jew who repulsed Jesus Christ."
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The Eternal Jew on the Matterhorn

Switzerland

Mount Matter beneath the Matterhorn in Valais is a high glacier from which the Vispa River flows. According to popular legend, an imposing city existed there ages ago. The Wandering Jew (as many Swiss call the Eternal Jew) came there once and said: "When I pass this way a second time there will be nothing but trees and rocks where you now see houses and streets.

And when my path leads me here a third time, there will be nothing but snow and ice."

And now nothing can be seen there but snow and ice.

- Source: Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, *Deutsche Sagen* (1816/1818), no. 344
- Link to the original text: Der ewige Jud auf dem Matterhorn.
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as recorded by Geoffrey of Monmouth, Sir Thomas Malory, and Others

assembled by

D. L. Ashliman
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- *The British History of Geoffrey of Monmouth*, translated from the Latin by A. Thompson; a new edition revised and corrected by J. A. Giles (London: James Bohn, 1842). Written in Latin under the title *Historia Regum Britanniae*; completed about 1136.
- Sir Thomas Malory, *Le Morte d'Arthur*, edited by John Rhys, vol. 1 (London: J. M. Dent and Sons, 1906). First published in 1485 by William Caxton.
- Sir Thomas Malory, *Le Morte d'Arthur*, edited by John Rhys, vol. 2 (London: J. M. Dent and Sons, 1906). First published in 1485 by William Caxton.
- Alfred, Lord Tennyson, *Idyls of the King* (Boston: Ticknor and Fields, 1866).

1. Arthur's Conception and Birth.
2. Arthur Is Chosen King.
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4. Arthur Marries Guinevere.
5. Arthur Kills a Giant at Mont-Saint-Michel.
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Geoffrey of Monmouth

After this victory [over a Saxon army led by Octa and Eosa] Uther [King of Britain] repaired to the city of Alclud, where he settled the affairs of that province, and restored peace everywhere. He also made a progress round all the countries of the Scots, and tamed the fierceness of that rebellious people, by such a strict administration of justice, as none of his predecessors had exercised before, so that in his time offenders were everywhere under great terror, since they were sure of being punished without mercy. At last, when he had established peace in the northern provinces, he went to London, and commanded Octa and Eosa to be kept in prison there.

The Easter following he ordered all the nobility of the kingdom to meet him at that city, in order to celebrate that great festival; in honour of which he designed to wear his crown. The summons was everywhere obeyed, and there was a great concourse from all cities to celebrate the day. So the king observed the festival with great solemnity, as he had designed, and very joyfully entertained his nobility, of whom there was a very great muster, with their wives and daughters, suitably to the magnificence of the banquet prepared for them. And having been received with joy by the king, they also expressed the same in their deportment before him.

- Geoffrey of Monmouth calls this sword *Caliburnus*, a Latinized form of *Excalubur*.
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Arthur Marries Guinevere

The Account of Geoffrey of Monmouth

At length, when the whole country was reduced [restored] by him [Arthur] to its ancient state, he took to wife Guanhumara [Guinevere], descended from a noble family of Romans, who was educated under Duke Cador, and in beauty surpassed all the women of the island.

- Source: Geoffrey of Monmouth, book 9, ch. 9, p. 186.

The Account of Sir Thomas Malory

In the beginning of Arthur, after he was chosen king by adventure and by grace; for the most part of the barons knew not that he was Uther Pendragon's son, but as Merlin made it openly known. But yet many kings and lords held great war against him for that cause, but well Arthur overcame them all, for the most part the days of his life he was ruled much by the counsel of Merlin.

So it fell on a time King Arthur said unto Merlin, "My barons will let me have no rest, but needs I must take a wife, and I will none take but by thy counsel and by thine advice."

"It is well done," said Merlin, "that ye take a wife, for a man of your bounty and noblesse should not be without a wife. Now is there any that ye love more than another?"

"Yea," said King Arthur, "I love Guenever [Guinevere] the king's daughter, Leodegrance of the land of Cameliard, the which holdeth in his house the Table Round that ye told he had of my father Uther. And this damosel is the most valiant and fairest lady that I know living, or yet that ever I could find."

"Sir," said Merlin, "as of her beauty and fairness she is one of the fairest on live, but, an ye loved her not so well as ye do, I should find you a damosel of beauty and of goodness that should like you and please you, an your heart were not set; but there as a man's heart is set, he will be loth to return."

"That is truth," said King Arthur.

But Merlin warned the king covertly that Guenever was not wholesome for him to take to wife, for he warned him that Launcelot should love her, and she him again....

Then Merlin desired of the king for to have men with him that should enquire of Guenever, and so the king granted him, and Merlin went forth unto King Leodegrance of Cameliard, and told him of the desire of the king that he would have unto his wife Guenever his daughter.

"That is to me," said King Leodegrance, "the best tidings that ever I heard, that so worthy a king of prowess and noblesse will wed my daughter. And as for my lands, I will give him, wist

I it might please him, but he hath lands enow, him needeth none, but I shall send him a gift shall please him much more, for I shall give him the Table Round, the which Uther Pendragon gave me, and when it is full complete, there is an hundred knights and fifty. And as for an hundred good knights I have myself, but I fawte fifty, for so many have been slain in my days."

And so Leodegrance delivered his daughter Guenever unto Merlin, and the Table Round with the hundred knights, and so they rode freshly, with great royalty, what by water and what by land, till that they came nigh unto London.

- Source: Malory, book 3, ch. 1, pp. 71-72.
- Arthur's wife's name is variously given as *Guenever*, *Guinevere*, and the Latinized form *Guanhumara*. The modern English form is *Jennifer*.
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Arthur Kills a Giant at Mont-Saint-Michel

Geoffrey of Monmouth

In the meantime Arthur had news brought him, that a giant of monstrous size was come from the shores of Spain, and had forcibly taken away Helena, the niece of Duke Hoel, from her guard, and fled with her to the top of that which is now called Michael's Mount [Mont-Saint-Michel in Normandy]; and that the soldiers of the country who pursued him were able to do nothing against him. For whether they attacked him by sea or land, he either overturned their ships with vast rocks, or killed them with several sorts of darts, besides many of them that he took and devoured half alive.

The next night, therefore, at the second hour, Arthur, taking along with him Caius the sewer, and Bedver the butler, went out privately from the camp, and hastened towards the mountain. For being a man of undaunted courage, he did not care to lead his army against such monsters; both because he could in this manner animate his men by his own example, and also because he was alone sufficient to deal with them.

As soon as they came near the mountain, they saw a fire burning upon the top of it, and another on a lesser mountain, that was not far from it. And being in doubt upon which of them the giant dwelt, they sent away Bedver to know the certainty of the matter. So he, finding a boat, sailed over in it first to the lesser mountain, to which he could in no other way have access, because it was situated in the sea. When he had begun to climb up to the top of it, he was at first frightened with a dismal howling cry of a woman from above, and imagined the monster to be there; but quickly rousing up his courage, he drew his sword, and having reached the top, found nothing but the fire which he had before seen at a distance.

He discovered also a grave newly made, and an old woman weeping and howling by it, who at the sight of him instantly cried out in words interrupted with sighs, "O, unhappy man, what misfortune brings you to this place? O the inexpressible tortures of death that you must suffer! I pity you, I pity you, because the detestable monster will this night destroy the flower of your youth. For that most wicked and odious giant, who brought the duke's niece, whom I

have just now buried here, and me, her nurse, along with her into this mountain, will come and immediately murder you in a most cruel manner. O deplorable fate! This most illustrious princess, sinking under the fear her tender heart conceived, while the foul monster would have embraced her, fainted away and expired. And when he could not satiate his brutish lust upon her, who was the very soul, joy, and happiness of my life, being enraged at the disappointment of his bestial desire, he forcibly committed a rape upon me, who (let God and my old age witness) abhorred his embraces. Fly, dear sir, fly, for fear he may come, as he usually does, to lie with me, and finding you here most barbarously butcher you."

Bedver, moved at what she said, as much as it is possible for human nature to be, endeavoured with kind words to assuage her grief, and to comfort her with the promise of speedy help; and then returned back to Arthur, and gave him an account of what he had met with. Arthur very much lamented the damsel's sad fate, and ordered his companions to leave him to deal with him alone; unless there was an absolute necessity, and then they were to come in boldly to his assistance. From hence they went directly to the next mountain, leaving their horses with their armour-bearers, and ascended to the top, Arthur leading the way.

The deformed savage was then by the fire, with his face besmeared with the clotted blood of swine, part of which he had already devoured, and was roasting the remainder upon spits by the fire. But at the sight of them, whose appearance was a surprise to him, he hastened to his club, which two strong men could hardly lift from the ground. Upon this the king drew his sword, and guarding himself with his shield, ran with all his speed to prevent his getting it. But the other, who was not ignorant of his design, had by this time snatched it up, and gave the king such a terrible blow upon his shield, that he made the shores ring with the noise, and perfectly stunned the king's ears with it.

Arthur, fired with rage at this, lifted up his sword, and gave him a wound in the forehead, which was not indeed mortal, but yet such as made the blood gush out over his face and eyes, and so blinded him; for he had partly warded off the stroke from his forehead with his club, and prevented its being fatal. However, his loss of sight, by reason of the blood flowing over his eyes, made him exert himself with greater fury, and like an enraged boar against a hunting-spear, so did he rush in against Arthur's sword, and grasping him about the waist, forced him down upon his knees. But Arthur, nothing daunted, slipped out of his hands, and so bestirred himself with his sword, that he gave the giant no respite till he had struck it up to the very back through his skull. At this the hideous monster raised a dreadful roar, and like an oak torn up from the roots by the winds, so did he make the ground resound with his fall.

Arthur, bursting out into a fit of laughter at the sight, commanded Bedver to cut off his head, and give it to one of the armour-bearers, who was to carry it to the camp, and there expose it to public view, but with orders for the spectators of this combat to keep silence.... After this victory, they returned at the second watch of the night to the camp with the head; to see which there was a great concourse of people, all extolling this wonderful exploit of Arthur, by which he had freed the country from a most destructive and voracious monster. But Hoel, in great grief for the loss of his niece, commanded a mausoleum to be built over her body in the mountain where she was buried, which, taking the damsel's name, is called *Helena's Tomb* to this day.

- Source: Geoffrey of Monmouth, book 10, ch. 3, pp. 205-208.
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Mordred's Treachery.

The Account of Geoffrey of Monmouth

Arthur, after he had completed his victory [over a Roman army], gave orders for separating the bodies of his nobility from those of the enemy, and preparing a pompous funeral for them; and that, when ready, they should be carried to the abbeys of their respective countries, there to be honourably buried.

...

At the beginning of the following summer, as he was on his march towards Rome, and was beginning to pass the Alps, he had news brought him that his nephew Modred [Mordred], to whose care he had entrusted Britain, had by tyrannical and treasonable practices set the crown upon his own head; and that Queen Guanhumara [Guinevere], in violation of her first marriage, had wickedly married him.

- Source: Geoffrey of Monmouth, book 10, ch. 13, pp. 224-25.

The Account of Sir Thomas Malory

As Sir Mordred was ruler of all England [commissioned by Arthur to rule in the latter's absence], he did do make letters as though that they came from beyond the sea, and the letters specified that King Arthur was slain in battle with Sir Launcelot. Wherefore Sir Mordred made a parliament, and called the lords together, and there he made them to choose him king; and so was he crowned at Canterbury, and held a feast there fifteen days; and afterward he drew him unto Winchester, and there he took the Queen Guenever, and said plainly that he would wed her which was his uncle's wife and his father's wife.

And so he made ready for the feast, and a day prefixed that they should be wedded; wherefore Queen Guenever was passing heavy. But she durst not discover her heart, but spake fair, and agreed to Sir Mordred's will.

Then she desired of Sir Mordred for to go to London, to buy all manner of things that longed unto the wedding. And by cause of her fair speech Sir Mordred trusted her well enough, and gave her leave to go. And so when she came to London she took the Tower of London, and suddenly in all haste possible she stuffed it with all manner of victual, and well garnished it with men, and so kept it.

Then when Sir Mordred wist and understood how he was beguiled, he was passing wroth out of measure. And a short tale for to make, he went and laid a mighty siege about the Tower of London, and made many great assaults thereat, and threw many great engines unto them, and shot great guns. But all might not prevail Sir Mordred, for Queen Guenever would never for fair speech nor for foul, would never trust to come in his hands again.

Then came the Bishop of Canterbury, the which was a noble clerk and an holy man, and thus he said to Sir Mordred: "Sir, what will ye do? Will ye first displease God and sithen shame yourself, and all knighthood? Is not King Arthur your uncle, no farther but your mother's brother, and on her himself King Arthur begat you upon his own sister, therefore how may you wed your father's wife? Sir," said the noble clerk, "leave this opinion or I shall curse you with book and bell and candle."

"Do thou thy worst," said Sir Mordred, "wit thou well I shall defy thee."

"Sir," said the Bishop, "and wit you well I shall not fear me to do that me ought to do. Also where ye noise where my lord Arthur is slain, and that is not so, and therefore ye will make a foul work in this land."

"Peace, thou false priest," said Sir Mordred, "for an thou chafe me any more I shall make strike off thy head."

So the Bishop departed and did the cursing in the most orgulist wise that might be done.

And then Sir Mordred sought the Bishop of Canterbury, for to have slain him. Then the Bishop fled, and took part of his goods with him, and went nigh unto Glastonbury; and there he was as priest hermit in a chapel, and lived in poverty and in holy prayers, for well he understood that mischievous war was at hand.

Then Sir Mordred sought on Queen Guenever by letters and sondes, and by fair means and foul means, for to have her to come out of the Tower of London; but all this availed not, for she answered him shortly, openly and privily, that she had lever slay herself than to be married with him.

Then came word to Sir Mordred that King Arthur had araised the siege for Sir Launcelot, and he was coming homeward with a great host, to be avenged upon Sir Mordred; wherefore Sir Mordred made write writs to all the barony of this land, and much people drew to him. For then was the common voice among them that with Arthur was none other life but war and strife, and with Sir Mordred was great joy and bliss. Thus was Sir Arthur depraved, and evil said of. And many there were that King Arthur had made up of nought, and given them lands, might not then say him a good word.

Lo ye all Englishmen, see ye not what a mischief here was! for he that was the most king and knight of the world, and most loved the fellowship of noble knights, and by him they were all upholden, now might not these Englishmen hold them content with him. Lo thus was the old custom and usage of this land; and also men say that we of this land have not yet lost nor forgotten that custom and usage. Alas, this is a great default of us Englishmen, for there may no thing please us no term. And so fared the people at that time, they were better pleased with Sir Mordred than they were with King Arthur; and much people drew unto Sir Mordred, and said they would abide with him for better and for worse.

And so Sir Mordred drew with a great host to Dover, for there he heard say that Sir Arthur would arrive, and so he thought to beat his own father from his lands; and the most part of all

England held with Sir Mordred, the people were so new fangle.

- Source: Sir Thomas Malory, book 21, ch. 1, pp. 379-81.
- Mordred is variously known as Mordred, Modred, Medraut, or Medrod.
- The confusion as to whether Arthur is Mordred's uncle or his father is clarified in the above account: as the offspring of an incestuous relationship between Arthur and Arthur's sister, Mordred is at the same time Arthur's son and Arthur's nephew.
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Arthur's Death

The Account of Geoffrey of Monmouth

As soon, therefore, as the report of this flagrant wickedness [Mordred's act of treason] reached him, he immediately desisted from his enterprise against Leo, king of the Romans; and having sent away Hoel, duke of the Armoricans, with the army of Gaul, to restore peace in those parts, returned back with speed to Britain, attended only by the kings of the islands, and their armies.

But the wicked traitor, Modred, had sent Cheldric, the Saxon leader, into Germany, there to raise all the forces he could find, and return with all speed; and in consideration of this service, had promised him all that part of the island, which reaches from the Humber to Scotland, and whatever Hengist and Horsus had possessed of Kent in the time of Vortegirn. So that he, in obedience to his commands, had arrived with eight hundred ships filled with pagan soldiers, and had entered into covenant to obey the traitor as his sovereign; who had also drawn to his assistance the Scots, Picts, Irish, and all others whom he knew to be enemies to his uncle. His whole army, taking pagans and Christians together, amounted to eighty thousand men; with the help of whom he met Arthur just after his landing at the port of Rutupi, and joining battle with him, made a very great slaughter of his men. For the same day fell Augusel, king of Albania [Scotland], and Walgan, the king's nephew, with innumerable others. Augusel was succeeded in his kingdom by Eventus, his brother Urian's son, who afterwards performed many famous exploits in those wars. After they had at last, with much difficulty, got ashore, they paid back the slaughter, and put Modred and his army to flight. For, by long practice in war, they had learned an excellent way of ordering their forces; which was so managed, that while their foot were employed either in an assault or upon the defensive, the horse would come in at full speed obliquely, break through the enemy's ranks, and so force them to flee. Nevertheless, this perjured usurper got his forces together again, and the night following entered Winchester. As soon as Queen Guanhumara heard this, Queen Guanshe, she immediately, despairing of success, fled from York to the City of Legions, where she resolved to lead a chaste life among the nuns in the church of Julius the Martyr, and enter herself one of their order.

But Arthur, whose anger was now much more inflamed, upon the loss of so many hundreds of his fellow soldiers, after he had buried his slain, went on the third day to the city, and there besieged the traitor, who, notwithstanding, was unwilling to desist from his enterprise, but used all methods to encourage his adherents, and marching out with his troops prepared to fight his uncle.

In the battle that followed hereupon, great numbers lost their lives on both sides; but at last Modred's army suffered most, so that he was forced to quit the field shamefully. From hence he made a precipitate flight, and, without taking any care for the burial of his slain, marched in haste towards Cornwall.

Arthur, being inwardly grieved that he should so often escape, forthwith pursued him into that country as far as the river Cambula, where the other was expecting his coming. And Modred, as he was the boldest of men, arid always the quickest at making an attack, immediately placed his troops in order, resolving either to conquer or die, rather than continue his flight any longer. He had yet remaining with him sixty thousand men, out of whom he composed three bodies, which contained each of them six thousand six hundred and sixty-six men; but all the rest he joined in one body; and having assigned to each of the other parties their leaders, he took the command of this upon himself. After he had made this disposition of his forces, he endeavoured to animate them, and promised them the estates of their enemies if they came off with victory.

Arthur, on the other side, also marshalled his army, which he divided into nine square companies, with a right and left wing; and having appointed to each of them their commanders, exhorted them to make a total rout of those robbers and perjured villains, who, being brought over into the island from foreign countries at the instance of the arch-traitor, were attempting to rob them of all their honours. He likewise told them that a mixed army composed of barbarous people of so many different countries, and who were all raw soldiers and inexperienced in war, would never be able to stand against such brave veteran troops as they were, provided they did their duty. After this encouragement given by each general to his fellow soldiers, the battle on a sudden began with great fury; wherein it would be as well grievous as tedious to relate the slaughter, the cruel havoc, and the excess of fury that was to be seen on both sides. In this manner they spent a good part of the day, till Arthur at last made a push with his company, consisting of six thousand six hundred and sixty-six men, against that in which he knew Modred was; and having opened a way with their swords, they pierced quite through it, and made a grievous slaughter. For in this assault fell the wicked traitor himself, and many thousands with him. But notwithstanding the loss of him, the rest did not flee, but running together from all parts of the field, maintained their ground with an undaunted courage.

The fight now grew more furious than ever, and proved fatal to almost all the commanders and their forces. For on Modred's side fell Cheldric, Elasius, Egbrict, and Bunignus, Saxons; Gillapatric, Gillamor, Gistafel, and Gillarius, Irish; also the Scots and Picts, with almost all their leaders; on Arthur's side, Olbrict, king of Norway; Aschillius, king of Dacia; Cador Limenic Cassibellaun, with many thousands of others, as well Britons as foreigners, that he had brought with him. And even the renowned King Arthur himself was mortally wounded; and being carried thence to the isle of Avallon to be cured of his wounds, he gave up the crown of Britain to his kinsman Constantine, the son of Cador, duke of Cornwall, in the five hundred and forty-second year of our Lord's incarnation.

- Source: Geoffrey of Monmouth, book 11, ch. 1-2, pp. 226-30.
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The Account of Sir Thomas Malory

And so as Sir Mordred was at Dover with his host, there came King Arthur with a great navy of ships, and galleys, and carracks. And there was Sir Mordred ready awaiting upon his landing, to let his own father to land upon the land that he was king over. Then there was launching of great boats and small, and full of noble men of arms; and there was much slaughter of gentle knights, and many a full bold baron was laid full low, on both parties. But King Arthur was so courageous that there might no manner of knights let him to land, and his knights fiercely followed him; and so they landed maugre Sir Mordred and all his power, and put Sir Mordred aback, that he fled and all his people. So when this battle was done, King Arthur let bury his people that were dead.

...

And then the king let search all the towns for his knights that were slain, and interred them; and salved them with soft salves that so sore were wounded. Then much people drew unto King Arthur. And then they said that Sir Mordred warred upon King Arthur with wrong. And then King Arthur drew him with his host down by the seaside westward toward Salisbury; and there was a day assigned betwixt King Arthur and Sir Mordred, that they should meet upon a down beside Salisbury, and not far from the seaside; and this day was assigned on a Monday after Trinity Sunday, whereof King Arthur was passing glad, that he might be avenged upon Sir Mordred.

...

Then were they condescended that King Arthur and Sir Mordred should meet betwixt both their hosts, and every each of them should bring fourteen persons; and they came with this word unto Arthur.

Then said he: "I am glad that this is done."

And so he went into the field.

And when Arthur should depart, he warned all his host that an they see any sword drawn: "Look ye come on fiercely, and slay that traitor, Sir Mordred, for I in no wise trust him."

In likewise Sir Mordred warned his host that: "An ye see any sword drawn, look that ye come on fiercely, and so slay all that ever before you standeth; for in no wise I will not trust for this treaty, for I know well my father will be avenged on me."

And so they met as their appointment was, and so they were agreed and accorded thoroughly; and wine was fetched, and they drank. Right soon came an adder out of a little heath bush, and it stung a knight on the foot. And when the knight felt him stung, he looked down and saw the adder, and then he drew his sword to slay the adder, and thought of none other harm. And when the host on both parties saw that sword drawn, then they blew beamous, trumpets, and horns, and shouted grimly. And so both hosts dressed them together.

And King Arthur took his horse, and said: "Alas this unhappy day!" and so rode to his party.

And Sir Mordred in likewise.

And never was there seen a more dolefuller battle in no Christian land; for there was but rushing and riding, foining and striking, and many a grim word was there spoken either to other, and many a deadly stroke. But ever King Arthur rode throughout the battle of Sir Mordred many times, and did full nobly as a noble king should, and at all times he fainted never; and Sir Mordred that day put him in devoir, and in great peril. And thus they fought all the long day, and never stinted till the noble knights were laid to the cold earth; and ever they fought still till it was near night, and by that time was there an hundred thousand laid dead upon the down.

Then was Arthur wood wroth out of measure, when he saw his people so slain from him. Then the king looked about him, and then was he ware, of all his host and of all his good knights, were left no more on live but two knights; that one was Sir Lucan the Butler, and his brotner Sir Bedivere, and they were full sore wounded.

"Jesu mercy," said the king, "where are all my noble knights become? Alas that ever I should see this doleful day, for now," said Arthur, "I am come to mine end. But would to God that I wist where were that traitor Sir Mordred, that hath caused all this mischief."

Then was King Arthur ware where Sir Mordred leaned upon his sword among a great heap of dead men.

"Now give me my spear," said Arthur unto Sir Lucan, "for yonder I have espied the traitor that all this woe hath wrought."

...

"Tide me death, betide me life," saith the king, "now I see him yonder alone he shall never escape mine hands, for at a better avail shall I never have him."

"God speed you well," said Sir Bedivere.

Then, the king gat his spear in both his hands, and ran toward Sir Mordred, crying: "Traitor, now is thy death day come."

And when Sir Mordred heard Sir Arthur, he ran until him with his sword drawn in his hand. And there King Arthur smote Sir Mordred under the shield, with a foin of his spear, throughout the body, more than a fathom. And when Sir Mordred felt that he had his death wound he thrust himself with the might that he had up to the bur of King Arthur's spear. And right so he smote his father Arthur, with his sword holden in both his hands, on the side of the head, that the sword pierced the helmet and the brain pan, and therewithal Sir Mordred fell stark dead to the earth; and the noble Arthur fell in a swoon to the earth, and there he swooned ofttimes. And Sir Lucan the Butler and Sir Bedivere ofttimes heave him up. And so weakly they led him betwixt them both, to a little chapel not far from the seaside. And when the king was there he thought him well eased.

...

"My time hieth fast," said the king. "Therefore," said Arthur unto Sir Bedivere, "take thou Excalibur, my good sword, and go with it to yonder water side, and when thou comest there I charge thee throw my sword in that water, and come again and tell me what thou there seest."

"My lord," said Bedivere, "your commandment shall be done, and lightly bring you word again."

So Sir Bedivere departed, and by the way he beheld that noble sword, that the pommel and the haft was all of precious stones; and then he said to himself: "If I throw this rich sword in the water, thereof shall never come good, but harm and loss."

And then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree. And so, as soon as he might, he came again unto the king, and said he had been at the water, and had thrown the sword in the water.

"What saw thou there?" said the king.

"Sir," he said, "I saw nothing but waves and winds."

"That is untruly said of thee," said the king, "therefore go thou lightly again, and do my commandment; as thou art to me lief and dear, spare not, but throw it in."

Then Sir Bedivere returned again, and took the sword in his hand; and then him thought sin and shame to throw away that noble sword, and so efte he hid the sword, and returned again, and told to the king that he had been at the water, and done his commandment.

"What saw thou there?" said the king.

"Sir, he said, I saw nothing but the waters wappe and waves wanne."

"Ah, traitor untrue," said King Arthur, "now hast thou betrayed me twice. Who would have weened that, thou that hast been to me so lief and dear? And thou art named a noble knight, and would betray me for the richness of the sword. But now go again lightly, for thy long tarrying putteth me in great jeopardy of my life, for I have taken cold. And but if thou do now as I bid thee, if ever I may see thee, I shall slay thee with mine own hands; for thou wouldst for my rich sword see me dead."

Then Sir Bedivere departed, and went to the sword, and lightly took it up, and went to the water side; and there he bound the girdle about the hilts, and then he threw the sword as far into the water, as he might; and there came an arm and an hand above the water and met it, and caught it, and so shook it thrice and brandished, and then vanished away the hand with the sword in the water.

So Sir Bedivere came again to the king, and told him what he saw.

Among the rest was present Gorlois, duke of Cornwall, with his wife Igerna, the greatest beauty in all Britain. No sooner had the king cast his eyes upon her among the rest of the ladies, than he fell passionately in love with her, and little regarding the rest, made her the subject of all his thoughts. She was the only lady that he continually served with fresh dishes, and to whom he sent golden cups by his confidants; on her he bestowed all his smiles, and to her addressed all his discourse.

The husband, discovering this, fell into a great rage, and retired from the court without taking leave; nor was there any body that could stop him, while he was under fear of losing the chief object of his delight. Uther, therefore, in great wrath commanded him to return back to court, to make him satisfaction for this affront. But Gorlois refused to obey; upon which the king was highly incensed, and swore he would destroy his country, if he did not speedily compound for his offence.

Accordingly, without delay, while their anger was hot against each other, the king got together a great army, and marched into Cornwall, the cities and towns whereof he set on fire. But Gorlois durst not engage with him, on account of the inferiority of his numbers; and thought it a wiser course to fortify his towns, till he could get succour from Ireland. And as he was under more concern for his wife than himself, he put her into the town of Tintagel, upon the seashore, which he looked upon as a place of great safety. But he himself entered the castle of Dimilioc, to prevent their being both at once involved in the same danger, if any should happen.

The king, informed of this, went to the town where Gorlois was, which he besieged, and shut up all the avenues to it.

A whole week was now past, when, retaining in mind his love to Igerna, he said to one of his confidants, named Ulfin de Ricaradoch: "My passion for Igerna is such that I can neither have ease of mind, nor health of body, till I obtain her; and if you cannot assist me with your advice how to accomplish my desire, the inward torments I endure will kill me."

"Who can advise you in this matter," said Ulfin, "when no force will enable us to have access to her in the town of Tintagel? For it is situated upon the sea, and on every side surrounded by it; and there is but one entrance into it, and that through a straight rock, which three men shall be able to defend against the whole power of the kingdom. Notwithstanding, if the prophet Merlin would in earnest set about this attempt, I am of opinion, you might with his advice obtain your wishes."

The king readily believed what he was so well inclined to, and ordered Merlin, who was also come to the siege, to be called. Merlin, therefore, being introduced into the king's presence, was commanded to give his advice, how the king might accomplish his desire with respect to Igerna.

And he, finding the great anguish of the king, was moved by such excessive love, and said, "To accomplish your desire, you must make use of such arts as have not been heard of in your time. I know how, by the force of my medicines, to give you the exact likeness of Gorlois, so that in all respects you shall seem to be no other than himself. If you will therefore obey

"Alas," said the king, "help me hence, for I dread me I have tarried over long."

Then Sir Bedivere took the king upon his back, and so went with him to that water side. And when they were at the water side, even fast by the bank hoved a little barge with many fair ladies in it, and among them all was a queen, and all they had black hoods, and all they wept and shrieked when they saw King Arthur.

"Now put me into the barge," said the king.

And so he did softly; and there received him three queens with great mourning; and so they set them down, and in one of their laps King Arthur laid his head.

And then that queen said: "Ah, dear brother, why have ye tarried so long from me? Alas, this wound on your head hath caught over-much cold."

And so then they rowed from the land, and Sir Bedivere beheld all those ladies go from him.

Then Sir Bedivere cried: "Ah my lord Arthur, what shall become of me, now ye go from me and leave me here alone among mine enemies?"

"Comfort thyself, said the king, and do as well as thou mayest, for in me is no trust for to trust in; for I will into the vale of Avilion [Avalon] to heal me of my grievous wound; and if thou hear never more of me, pray for my soul."

But ever the queens and ladies wept and shrieked, that it was pity to hear. And as soon as Sir Bedivere had lost the sight of the barge, he wept and wailed, and so took the forest; and so he went all that night, and in the morning he was ware betwixt two holts hoar, of a chapel and an hermitage.

Then was Sir Bedivere glad, and thither he went; and when he came into the chapel, he saw where lay an hermit grovelling on all four, there fast by a tomb was new graven. When the hermit saw Sir Bedivere he knew him well, for he was but little tofore Bishop of Canterbury, that Sir Mordred flemed.

"Sir," said Bedivere, "what man is there interred that ye pray so fast for?"

"Fair son," said the hermit, "I wot not verily, but by deeming. But this night, at midnight, here came a number of ladies, and brought hither a dead corpse, and prayed me to bury him; and here they offered an hundred tapers, and they gave me an hundred besants."

"Alas," said Sir Bedivere, "that was my lord King Arthur, that here lieth buried in this chapel."

Then Sir Bedivere swooned; and when he awoke he prayed the hermit he might abide with him still there, to live with fasting and prayers. "For from hence will I never go, said Sir Bedivere, by my will, but all the days of my life here to pray for my lord Arthur."

"Ye are welcome to me, said the hermit, for I know ye better than ye ween that I do. Ye are the bold Bedivere, and the full noble duke, Sir Lucan the Butler, was your brother."

Then Sir Bedivere told the hermit all as ye have heard tofore. So there bode Sir Bedivere with the hermit that was tofore Bishop of Canterbury, and there Sir Bedivere put upon him poor clothes, and served the hermit full lowly in fasting and in prayers.

Thus of Arthur I find never more written in books that be authorised, nor more of the very certainty of his death heard I never read, but thus was he led away in a ship wherein were three queens; that one was King Arthur's sister, Queen Morgan le Fay; the other was the Queen of Northgalis; the third was the Queen of the Waste Lands. Also there was Nimue, the chief lady of the lake, that had wedded Pelleas the good knight; and this lady had done much for King Arthur, for she would never suffer Sir Pelleas to be in no place where he should be in danger of his life; and so he lived to the uttermost of hisdays with her in great rest. More of the death of King Arthur could I never find, but that ladies brought him to his burials; and such one was buried there, that the hermit bare witness that sometime was Bishop of Canterbury, but yet the hermit knew not in certain that he was verily the body of King Arthur: for this tale Sir Bedivere, knight of the Table Round, made it to be written.

Yet some men say in many parts of England that King Arthur is not dead, but had by the will of our Lord Jesu into another place; and men say that he shall come again, and he shall win the holy cross. I will not say it shall be so, but rather I will say, here in this world he changed his life. But many men say that there is written upon his tomb this verse:

Hic jacet Arturus Rex, quondam Rex que futurus.

Thus leave I here Sir Bedivere with the hermit, that dwelled that time in a chapel beside Glastonbury, and there was his hermitage. And so they lived in their prayers, and fastings, and great abstinence.

And when Queen Guenever [Guinevere] understood that King Arthur was slain, and all the noble knights, Sir Mordred and all the remnant, then the queen stole away, and five ladies with her, and so she went to Almesbury; and there she let make herself a nun, and ware white clothes and black, and great penance she took, as ever did sinful lady in this land, and never creature could make her merry; but lived in fasting, prayers, and alms-deeds, that all manner of people marvelled how virtuously she was changed.

- Source: Sir Thomas Malory, book 21, ch. 2-7, pp. 381-91.
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Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

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my prescriptions, I will metamorphize you into the true semblance of Gorlois, and Ulfin into Jordan of Tintagel, his familiar friend; and I myself, being transformed into another shape, will make the third in the adventure; and in this disguise you may go safely to the town where Igerna is, and have admittance to her."

The king complied with the proposal, and acted with great caution in this affair; and when he had committed the care of the siege to his intimate friends, underwent the medical applications of Merlin, by whom he was transformed into the likeness of Gorlois; as was Ulfin also into Jordan, and Merlin himself into Bricel; so that nobody could see any remains now of their former likeness.

They then set forward on their way to Tintagel, at which they arrived in the evening twilight, and forthwith signified to the porter, that the consul was come; upon which the gates were opened, and the men let in. For what room could there be for suspicion, when Gorlois himself seemed to be there present?

The king therefore stayed that night with Igerna and had the full enjoyment of her, for she was deceived with the false disguise which he had put on, and the artful and amorous discourses wherewith he entertained her. He told her he had left his own place besieged, purely to provide for the safety of her dear self, and the town she was in; so that believing all that he said, she refused him nothing which he desired. The same night therefore she conceived of most renowned Arthur, whose heroic and wonderful actions have justly rendered his name famous to posterity.

In the meantime, as soon as the king's absence was discovered at the siege, his army unadvisedly made an assault upon the walls, and provoked the besieged count to a battle, who himself also, acting as inconsiderately as they, sallied forth with his men, thinking with such a small handful to oppose a powerful army, but happened to be killed in the very first brunt of the fight, and had all his men routed.

The town also was taken; but all the riches of it were not shared equally among the besiegers, but every one greedily took what he could get, according as fortune or his own strength favoured him.

After this bold attempt, came messengers to Igerna, with the news both of the duke's death, and of the event of the siege. But when they saw the king in the likeness of the consul, sitting close by her, they were struck with shame and astonishment at his safe arrival there, whom they had left dead at the siege; for they were wholly ignorant of the miracles which Merlin had wrought with his medicines.

The king therefore smiled at the news, and embracing the countess, said to her, "Your own eyes may convince you that I am not dead, but alive. But notwithstanding, the destruction of the town, and the slaughter of my men, is what very much grieves me; so that there is reason to fear the king's coming upon us, and taking us in this place. To prevent which, I will go out to meet him, and make my peace with him, for fear of a worse disaster."

Accordingly, as soon as he was out of the town, he went to his army, and having put off the

disguise of Gorlois, was now Uther Pendragon again. When he had a full relation made to him how matters had succeeded, he was sorry for the death of Gorlois, but rejoiced that Igerna was now at liberty to marry again. Then he returned to the town of Tintagel, which he took, and in it, what he impatiently wished for, Igerna herself. After this they continued to live together with much affection for each other, and had a son and daughter, whose names were Arthur and Anne.

- Source: Geoffrey of Monmouth, book 8, ch. 19-20, pp. 167-71.
- These events are also recorded in Sir Thomas Malory's *Le Morte d'Arthur*, book 1, ch. 1-3. Malory gives Arthur's mother the name Igraine. Malory makes no mention of Arthur's sister Anne [also spelled Anna], but in succeeding chapters he does discuss Arthur's sister Morgan le Fay.
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Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Yea, one, a bard; of whom my father said,
Full many a noble war-song had he sung,
Ev'n in the presence of an enemy's fleet,
Between the steep cliff and the coming wave;
And many a mystic lay of life and death
Had chanted on the smoky mountain-stops,
When round him bent the spirits of the hills,
With all their dewy hair blown back like flame:
So said my father -- and that night the bard
Sang Arthur's glorious wars, and sang the King
As wellnigh more than man, and rail'd at those
Who call'd him the false son of Gorloïs:
For there was no man knew from whence he came;
But after tempest, when the long wave broke
All down the thundering shores of Bude and Bos,
There came a day as still as heaven, and then
They found a naked child upon the sands
Of dark Dundagil by the Cornish sea;
And that was Arthur; and they foster'd him
Till he by miracle was approven king.

- Source: Alfred, Lord Tennyson, "Guinevere," *Idyls of the King*, pp. 163-64.
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Arthur Is Chosen King

Sir Thomas Malory

Then within two years King Uther fell sick of a great malady.... Then Merlin said aloud unto King Uther, "Sir, shall your son Arthur be king after your days, of this realm with all the appurtenance?"

Then Uther Pendragon turned him, and said in hearing of them all, "I give him God's blessing and mine, and bid him pray for my soul, and righteously and worshipfully that he claim the crown upon forfeiture of my blessing."

And therewith he yielded up the ghost, and then was he interred [at Stonehenge] as longed to a king. Wherefore the queen, fair Igraine, made great sorrow, and all the barons.

Then stood the realm in great jeopardy long while, for every lord that was mighty of men made him strong, and many weened to have been king. Then Merlin went to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and counselled him for to send for all the lords of the realm, and all the gentlemen of arms, that they should to London come by Christmas, upon pain of cursing; and for this cause, that Jesus, that was born on that night, that he would of his great mercy show some miracle, as he was come to be king of mankind, for to show some miracle who should be rightways king of this realm.

So the Archbishop, by the advice of Merlin, sent for all the lords and gentlemen of arms that they should come by Christmas even unto London. And many of them made them clean of their life, that their prayer might be the more acceptable unto God. So in the greatest church of London, whether it were Paul's or not, the French book maketh no mention, all the estates were long or day in the church for to pray.

And when matins and the first mass was done, there was seen in the churchyard, against the high altar, a great stone four square, like unto a marble stone, and in midst thereof was like an anvil of steel a foot on high, and therein stuck a fair sword naked by the point, and letters there were written in gold about the sword that said thus: "Whoso pulleth out this sword of this stone and anvil, is rightwise king born of all England."

Then the people marvelled, and told it to the Archbishop.

"I command," said the Archbishop, "that ye keep you within your church, and pray unto God still; that no man touch the sword till the high mass be all done."

So when all masses were done all the lords went to behold the stone and the sword. And when they saw the scripture, some assayed; such as would have been king. But none might stir the sword nor move it.

"He is not here," said the Archbishop, "that shall achieve the sword, but doubt not God will make him known. But this is my counsel," said the Archbishop, "that we let purvey ten knights, men of good fame, and they to keep this sword."

So it was ordained, and then there was made a cry, that every man should essay that would, for to win the sword. And upon New Year's Day the barons let make a jousts and a tournament, that all knights that would joust or tourney there might play, and all this was ordained for to keep the lords and the commons together, for the Archbishop trusted that God would make him known that should win the sword.

So upon New Year's Day, when the service was done, the barons rode unto the field, some to

joust and some to tourney, and so it happened that Sir Ector, that had great livelihood about London, rode unto the jousts, and with him rode Sir Kay his son, and young Arthur that was his nourished brother; and Sir Kay was made knight at All Hallowmass afore. So as they rode to the joustsward, Sir Kay had lost his sword, for he had left it at his father's lodging, and so he prayed young Arthur for to ride for his sword.

"I will well," said Arthur, and rode fast after the sword, and when he came home, the lady and all were out to see the jousting.

Then was Arthur wroth, and said to himself, "I will ride to the churchyard, and take the sword with me that sticketh in the stone, for my brother Sir Kay shall not be without a sword this day."

So when he came to the churchyard, Sir Arthur alit and tied his horse to the stile, and so he went to the tent, and found no knights there, for they were at jousting; and so he handled the sword by the handles, and lightly and fiercely pulled it out of the stone, and took his horse and rode his way until he came to his brother Sir Kay, and delivered him the sword.

And as soon as Sir Kay saw the sword, he wist well it was the sword of the stone, and so he rode to his father Sir Ector, and said, "Sir, lo here is the sword of the stone, wherefore I must be king of this land."

When Sir Ector beheld the sword, he returned again and came to the church, and there they alit all three, and went into the church. And anon he made Sir Kay to swear upon a book how he came to that sword.

"Sir," said Sir Kay, "by my brother Arthur, for he brought it to me."

"How gat ye this sword?" said Sir Ector to Arthur.

"Sir, I will tell you. When I came home for my brother's sword, I found nobody at home to deliver me his sword, and so I thought my brother Sir Kay should not be swordless, and so I came hither eagerly and pulled it out of the stone without any pain."

"Found ye any knights about this sword?" said Sir Ector.

"Nay," said Arthur.

"Now," said Sir Ector to Arthur, "I understand ye must be king of this land."

"Wherefore I," said Arthur, "and for what cause?"

"Sir," said Ector, "for God will have it so, for there should never man have drawn out this sword, but he that shall be rightways king of this land. Now let me see whether ye can put the sword there as it was, and pull it out again."

"That is no mastery," said Arthur, and so he put it in the stone, therewithal Sir Ector essayed to pull out the sword and failed.

"Now assay," said Sir Ector unto Sir Kay. And anon he pulled at the sword with all his might, but it would not be.

"Now shall ye essay," said Sir Ector to Arthur.

"I will well," said Arthur, and pulled it out easily.

And therewithal Sir Ector knelt down to the earth, and Sir Kay.

"Alas," said Arthur, "my own dear father and brother, why kneel ye to me?"

Nay, nay, my lord Arthur, it is not so, I was never your father nor of your blood, but I wot well ye are of an higher blood than I weened ye were."

And then Sir Ector told him all, how he was bitaken him for to nourish him, and by whose commandment, and by Merlin's deliverance. Then Arthur made great doole when he understood that Sir Ector was not his father.

"Sir," said Ector unto Arthur, "will ye be my good and gracious lord when ye are king?"

"Else were I to blame," said Arthur, "for ye are the man in the world that I am most beholden to, and my good lady and mother your wife, that as well as her own hath fostered me and kept. And if ever it be God's will that I be king as ye say, ye shall desire of me what I may do, and I shall not fail you, God forbid I should fail you."

"Sir," said Sir Ector, "I will ask no more of you, but that ye will make my son, your foster brother, Sir Kay, seneschal of all your lands."

"That shall be done," said Arthur, and more, by the faith of my body, that never man shall have that office but he, while he and I live."

Therewithal they went unto the Archbishop, and told him how the sword was achieved, and by whom; and on Twelfth-day all the barons came thither, and to essay to take the sword, who that would essay. But there afore them all, there might none take it out but Arthur; wherefore there were many lords wroth, and said it was great shame unto them all and the realm, to be overgoverned with a boy of no high blood born, and so they fell out at that time that it was put off till Candlemas, and then all the barons should meet there again; but always the ten knights were ordained to watch the sword day and night, and so they set a pavilion over the stone and the sword, and five always watched.

So at Candlemas many more great lords came thither for to have won the sword, but there might none prevail. And right as Arthur did at Christmas, he did at Candlemas, and pulled out the sword easily, whereof the barons were sore agrieved and put it off in delay till the high feast of Easter. And as Arthur sped before, so did he at Easter, yet there were some of the great lords had indignation that Arthur should be king, and put it off in a delay till the feast of Pentecost. Then the Archbishop of Canterbury by Merlyn's providence let purvey then of the best knights that they might get, and such knights as Uther Pendragon loved best and most trusted in his days. And such knights were put about Arthur as Sir Baudwin of Britain, Sir Kay,

Sir Ulfius, Sir Brastias. All these with many other, were always about Arthur, day and night, till the feast of Pentecost.

And at the feast of Pentecost all manner of men essayed to pull at the sword that would essay, but none might prevail but Arthur, and pulled it out afore all the lords and commons that were there, wherefore all the commons cried at once, "We will have Arthur unto our king, we will put him no more in delay, for we all see that it is God's will that he shall be our king, and who that holdeth against it, we will slay him."

And therewith they all kneeled at once, both rich and poor, and cried Arthur mercy because they had delayed him so long, and Arthur forgave them, and took the sword between both his hands, and offered it upon the altar where the Archbishop was, and so was he made knight of the best man that was there. And so anon was the coronation made. And there was he sworn unto his lords and the commons for to be a true king, to stand with true justice from thenceforth the days of this life. Also then he made all lords that held of the crown to come in, and to do service as they ought to do. And many complaints were made unto Sir Arthur of great wrongs that were done since the death of King Uther, of many lands that were bereaved lords, knights, ladies, and gentlemen. Wherefore King Arthur made the lands to be given again unto them that owned them.

When this was done, that the king had stablished all the countries about London, then he let make Sir Kay seneschal of England; and Sir Baudwin of Britain was made constable; and Sir Ulfius was made chamberlain; and Sir Brastias was made warden to wait upon the north from Trent forwards, for it was that time the most part the king's enemies. But within few years after, Arthur won all the north, Scotland, and all that were under their obeissance. Also Wales, a part of it held against Arthur, but he overcame them all, as he did the remnant, through the noble prowess of himself and his knights of the Round Table.

- Source: Sir Thomas Malory, book 1, ch. 4-7, pp. 9-14.
- According to Geoffrey of Monmouth (book 8, ch. 24, p. 175), King Uther was buried within the "Giant's Dance," also known as the "Giant's Ring," or more familiarly, "Stonehenge." Geoffrey of Monmouth also tells how Merlin transported the Giant's Dance [Stonehenge] from Ireland to Britain) to serve as a memorial to British princes killed by the Angles and Saxons.
- Note that the sword featured here is not the famous Excalibur, which Arthur receives in a later episode.
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Arthur Gets the Sword Excalibur from the Lady of the Lake

Sir Thomas Malory

Right so the king [Arthur] and he [Merlin] departed, and went unto an hermit that was a good man and a great leech. So the hermit searched all his wounds and gave him good salves; so the king was there three days, and then were his wounds well amended that he might ride and go, and so departed.

And as they rode, Arthur said, "I have no sword." [It had been broken into two pieces in a recent battle.]

"No force," said Merlin. "Hereby is a sword that shall be yours, an I may."

So they rode till they came to a lake, the which was a fair water and broad, and in the midst of the lake Arthur was ware of an arm clothed in white samite, that held a fair sword in that hand.

"Lo!" said Merlin, "Yonder is that sword that I spake of."

With that they saw a damosel going upon the lake.

"What damosel is that?" said Arthur.

"That is the Lady of the Lake," said Merlin; "and within that lake is a rock, and therein is as fair a place as any on earth, and richly beseen; and this damosel will come to you anon, and then speak ye fair to her that she will give you that sword."

Anon withal came the damosel unto Arthur, and saluted him, and he her again.

"Damosel," said Arthur, "what sword is that, that yonder the arm holdeth above the water? I would it were mine, for I have no sword."

"Sir Arthur, king," said the damosel, "that sword is mine, and if ye will give me a gift when I ask it you, ye shall have it."

"By my faith," said Arthur, "I will give you what gift ye will ask."

"Well! said the damosel, go ye into yonder barge, and row yourself to the sword, and take it and the scabbard with you, and I will ask my gift when I see my time."

So Sir Arthur and Merlin alit and tied their horses to two trees, and so they went into the ship, and when they came to the sword that the hand held, Sir Arthur took it up by the handles, and took it with him, and the arm and the hand went under the water.

...

Then Sir Arthur looked on the sword, and liked it passing well.

"Whether liketh you better," said Merlin, "the sword or the scabbard?"

"Me liketh better the sword," said Arthur.

"Ye are more unwise," said Merlin, "for the scabbard is worth ten of the swords, for whiles ye have the scabbard upon you, ye shall never lose no blood be ye never so sore wounded, therefore keep well the scabbard always with you."

- Source: Sir Thomas Malory, book 1, ch. 25, pp. 42-44.

folktales about hairless men
translated and/or edited by

D. L. Ashliman
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Aesop

It was now *Cuckow-Time* and a Certain *Middle-Ag'd Man*, that was Half-Gray, Half-Brown, took a fancy to Marry Two Wives, of an Age One under Another, and Happy was the Woman that could please him Best. They took Mighty Care of him to All manner of Purposes, and still as they were Combing the Good Man's Head, they'd be Picking out here and there a Hair to make it all of a Colour. The Matronly Wife, she Pluck'd out All the *Brown* Hairs, and the Younger the *White*: So that they left the Man in in Conclusion no better than a *Bald Buzzard* betwixt them.

The Moral

'Tis a much Harder Thing to Please Two Wives then Two Masters; and He's a Bold Man that offers at it.

- Source: Roger L'Estrange, *Fables of Æsop and Other Eminent Mythologists* (London: R. Sare *et al*,, 1692), no. 141, pp. 128-29.
- Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 1394.
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The Man and His Two Wives

Aesop

In the old days, when men were allowed to have many wives, a middle-aged man had one wife that was old and one that was young; each loved him very much, and desired to see him like herself.

Now the man's hair was turning grey, which the young wife did not like, as it made him look too old for her husband. So every night she used to comb his hair and pull out the white ones. But the elder wife saw her husband growing grey with great pleasure, for she did not like to be mistaken for his mother. So every morning she used to arrange his hair and pull out as many of the black ones as she could. In consequence the man soon found himself entirely bald.

Yield to all and you will soon have nothing to yield.

- Source: Joseph Jacobs, *The Fables of Æsop* (London and New York: Macmillian and Company, 1894), no. 45, pp. 106-107.
- Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 1394.
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The Middle-Aged Man between Two Ages and His Two Mistresses

Jean de La Fontaine

A man advanced in life,
And getting into grey,
Thought it high time in his decay
To dream about a wife.
He had enough in cash and houses,
Therefore a choice of charming spouses.
All strove to please him, Some too did tease him;
On which our lover checked his new propension,
No trifle was success in his intention.

Two widows o'er his heart did most prevail.
The one still fresh, the other rather stale;
But she by pretty arts repaid
What nature in her had decayed.
They smiled, they joked, they entertained him;
Sometimes they pleased, sometimes they pained him,
For as so lovingly they courted,
Too freely with his locks they sported,
That is, they dressed his hair.
Each to her fancy trimmed his bust;
The older lady for her share
Plucked from it the remaining black.
Her buxom rival thought it then but just
The grey and white locks to attack:
In fine, they dressed and plundered so,
The head was bald and white as snow.
He now found out their wicked pranks --
"Ladies," he said, "ten thousand thanks;
With head so bare I yet can boast

That I have rather gained than lost;
For either bride, I see, would rule
Me, her poor sheep, her slave, her tool.
All farther favours I refuse --
From Hymen I have had no news.
Bald heads, my queens, are not the go;
I thank you for the lesson though."

- Source: Jean de La Fontaine (1621-95), *The Fables of La Fontaine*, translated mainly by R. Thomson (London: J. C. Nimmo and Bain, 1884), book 1, fable 17, pp. 31-32.
- Link to the text of this fable in French: L'homme entre deux ages, et ses deux maîtresses.
- Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 1394.
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A Horse-Man's Wig Blown Off

Avianus

There was a horse-man had a cap on with a false head of hair tack'd to'it. There comes a puff of wind, and blows off cap and wig together. The people made sport, he saw, with his bald crown, and so very fairly he put in with them to laugh for company.

"Why, gentlemen," says he, "would you have me keep other people's hair better than I did my own?"

The Moral: Many a man would be extreamly ridiculous, if he did not spoil the jest by playing upon himself first.

- Source: Roger L'Estrange, *Fables of Æsop and Other Eminent Mythologists: With Morals and Reflections*, 6th edition (London: Printed for R. Sare et al., 1714), fable 228, p. 247.
- L'Estrange attributes this fable to Anianus [Avianus]. Other editors attribute it to Aesop.
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The Bald Man and the Fly

Aesop

There was once a bald man who sat down after work on a hot summer's day. A fly came up a kept buzzing about his bald pate, and stinging him from time to time. The man aimed a blow at his little enemy, but -- *whack* -- his palm came on his head instead. Again the fly tormented him, but this time the man was wiser and said: **"You will only injure youself if you take notice of despicable enemies."**

- Source: Joseph Jacobs, *The Fables of Æsop: Selected, Told Anew, and Their History Traced* (London and New York: Macmillan and Company, 1894), p. 47.

- Similar to Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 1586.
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The Pedant, the Bald Man, and the Barber

Europe

The following jest is spread -- *mutatis mutandis* -- over all Europe: A pedant, a bald man, and a barber, making a journey in company, agreed to watch in turn during the night. It was the barber's watch first. He propped up the sleeping pedant, and shaved his head, and when his time came, awoke him.

When the pedant felt his head bare, "What a fool is this barber," he cried, "for he has roused the bald man instead of me!"

- Source: W. A. Clouston, *The Book of Noodles: Stories of Simpletons; or, Fools and Their Follies* (New York: A. C. Armstrong and Son, 1888), p. 6.
- Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 12844.
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The Foolish Bald Man and the Fool Who Pelted Him

India

There was a certain bald man with a head like a copper pot. Once on a time a young man, who, being hungry, had gathered wood-apples, as he was coming along his path, saw him sitting at the foot of a tree. In fun he hit him. on the head with a wood-apple; the bald man took it patiently and said nothing to him. Then he hit his head with all the rest of the wood-apples that he had, throwing them at him one after another, and the bald man remained silent, even though the blood flowed.

So the foolish young fellow had to go home hungry without his wood-apples, which he had broken to pieces in his useless and childish pastime of pelting the bald man; and the foolish bald man went home with his head streaming with blood, saying to himself; "Why should I not submit to being pelted with such delicious wood-apples?"

And everybody there laughed, when they saw him with his head covered with blood, looking like the diadem with which he had been crowned king of fools.

> Thus you see that foolish persons become the objects of ridicule in the world, and do not succeed in their objects; but wise persons are honored.

- Source: Somadeva Bhatta, *The Kathá Sarit Ságara; or, Ocean of the Streams of Story*, translated from the original Sanskrit by C. H. Tawney, vol. 2 (Calcutta: Printed by J. W. Thomas at the Baptist Mission Press, 1884), p. 47.
- *The Kathá Sarit Ságara;* (also spelled *Kathasaritsagara*) is a collection of Indian tales compiled and retold in the 11th century by a Brahmin named Somadeva Bhatta.
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How Saint Peter Lost His Hair

Germany

Everyone knows that Saint Peter is entirely bald, except for a single lock of hair in front that falls over his forehead, but most people do not know the following story that explains how this came to be.

While he and Christ were traveling together they came to a farmhouse where the farmwife was just cooking up some large yeast pancakes in grease. According to others it was noodles.

Saint Peter entered the house to beg for some pancakes, while the Lord waited outside. The farmwife was a good-hearted woman, and she gave Peter three pancakes, fresh from the pan. But Peter was selfish, and in order to gain an advantage when the pancakes were divided up, he quickly hid one of them in his cap, then put it on his head. He pretended that he had received only two pancakes, one of which he gave to the Lord.

The pancake under his cap was still hot, and it began to burn Peter terribly on the head, but he could not do anything about it; he just had to bear the pain.

Later, when he took off his cap, he discovered that the hot pancake had burned into his head a large bald spot, which remained with him as long as he lived. Only the lock of hair that had protruded from the front of his cap was spared. Thus Saint Peter's bald head has one lock of hair in front.

- Source: Karl Reiser, *Sagen, Gebräuche und Sprichwörter des Allgäus*, vol. 1 (Kempten: Verlag der Jos. Kösel'schen Buchhandlung, 1895), p. 356.
- Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 774J.
- Comical folktales about Jesus and Peter are very common in Europe, with Jesus playing the "straight man," and Peter providing the burlesque humor. The individual episodes in these stories are classified as type 774A through 774P in the Aarne-Thompson-Uther system.
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African-American

One day, in the old times, Ann Nancy [Anansi] started out to find a good place for to build her house; she walk on till she find a break in a nice damp rock, and she set down to rest, and take 'servation of the points to throw her threads.

Presently, she hear a great floppin' of wings, and the old Mr. Buzzard come flying down and light on the rock, with a big piece of meat in he mouth. Ann Nancy, she scroon in the rock and look out, and she hear Mr. Buzzard say, "Good safe, good safe, come down, come down," and sure 'nough, when he say it three times, a safe come down, and Mr. Buzzard, he open the door and put in he meat and say, "Good safe, good safe, go up, go up," and it go up aright, and Mr. Buzzard fly away.

Then Ann Nancy, she set and study 'bout it, 'cause she done see the safe was full of all the good things she ever hear of, and it come across her mind to call it and see if it come down; so she say, like Mr. Buzzard, "Good safe, good safe, come down, come down," and sure 'nough, when she say it three times, down it come, and she open the door and step in, and she say, "Good safe, good safe, go up, go up," and up she go, and she eat her fill, and have a fine time.

Directly she hear a voice say, "Good safe, good safe, come down, come down," and the safe start down, and Ann Nancy, she so scared, she don't know what to do, but she say soft and quickly, "Good safe, go up," and it stop, and go up a little, but Mr. Buzzard say, "Good safe, come down, come down," and down it start, and poor Ann Nancy whisper quick, "Go up, good safe, go up," and it go back. And so they go for a long time, only Mr. Buzzard can't hear Ann Nancy, 'cause she whisper soft to the safe, and he cock he eye in 'stonishment to see the old safe bob up and down, like it gone 'stracted.

So they keep on, "Good safe, good safe, come down," "Good safe, good safe, go up," till poor Ann Nancy's brain get 'fused, and she make a slip and say, "Good safe, come down," and down it come.

Mr. Buzzard, he open the do', and there he find Ann Nancy, and he say, "Oh you poor mis'rable creeter," and he just 'bout to eat her up, when poor Ann Nancy, she begged so hard, and compliment his fine presence, and compare how he sail in the clouds while she 'bliged to crawl in the dirt, till he that proudful and set up he feel mighty pardoning spirit, and he let her go.

But Ann Nancy ain't got no gratitude in her mind; she feel she looked down on by all the creeters, and it sour her mind and temper. She ain't gwine forget anybody what cross her path, no, that she don't, and while she spin her house she just study constant how she gwine get the best of every creeter.

She knew Mr. Buzzard's weak point am he stomach, and one day she make it out dat she make a dining, and 'vite Mr. Buzzard and Miss Buzzard and the children. Ann Nancy, she know how to set out a-dining for sure, and when they all done got sot down to the table, and she mighty busy passing the hot coffee to Mr. Buzzard and the little Buzzards, she have a powerful big pot of scalding water ready, and she slop it all over poor old Mr. Buzzard's head, and the poor old man go bald-headed from that day. And he don't forget it on Ann Nancy, 'cause you see she de onliest creeter on the top side the earth what Mr. Buzzard don't eat.

- Source: Emma M. Backus, "Animal Tales from North Carolina," *The Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. 11 (1898), pp. 288-89.
- Anansi (known in this tale as Ann Nancy) is a spider-like trickster featured in many folktales from West Africa and from the Caribbean Islands.
- The charm that summons the magic safe is reminiscent of the "Open Sesame" command in folktales of type 676, most famously Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves.
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with the devil

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1. Bearskin (Hans Jakob Christoph von Grimmelshausen).
2. Bearskin (Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm).
3. The Devil as Partner (Switzerland).
4. Hell's Gatekeeper (Austria).
5. Never-Wash (Russia).
6. Don Giovanni de la Fortuna (Sicily).
7. The Reward of Kindness (Philippines).

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Hans Jakob Christoph von Grimmelshausen

In the year 1396 when Sigismundus, the former King of Hungary, was defeated by the Turkish emperor Celapino, a German soldier deserted his regiment in the thick of battle and took refuge in the woods.

The foes of war were soon replaced by the enemies cold, thirst, and hunger. With nowhere to turn for help, he was about to surrender to the powers of despair, when without warning an awful spirit appeared before him. He offered the poor soldier great wealth, if he would but serve this uncanny master for seven years. Seeing no other escape from his misery, the soldier agreed.

The terms of the pact were quickly stated: For seven years the soldier was to wear only a bearskin robe, both day and night. He was to say no prayers. Neither comb nor shears were to touch his hair and beard. He was not to wash, nor cut his nails, nor blow his nose, nor even wipe his behind. In return, the spirit would provide him with tobacco, food, drink, and an endless supply of money.

The soldier, who by his very nature was not especially fond of either prayers or of cleanliness, entered into the agreement. He took lodgings in a village inn, and discovered soon enough that his great wealth was ample compensation for his strange looks and ill smell.

A nobleman frequented this inn. Impressed by Bearskin's lavish and generous expenditures, he presented him with a proposal. "I have three beautiful daughters," he said. "If the terms are right, you may choose any one of them for a bride."

Bearskin named a sum that was acceptable to the nobleman, and the two set forth to the

your daughters as my wife, and you shall have as much money as you wish for the Treasury."

So the king began to think. He was very fond of his daughters, but still he could not do anything whatsoever without money. "Well," he said, "I agree. Have a portrait taken of yourself; I will show it to my daughters and ask which of them will take you."

So the soldier returned, had the portrait painted, which was feature for feature, unshaved, unwashed, uncombed, his nose unwiped, and in his old garb, and sent it to the tsar.

Now, the tsar had three daughters, and the father summoned them and showed them the soldier's portrait. He said to the eldest, "Will you go and marry him? He will redeem me from very great embarrassment."

The tsarevna saw what a monstrous animal had been painted, with tangled hair, uncut nails and unwiped nose. "I certainly won't!" she said, " I would sooner go to the devil." And from somewhere or other the devil appeared, stood behind her with pen and paper, heard what she said, and entered her soul on his register.

Then the father asked the next daughter, "Will you go and marry the soldier? "

"What! I would rather remain a maiden; I would rather tie myself up with the devil than go with him." So the devil went and inscribed her soul as well.

Then the father asked his youngest daughter, and she answered, "Evidently this must be my lot. I will go and marry him and see what God shall give."

Then the tsar was very blithe at this, and he went and told the soldier to make ready for the betrothal, and he sent him twelve carts to carry the money away.

Then the soldier made use of his devil. "There are twelve carts; pile them all high at once with gold." So the devil ran into the lake and the unholy ones set to work. Some of them brought up one sack, some two, and they soon filled the carts and sent them to the tsar, into his palace.

Then the tsar looked, and now summoned the soldier to him every day, sat with him at one table, and ate and drank with him. When they got ready for the marriage the term of fifteen years was over.

So he called the little devil and said, "Now my service is over. Turn me into a youth."

So the devil cut him up into little bits, threw them into a cauldron, and began to brew him -- brewed him, washed him and collected all his bones, one by one, in the proper way, every bone with every bone, every joint with every joint, every nerve with every nerve. Then he sprinkled them with the water of life, and the soldier arose, such a fine young man as no tale can tell and no pen can write. He then married the youngest tsarevna, and they began to live a merry life of good.

I was at the wedding. I drank mead and beer. They also had wine, and I drank it to the very

dregs.

But the little devil ran back into the lake, for his elder hauled him over the coals to answer for what he had done with the soldier. "He has served out his period faithfully and honorably: he has never once shaved himself, nor cut his hair, nor wiped his nose, nor changed his clothes."

Then the elder was very angry. He said, "In fifteen years you were not able to corrupt the soldier! Was all the money given in vain? What sort of a devil will you be after this?" And he had him thrown into the burning pitch.

"Oh no, please, grandfather," said the grandson, " I have lost the soldier's soul, but I have gained two others."

" What?"

"Look: the soldier thought of marrying a tsarevna; the two elder daughters both declined and said they would rather marry a devil than the soldier. So there they are, and they belong to us."

So the grandfather devil approved what the grandson imp had done, and set him free. "Yes," he said, "you know your business very well indeed."

- Source: Alexander Afanasyev, *Russian Folk-Tales*, translated by Leonard A. Magnus (New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, 1916), pp. 311-14.
- The great Russian folktale collector's name is also anglicized as Aleksandr Afanas'ev.
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Don Giovanni de la Fortuna

Sicily

There was once a man whose name was Don Giovanni de la Fortuna, and he lived in a beautiful house that his father had built, and spent a great deal of money. Indeed, he spent so much that very soon there was none left, and Don Giovanni, instead of being a rich man with everything he could wish for, was forced to put on the dress of a pilgrim, and to wander from place to place begging his bread.

One day he was walking down a broad road when he was stopped by a handsome man he had never seen before, who, little as Don Giovanni knew it, was the devil himself.

"Would you like to be rich," asked the devil, "and to lead a pleasant life?"

"Yes, of course I should," replied the Don.

"Well, here is a purse. Take it and say to it, 'Dear purse, give me some money,' and you will get as much as you can want. But the charm will only work if you promise to remain three years, three months, and three days without washing and without combing and without

shaving your beard or changing your clothes. If you do all this faithfully, when the time is up you shall keep the purse for yourself, and I will let you off any other conditions."

Now Don Giovanni was a man who never troubled his head about the future. He did not once think how very uncomfortable he should be all those three years, but only that he should be able, by means of the purse, to have all sorts of things he had been obliged to do without. So he joyfully put the purse in his pocket and went on his way. He soon began to ask for money for the mere pleasure of it, and there was always as much as he needed. For a little while he even forgot to notice how dirty he was getting, but this did not last long, for his hair became matted with dirt and hung over his eyes, and his pilgrim's dress was a mass of horrible rags and tatters.

He was in this state when, one morning, he happened to be passing a fine palace; and, as the sun was shining bright and warm, he sat down on the steps and tried to shake off some of the dust which he had picked up on the road. But in a few minutes a maid saw him, and said to her master, "I pray you sir, to drive away that beggar who is sitting on the steps, or he will fill the whole house with his dirt."

So the master went out and called from some distance off, for he was really afraid to go near the man, "You filthy beggar, leave my house at once!"

"You need not be so rude," said Don Giovanni; "I am not a beggar, and if I chose, I could force you and your wife to leave your house."

"What is that you can do?" laughed the gentleman.

"Will you sell me your house?" asked Don Giovanni. "I will buy it from you on the spot."

"Oh, the dirty creature is quite mad!" thought the gentleman. "I shall just accept his offer for a joke." And aloud he said, "All right. Follow me, and we will go to a lawyer and get him to make a contract."

And Don Giovanni followed him, and an agreement was drawn up by which the house was to be sold at once, and a large sum of money paid down in eight days. Then the Don want to an inn, where he hired two rooms, and, standing in one of them, said to his purse, "Dear purse, fill this room with gold." And when the eight days were up it was so full you could not have put in another sovereign.

When the owner of the house came to take away his money Don Giovanni led him into the room and said, "There, just pocket what you want."

The gentleman stared with open mouth at the astonishing sight. But he had given his word to sell the house, so he took his money, as he was told, and went away with his wife to look for some place to live in. And Don Giovanni left the inn and dwelt in the beautiful rooms, where his rags and dirt looked sadly out of place. And every day these got worse and worse.

By and by the fame of his riches reached the ears of the king, and, as he himself was always in need of money, he sent for Don Giovanni, as he wished to borrow a large sum. Don

Giovanni readily agreed to lend him what he wanted, and sent next day a huge wagon laden with sacks of gold.

"Who can he be?" thought the king to himself. "Why, he is much richer than I!"

The king took as much as he had need of, then ordered the rest to be returned to Don Giovanni, who refused to receive it, saying, "Tell his majesty I am much hurt at his proposal. I shall certainly not take back that handful of gold, and, if he declines to accept it, keep it yourself."

The servant departed and delivered the message, and the king wondered more than ever how anyone could be so rich. At last he spoke to the queen, "Dear wife, this man has done me a great service, and has, besides, behaved like a gentleman in not allowing me to send back the money. I wish to give him the hand of our eldest daughter."

The queen was quite pleased at this idea, and again a messenger was sent to Don Giovanni, offering him the hand of the eldest princess.

"His majesty is too good," he replied. "I can only humbly accept the honor."

The messenger took back this answer, but a second time returned with the request that Don Giovanni would present them with his picture, so that they might know what sort of a person to expect.

But when it came, and the princess saw the horrible figure, she screamed out, "What! Marry this dirty beggar? Never, never!"

"Ah, child," answered the king, "how could I ever guess that the rich Don Giovanni would ever look like that? But I have passed my royal word, and I cannot break it, so there is no help for you."

"No, father, you may cut off my head, if you choose, but marry that horrible beggar -- I never will!"

And the queen took her part, and reproached her husband bitterly for wishing his daughter to marry a creature like that.

Then the youngest daughter spoke, "Dear father, do not look so sad. As you have given your word, *I* will marry Don Giovanni."

The king fell on her neck, and thanked her and kissed her, but the queen and the elder girl had nothing for her but laughs and jeers.

So it was settled, and then the king bade one of his lords go to Don Giovanni and ask him when the wedding day was to be, so that the princess might make ready.

"Let it be in two months," answered Don Giovanni, for the time was nearly up that the devil had fixed, and he wanted a whole month to himself to wash off the dirt of the past three

years.

The very minute that the compact with the devil had come to an end his beard was shaved, his hair was cut, and his rags were burned, and day and night he lay in a bath of clear warm water. At length he felt he was clean again, and he put on splendid clothes, and hired a beautiful ship, and arrived in state at the king's palace.

The whole of the royal family came down to the ship to receive him, and the whole way the queen and the elder princess teased the sister about the dirty husband she was going to have. But when they saw how handsome he really was their hearts were filled with envy and anger, so that their eyes were blinded, and they fell over into the sea and were drowned. And the youngest daughter rejoiced in the good luck that had come to her, and they had a splendid wedding when the days of mourning for her mother and sister were ended.

Soon after, the old king died, and Don Giovanni became king. And he was rich and happy to the end of his days, for he loved his wife, and his purse always gave him money.

- Source: Andrew Lang, *The Pink Fairy Book* (New York, London, and Bombay: Longmans, Green, and Company, 1897), pp. 356-360.
- Lang's source: Laura Gonzenbach, *Sicilianische Märchen: Aus dem Volksmund gesammelt*, vol. 2 (Leipzig: Engelmann, 1870), no. 72, pp. 89-93.
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The Reward of Kindness

Philippines

In a certain town there once lived a couple who had never had a child. They had been married for nearly five years, and were very anxious for a son. The name of the wife was Clara; and of the man, Philip.

One cloudy night in December, while they were talking by the window of their house, Clara said to her husband that she was going to pray the *novena* [nine consecutive days of praying], so that heaven would give them a child. "I would even let my son serve the devil, if he would but give us a son!"

As her husband was willing that she should pray the *novena*, Clara began the next day her fervent devotions to the Virgin Mary. She went to church every afternoon for nine days. She carried a small prayer book with her, and prayed until six o'clock every evening. At last she finished her *novenario*, but no child was born to them, and the couple was disappointed.

A month had passed, when, to their great happiness, Clara gave birth to a son. The child they nicknamed Idó. Idó was greatly cherished by his parents, for he was their only child; but he did not care much to stay at home. He early began to show a fondness for travelling abroad, and was always to be found in the dense woods on the outskirts of the town.

One afternoon, when the family was gathered together around a small table, talking, a knock was heard at the door.

"Come in!" said Philip.

"No, I just want to talk with your wife," answered a hoarse voice from without.

Clara, trembling, opened the door, and, to her great surprise, she saw standing there a man who looked like a bear.

"A devil, a devil!" she exclaimed.

But the devil pacified her, and said, "Clara, I have come here to get your son you promised me a long time ago. Now that the day has come when your son can be of some service to me, will you deny your promise?"

Clara could make no reply at first. She merely called her son; and when he came, she said to the devil, "Here is my son. Take him, since he is yours."

Idó, who was at this time about seventeen years old, was not frightened by the devil.

"Come," said the devil, "and be my follower!"

At first Idó refused. But he finally consented to go, because of his mother's promise.

The devil now took Idó to his cave, far away outside the town. He tried in many ways to tempt Idó, but was unable to do so, because Idó was a youth of strong character. Finally the devil decided to exchange clothes with him. Idó was obliged to put on the bear-like clothes of the devil and to give him his own soldier suit.

Then the devil produced a large bag full of money, and said to Idó, "Take this money and go traveling about the world for seven years. If you live to the end of that time, and spend this money only in doing good, I will set you free. If, however, you spend the money extravagantly, you will have to go to hell with me." When had said these words, he disappeared.

Idó now began his wanderings from town to town. Whenever people saw him, they were afraid of him, and would refuse to give him shelter; but Idó would give them money from his bag, and then they would gather about him and be kind to him.

After many years he happened to come to a town where he saw an old woman summoned before a court of justice. She was accused of owing a sum of money, but was unable to pay her debt and the fine imposed on her.

When Idó paid her fine for her and thus released her from prison, the woman could hardly express her gratitude. As most of the other people about were afraid of Idó and he had no place to sleep, this woman decided to take him home with her.

Now, this old woman had three daughters. When she reached home with the bear-like man, she called her eldest daughter, and said, "Now, my daughter, here is a man who delivered me from prison. As I can do nothing to reward him for his great kindness, I want you to take

him for your husband."

The daughter replied, "Mother, why have you brought this ugly man here? No, I cannot marry him. I can find a better husband."

On hearing this harsh reply, the mother could not say a word. She called her second daughter, and explained her wishes to her; but the younger daughter refused, just as her sister had refused, and she made fun of the man.

The mother was very much disappointed, but she was unable to persuade her daughters to marry her benefactor. Finally she determined to try her youngest daughter. When the daughter heard her mother's request, she said, "Mother, if to have me marry this man is the only way by which you can repay him for his kindness, I'll gladly marry him."

The mother was very much pleased, but the two older daughters were very angry with their sister. The mother told the man of the decision of her youngest daughter, and a contract was signed between them. But before they were married, the bear-like man asked permission from the girl to be absent for one more year to finish his duty. She consented to his going, and gave him half her ring as a memento.

At the end of the year, which was the last of his seven years' wandering, the bear-like man went to the devil, and told him that he had finished his duty.

The devil said, "You have beaten me. Now that you have performed your seven years' wandering, and have spent the money honestly, let us exchange clothes again!"

So the man received back his soldier-like suit, which made him look like a knight, and the devil took back his bearskin.

Then the man returned to Clara's house. When his arrival was announced to the family, the two older daughters dressed themselves in their best, for they thought that he was a suitor come to see them. But when the man showed the ring and asked for the hand of Clara's youngest daughter, the two nearly died with vexation, while the youngest daughter was very happy.

- Source: Dean S. Fansler, *Filipino Popular Tales* (Lancaster and New York: American Folk-Lore Society, 1921), no. 22, pp. 207-209.
- Fansler's source: "Narrated by Elisa Cordero, a Tagalog from Pagsanjan, La Laguna, who heard the story from a Tagalog friend."
- Note: The narrator names both the hero's mother and his mother-in-law "Clara," probably an unintended oversight.
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Revised October 24, 2013.

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palace to make the selection. The two older daughters made no attempt to hide their repugnance of the strange suitor, but the youngest unhesitatingly accepted her father's will. Bearskin formalized the betrothal by removing a ring from his own finger and twisting it into two pieces. One piece he gave to his future bride; the other he kept. Saying that soon he would return, he departed.

The seven years were nearly finished, so a short time later Bearskin did indeed come back for his bride. Now freshly bathed, neatly shorn, elegantly dressed, and riding in a luxurious carriage, he was a suitor worthy of a princess. Identifying himself with his half of the twisted ring, he claimed his bride.

Beside themselves with envy, and furious that they had squandered their rights to this handsome nobleman, one of the bride's older sisters hanged herself from a tree and the other one drowned herself in a well. Thus the devil gained two souls for the one that he had lost.

- Source: Abstracted from Hans Jakob Christoph von Grimmelshausen, "Vom Ursprung des Namens Bärnhäuter" (1670).
- I used this edition: Hans Jacob Christoph von Grimmelshausen, *Simplicianische Schriften*, edited by Julius Tittmann, vol. 1 (Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus, 1877), pp. 247-53.
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Bearskin

Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm

Once upon a time there was a young fellow who enlisted as a soldier, conducted himself bravely, and was always at the very front when it was raining bullets. As long as the war lasted all went well, but when peace was made he was dismissed, and the captain said he could go wherever he wanted to.

His parents were dead, and he had no longer a home, so he went to his brothers and asked them to support him until there was another war.

The brothers, however, were hardhearted and said, "What can we do with you? We have no work for you. See that you go and make a living for yourself."

The soldier had nothing left but his gun, so, putting it on his shoulder, he went forth into the world. He came to a large heath, on which nothing was to be seen but a circle of trees. Filled with sorrow, he sat down beneath them and thought about his fate.

"I have no money," he thought, "and the only trade I have learned is that of making war, and now that they have made peace they can no longer use me, so I see that I shall starve."

Suddenly he heard a rustling sound, and when he looked around, a strange man was standing before him. He wore a green jacket and looked quite stately, but he had a hideous horse's foot.

"I know what you are in need of," said the man. "You shall have money and property, as

much as you, with all your might, can squander away, but first I must know if you are fearless, so that I won't be giving away my money for nothing."

"A soldier and fear -- how can those go together?" he answered, "You can put me to the test."

"Very well," answered the man, "look behind you."

The soldier turned around and saw a large growling bear running towards him.

"Aha," shouted the soldier, "I'll tickle your nose until you lose your desire for growling." Then taking aim at the bear, he shot it in the snout, and it fell down motionless.

"I see quite well," said the stranger, "that you do not lack for courage, but there is one more condition that you will have to fulfill."

"If it does not endanger my salvation," answered the soldier, who knew quite well who was standing before him. "Otherwise I'll have nothing to do with it."

"You'll see about that for yourself," answered Greenjacket. "For the next seven years you are neither to wash yourself, nor comb your beard and hair, nor cut your nails, nor say the Lord's prayer. I will give you a jacket and a cloak, which you must wear during this time. If you die during these seven years, you are mine. If you stay alive, you are free, and rich as well, for all the rest of your life."

The soldier thought about his desperate situation, and having faced death so often before, he decided to risk it now as well, and he entered into the agreement.

The devil took off his green jacket and gave it to the soldier, saying, "Whenever you wear this jacket and reach into its pocket, you will find a handful of money."

Then he pulled the skin off the bear and said, "This shall be your cloak, and your bed as well, for you are to sleep on it, and you are not allowed to lie in any other bed. Because of your clothing you shall you be called Bearskin." With that the devil disappeared.

The soldier put on the jacket, immediately reached into the pocket, and found that the promise was really true. Then he put on the bearskin and went forth into the world. He did whatever he pleased, refraining from nothing that did him good and his money harm.

During the first year his appearance was still acceptable, but during the second he looked like a monster. His hair covered nearly his entire face. His beard looked like a piece of coarse felt cloth. His fingers had claws, and his face was so covered with dirt that if someone had planted cress on it, it would have grown. Everyone who saw him ran away. However, because everywhere he went he gave money to the poor to pray that he might not die during the seven years, and because he paid well for everything, he always found shelter.

In the fourth year he arrived an inn. The innkeeper would not let him enter, refusing even to let him have a place in the stable because he was afraid he would frighten the horses. However, when Bearskin reached into his pocket and pulled out a handful of ducats, the

innkeeper softened and gave him a room in an outbuilding. Bearskin, however, had to promise not to let himself be seen, lest the inn should get a bad name.

One evening Bearskin was sitting alone, wishing with all his heart that the seven years were over, he heard a loud moaning in a neighboring room. He had a compassionate heart, so he opened the door and saw an old man weeping bitterly and striking his hands together above his head. Bearskin went nearer, but the man jumped to his feet and tried to run away. At last, hearing a human voice, the man let Bearskin talk to him, and with friendly words Bearskin succeeded in getting the old man to reveal the cause of his grief. Slowly but surely the old man had lost his wealth, and now he and his daughters would have to starve. He was so poor that he could not pay the innkeeper and was to be sent to prison.

"If that is your only problem," said Bearskin, "I have money enough." He called for the innkeeper and paid him, and then put a bag full of gold into the poor man's pocket.

When the old man saw that he was freed from all his troubles he did not know how to show his gratitude.

"Come with me," he said to Bearskin. "My daughters are all miracles of beauty. Choose one of them for your wife. When she hears what you have done for me she will not refuse you. You do look a little strange, to be sure, but she will put you in order again."

This pleased Bearskin well, and he went with the old man.

When the oldest daughter saw him she was so terrified at his face that she screamed and ran away.

The second one stood still and looked at him from head to foot, but then she said, "How can I accept a husband who no longer has a human form? The shaved bear that once was here and passed itself off for a man pleased me far better. At least it was wearing a hussar's fur and white gloves. If ugliness were his only flaw, I could get used to him."

The youngest one, however, said, "Father, dear, he must be a good man to have helped you out of your trouble. If you promised him a bride for doing so, your word must be kept."

It was a pity that Bearskin's face was covered with dirt and hair, for otherwise they would have seen how his heart laughed within his body when he heard these words. He took a ring from his finger, broke it in two, and gave her one half. He kept the other half himself. He then wrote his name inside her half, and her name inside his. He asked her to take good care of her piece.

Then he took leave saying, "I must wander about for three more years. If I do not return at that time you are free, for I shall be dead. But ask God to preserve my life."

The poor bride-to-be dressed herself entirely in black, and when she thought about her future bridegroom, tears came into her eyes. From her sisters she received nothing but contempt and scorn.

"Be careful," said the oldest. "If you give him your hand, he will hit you with his claws."

"Beware," said the second. "Bears like sweet things, and if he takes a liking to you, he will eat you up."

"You must always do what he wants you to," continued the oldest, "or he will begin to growl."

And the second added, "But the wedding will be merry, for bears dance well."

The bride-to-be said nothing and did not let them irritate her. Bearskin, however, traveled about the world from one place to another, did good wherever he could, and gave generously to the poor that they might pray for him.

Finally, at dawn on the last day of the seven years, he went once more out to the heath, and seated himself beneath the circle of trees. Before long the wind began to howl, and the devil stood before him, looking at him angrily. He threw Bearskin's old jacket to him and demanded the return of his own green one.

"We haven't gotten that far yet," answered Bearskin. "First of all you have to clean me up."

Whether the devil wanted to or not, he had to fetch water and wash off Bearskin, comb his hair, and cut his nails. After this he looked like a brave soldier and was much better looking than he had ever been before.

When the devil was safely gone Bearskin was quite lighthearted. He went into the town, purchased a splendid velvet jacket, seated himself in a carriage drawn by four white horses, and drove to his bride's house. No one recognized him. The father took him for a distinguished colonel and led him into the room where his daughters were sitting. He was given a seat between the two oldest ones. They poured wine for him, served him the finest things to eat, and thought that they had never seen a more handsome man in all the world.

The bride-to-be, however, sat across from him in her black dress without raising her eyes or speaking a word. Finally he asked the father if he would give him one of his daughters for a wife, whereupon the two oldest ones jumped up and ran into their bedrooms to put on splendid dresses, for each of them thought that she was the chosen one.

As soon as he was alone with his bride-to-be, the stranger brought out his half of the ring and dropped it into a glass of wine, which he handed across the table to her. She took the wine, but when she had drunk it and found the half ring lying at the bottom, her heart began to beat. She took the other half, which she wore on a ribbon around her neck, put them together, and saw that the two pieces matched perfectly.

Then he said, "I am your betrothed bridegroom, whom you saw as Bearskin. Through God's grace I have regained my human form and have become clean again."

He went to her, embraced her, and gave her a kiss. In the meantime the two sisters came back in full dress. When they saw that the youngest sister had received the handsome man, and heard that he was Bearskin, they ran out filled with anger and rage. One of them

drowned herself in the well. The other hanged herself on a tree.

That evening, someone knocked at the door, and when the bridegroom opened it, it was the devil in his green jacket, who said, "You see, I now have two souls for the one of yours."

- Source: Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, "Der Bärenhäuter," *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* (Children's and Household Tales -- Grimms' Fairy Tales), 7th edition, vol. 2 (Göttingen: Verlag der Dieterichschen Buchhandlung, 1857), no. 101, pp. 81-86.
- The Grimms' source: The Haxthausen family and story by Hans Jakob Christoffel von Grimmelshausen (ca. 1622-1676) entitled "Vom Ursprung des Namens Bärnhäuter," first published in 1670.
- The Grimms first published this tale under the title "Der Teufel Grünrock" (Devil Greenjacket) in the first edition of their *Kinder- und Hausmärchen,* vol. 2 (1815), no. 15. They substantially revised the tale with their fifth edition (1843).
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2002.
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The Devil as Partner

Switzerland

One evening a traveling journeyman came to an inn, and because he had been strenuously walking for several days in a row, he decided to rest a few days. It didn't bother him that his purse would not cover his costs.

The innkeeper got wind of this, and one evening he said, "My good friend, you are now well rested. Be so good as to be on your way early in the morning. Here is the bill for what you owe me."

This brought both chills and fever to journeyman, who asked the innkeeper if he at least could not wait until tomorrow to be paid. "Tomorrow," he said, "is one more day."

"Good," said the innkeeper, "but be careful that you don't end up in the Black Tower Inn. Around here that's where folks stay who eat and drink more than their purses will cover."

As soon as the innkeeper had left, the journeyman threw himself onto his bed, but fear and worry kept him awake the entire night. Then suddenly a black figure approached his bed, and the journeyman recognized him as the devil for sure.

He said, "Fear not, my dear companion, if you'll provide the sausage, I'll bring the drinks. Lend me a hand, and I'll help you out of your predicament."

"Doing what?" asked the journeyman.

"Just stay here in this inn for seven years," said the devil. "I'll keep you out of debt and provide you with everything you need. Afterward you'll be even better off, and you'll have money like the leaves on trees. In return for this you must neither wash yourself, nor comb your hair, nor cut your hair or nails."

"That job is worth the pay," thought the journeyman, and he entered the agreement without further hesitation.

When the innkeeper appeared the next morning, the journeyman paid him every last penny that was due, and he still had a good surplus for future bills.

The journeyman stayed at the inn for years and days, spending money as though it were sand on the beach. But he became as wild as the night, and no one wanted to look at him. One fine morning a merchant who lived nearby came to the inn. He had three strikingly beautiful daughters. He had come to tell his sorrows to the innkeeper, for he had badly miscalculated in a business deal and did not know how he was going to get out of the difficulty.

"Listen," said the innkeeper. "There's help for you here. A strange fellow has been living upstairs in my rented room for more than six years now. He lets himself go completely, and looks as bad as sin, but he has money like hay, and is a free-spender. Give him a try. Anyway, I've long noticed that he often stares at your house. Who knows, perhaps he's got his eye on one of your daughters.

This advice made good sense to the merchant. He went upstairs to the journeyman, and the two of them soon struck a deal. The journeyman would pay the merchant's debts, and the merchant would give one of his daughters to the journeyman in marriage.

However, when they went to the three daughters, and the father explained the situation to them, the oldest one ran away, crying out, "Phooey, father! What sort of a monster is this that you've brought home? I'd sooner jump into water than to marry him."

The second daughter did no better. She cried out, "Phooey, father! What sort of a creature is this that you've brought home? I'd sooner hang myself than to marry him."

But the third and youngest daughter said, "He must be a good man, father, if he wants to rescue you. I'll take him."

She turned her eyes to the floor and did not look at him, but he took a great liking to her, and the wedding was set.

The seven years that the devil had demanded were now past. On the morning of the wedding day a splendid coach, sparkling with gold and precious stones, drove up to the merchant's house. Out jumped the journeyman, who had now become a fine young nobleman.

The bride breathed a sigh of relief, and there was endless rejoicing. The wedding party went to the church in a long procession, for the merchant and the innkeeper had invited all their relatives.

Only the happy bride's two older sisters did not participate. They angrily took their own lives, the one at the end of a rope, the other in water. And as the bridegroom was leaving the church, he saw the devil again, the first time in seven years. He was sitting on a roof, laughing with satisfaction, and saying:

Partner, I did better than you,
You got one, and I got two.

- Source: Otto Sutermeister, "Der Teufel als Schwager," *Kinder- und Hausmärchen aus der Schweiz* (Aarau: Sauerländer, 1873), no. 27, pp. 83-86.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 1998.
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Hell's Gatekeeper

Austria

There was a very filthy boy who would never let himself be washed, always walking around with an unclean face. No amount of warning or pleading did any good, so every day the filthy one became more filthy.

Now when people are very dirty and go about unwashed the evil one gains power over them. Many have painfully and bitterly experienced this, repenting too late. That is what happened to this boy. He suddenly disappeared. They saw neither hide nor hair of him, and no one knew what had become of him.

Seven years passed since his disappearance, and he had nearly been forgotten when he suddenly showed up again. He had changed and aged so much that his closest acquaintances could scarcely recognize him. His skin color was now entirely black and his hair was very shaggy. Furthermore he was very quiet, saying almost nothing. But he did talk about one thing, especially to children.

He told them that he had come under the power of the devil because of his refusal to wash, and that he had been forced to serve as a gatekeeper to Hell. Thus he had seen everyone who had gone through this fiery gate during this time, and there had been so many that he couldn't account for them all. Rich and noble, poor and lowly, men and women had to go past this gatekeeper, and he thanked God that he himself did not have to enter there and that his time of service was only seven years.

He now resolved to wash himself thoroughly and never let himself become dirty.

He faithfully kept this resolution, for he did not want to become Hell's gatekeeper once again and see the damned ones pass by him.

- Source: Ignaz Vincenz Zingerle and Joseph Zingerle, "Der höllische Thorwartl," *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* (Innsbruck: Verlag der Wagner'schen Buchhandlung, 1852), no. 7, pp. 41-42.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2013.
- This cautionary tale presents a contrary view to the one presented by the other stories in this group.
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Never-Wash

Russia

Once upon a time there was a soldier who had served through three campaigns, but had never earned as much as an addled egg, and was then put on the retired list. Then, as he went on the road marching on and on, he became tired and sat down by a lake. And, as he rested, he began thinking things out, "Where shall I now betake myself, and how shall I feed myself, and how the devil shall I enter into any service?"

As soon as he had spoken these words a little devil rose up at once in front of him and said, "Hail, soldier, what do you wish? Did you just now not say that you wished to become one of our servants? Why, soldier, come up and be hired; we will pay you well."

"What is the work?"

"Oh, the work is easy enough: for fifteen years you must not shave, you must not have your hair cut, you must not blow your nose, and you must not change your garb. If you serve this service, then we will go to the king, who has three daughters. Two of them are mine, but the third shall be yours."

"Very well," said the soldier, "I will undertake the contract; but I require in return to get anything my soul hankers after."

"It shall be so; be at peace; we shall not be in default."

"Well, let it befall at once. Carry me at once into the capital and give me a pile of money; you know yourself how little of these goods a soldier ever gets."

So the little devil dashed into the lake, got out a pile of gold, and instantaneously carried the soldier into the great city, and all at once he was there!

"What a fool I have been!" said the soldier. "I have not done any service, no work, and I now have the money!" So he took a room, never cut his hair, never shaved, never wiped his nose, never changed his garb, and he lived on and grew wealthy, so wealthy he did not know what to do with his money. What was he to do with his silver and gold? "Oh, very well, I will start helping the poor; possibly they may pray for my soul." So the soldier began distributing alms to the needy, to the right and to the left, and he still had money over, however much he gave away! His fame spread over the whole kingdom, came to the ears of all.

So the soldier lived for fourteen years, and on the fifteenth year the tsar's exchequer gave out. So he summoned the soldier. So the soldier came to him unwashed, unshaved, uncombed, with his nose unwiped and his dress unchanged.

"Health, your majesty!"

"Listen, soldier. You, they say, are good to all folks; will you lend me some money? I have not enough to pay my troops. If you will I will make you a general at once."

"No, your Majesty, I do not wish to be a general; but if you will do me a favor, give me one of

Beauty and the Beast

folktales of Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 425C
translated and/or edited by

D. L. Ashliman
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Beauty and the Beast

So the dog leaped over the stile, and they went on for twenty miles until they came to another stile.

"And what do you call me?" said the dog with a wag of his tail.

She was thinking more of her father and her own house than of the dog, so she answered, "A great, foul, small-tooth dog."

Then the dog was in a great rage, and he turned right round about, and galloped back to his own house as before.

After she had cried for another week, the dog promised again to take her back to her father's house. So she mounted upon his back once more, and when they got to the first stile, the dog said, "And what do you call me?"

"Sweet-as-a-Honeycomb," she said.

So the dog jumped over the stile, and away they went -- for now the girl made up her mind to say the most loving things she could think of -- until they reached her father's house.

When they got to the door of the merchant's house, the dog said, "And what do you call me?"

Just at that moment the girl forgot the loving things she meant to say and began, "A great --," but the dog began to turn, and she got fast hold of the door latch, and was going to say "foul," when she saw how grieved the dog looked and remembered how good and patient he had been with her, so she said, "Sweeter-than-a-Honeycomb."

When she had said this she thought the dog would have been content and have galloped away, but instead of that he suddenly stood upon his hind legs, and with his forelegs he pulled off his dog's head and tossed it high in the air. His hairy coat dropped off, and there stood the handsomest young man in the world, with the finest and smallest teeth you ever saw.

Of course they were married, and lived together happily.

- Source: Sidney Oldall Addy, *Household Tales and Other Traditional Remains: Collected in the Counties of York, Lincoln, Derby, and Nottingham* (London: David Nutt; Sheffield: Pawson and Brailsford, 1895), no. 1, pp. 1-4.
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The Summer and Winter Garden

Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm

A merchant was planning to go to a fair, so he asked his three daughters what he should bring back for them.

The oldest one said, "A beautiful dress."

The second, "A pair of pretty shoes."

The third, "A rose."

To find a rose would be difficult, for it was the middle of winter, but because the youngest daughter was the most beautiful, and because she took great pleasure in flowers, the father said that he would do his best to find her one.

The merchant was now on his homeward trip. He had a splendid dress for the oldest daughter, a pair of beautiful shoes for the second one, but he had not been able to get a rose for the third one. Whenever he had entered a garden looking for roses, the people just laughed at him, asking him if he believed that roses grew in the snow. He was very sad about this, and as he was thinking about what he might bring his dearest child, he came to a castle. It had an adjoining garden where it was half summer and half winter. On the one side the most beautiful flowers were blossoming -- large and small. On the other side everything was bare and covered with deep snow.

The man climbed from his horse. He was overjoyed to see an entire hedge full of roses on the summer side. He approached it, picked one of them, and then rode off.

He had already ridden some distance when he heard something running and panting behind him. Turning around, he saw a large black beast, that called out, "Give me back my rose, or I'll kill you! Give me back my rose, or I'll kill you!"

The man said, "Please let me have the rose. I am supposed to bring one home for my daughter, the most beautiful daughter in the world."

"For all I care, but then give me your beautiful daughter for a wife!"

In order to get rid of the beast, the man said yes, thinking that he would not come to claim her.

However, the beast shouted back to him, "In eight days I will come and get my bride."

So the merchant brought each daughter what she had wanted, and each one was delighted, especially the youngest with her rose.

Eight days later the three sisters were sitting together at the table when something came stepping heavily up the stairs to the door. "Open up! Open up!" it shouted.

They opened the door, and were terrified when a large black beast stepped inside. "Because my bride did not come to me, and the time is up, I will fetch her myself." With that he went to the youngest daughter and grabbed hold of her. She began to scream, but it did not help. She had to go away with him. And when the father came home, his dearest child had been taken away.

The black beast carried the beautiful maiden to his castle where everything was beautiful and wonderful. Musicians were playing there, and below there was the garden, half summer and

half winter, and the beast did everything to make her happy, fulfilling even her unspoken desires. They ate together, and she had to scoop up his food for him, for otherwise he would not have eaten. She was dear to the beast, and finally she grew very fond of him.

One day she said to him, "I am afraid, and don't know why. It seems to me that my father or one of my sisters is sick. Couldn't I see them just once?"

So the beast led her to a mirror and said, "Look inside."

She looked into the mirror, and it was as though she were at home. She saw her living room and her father. He really was sick, from a broken heart, because he held himself guilty that his dearest child had been taken away by a wild beast and surely had been eaten up. If he could know how well off she was, then he would not be so sad. She also saw her two sisters sitting on the bed and crying.

Her heart was heavy because of all this, and she asked the beast to allow her to go home for a few days. The beast refused for a long time, but she grieved so much that he finally had pity on her and said, "Go to your father, but promise me that you will be back here in eight days."

She promised, and as she was leaving, he called out again, "Do not stay longer than eight days."

When she arrived home her father was overjoyed to see her once again, but sickness and grief had already eaten away at his heart so much that he could not regain his health, and within a few days he died.

Because of her sadness, she could think of nothing else. Her father was buried, and she went to the funeral. The sisters cried together, and consoled one another, and when her thoughts finally turned to her dear beast, the eight days were long past.

She became frightened, and it seemed to her that he too was sick. She set forth immediately and returned to his castle. When she arrived there everything was still and sad inside. The musicians were not playing. Black cloth hung everywhere. The garden was entirely in winter and covered with snow. She looked for the beast, but he was not there. She looked everywhere, but could not find him.

Then she was doubly sad, and did not know how to console herself. She sadly went into the garden where she saw a pile of cabbage heads. They were old and rotten, and she pushed them aside. After turning over a few of them she saw her dear beast. He was lying beneath them and was dead.

She quickly fetched some water and poured it over him without stopping.

Then he jumped up and was instantly transformed into a handsome prince. They got married, and the musicians began to play again, and the summer side of the garden appeared in its splendor, and the black cloth was all ripped down, and together they lived happily ever after.

- Source: Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, "Von dem Sommer- und Wintergarten," *Kinder-*

und Hausmärchen (1812), vol. 1, no. 68.

- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 1998.
- "The Summer and Winter Garden" was replaced in the Grimms' collection by "The Singing, Springing Lark," *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* (1814), vol. 2, no. 2. Since 1819 "The Singing, Springing Lark" has carried the KHM number 88.
- Link to the Grimm brothers' The Singing, Springing Lark.
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The Clinking Clanking Lowesleaf

Germany

Once upon a time there was a king who had three daughters. The youngest was his pride and joy. One day he wanted to go to the fair to buy something, and he asked his three daughters what he should bring home for them. The first one asked for a golden spinning wheel. The second one a golden yarn reel, and the third one a clinking clanking lowesleaf. The king promised to bring these things and rode away. At the fair he bought the golden spinning wheel and the golden yarn reel, but no one had a clinking clanking lowesleaf for sale. He looked everywhere, but could not find one. This saddened him, because the youngest daughter was the joy of his life, and he wanted to please her ever so much.

As he sorrowfully made his way homeward, he came to a great, great forest and to a large birch tree. Under the birch tree there lay a large black poodle dog. Because the king looked so sad, the dog asked him what was the matter. "Oh," answered the king, "I was supposed to bring a clinking clanking lowesleaf to my youngest daughter, whom I love above anything else, but I cannot find one anywhere, and that is why I am so sad."

"I can help you," said the poodle. "The clinking clanking lowesleaf grows in this tree. If a year and a day from now you will give me that which first greets you upon your arrival home today, then you can have it."

At first the king did not want to agree, but he thought about it long and hard, then said to himself, "What could it be but our dog? Go ahead and make the promise." And he made the promise.

The poodle wagged his tail, climbed up into the birch, broke off the leaf with his frizzy-haired paw, and gave it to the king, saying, "You had better keep your word, or you will wish that you had!" The king repeated his promise, took the leaf, and rode on joyfully.

As he approached home, his youngest daughter jumped out with joy to greet him. The king was horrified. His heart was so filled with grief that he pushed her aside. She started to cry, thinking, "What does this mean, that father is pushing me away?" and she went inside and complained to her mother. Soon the king came in. He gave the oldest girl the golden spinning wheel, the middle one the golden yarn reel, and the youngest one the clinking clanking lowesleaf, and he was quiet and sad. Then the queen asked him was wrong with him, and why he had pushed the youngest daughter away; but he said nothing.

He grieved the entire year. He lamented and mourned and became thin and pale, so concerned was he. Whenever the queen asked him what was wrong, he only shook his head or walked away. Finally, when the year was nearly at its end, he could not longer keep still, and he told her about his misfortune, and thought that his wife would die of shock. She too was horrified, but she soon took hold of herself and said, "You men don't think of anything! After all, don't we have the goose herder's daughter? Let's dress her up and give her to the poodle. A stupid poodle will never know the difference."

The day arrived, and they dressed up the goose girl in their youngest daughter's clothes until she looked just perfect. They had scarcely finished when they heard a bark outside, and a scratching sound at the gate. They looked out, and sure enough, it was the large black poodle dog. They wondered who had taught him to count. After all, a year has more than three hundred days, and even a human can lose count, to say nothing of a dog! But he had not lost count. He had come to take away the princess.

The king and queen greeted him in a friendly manner, then led him outside to the goose girl. He wagged his tail and pawed at her, then he lay down on his belly and said,

> Sit upon my tail,
> And I'll take you away!

She sat down on him, and he took off across the heath. Soon they came to a great, great forest. When they came to the large birch tree, the poodle stopped to rest a while, for it was a hot day, and it was cool and shady here. Around and about there were many daisies [called *Gänseblümchen* -- goose flowers -- in German] poking up their white heads from the beautiful grass, and the girl thought about her parents, and sighed, "Oh, if only my father were here. He could graze the geese so nicely here in this beautiful, lush meadow."

The poodle stood up, shook himself, and said, "Just what kind of a girl are you?"

"I am a goose girl, and my father tends geese," she answered. She would have liked to say what the queen had told her to say, but it was impossible for anyone to tell a lie under this tree. She could not, and she could not.

He jumped up abruptly, looked at her threateningly, and said, "You are not the right one. I have no use for you:"

> Sit upon my tail,
> And I'll take you away!

They were not far from the king's house, when the queen saw them and realized which way the wind was blowing. Therefore she took the broom binder's daughter, dressed her up in even more beautiful clothes. When the poodle arrived and made nasty threats, she brought the broom girl out to him, saying, "This is the right girl!"

"We shall see," responded the poodle dog. The queen became very uneasy, and the king's throat tightened, but the poodle wagged his tail and scratched, then lay down on his belly,

saying,

Sit upon my tail,
And I'll take you away!

The broom girl sat down on him, and he took off across the heath. Soon they too came to the great forest and to the large birch tree. As they sat there resting, the girl thought about her parents, and sighed, "Oh, if only my father were here. He could make brooms so easily, for here there are masses of thin twigs!"

The poodle stood up, shook himself, and said, "Just what kind of a girl are you?"

She wanted to lie, for the queen had ordered her to, and she was a very strict mistress, but she could not, because she was under this tree, and she answered, "I am a broom girl, and my father makes brooms."

He jumped up as though he were mad, looked at her threateningly, and said, "You are not the right one. I have no use for you:"

Sit upon my tail,
And I'll take you away!

They approached the king's house, and the king and queen, who had been steadily looking out the window, began to moan and cry, especially the king, for the youngest daughter was the apple of his eye. The court officials cried and sobbed as well, and there was nothing but mourning everywhere. But it was to no avail. The poodle arrived and said, "This time give me the right girl, or you will wish that you had!" He spoke with such a frightful voice and made such angry gestures, that everyone's heart stood still, and their skin shuddered. Then they led out the youngest daughter, dressed in white, and as pale as snow. It was as though the moon had just come out from behind dark clouds. The poodle knew that she was the right one, and said with a caressing voice,

Sit upon my tail,
And I'll take you away!

He ran much more gently this time, and did not stop in the great forest under the birch tree, but hurried deeper and deeper into the woods until they finally reached a small house, where he quietly lay the princess, who had fallen asleep, onto a soft bed. She slumbered on and dreamed about her parents, and about the strange ride, and she laughed and cried in her sleep. The poodle lay down in his hut and kept watch over the little house and the princess.

When she awoke the next morning and found herself soul alone, she cried and grieved and wanted to run away, but she could not, because the house was enchanted. It let people enter, but no one could leave. There was plenty there to eat and drink, everything that even a princess could desire, but she did not want anything and did not take a single bite. She could neither see nor hear the poodle, but the birds sang wonderfully. There were deer grazing around and about, and they looked at the princess with their large eyes. The morning wind

curled her golden locks and poured fresh color over her face. The princess sighed and said, "Oh, if only someone were here, even if it were the most miserable, dirty beggar woman. I would kiss her and hug her and love her and honor her!"

"Is that true?" screeched a harsh voice close behind her, startling the princess. She looked around, and there stood a bleary-eyed woman as old as the hills. She glared at the princess and said, "You called for a beggar woman, and a beggar woman is here! In the future do not despise beggar women. Now listen well! The poodle dog is an enchanted prince, this hut an enchanted castle, the forest an enchanted city, and all the animals enchanted people. If you are a genuine princess and are also kind to poor people, then you can redeem them all and become rich and happy. The poodle goes away every morning, because he has to, and every evening he returns home, because he wants to. At midnight he pulls off his rough hide and becomes an ordinary man. If he knocks on your bedroom door, do not let him in, however much he asks and begs, not the first night, not the second night, and especially not the third night. During the third night, after he has tired himself out talking and has fallen asleep, take the hide, make a large fire, and burn it. But first lock your bedroom door securely, so that he cannot get in, and do not open it when he scratches on the door, if you cherish your life. And on your wedding day say three times, don't forget it now, say three times:

Old tongues,
Old lungs!

and I will see you again." The princess took very careful notice of everything, and the old woman disappeared.

The first night the prince asked and begged her to open her door, but she answered, "No, I'll not do it," and she did not do it. The second night he asked her even more sweetly, but she did not answer at all. She buried her head in her pillow, and she did not open the door. The third night he asked her so touchingly and sang such beautiful melodies to her, that she wanted to jump up and open the door for him, but fortunately she remembered the old woman and her mother and father. She pulled the bedcovers over her head, and did not open the door. Complaining, the prince walked away, but she did not hear him leave. While he slept she built up the fire, crept out on tiptoe, picked up the rough hide from the corner where the poodle always put it, barred the bedroom door, and threw it into the flames. The poodle jumped up howling, gnawed and clawed at the door, threatened, begged, growled, and howled again. But she did not open the door, and he could not open the door, however fiercely he threw himself against it.

The fire flamed up brightly one last time, and there was an enormous bang, as if heaven and hell had exploded. Standing before her was the most handsome prince in the world. The hut was now a magnificent castle, the forest a great city full of palaces, and the animals were all kinds of people.

At their wedding ceremony, the prince and the princess were seated at the table with the old king and the old queen and the two sisters and many rich and important people, when the bride called out three times,

Old tongues,
Old lungs!

and the tattered old woman came in. The old queen scolded, and the two princesses scolded, and they wanted to chase her away, but the young queen stood up and let the old woman sit down at her place, eat from her plate, and drink from her goblet. When the old woman had eaten and drunk her fill, she looked at the old queen and the evil daughters, and they became crooked and lame. But she blessed the young queen, and she became seven times more beautiful, and no one ever saw or heard from the old woman again.

- Source: Carl and Theodor Colshorn, "Vom klinkesklanken Lowesblatt," *Märchen und Sagen aus Hannover* (Hannover: Verlag von Carl Ruempler, 1854), no. 20, pp. 64-69.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 1998.
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The Little Nut Twig

Germany

Once upon a time there was a rich merchant whose business required him to travel abroad. Taking leave, he said to his three daughters, "Dear daughters, I would like to have something nice for you when I return. What should I bring home for you?"

The oldest one said, "Father dear, a beautiful pearl necklace for me!"

The second one said, "I would like a finger ring with a diamond stone."

The youngest one cuddled up to her father and whispered, "Daddy, a pretty green nut twig for me."

"Good, my dear daughters," said the merchant, "I will remember. Farewell."

The merchant traveled far and purchased many goods, but he also faithfully remembered his daughters' wishes. To please his eldest he had packed a costly pearl necklace into his baggage, and he had also purchased an equally valuable diamond ring for the middle daughter. But, however much he tried, he could not find a green nut twig. For this reason he went on foot a good distance on his homeward journey. His way led him in large part through the woods, and he hoped thus finally to find a nut twig. However, he did not succeed, and the good father became very depressed that he had not been able to fulfill the harmless request of his youngest and dearest child.

Finally, as he was sadly making his way down a path that led through a dark forest and next to a dense thicket, his hat rubbed against a twig, and it made a sound like hailstones falling on it. Looking up he saw that it was a pretty green nut twig, from which was hanging a cluster of golden nuts. The man was delighted. He reached his hand up and plucked the magnificent twig. But in that same instant, a wild bear shot out from the thicket and stood up on his back paws, growling fiercely, as though he were about to tear the merchant to pieces.

With a terrible voice he bellowed, "Why did you pick my nut twig, you? Why? I will eat you up!"

Shaking and trembling with fear the merchant said, "Dear bear, don't eat me. Let me go on my way with the little nut twig. I'll give you a large ham and many sausages for it!"

But the bear bellowed again, "Keep your ham and your sausages! I will not eat you, only if you will promise to give me the first thing that meets you upon your arrival home."

The merchant gladly agreed to this, for he recalled how his poodle usually ran out to greet him, and he would gladly sacrifice the poodle in order to save his own life.

Following a crude handshake the bear lumbered back into the thicket. The merchant, breathing a sigh of relief, went hurriedly and happily on his way.

The golden nut twig decorated the merchant's had splendidly as he hurried homeward. Filled with joy, the youngest girl ran to greet her dear father. The poodle followed her with bold leaps. The oldest daughters and the mother were not quite so fast to step out the door and greet home-comer.

The merchant was horrified to see that the first one to greet him was his youngest daughter. Concerned and saddened, he withdrew from the happy child's embrace, and -- following the initial greetings -- told them all that had happened with the nut twig.

They all cried and were very sad, but the youngest daughter showed the most courage, and she resolved to fulfill her father's promise.

The mother soon thought up a good plan. She said, "Dear ones, let's not be afraid. If the bear should come to hold you to your promise, dear husband, instead of giving him our youngest daughter, let's give him the herdsman's daughter. He will be satisfied with her."

This proposal was accepted. The daughters were happy once again, and they were very pleased with their beautiful presents. The youngest one always kept her nut twig with her, and she soon forgot the bear and her father's promise.

But one day a dark carriage rattled through the street and up to the front of the merchant's house. The ugly bear climbed out and walked into the house growling. He went up to the startled man and asked that his promise be fulfilled. Quickly and secretly they fetched the herdsman's daughter, who was very ugly, dressed her in good clothes, and put her in the bear's carriage.

The journey began. Once outside the town, the bear laid his wild shaggy head in the shepherd girl's lap and growled,

> Tussle me, scuffle me
> Soft and gentle, behind my ears,
> Or I will eat you, skin and bone

The girl began to do so, but she did not do it the way the bear wanted her to, and he realized that he had been deceived. He was about to eat the disguised shepherd girl, but in her fright she quickly fled from the carriage.

Then the bear rode back to the merchant's house and, with terrible threats, demanded the right bride. So the dear maiden had to come forward, and -- following a bitterly sorrowful farewell -- she rode away with the ugly bridegroom.

Once outside the town, he laid his coarse head in the girl's lap and growled again,

> Tussle me, scuffle me
> Soft and gentle, behind my ears,
> Or I will eat you, skin and bone

And the girl did just that, and she did it so softly that it pacified him, and his terrible bearish expression became friendly. Gradually the bear's poor bride began to gain some trust toward him. The journey did not last long, for the carriage traveled extremely fast, like a windstorm through the air. They soon came to a very dark forest, and the carriage suddenly stopped in front of a dark and yawning cave. This was where the bear lived. Oh, how the girl trembled!

The bear embraced her with his claw-arms and said to her with a friendly growl, "This is where you will live, my little bride; and you will be happy, as long as you behave yourself here, otherwise my wild animals will tear you apart."

As soon as they had gone a few steps inside the dark cave, he unlocked an iron door and stepped with his bride into a room that was filled with poisonous worms. They hissed at them rapaciously. The bear growled into his little bride's ear,

> Do not look around!
> Neither right nor left,
> Straight ahead, and you'll be safe!

Then the girl did indeed walk through the room without looking around, and all the while not a single worm stirred or moved. And in this manner they went through ten more rooms, and the last one was filled with the most terrible creatures: dragons and snakes, toads swollen with poison, basilisks and lindorms. And in each room the bear growled,

> Do not look around!
> Neither right nor left,
> Straight ahead, and you'll be safe!

The girl trembled and quaked with fear, like the leaves of an aspen, but she remained steadfast and did not look around, neither right nor left. When the door to the twelfth room opened up, a glistening stream of light shone toward the two of them. The most beautiful music sounded from within, and everywhere there were cries of joy.

Before the bride could comprehend this -- she was still trembling from seeing such horrible things, and now this surprising loveliness -- there was a terrible clap of thunder, and she

Joseph Jacobs

There was once a merchant that had three daughters, and he loved them better than himself. Now it happened that he had to go a long journey to buy some goods, and when he was just starting he said to them, "What shall I bring you back, my dears?"

And the eldest daughter asked to have a necklace; and the second daughter wished to have a gold chain; but the youngest daughter said, "Bring back yourself, papa, and that is what I want the most."

"Nonsense, child," said her father, "you must say something that I may remember to bring back for you."

"So," she said, "then bring me back a rose, father."

Well, the merchant went on his journey and did his business and bought a pearl necklace for his eldest daughter, and a gold chain for his second daughter; but he knew it was no use getting a rose for the youngest while he was so far away because it would fade before he got home. So he made up his mind he would get a rose for her the day he got near his house.

When all his merchanting was done he rode off home and forgot all about the rose till he was near his house; then he suddenly remembered what he had promised his youngest daughter, and looked about to see if he could find a rose. Near where he had stopped he saw a great garden, and getting off his horse he wandered about in it till he found a lovely rosebush; and he plucked the most beautiful rose he could see on it. At that moment he heard a crash like thunder, and looking around he saw a huge monster -- two tusks in his mouth and fiery eyes surrounded by bristles, and horns coming out of its head and spreading over its back.

"Mortal," said the beast, "who told you you might pluck my roses?"

"Please, sir," said the merchant in fear and terror for his life, "I promised my daughter to bring her home a rose and forgot about it till the last moment, and then I saw your beautiful garden and thought you would not miss a single rose, or else I would have asked your permission."

"Thieving is thieving," said the beast, "whether it be a rose or a diamond; your life is forfeit."

The merchant fell on his knees and begged for his life for the sake of his three daughters who had none but him to support them.

"Well, mortal, well," said the beast, "I grant your life on one condition: Seven days from now you must bring this youngest daughter of yours, for whose sake you have broken into my garden, and leave her here in your stead. Otherwise swear that you will return and place yourself at my disposal."

So the merchant swore, and taking his rose mounted his horse and rode home.

As soon as he got into his house his daughters came rushing round him, clapping their hands and showing their joy in every way, and soon he gave the necklace to his eldest daughter, the

thought that earth and heaven were breaking apart.

It was soon quiet once again. The forest, the cave, the poisonous animals, and the bear had all disappeared. In their place stood a splendid castle with rooms decorated in gold and with beautifully dressed servants. And the bear had been transformed into a handsome young man. He was the prince of this magnificent castle, and he pressed his little bride to his heart, thanking her a thousand times that she had redeemed him and his servants -- the wild animals -- from their enchantment.

She was now a high and wealthy princess, but she always wore the beautiful nut twig on her breast. It never wilted, and she especially liked to wear it, because it had been the key to her good fortune.

Her parents and sisters were soon informed of this happy turn of events. The bear prince had them brought to the castle, where they lived in splendid happiness forever after.

- Source: Ludwig Bechstein, "Das Nusszweiglein," *Deutsches Märchenbuch*, 5th edition (Leipzig: Verlag von Georg Wigand, 1847), pp. 81-85.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 1998.
- Ludwig Bechstein (1801-1860) was Germany's most widely read collector and editor of folktales during the nineteenth century, his popularity within Germany at that time surpassing that of his more scholarly contemporaries, Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm.
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Little Broomstick

Germany

There was once a merchant who had three daughters. The two older ones were proud and haughty. The younger one, however, was well behaved and modest, although her beauty greatly surpassed that of her sisters. She dressed simply, and thus unconsciously enhanced her beauty more than her sisters were able to do with the most expensive clothing and jewelry.

Nettchen, that was the name of the merchant's youngest daughter, had a dear girlfriend who was very poor, but equally beautiful and virtuous. She was a broom binder's daughter, and was for this reason was called Little Broomstick by young and old alike. Both girls were of one heart and one soul. They entrusted one another with their little secrets, and between them all class distinctions fell by the wayside. This angered the older sisters greatly, but Nettchen let them scold, and loved her Little Broomstick nonetheless.

Once the merchant was planning a long journey, although the season was already very advanced. He asked his daughters if they had a wish as to what he should bring home to them.

The oldest one said, "Bring me a golden necklace!"

The second, "Bring me a pair of earrings that are so beautiful that all women be envious of

me because of them!"

The youngest said that she had no wish, because her father, in his goodness, had already given her everything. But the merchant insisted, so she answered with a smile, "Then bring me three roses growing on one stem."

She was convinced that her father would not be able to find such a present in the middle of winter. He kissed her for her modesty and set forth on his journey.

He was on his way home when he remembered the presents that he was supposed to get for his daughters. He soon found a golden necklace and a pair of splendid earrings, but not so the three roses for Nettchen. The father had just decided to buy some other valuable present for his darling, when suddenly -- to his surprise -- he came upon a green area. He stepped through a wide gateway and found himself in a large, blossoming garden adjacent to a splendid castle. Outside everything was covered with snow, but in the garden the trees were in blossom, nightingales were singing in the bushes, and finally he even saw a blossoming rosebush, and on one of its branches were three of the most beautiful half-open buds. Elated, he thought that now he would be able to fulfill Nettchen's wish, and he broke off the branch.

He had scarcely done so when an enormous beast with a long ugly snout, ears hanging down, and a shaggy coat and tail appeared before him and laid his long sharp claws on his shoulder. The merchant was deathly frightened, and even worse when the beast began to speak, threatening him with death for his misdeed.

The merchant begged, telling him why he wanted the roses, whereupon the beast answered, "Your youngest daughter must be a true pearl of her sex. Very well, if you will promise to give her to me as a wife in seven months, then you shall live and return to your people."

As terrified as the merchant was at this proposal, his fear nevertheless led him to make the promise, thinking that he would be able to trick the monster.

The merchant returned to his people and distributed the presents. However, he was sad and melancholy, and they noticed that he was carrying a great burden in his heart. Nettchen asked him to tell her what was troubling him, but he only gave her excuses. He told the secret only to the two older daughters, who wickedly took pleasure in the situation.

So that the father could keep his eyes on her, Nettchen was almost never allowed to leave the house. Only Little Broomstick came to visit her from time to time.

One day -- the seventh month had just passed -- she and Little Broomstick were again together when a carriage stopped before the house. A servant, gesturing silently, handed a note to the merchant. On it were written the words, "Fulfill your promise!"

The merchant was terrified, but he collected himself and asked Little Broomstick to come to him. The girl came, expecting nothing bad. The merchant pointed at her. She was lifted into the carriage, and away they went in a thundering gallop.

However, the beast recognized the deception as soon as Little Broomstick was brought

before him, and he ordered the girl to go home immediately and bring back the right one. The carriage stopped again before the merchant's house, and when Little Broomstick stepped out, Nettchen fell around her neck with friendly greetings. But then she was picked up and shoved into the carriage, which drove away with its booty as fast as an arrow.

Nettchen was very frightened, but she soon collected herself. Inside the strange, beautiful castle she was received with honor, although with silent gestures, and she no longer felt concerned. Silent servants brought her the most delicious things to eat and showed her to a bedroom, where a blinding white canopy bed invited her to rest. After saying her prayers, she surrendered to the arms of sleep.

When she awoke she saw to her fright that a disgusting shaggy monster lay next to her. But it was lying there still and quiet, so she left it alone. Then it left, and she had time to think about her adventure.

The ugly beast gradually became her sleeping companion, and she grew less and less afraid of him. He cuddled up to her, and she stroked his shaggy coat and even allowed him to touch her lips with his long, cold snout. This had gone on for four weeks when one night the beast did not come to her. Nettchen could not sleep for worry and concern about what might have happened to the beast, whom she had become quite fond of.

The next morning she was walking in the garden when she saw the beast lying all stretched out on the bank of a pond that served as a bath. He did not move a limb and showed every sign of being dead. A bitter pain penetrated her breast, and she cried over the death of the poor beast. But her tears had scarcely started to flow when the monster was transformed into a handsome youth.

He stood up before her, pressed her hand to his breast, and said, "You have redeemed me from a terrible curse. My father wanted me to marry a woman whom I did not love. I refused steadfastly, and in his anger, my father had a sorceress transform me into a monster. The transformation was to last until an innocent virgin would fall in love with me in spite of my ugly form, and would cry tears on my behalf. You with your heart of an angel have done just that, and I cannot thank you enough. If you will become my wife, I will repay with love what you have done for me."

Nettchen extended him her hand, and they were married. Then the deathly quiet castle awoke in a hustle and bustle. Joy ruled everywhere, and the newlyweds lived in bliss.

Now the young wife had been given the requirement that she not return to her father's house for one year. However, she obtained a mirror in which she could see everything that was happening in her family circle. Nettchen looked into the mirror often, and she saw her father in his sorrow, although her sisters were cheerful and gay. She observed Little Broomstick as well, and how she mourned for her lost girlfriend. She did not look into the mirror for some time, and when she returned to it, she saw her father on his deathbed and her sisters in the next room making merry with their friends.

This saddened the good sister, and she confided her sorrow with her husband. He comforted

her, saying, "Your father will not die. In my garden there is a plant whose sap can call back the fleeing life-spirits. The year is nearly over. Then we will fetch your father, and you will not have to be separated from him any longer."

Nettchen was pleased with this, and as soon as the year had passed, the husband and wife and their magnificent entourage journeyed to Nettchen's home city. The two older sisters nearly burst with envy and anger, while the father's joy brought back his health, so that evil turned to good. The sap restored his full strength and wellbeing. Little Broomstick too was overjoyed, and Nettchen was her old girlfriend once again. She and the merchant accompanied them back to the prince's castle.

Nettchen had a forgiving heart, and however much she had been hurt by her sisters, she wanted to share her good fortune with them. Therefore she invited them to visit her, and showed them all her wealth. However, the splendor angered the sisters, and they resolved to kill their happy sister. Once when they were in the bath, they forced Nettchen under the water, and she drowned.

They had scarcely done this when a tall female figure rose up before them and glared at them with angry eyes. She touched the dead woman with a wand, and she came back to life. "I am the sorceress who once transformed the prince," said the tall figure. I have noted your good heart and taken you under my protection. These miserable ones killed you. Now I leave their fate in your hands!"

Nettchen begged for mercy for them, but the sorceress shook her head and said, "They must die, for you will never be safe from their malice, and as soon as they have been punished, my power will cease."

"Then do with them what you will!" sobbed Nettchen.

"Let them be transformed into columns and remain such until a man falls in love with them, and that will never happen."

She touched the sisters with her hand, and they were immediately transformed into two stone columns, which to this day are still standing in the garden of the splendid castle, for it has not yet occurred to any man that he should fall in love with cold, heartless stones.

The good Little Broomstick remained Nettchen's most faithful girlfriend. She still shares her good fortune with her, if in the meantime the two of them have not died.

- Source: Ludwig Bechstein, "Besenstielchen," *Deutsches Märchenbuch*, 5th edition (Leipzig: Verlag von Georg Wigand, 1847), pp. 228-32.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 1998.
- Ludwig Bechstein (1801-1860) was Germany's most widely read collector and editor of folktales during the nineteenth century, his popularity within Germany at that time surpassing that of his more scholarly contemporaries, Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm.
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Beauty and the Horse

Denmark

There was once a merchant whose business was so immense that he was the wealthiest tradesman known. He had three daughters, one of whom was named Beauty. One day the merchant received word from friends far away, informing him of the failure of one of his connections, and he at once prepared himself for a journey to that place. The two older daughters asked him to buy all sorts of finery and dresses for them, but Beauty asked for nothing at all. When the merchant left, these two girls had rubbed their eyes with onions in order to look as if they were sorry to bid him good-bye; but Beauty needed no such artifice; her tears were quite natural.

So the merchant went away, and in due time arrived at the place where the tradesman of whom he had heard the bad news was living. But instead of obtaining money, as he hoped, he was kicked and beaten so violently that it seems a great wonder he came away without losing his life. Of course he had now nothing to do but return, so he mounted his horse and turned homeward. Towards evening he unfortunately lost his way, and when it became quite dark he knew no better than to ride in the direction of a light which was shining from a distance. At length he reached a beautiful little palace, but although it was lighted, there seemed to be no one at home.

After a while he found a shelter and food for his horse -- pure oats, and nothing else. The animal might well dance for joy, for both man and beast were well-nigh exhausted from the long ride. When the horse had been provided for, the master stepped into the palace. There a light was burning, and a table was laid for one person, but no one was to be seen. As the merchant was tired, he sat down without invitation, and ate a hearty supper. A fine bed was there, too, and when he had eaten enough he stretched himself among the pillows and enjoyed a good night's rest.

The next morning everything appeared as on the evening before. The horse was well supplied, and as breakfast was ready on the table, the merchant seated himself, doing justice to the good meal. At he was now ready to leave, he thought it might be well to look over the premises, and glancing into the garden he perceived some exquisite flowers. He went down, intending to carry some of them home with him as a present for Beauty; but no sooner had he touched them than a horse came running towards him as fast as it could trot, saying, "You thoughtless man; I was good to you last night, I gave you shelter and provisions, and now you would even take with you the most beautiful flowers in my garden."

The merchant immediately begged pardon, saying that he had intended the flowers as a gift for Beauty, his daughter.

"Have you several daughters?" asked the horse.

"Yes, I have three, and Beauty is the youngest one," he replied.

"Now you must promise me," said the horse, "that you will give me the daughter whose name

is Beauty; if you refuse, I will take your life."

Well, the merchant did not wish to lose his life, so he promised to bring his daughter to the palace, whereupon the horse disappeared among the trees, and the man rode home.

As soon as he reached his house, the two older daughters came out and asked him for the fine things which they were expecting. But Beauty came and bid him welcome. He produced the flowers and gave them to her, saying, "These are for you, but they cost your life," and he then told her how he had been obliged to make the fatal promise to the horse, in order to save his life.

Beauty at once said, "I am willing to follow you, father, and am always glad to help you." They started on their journey, and soon arrived at the palace.

As before, no one was to be seen, but the merchant found food for his horses and a good stable The table was also laid for two persons, and there were two beds. Having done justice to the supper, father and daughter retired and slept soundly. When they awoke the next morning, they found breakfast ready for both, ate heartily, and having exchanged many loving and tender words, they separated, the father riding away. We will let him proceed, and see what occurred at the palace.

Shortly before dinnertime the horse arrived. He came into the room and said, "Welcome, Beauty!" She did not feel very glad, and had all she could do in keeping her tears back. "You shall do nothing but walk around in these rooms and in the garden," continued the horse. "Your meals are provided for. I shall come home every day at noon; at other times you must not expect me."

Time passed, and Beauty felt so lonely that she often longed for noon, when the horse came home, and she could talk with him. She gradually came to look at him more and more kindly; but one thing caused her great distress, namely, that she had no news from her father. One day she mentioned this to the horse.

"Yes," said he, "I understand that very well. In the large room you will find a mirror in which you can see all that you are thinking of."

She was happy to learn this, and went straight into the room where the mirror was hanging. As soon as she thought of her father, her old home was visible in the glass, and she noticed how he was sitting in his chair with a sorrowful expression upon his countenance, while his two daughters were singing and dancing. Beauty felt sorry over this state of affairs, and the next day she told the horse what she had seen.

"Your father is sorry, I suppose," said the horse, " because he has lost you. He will soon feel better, however."

But on the next day, when Beauty consulted the mirror, her father looked pale and ill, like one who is deadly sick; both of her sisters were dressed for a ball, and neither of them seemed to care for the weak man. Beauty burst into tears, and when the horse came home, asking what

ailed her, she told him of the bad state of affairs, wishing that he would allow her to return and nurse her poor father during his illness.

"If you will promise to come back," said the horse, "you may return and stay for three days; but under no condition must you break your word."

Beauty told him she would come back in three days.

"Tonight," resumed the horse, "before going to bed, you must place the mirror under your pillow, saying, 'I wish to be home tomorrow.' Then your wish will be fulfilled. When you desire to return, you must do likewise."

The next morning, when Beauty awoke, she was at her old home. Her father became so glad to see her again that he at once felt a great deal better. She cared so well for him that the next day he was able to be up, and on the third day he was almost well. As he wished her to stay with him a few days longer, she complied, thinking that no harm would come from it. On the third day after, however, when she looked into the mirror, she saw the horse stretched on the ground in front of the bench which was her favorite seat in the garden. She now felt that it would be impossible for her to remain longer, hence in the evening, before going to bed, she placed the mirror under her pillow, saying: "I wish to be at the palace tomorrow morning."

She promptly awoke in the palace the following morning, and hurrying into the garden she found the horse so very sick that he could not stand on his legs. Beauty knelt down and asked him to forgive her for staying away longer than she had promised. The horse asked her if she could not persuade herself to stay with him all her life, but she answered that it would seem very singular to live with a horse all her lifetime. The poor animal now sighed so deeply that she took pity on him and said, fearing that he might die then and there, that she would always stay with him and never leave him.

As soon as she had made this promise, the horse vanished, and a beautiful young prince stood before her. He seized her hand and asked whether she was not sorry for the promise she had made. No, she said, she would rather stay with him now than when he was in the shape of a horse. He now told her that both he and the whole land had been enchanted by his wicked stepmother, who had converted him into a horse, and told him that only when a beautiful young girl would promise to stay with him, in his altered shape, would the enchantment be over. He wanted to marry Beauty, and live in the palace which belonged to him.

So they sent for her father to take up his residence with them, and now the marriage was performed and celebrated in a splendid manner. They lived long and happily together, the prince and his Beauty.

- Source: J. Christian Bay, *Danish Fairy and Folk Tales* (New York and London: Harper and Brothers, 1899), pp. 14-20.
- Bay's sources for this collection: Svend Grundtvig, E. T. Kristensen, Ingvor Bondesen, and L. Budde.
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The Singing Rose

Austria

A king had three daughters. They were more beautiful than the young women of today, and each had passed her sixteenth year of life. The king thought about making one of his daughters queen, but he did not know which one he should select over the other two.

One day he summoned all three and said to them, "My dear children, I am now old and frail, and every day is a gift. Before I die, I would like to bring everything in my realm into order and name one of you as the heir to my kingdom. Now go out into the wide world, and the one of you who brings back a singing rose shall inherit my throne, and she shall be queen over the entire land."

When the three daughters had heard this, they tearfully took leave of their old father, then -- trusting their luck -- set forth for foreign lands, each taking a different path.

It happened that the youngest and most beautiful of them had to go through a dark pine forest. All kinds of birds were singing at the same time. It was wonderful to listen to them. It began to get dark, the birds flew to their nests, and after a while it became quiet as a mouse. Then suddenly a bright, beautiful, loud tone sounded forth, such as the princess had never heard before, neither from birds nor from humans, and she immediately thought, "That can only be the singing rose."

She hurried on in the direction that the marvelous sounds seemed to be coming from. She had not walked long before she saw a large, old-fashioned castle on a cliff. She eagerly climbed up to the castle and pulled several times on the latch. Finally the gate opened with a creaking sound, and an old man with a long, ice-gray beard looked out.

"What is your wish?" he grumpily asked the startled maiden.

"I would like a singing rose," she answered. "Do you have such a thing in your garden?"

"Yes indeed," answered the old man.

"What will you take for it, if I could get it from you?"

"You need give me nothing for the singing rose. You can have it today, but as payment, I will come to you in seven years and bring you back with me to this, my castle."

"Just bring me quickly the valuable flower," shouted the maiden joyfully, for she was thinking only about the singing rose and the kingdom, but not about what would happen after seven years.

The old man went back into the castle, and returned soon with a full, glowing rose. It was singing so beautifully that the maiden's heart jumped for joy. She eagerly reached out her hand for it, and as soon as she had the flower in her hands she ran down the mountain like a deer.

The old man called after her with a serious voice, "I will see you in seven years!"

The maiden wandered the entire night through the dark woods with her rose. Her pleasure in the singing flower and the inherited kingdom caused her to forget all fear. The rose sang without pause the entire way; and the louder and more beautifully it sang, the faster the princess hurried on toward her homeland.

She arrived home and told her father everything that had happened to her, and the rose sang beautifully. Immeasurable joy ruled in the castle, and the king gave one celebration after the other. Soon the two older sisters returned. They had found nothing, and had had to return home empty handed. And now the youngest daughter, who had brought back the rose, became queen, although the old father continued to rule. The royal family lived beautiful, joyful days. Day after day and year after year slipped by.

Finally the seventh year came to an end, and on the first day of the eighth year the old man from the castle appeared before the king and demanded from him the one of his daughter who had brought home the singing rose. The king presented to him his oldest daughter, but the old man rejected her, shaking his head and growling, "She is not the right one."

When the king saw that he could not get away with deception, he -- with a bleeding heart -- turned over the youngest and dearest of his children.

The princess now had to go with the grumbling graybeard to his castle, from which she had once obtained the singing rose. The beautiful maiden was very sad, for she had no one there except for her old master. Day after day she sorrowfully thought about her father and her sisters.

In the castle there were other pleasures in abundance, but they did not comfort her, for she did not have the company of her loved ones. Her thoughts were always in her homeland. Further, all the doors and chests in the castle were locked, and the old man did not let her have access to a single key.

One day she learned -- God knows from where! -- that her oldest sister was to marry a neighboring prince, and that the wedding would take place in a few days. Disquieted, she went to the old man and asked him for permission to attend her sister's wedding.

"Just go!" growled the old man. "But I am telling you in advance, do not laugh once during the entire wedding day. If you disobey my order, I will tear you into a thousand pieces. I myself will continually be by your side, and if you as much as open your mouth to laugh, it will be over with you. Take notice!"

The princess thought that this would be easy to follow, and on the announced day she appeared with the old graybeard at her sister's wedding. Joy ruled in the king's castle when they saw the long missing queen returning. She was very happy and took advantage of the day, but she did not forget the old man's order, and she did not once open her mouth to laugh. That evening she had to take leave from her loved ones, and she sadly returned to the lonely castle with her companion. Her time of monotony began once again, and the poor

princess was always glad when a day finally ended.

Then the rumor came to her ears that the other sister would marry soon. This disquieted her again, and she asked the old man if she could not attend her second sister's wedding.

"Just go!" growled the old man." But this time you are not allowed to speak a single word the entire day. I will go with you again and observe you vigilantly.

The princess thought that this would be easy to follow, and on the announced day she appeared with the old graybeard at her sister's wedding. Joy ruled in the king's castle when they saw the long missing queen returning. Everyone ran out to meet her. They greeted her and welcomed her and asked her about everything. But she pretended that she could not talk, and did not allow a single sound to escape from her beautiful lips. But this time she did not keep up her courage as well as she had the last time, and that evening when everyone was talking together until it was humming like a beehive, a little word slipped out. The old man quickly jumped up, took her by the hand, and led her out of the hall and back to his lonely castle.

Here the princess had other things in great abundance, but she greatly missed the company of her loved ones, and everything seemed terribly monotonous to her.

One day when she was sadly walking through the garden where the rose had previously blossomed and sung, the old man came to her and said with a serious expression, "Your majesty, if tomorrow while it is striking twelve you will cut off my head in three blows, then everything that you find in the castle will be yours, and you will be free forever!"

The princess took heart from the old man's speech and decided to attempt the risky deed.

The next day -- it was Saturday -- the old man appeared a little before twelve o'clock and uncovered his neck. She drew the sword that she had hung about her waist, and as the castle clock struck one she swung the sword once, then quickly again two more times. The old man's head rolled away on the floor. But behold! Instead of blood, a key fell from the head. It opened all the chests and doors in the entire castle. There the princess found many, many precious things, and she was rich and free forever.

- Source: Source: Ignaz and Joseph Zingerle, "Die singende Rose," *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* (Innsbruck: Verlag der Wagner'schen Buchhandlung, 1852), no. 30, pp. 183-88.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 1998.
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The Bear Prince

Switzerland

A merchant once wanted to go to market. He asked his three daughters what he should bring home for them.

chain to his second daughter, and then he gave the rose to his youngest, and as he gave it he sighed.

"Oh, thank you, father," they all cried.

But the youngest said, "Why did you sigh so deeply when you gave me my rose?"

"Later on I will tell you," said the merchant.

So for several days they lived happily together, though the merchant wandered about gloomy and sad, and nothing his daughters could do would cheer him up till at last he took his youngest daughter aside and said to her, "Bella, do you love your father?"

"Of course I do, father, of course I do."

"Well, now you have a chance of showing it"; and then he told her of all that had occurred with the beast when he got the rose for her. Bella was very sad, as you can well think, and then she said, "Oh, father, it was all on account of me that you fell into the power of this beast; so I will go with you to him; perhaps he will do me no harm; but even if he does -- better harm to me than evil to my dear father."

So next day the merchant took Bella behind him on his horse, as was the custom in those days, and rode off to the dwelling of the beast. And when he got there and they alighted from his horse the doors of the house opened, and what do you think they saw there! Nothing. So they went up the steps and went through the hall, and went into the dining room, and there they saw a table spread with all manner of beautiful glasses and plates and dishes and napery, with plenty to eat upon it. So they waited and they waited, thinking that the owner of the house would appear, till at last the merchant said, "Let's sit down and see what will happen then." And when they sat down invisible hands passed them things to eat and to drink, and they ate and drank to their heart's content. And when they arose from the table it arose too and disappeared through the door as if it were being carried by invisible servants.

Suddenly there appeared before them the beast who said to the merchant, "Is this your youngest daughter?"

And when he had said that it was, he said, "Is she willing to stop here with me?"

And then he looked at Bella who said, in a trembling voice, "Yes, sir."

"Well, no harm shall befall you." With that he led the merchant down to his horse and told him he might come that day each week to visit his daughter. Then the beast returned to Bella and said to her, "This house with all that therein is is yours; if you desire aught, clap your hands and say the word and it shall be brought unto you." And with that he made a sort of bow and went away.

So Bella lived on in the home with the beast and was waited on by invisible servants and had whatever she liked to eat and to drink; but she soon got tired of the solitude and, next day, when the beast came to her, though he looked so terrible, she had been so well treated that

The oldest one said, "I would like pearls and precious stones."

"You can buy a sky-blue dress for me," said the middle one.

But the youngest one said, "Nothing in the world would be dearer to me than a grape."

Once at the market, the merchant saw as many pearls and precious stones as he could possibly want. And he soon purchased a sky-blue dress as well. But as for a grape, he could not find one anywhere at the market. This saddened him greatly, because he loved his youngest daughter most of all.

Buried thus in his thoughts, he was making his way toward home when a little dwarf stepped before him. He asked, "Why are you so sad?"

"Oh," answered the merchant, "I was supposed to bring home a grape for my youngest daughter, but I was not able to find one anywhere at the market."

The dwarf said, "Just take a few steps into that meadow down there, and you will come to a large vineyard. A white bear will be there. He will growl fiercely when you approach, but don't let that frighten you. You'll get a grape after all."

So the merchant went down into the meadow, and it happened just as the dwarf had said. A white bear was keeping guard at the vineyard, and he growled at the merchant when he was still a long way off.

"What do you want here?"

"Be so good," said the merchant, "and let me take a grape for my youngest daughter, just a single one."

"You cannot have one," said the bear, "unless you promise to give me that which will first greet you upon your arrival home."

The merchant did not think long about this before accepting the bear's terms. Then he was permitted to take a grape, and he happily made his way toward home.

Upon his arrival home, the youngest daughter ran out to meet him, for she -- more than anyone else -- had missed him, and she could hardly wait to see him. Seeing the grape in his hand, she threw her arms around his neck and could scarcely contain herself for joy.

But the father was overcome with sorrow, and he could not tell anyone why. Every day he expected the white bear to come and demand from him his dearest child.

When exactly one year had passed since he taken the grape from the vineyard, the bear did indeed trot up, confronted the merchant, and said, "Now give me that which first greeted you upon your arrival home, or I'll eat you."

The merchant had not lost all of his senses, and he said, "Take my dog. He jumped right out

the door when he saw me coming."

But the bear began to growl loudly and said, "He is not the right one. If you don't keep your promise, I'll eat you."

Then the merchant said, "So just take the apple tree in front of the house. That was the first thing that I met."

But the bear growled even stronger and said, "That is not the right one. If you don't keep your promise immediately, I'll eat you."

Nothing more would help. The merchant had to surrender his youngest daughter. When she came out, a coach drove up. The bear led her inside, sat down next to her, and away they went.

After a while the coach stopped in the courtyard of a castle, and the bear led the daughter into the castle and welcomed her. This was his home, he said, and from now on she would be his wife. He gave her everything that her heart could desire, so that with time it no longer occurred to her that her husband was a bear. There were just two things that seemed strange to her: Why did the bear insist on having no lights at nighttime, and why did he always feel so cold?

After she had been with him for some time he asked her, "Do you know how long you have been here?"

"No," she said, "I haven't been thinking about time at all."

"All the better," said the bear. "It's been exactly one year. Get ready for a journey, for we must visit your father once again."

She did so with great joy, and after arriving at her father's she told him all about her life in the castle. Afterward, when she was taking leave from him, he secretly gave her some matches that the bear was not supposed to see. But the bear did see them, and he growled angrily, "Stop that, or I'll eat you."

Then he took his wife back to the castle, and they lived there together as before.

Some time later the bear said, "Do you know how long you have been here?"

"No," she said, "I don't notice the time."

"All the better," said the bear. "You have been here exactly two years. Get ready for a journey. It is time for us to visit your father once again."

She did it once again, and everything happened as the first time. But when she visited her father the third time, the bear failed to see that her father secretly gave her some matches. After arriving back at the castle, she could hardly wait for night to come when the bear was sleeping next to her in bed. Silently she struck a light and was startled with amazement and

joy, for next to her was lying a handsome youth with a golden crown on his head.

He smiled at her and said, "Many thanks for redeeming me. You were the wife of an enchanted prince. Now we can celebrate our wedding properly, for now I am the king of this land." With that the entire castle came alive. Servants and attendants came from all sides, wishing good luck to the king and the queen.

- Source: Otto Sutermeister, "Der Bärenprinz," *Kinder- und Hausmärchen aus der Schweiz* (Aarau: H. R. Sauerländer, 1873), no. 37, pp. 112-15.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 1998.
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Zelinda and the Monster

Italy

There was once a poor man who had three daughters; and as the youngest was the fairest and most civil, and had the best disposition, her other two sisters envied her with a deadly envy, although her father, on the contrary, loved her dearly. It happened that in a neighboring town, in the month of January, there was a great fair, and that poor man was obliged to go there to lay in the provisions necessary for the support of his family; and before departing he asked his three daughters if they would like some small presents in proportion, you understand, to his means. Rosina wished a dress, Marietta asked him for a shawl, but Zelinda was satisfied with a handsome rose.

The poor man set out on his journey early the next day, and when he arrived at the fair quickly bought what he needed, and afterward easily found Rosina's dress and Marietta's shawl; but at that season he could not find a rose for his Zelinda, although he took great pains in looking everywhere for one. However, anxious to please his dear Zelinda, he took the first road he came to, and after journeying a while arrived at a handsome garden enclosed by high walls; but as the gate was partly open he entered softly. He found the garden filled with every kind of flowers and plants, and in a corner was a tall rosebush full of beautiful rosebuds. Wherever he looked no living soul appeared from whom he might ask a rose as a gift or for money, so the poor man, without thinking, stretched out his hand, and picked a rose for his Zelinda.

Mercy! Scarcely had he pulled the flower from the stalk when there arose a great noise, and flames darted from the earth, and all at once there appeared a terrible monster with the figure of a dragon, and hissed with all his might, and cried out, enraged at that poor Christian, "Rash man! what have you done? Now you must die at once, for you have had the audacity to touch and destroy my rosebush."

The poor man, more than half dead with terror, began to weep and beg for mercy on his knees, asking pardon for the fault he had committed, and told why he had picked the rose; and then he added, "Let me depart; I have a family, and if I am killed they will go to destruction"

But the monster, more wicked than ever, responded, "Listen; one must die. Either bring me the girl that asked for the rose or I will kill you this very moment." It was impossible to move him by prayers or lamentations; the monster persisted in his decision, and did not let the poor man go until he had sworn to bring him there in the garden his daughter Zelinda.

Imagine how downhearted that poor man returned home! He gave his oldest daughters their presents and Zelinda her rose; but his face was distorted and as white as though he had arisen from the dead; so that the girls, in terror, asked him what had happened and whether he had met with any misfortune. They were urgent, and at last the poor man, weeping bitterly, related the misfortunes of that unhappy journey and on what condition he had been able finally to return home. "In short," he exclaimed, "either Zelinda or I must be eaten alive by the monster."

Then the two sisters emptied the vials of their wrath on Zelinda. "Just see," they said, "that affected, capricious girl! She shall go to the monster! She who wanted roses at this season. No, indeed! Papa must stay with us. The stupid creature!"

At all these taunts Zelinda, without growing angry, simply said, "It is right that the one who has caused the misfortune should pay for it. I will go to the monster's. Yes, Papa, take me to the garden, and the Lord's will be done."

The next day Zelinda and her sorrowful father began their journey and at nightfall arrived at the garden gate. When they entered they saw as usual no one, but they beheld a lordly palace all lighted and the doors wide open. When the two travelers entered the vestibule, suddenly four marble statues, with lighted torches in their hands, descended from their pedestals, and accompanied them up the stairs to a large hall where a table was lavishly spread. The travelers, who were very hungry, sat down and began to eat without ceremony; and when they had finished, the same statues conducted them to two handsome chambers for the night. Zelinda and her father were so weary that they slept like dormice all night.

At daybreak Zelinda and her father arose, and were served with everything for breakfast by invisible hands. Then they descended to the garden, and began to seek the monster. When they came to the rosebush he appeared in all his frightful ugliness. Zelinda, on seeing him, became pale with fear, and her limbs trembled, but the monster regarded her attentively with his great fiery eyes, and afterward said to the poor man, "Very well; you have kept your word, and I am satisfied. Now depart and leave me alone here with the young girl."

At this command the old man thought he should die; and Zelinda, too, stood there half stupefied and her eyes full of tears; but entreaties were of no avail; the monster remained as obdurate as a stone, and the poor man was obliged to depart, leaving his dear Zelinda in the monster's power.

When the monster was alone with Zelinda he began to caress her, and make loving speeches to her, and managed to appear quite civil. There was no danger of his forgetting her, and he saw that she wanted nothing, and every day, talking with her in the garden, he asked her, "Do you love me, Zelinda? Will you be my wife?"

The young girl always answered him in the same way, "I like you, sir, but I will never be your wife."

Then the monster appeared very sorrowful, and redoubled his caresses and attentions, and, sighing deeply, said, "But you see, Zelinda, if you should marry me wonderful things would happen. What they are I cannot tell you until you will be my wife."

Zelinda, although in her heart not dissatisfied with that beautiful place and with being treated like a queen, still did not feel at all like marrying the monster, because he was too ugly and looked like a beast, and always answered his requests in the same manner.

One day, however, the monster called Zelinda in haste, and said, "Listen, Zelinda; if you do not consent to marry me it is fated that your father must die. He is ill and near the end of his life, and you will not be able even to see him again. See whether I am telling you the truth." And, drawing out an enchanted mirror, the monster showed Zelinda her father on his deathbed.

At that spectacle Zelinda, in despair and half mad with grief, cried, "Oh, save my father, for mercy's sake! Let me be able to embrace him once more before he dies. Yes, yes, I promise you I will be your faithful and constant wife, and that without delay. But save my father from death."

Scarcely had Zelinda uttered these words when suddenly the monster was transformed into a very handsome youth. Zelinda was astounded by this unexpected change, and the young man took her by the hand, and said, "Know, dear Zelinda, that I am the son of the King of the Oranges. An old witch, touching me, changed me into the terrible monster I was, and condemned me to be hidden in this rosebush until a beautiful girl consented to become my wife."

- Source: Thomas Frederick Crane, *Italian Popular Tales* (London: Macmillan and Company, 1885), no. 2, pp. 7-11.
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The Snake-Prince

Greece

> Scarlet thread, spun on the wheel,
> Twisting on the twirling reel,
> Like the dancers turn and spin,
> While I now my tale begin!

Once upon a time there was a merchant, and he traded "all the way to Bagdad," as the saying is. He had twelve ships which sailed to foreign countries, and he had besides three pretty daughters.

Well, as time went on, luck turned against the merchant. His wife died; one by one he lost his ships; and every year he became poorer and poorer. At last he had lost all his property with

the exception of one farm, and he went to live there with his daughters. As they had now no money to hire laborers, the merchant told the girls that they must set to and work on the farm in order that they might gain a living.

"We cannot do farm work," replied the two eldest, tossing their heads. "We are not accustomed to it."

But the youngest, whose name was Rosa, loved her father very dearly; and she at once prepared to do as he wished. So she set to with a will, and digged in the garden, and raked, and planted; and when the fruits and vegetables were grown, she rose early in the morning to gather them for her father to carry to market.

Time passed, and after many months tidings came to the merchant that three of his belated ships had come into port laden with costly goods, when he immediately prepared to go to the city. But before mounting his horse, he asked his daughters what each desired as a present.

The two eldest begged for fine silken gowns; but when he asked the youngest, she said, "I want nothing, papa mine, now that I see you released from your poverty." And when her father pressed her, she said, "Well, then, papa mine, bring me a rose, a beautiful, sweet-smelling damask rose."

So the merchant set off for the port, and landed his goods. In twelve days' time he had sold them all save the two silken gowns which he had kept for his daughters; but he had found no rose for the youngest.

As he was riding home to his farm, it began to rain so heavily that when they came to the open gateway of a house by the wayside, his horse trotted through it into the courtyard. There was no one about, so he put the horse in the stable, and went up to the house. The door stood wide open, so he walked in and sate himself down on a seat in the hall. At once he found by his side coffee and sweetmeats, and a long pipe filled with fragrant tobacco, without his seeing who had brought them.

Presently the rain ceased, and the merchant arose and went from chamber to chamber to seek the host and thank him for the shelter and entertainment. Finding no one, however, he was going forth to take his beast from the stable and continue his journey, when, as he crossed the courtyard, he caught sight of a bush of damask roses which had three blossoms on one stem.

No sooner, however, had he stretched out his hand and plucked them than there appeared at his feet a snake, who said, "Ah, thankless man! After I have opened my doors to save thee from the storm, canst not see a rose or two without desiring and plucking them?"

"I sought through the chambers to find the host and say a "Thank you" to him, but found him not," the merchant replied.

"Listen to me," then said the snake. "Thou hast three daughters, and thou must bring me the youngest. Think not to thyself that I am only a snake, and cannot come and find thee if thou

dost not my bidding."

The poor man asked how many days' grace he would give him; and he granted him forty days.

At last he got home to his house; his daughters gathered round him; and when the two eldest had got their gowns he gave the roses to the youngest, and then sat down weeping.

"What is the matter, papa mine, that you weep?" she asked, anxiously.

Then, as the merchant related his adventure, Rosa's sisters began to reproach her, and point their fingers at her, saying, "Wretched girl that thou art! A gown was not good enough for thee, but thou must have a damask rose, forsooth, that the snake might come and destroy us!"

When her father had also told them of the forty days' grace, Rosa went to her chamber and wrote down the date; and she did not seem at all troubled, though her sisters were continually reproaching her.

On the thirty-eighth day she went to her father and said, "Papa mine, saddle now the horse so that we may go where I am invited."

"Can I take thee, my darling child, to the snake who will destroy thee?" cried the unhappy man.

"The snake will not destroy me, if I do his bidding," replied Rosa. "What ill-will can he have against me? Arise, and let us be gone."

She bade farewell to her sisters; she and her father set out on their journey, and on the fortieth day they arrived at the snake's abode. The gate was open, as before, and when the merchant had stabled his horse he led his daughter into the house, and they sate them down.

Soon came coffee and sweets, as before, without anyone being seen; and in a little while the snake appeared and said to the merchant, "So thou hast done my bidding and brought thy daughter?"

"Yea, I have brought her, as I promised," he replied; and when he had kissed and embraced his daughter, he mounted his horse and rode home again. But in a few days he fell ill with grief and took to his bed. So the poor girl was left alone with the snake.

And it became the snake's custom, every day when she was taking her coffee after dinner, to climb into her lap and ask her, "Wilt thou take me for thy husband?"

And she would reply, "But I am afraid of thee."

And she was very sad and lonely because her father did not come to see her as he had promised. Well, one day, as she was sitting at the table, it suddenly opened before her and disclosed a mirror in which all the world was reflected; and, when she saw in it her father lying

ill in bed, she began to weep and tear her hair.

The snake, who was in the garden, hearing her cries and her breast-beatings, hurried to her and asked, "What ails thee, my Rose?"

"See in the mirror," she cried, "how my father lies nigh unto death!"

Then said the snake, "Open the table drawer and thou wilt find a ring. Put it on thy finger, and tell me how many days thou wilt be absent?"

"I will come back," she replied, "as soon as my father recovers."

"Well, I will give thee thirty-one days' leave. If thou come one day later, thou wilt find me dead on some mound in the garden."

"Do thyself no harm," said the girl. "When my leave has expired I will return to thee."

The snake ordered supper to be served, and when she had eaten, he said, "Put the ring on thy tongue, and thou wilt find thyself at home in thy chamber."

Rosa lay down, put the ring on her tongue, and closed her eyes. Her father's servants, passing the door of her chamber, heard her breathing, and ran to tell their young mistresses, who hastened in and found her asleep on her bed. The maiden awoke, and when she found that she was indeed at home again she praised God.

Her father was rejoiced to see his Rosa again, and asked her many questions about her life with the snake. When she told him what the snake had said to her every day at dinner time, and that she had replied, "But I am afraid of thee," he said to her, "My daughter dear, the next time he asks thee that question, do thou answer, "Yea, I will take thee!" and we shall see what will hap."

And she promised to say this. Her sisters, however, tried to persuade her not to go back, so that the snake might die and they would be rid of him.

But Rosa was indignant, and replied, "How could I leave my beast to die, who have received such help from him?"

So she remained with her father, whose joy she was, for as many days as she had leave. Then, bidding him and her sisters farewell, she lay down on her bed, put the ring in her mouth, and went back to the snake.

When he saw her, he said, "Ah, thou hast come back to me, my Rose!"

And after dinner, when coffee was served, and he lay in her lap as before and asked, "Wilt thou take me for thy husband?" she replied, "Yea, I will take thee!"

When she had said these words the snake's skin fell off him, and he became a handsome prince. And the table again opened and all the world was seen therein. Then Rosa asked him

what manner of man he was, and how he had become a snake. And he told her how that he had fallen under the spell of an enchantress who had changed him into a snake, and had doomed him to retain that shape until he should find a maiden who would consent to marry him.

"But now," he said, "I will return to my kingdom. Thy father and sisters shall be conveyed thither, and then we will hold our wedding."

So they were married, and the prince made his father-in-law his grand vizier. And we will leave them well, and return and find them better -- God be praised!

- Source: Lucy M. J. Garnett, *Greek Wonder Tales* (London: Adam and Charles Black, 1913), , no. 11, pp. 180-88.
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The Enchanted Tsarévich

Russia

Once upon a time there was a merchant who had three daughters. It so happened he had one day to go to strange countries to buy wares, and so he asked his daughters, "What shall I bring you from beyond the seas?"

The eldest asked for a new coat, and the next one also asked for a new coat; but the youngest one only took a sheet of paper and sketched a flower on it. "Bring me, *bátyushka* [father], a flower like this!"

So the merchant went and made a long journey to foreign kingdoms, but he could never see such a flower. So he came back home, and he saw on his way a splendid lofty palace with watchtowers, turrets, and a garden. He went a walk in the garden, and you cannot imagine how many trees he saw and flowers, every flower fairer than the other flowers. And then he looked and he saw a single one like the one which his daughter had sketched.

"Oh," he said, "I will tear off and bring this to my beloved daughter; evidently there is nobody here to watch me."

So he ran up and broke it off, and as soon as he had done it, in that very instant a boisterous wind arose and thunder thundered, and a fearful monster stood in front of him, a formless, winged snake with three heads. "How dared you play the master in my garden!" cried the snake to the merchant. "Why have you broken off a blossom?"

The merchant was frightened, fell on his knees and besought pardon.

"Very well," said the snake, "I will forgive you, but on condition that whoever meets you first, when you reach home, you must give me for all eternity; and, if you deceive me, do not forget, nobody can ever hide himself from me. I shall find you wherever you are."

The merchant agreed to the condition and came back home. And the youngest daughter saw

him from the window and ran out to meet him. Then the merchant hung his head, looked at his beloved daughter, and began to shed bitter tears.

"What is the matter with you? Why are you weeping, *bátyushka*?"

He gave her the blossom and told what had befallen him.

"Do not grieve, *bátyushka* ," said the youngest daughter. "It is God's gift. Perhaps I shall fare well. Take me to the snake."

So the father took her away, set her in the palace, bade farewell, and set out home. Then the fair maiden, the daughter of the merchant, went in the different rooms, and beheld everywhere gold and velvet; but no one was there to be seen, not a single human soul.

Time went by and went by, and the fair damsel became hungry and thought, "Oh, if I could only have something to eat!" But before ever she had thought, in front of her stood a table, and on the table were dishes and drinks and refreshments. The only thing that was not there was birds' milk. Then she sat down to the table, drank and ate, got up, and it had all vanished.

Darkness now came on, and the merchant's daughter went into the bedroom, wishing to lie down and sleep. Then a boisterous wind rustled round and the three- headed snake appeared in front of her.

"Hail, fair maiden! Put my bed outside this door!"

So the fair maiden put the bed outside the door and herself lay on the bedstead.

She awoke in the morning, and again in the entire house there was not a single soul to be seen. And it all went well with her. Whatever she wished for appeared on the spot.

In the evening the snake flew to her and ordered, "Now, fair maiden, put my bed next to your bedstead."

She then laid it next to her bedstead, and the night went by, and the maiden awoke, and again there was never a soul in the palace.

And for the third time the snake came in the evening and said, "Now, fair maiden, I am going to lie with you in the bedstead."

The merchant's daughter was fearfully afraid of lying on a single bed with such a formless monster. But she could not help herself, so she strengthened her heart and lay down with him.

In the morning the serpent said to her, "If you are now weary, fair maiden, go to your father and your sisters. Spend a day with them, and in the evening come back to me. But see to it that you are not late. If you are one single minute late I shall die of grief."

she had lost a great deal of her terror of him. So they spoke together about the garden and about the house and about her father's business and about all manner of things, so that Bella lost altogether her fear of the beast. Shortly afterwards her father came to see her and found her quite happy, and he felt much less dread of her fate at the hands of the beast.

So it went on for many days, Bella seeing and talking to the beast every day, till she got quite to like him, until one day the beast did not come at his usual time, just after the midday meal, and Bella quite missed him. So she wandered about the garden trying to find him, calling out his name, but received no reply. At last she came to the rosebush from which her father had plucked the rose, and there, under it, what do you think she saw! There was the beast lying huddled up without any life or motion. Then Bella was sorry indeed and remembered all the kindness that the beast had shown her; and she threw herself down by it and said, "Oh, Beast, Beast, why did you die? I was getting to love you so much."

No sooner had she said this than the hide of the beast split in two and out came the most handsome young prince who told her that he had been enchanted by a magician and that he could not recover his natural form unless a maiden should, of her own accord, declare that she loved him.

Thereupon the prince sent for the merchant and his daughters, and he was married to Bella, and they all lived happy together ever afterwards.

- Source: Joseph Jacobs, *Europa's Fairy Book* [also published under the title *European Folk and Fairy Tales*] (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1916), no. 5, pp. 34-41. Reconstructed from various European sources.
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Beauty and the Beast

Basque

As there are many in the world in its state now, there was a king who had three daughters. He used continually to bring handsome presents to his two elder daughters, but did not pay any attention at all to his youngest daughter, and yet she was the prettiest and most amiable.

The king kept going from fair to fair, and from feast to feast, and from everywhere he used to bring something for the two eldest daughters. One day, when he was going to a feast, he said to his youngest daughter, "I never bring anything home for you; tell me then what you want and you shall have it."

She said to her father, "And I do not want anything."

"Yes, yes, I am going to bring you something."

"Very well then, bring me a flower."

He goes off, and is busy buying and buying; for one a hat, for the other a beautiful piece of stuff for a dress, and for the first again a shawl; and he was returning home, when in passing

"No, I shall not be late," said the maiden, the merchant's daughter, and descended the steps; there was a barouche ready for her, and she sat down. That very instant she arrived at her father's courtyard.

Then the father saw, welcomed, kissed her, and asked her, "How has God been dealing with you, my beloved daughter ? Has it been well with you?"

"Very well, father!" And she started telling of all the wealth there was in the palace, how the snake loved her, how whatever she only thought of was in that instant fulfilled.

The sisters heard, and did not know what to do out of sheer envy.

Now the day was ebbing away, and the fair maiden made ready to go back, and was bidding farewell to her father and her sisters, saying, "This is the time I must go back. I was bidden keep to my term."

But the envious sisters rubbed onions on their eyes and made as though they were weeping: "Do not go away, sister; stay until tomorrow."

She was very sorry for her sisters, and stayed one day more.

In the morning she bade farewell to them all and went to the palace. When she arrived it was as empty as before. She went into the garden, and she saw the serpent lying dead in the pond! He had thrown himself for sheer grief into the water.

"Oh, my God, what have I done!" cried out the fair maiden, and she wept bitter tears, ran. up to the pond, hauled the snake out of the water, embraced one head and kissed it with all her might. And the snake trembled, and in a minute turned into a good youth.

"I thank you, fair maiden," he said. "You have saved me from the greatest misfortune. I am no snake, but an enchanted prince."

Then they went back to the merchant's house, were betrothed, lived long, and lived for good and happy things.

- Source: Leonard A. Magnus, *Russian Folk-Tales* (New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, 1916), pp. 283-86.
- Magnus' source is the great collection of Alexander Afanasyev (1826-1871).
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The Fairy Serpent

China

Once there was a man who had three daughters, of whom he was devotedly fond. They were skilful in embroidery; and he used every day on his way home from work to gather some flowers for them to use as patterns.

One day when he found no flowers along his route homeward he went into the woods to look for wild blossoms, and he unwittingly invaded the domain of a fairy serpent, that coiled around him, held him tightly, and railed at him for having entered his garden. The man excused himself, saying that he came merely to get a few flowers for his daughters, who would be sorely disappointed were he to go home without his usual gift to them.

The snake asked him the number, the names, and the ages of his daughters, and then refused to let him go unless he promised one of them in marriage to him.

The poor man tried every argument he could think of to induce the snake to release him upon easier terms, but the reptile would accept no other ransom. At last the father, dreading greater evil to his daughters should they be deprived of his protection, gave the required promise and went home. He could eat no supper, however, for he knew the power of fairies to afflict those who offend them, and he was full of anxiety concerning the misfortunes that must overwhelm his whole family should the compact be disregarded.

Some days passed; his daughters carefully prepared his meals, and affectionately besought him to eat them, but he would not come to the table. He was always plunged in sorrowful meditation.

They conferred among themselves as to the cause of his uncommon behavior, and, having decided that one of them must have displeased him, they agreed to try to find out which one it might be, by going separately, each in turn, to urge him to eat.

The eldest went, expressed her distress at his loss of appetite, and urged him to partake of food.

He replied that he would do so if she would for his sake marry the snake to whom he had promised a wife.

She bluntly refused to carry out her father's contract, and left him in deeper trouble than before.

The second daughter then went to beg him to take food, received the same reply, and likewise declined meeting the engagement he had made.

The youngest daughter then went and entreated him to eat, heard his story, and at once declared that, if he would care for his own health properly, she would become the bride of the serpent. The father therefore took his meals again, the days sped without bringing calamity, and the welfare of the family for a time seemed secure.

But one morning, as the girls were sitting at their embroidery, a wasp flew into the room and sang:

> "Buzz! I buzz and come the faster;
> Who will wed the snake, my master?

Whenever the wasp alighted the girls prodded him with their needles, and followed him up so

closely that he had to flee for his life. The next morning two wasps came, singing the same refrain; the third morning three wasps came; and the number of wasps increased day by day, until the girls could no longer put them to rout, nor endure their stings.

Then the youngest said that, in order to relieve the family of the buzzing plague, she would go to her uncanny bridegroom. The wasps accompanied her on the road, and guided her into the woods where the fairy serpent awaited her in a palace that he had built for her reception. There were spacious rooms with carved furniture inlaid with precious stones, chests full of silken fabrics, caskets of jade, and jewels of gold.

The snake had beautiful eyes and a musical voice; but his skin was warty, and the girl shuddered at the thought of daily seeing him about. After the wedding supper, at which the two sat alone, the girl told her spouse that she appreciated the excellence of all that he had provided for her, and that she should perform all her domestic duties exactly. For many days she kept the house neat, cooked the food, and made all things pleasant for her repulsive bridegroom. He doted upon her, and pined whenever she was out of his sight. So heedful was he of her wishes and her welfare, that she grew to like his companionship, and to feel a great lonesomeness whenever he was absent.

Having no help in her household work, she was, one day, on finding the well dried up, obliged to go into the forest in search of water, which she finally discovered and toilsomely brought back from a distant spring. On returning she found the snake dying of thirst, and in her eagerness to save his life she grasped and plunged him into the water, from which he rose transformed, a strong and handsome man. He had been the subject of wicked enchantment, from which her dutiful quest and gracious pity set him free. Thereafter she often with her admirable husband visited her old home and carried gifts to those who were less happy than she.

- Source: Adele M. Fielde, *Chinese Nights Entertainment* (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1893), pp. 45-41.
- Fielde's source: "These tales have been heard or overheard by the writer, as they were told in the Swatow vernacular, by persons who could not read."
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Links to related sites

- Beauty and the Beast, an article from *Wikipedia*, the free encyclopedia.
- D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.
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before a beautiful castle, he sees a garden quite full of flowers, and he says to himself, "What! I was going home without a flower for my daughter; here I shall have plenty of them."

He takes some then, and as soon, as he has done so, a voice says to him, "Who gave you permission to take that flower? As you have three daughters, if you do not bring me one of them before the year be finished, you shall be burnt wherever you are -- you, and your whole kingdom."

The king goes off home. He gives his elder daughters their presents, and her nosegay to the youngest. She thanks her father. After a certain time this king became sad. His eldest daughter said to him, "What is the matter with you ?"

He says to her, "If one of my daughters will not go to such a spot before the end of the year, I shall be burned."

His eldest daughter answers him, "Be burned if you like; as for me, I shall not go. I have no wish at all to go there. Settle it with the others."

The second also asks him, "You seem very sad, papa; what is the matter with you?"

He told her how he is bound to send one of his daughters to such a place before the end of the year, otherwise he should be burned.

This one too says to him, "Manage your own business as you like, but do not reckon upon me."

The youngest, after some days, said to him, "What is the matter with you, my father, that you are so sad? Has someone done you some hurt?"

He said to her, "When I went to get your nosegay, a voice said to me, 'I must have one of your daughters before the year be completed,' and now I do not knew what I must do. It told me that I shall be burned."

This daughter said to him, "My father, do not be troubled about it. I will go."

And she sets out immediately in a carriage. She arrives at the castle and goes in, and she hears music and sounds of rejoicing everywhere, and yet she did not see anyone. She finds her chocolate ready (in the morning), and her dinner the same. She goes to bed, and still she does not see anyone.

The next morning a voice says to her, "Shut your eyes; I wish to place my head on your knees for a moment."

"Come, come; I am not afraid."

There appears then an enormous serpent. Without intending it, the young lady could not help giving a little shudder. An instant after the serpent went away; and the young lady lived very happily, without lacking anything. One day the voice asked her if she did not wish to go home.

She answers, "I am very happy here. I have no longing for it."

"Yes, if you like, you may go for three days."

He gives her a ring, and says to her, "If that changes colour, I shall be ill, and if it turns to blood, I shall be in great misery."

The young lady sets out for her father's house. Her father was very glad (to see her). Her sisters said to her, "You must be happy there. You are prettier than you were before. With whom do you live there?"

She told them, "With a serpent."

They would not believe her. The three days flew by like a dream, and she forgot her serpent. The fourth day she looked at her ring, and she saw that it was changed. She rubs it with her finger, and it begins to bleed. Seeing that she goes running to her father, and says to him that she is going. She arrives at the castle, and finds everything sad. The music will not play -- everything was shut up. She called the serpent (his name was Azor, and hers Fifine). She kept on calling and crying out to him, but Azor appeared nowhere. After having searched the whole house, after having taken off her shoes, she goes to the garden, and there too she cries out.

She finds a corner of the earth in the garden quite frozen, and immediately she makes a great fire over this spot, and there Azor comes out, and he says to her, "You had forgotten me, then. If you had not made this fire, it would have been all up with me."

Fifine said to him, "Yes, I had forgotten you, but the ring made me think of you."

Azor said to her, "I knew what was going to happen; that is why I gave you the ring."

And coming into the house, she finds it as before, all full of rejoicings -- the music was playing on all sides.

Some days after that Azor said to her, "You must marry me."

Fifine gives no answer. He asks her again like that three times, and still she remained silent, silent. The whole house becomes sad again. She has no more her meals ready. Again Azor asks her if she will marry him. Still she does not answer, and she remains like that in darkness several days without eating anything, and she said to herself, "Whatever it shall cost me I must say yes."

When the serpent asks her again, "Will you marry me?" she answers, "Not with the serpent, but with the man."

As soon as she had said that the music begins as before. Azor says to her that she must go to her father's house and get all things ready that are necessary, and they will marry the next day. The young lady goes as he had told her. She says to her father that she is going to be married to the serpent tomorrow, (and asks him) if he will prepare everything for that. The

father consents, but he is vexed. Her sisters, too, ask her whom she is going to marry, and they are astounded at hearing that it is with a serpent.

Fifine goes back again, and Azor says to her, "Which would you prefer, from the house to the church, serpent, or from the church to the house, serpent?"

Fifine says to him, "From the house to the church, serpent."

Azor says to her, "I, too."

A beautiful carriage comes to the door. The serpent gets in, and Fifine places herself at his side, and when they arrive at the king's house the serpent says to her, "Shut the doors and the curtains, that nobody may see."

Fifine says to him, "But they will see you as you get down."

"No matter; shut them all the same."

She goes to her father. Her father comes with all his court to fetch the serpent. He opens the door, and who is astonished ? Why, everybody. Instead of a serpent there is a charming young man; and they all go to the church.

When they come out there is a grand dinner at the king's, but the bridegroom says to his wife, "Today we must not make a feast at all. We have a great business to do in the house; we will come another day for the feast."

She told that to her father, and they go on to their house. When they are come there her husband brings her in a large basket a serpent's skin, and says to her, "You will make a great fire, and when you hear the first stroke of midnight you will throw this serpent's skin into the fire. That must be burnt up, and you must throw the ashes out of window before the last stroke of twelve has ceased striking. If you do not do that I shall be wretched forever."

The lady says to him, "Certainly; I will do everything that I can to succeed."

She begins before midnight to make the fire. As soon as she heard the first stroke she throws the serpent's skin on the fire, and takes two spits and stirs the fire, and moves about the skin and burns it, till ten strokes have gone. Then she takes a shovel, and throws the ashes outside as the last twelfth stroke is ending.

Then a terrible voice says, "I curse your cleverness, and what you have just done."

At the same time her husband comes in. He did not know where he was for joy. He kisses her, and does not know how to tell his wife what great good she has done him.

"Now I do not fear anything. If you had not done as I told you, I should have been enchanted for twenty-one years more. Now it is all over, and we will go at our ease tomorrow to your father's house for the wedding feast."

They go the next day and enjoy themselves very much. They return to their palace to take away the handsomest things, because they did not wish to stop any more in that corner of the mountain. They load all their valuable things in carts and waggons, and go to live with the king. This young lady has four children, two boys and two girls, and as her sisters were very jealous of her, their father sent them out of the house. The king gave his crown to his son-in-law, who was already a son of a king. As they had lived well, they died well too.

- Source: Wentworth Webster, *Basque Legends*, 2nd edition (London: Griffith and Farran, 1879), pp. 167-72.
- Webster's source: Estefanella Hirigaray.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Small-Tooth Dog

England

Once upon a time there was a merchant who traveled about the world a great deal. On one of his journeys thieves attacked him, and they would have taken both his life and his money if a large dog had not come to his rescue and driven the thieves away.

When the dog had driven the thieves away he took the merchant to his house, which was a very handsome one, and dressed his wounds and nursed him till he was well.

As soon as he was able to travel the merchant began his journey home, but before starting he told the dog how grateful he was for his kindness, and asked him what reward he could offer in return, and he said he would not refuse to give the most precious thing he had.

And so the merchant said to the dog, "Will you accept a fish I have that can speak twelve languages?"

"No," said the dog, "I will not."

"Or a goose that lays golden eggs?"

"No," said the dog, "I will not."

"Or a mirror in which you can see what anybody is thinking about?"

"No," said the dog, "I will not."

"Then what will you have?" said the merchant.

"I will have none of such presents," said the dog; "but let me fetch your daughter, and bring her to my house."

When the merchant heard this he was grieved, but what he had promised had to be done, so he said to the dog, "You can come and fetch my daughter after I have been home for a week."

So at the end of the week, the dog came to the merchant's house to fetch his daughter, but when he got there he stayed outside the door, and would not go in.

But the merchant's daughter did as her father told her, and came out of the house dressed for a journey and ready to go with the dog.

When the dog saw her he looked pleased, and said, "Jump on my back, and I will take you away to my house."

So she mounted on the dog's back, and away they went at a great pace, until they reached the dog's house, which was many miles off.

But after she had been a month at the dog's house she began to mope and cry.

"What are you crying for?" said the dog.

"Because I want to go back to my father," she said.

The dog said, "If you will promise me that you will not stay there more than three days I will take you there. But first of all," said he, "what do you call me?"

"A great, foul, small-tooth dog," said she.

"Then," said he, "I will not let you go."

But she cried so pitifully that he promised again to take her home.

"But before we start," he said, "tell me what you call me."

"Oh," she said, "your name is Sweet-as-a-Honeycomb."

"Jump on my back," said he, "and I'll take you home."

So he trotted away with her on his back for forty miles, when they came to a stile.

"And what do you call me?" said he, before they got over the stile.

Thinking she was safe on her way, the girl said, "A great, foul, small-tooth dog."

But when she said this, he did not jump over the stile, but turned right round again at once, and galloped back to his own house with the girl on his back.

Another week went by, and again the girl wept so bitterly that the dog promised to take her to her father's house.

So the girl got on the dog's back again, and they reached the first stile, as before, and the dog stopped and said, "And what do you call me?"

"Sweet-as-a-Honeycomb," she replied.

Beowulf

a summary in English prose by

D. L. Ashliman
© 2010

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Prologue

Listen! We have heard of the glory of the kings who ruled the Danes in olden times. Scyld Scefing often drove enemy warriors from their mead-hall benches, although he himself had once been a destitute foundling. In spite of this he came to prosper. With time all the neighboring tribes served him and paid him tribute. That was a good king!

Scyld died at the fated time. Following his wishes, his body was placed on a well-outfitted ship, laden with treasures and weapons. Then his kinsmen let the sea bear him away. No one on earth knows who received that ship's cargo.

Part One: Beowulf and Grendel

1

Following Scyld's death the kingship of the Danes passed to Scyld's son Beowulf [not the hero of this epic], then in turn to his son Healfdene, then to his son Hrothgar. Each of these successors proved to be a venerable leader.

I have heard tell how Hrothgar had a great mead-hall built. It was larger and grander than any such hall that anyone had ever heard of. He named the great hall Heorot. Here, with great ceremony, he dispensed lavish gifts to young and old, thus giving thanks for his own victories and prosperity.

Not long afterward the hall's merriment was brought to an end by a grim foe named Grendel, who haunted marshes and moors, fens and heath. This wretched being, along with monsters, elves, sea-beasts, and giants, was a descendent of Cain, whom the Lord had banished from mankind for the slaying of Abel.

Then one day a thief broke into the dragon's hoard and stole a golden cup. He was not a willful thief, but rather a runaway slave who had escaped a cruel master. Discovering the treasure by chance, the thief took a golden cup, hoping to pacify his master with it.

Discovering his loss, the flaming dragon emerged from his lair to seek revenge.

33

The monster spewed forth flames and destroyed many dwellings by fire, including Beowulf's home, the best of halls.

34-35

Once again facing a life-and-death conflict with a superhuman foe, Beowulf reminisced about the contests and victories of his earlier life. Ever mindful of a king's duty toward his people, he vowed: "In the days of my youth I ventured on many battles; and even now will I, aged guardian of my people, challenge this destroyer, if he will come forth from his den to meet me."

Beowulf advanced to the dragon's lair alone, trusting in his single strength. That is no coward's way. With a clear voice he challenged the serpent to appear. The evil beast's breath emerged from the rocks. The earth quaked, and the serpent appeared. The lord of the Geats swung his shield against the awful foe, then struck at him with his ancestral sword, but to no avail. The blade failed to penetrate.

This was to be no pleasant journey for Beowulf: he was now doomed to leave this earth forever against his will, the fate of all men.

Before long the two fighters confronted one another again. The serpent plucked up his courage and renewed his attack. Beowulf's companions had all fled into the woods to save their lives. Only one of them came to his lord's aid.

36

The lone brave companion was a beloved warrior named Wiglaf. Seeing his threatened lord, Wiglaf remembered the many benefits that Beowulf had given him in the past. He picked up his sword and shield and advanced through the deadly fumes to help his lord.

"Beloved Beowulf," he said, "in your youth you swore that you would not let your fame decline as long as you lived. You must now defend your life with all your might. I shall help you!"

Hearing these words, the dragon attacked a second time. The serpent's flaming breath burned Wiglaf's shield to ashes, so the young warrior was forced to seek refuge behind his kinsman's shield. Beowulf, intent on glory, drove his sword Naegling into the dragon's head. So fierce was the blow that it shattered the blade. As I have heard, Beowulf's hand was so strong, that no sword could withstand his full strength.

The fiery dragon attacked a third time, seizing Beowulf by the neck with his sharp teeth. The

hero's blood flowed forth in streams.

37

I have heard how Wiglaf showed unceasing courage and skill in the king's great need. The young hero instead of attacking the dragon's head aimed his sword blows a little lower, wounding the beast such that the fire began to wane.

Beowulf recovered somewhat, and drawing his short sword he cut the serpent in two. Thus they struck down the foe. Together the two noble kinsmen destroyed him, but this was the king's last hour of victory, his final worldly deed.

The wound that the dragon had given Beowulf began to burn and swell. Knowing that his appointed days on earth were now at an end, Beowulf spoke: "Fifty winters have I ruled this people, during which time no neighboring king has dared to attack us. At home I have accepted my fate. I have sought no quarrels and have sworn no false oaths. In all this I can take joy, although I now suffer from fatal wounds."

Beowulf further asked Wiglaf to seek out the dragon's treasure and describe it to him, thus giving him comfort knowing about this part of the legacy he was leaving to his country.

38

I have heard how Wiglaf descended into the barrow where he saw the great hoard: jewels, gold, cups, vessels, and arm-rings. Filling his arms with treasures, Wiglaf rushed back to his king. He found him bleeding and near death.

Seeing the treasure, Beowulf spoke: "I give thanks that I was able to gain these precious things for my people before I died. I have paid for this treasure hoard with my aged life. You must now fulfill the needs of the people with it. I can no longer be here. After my body has been burned have the warriors build a memorial mound for me on a coastal promontory. Seafarers will call it *Beowulf's Mound*."

The generous king then gave the young warrior his golden neck-piece, his helmet, his ring, and his coat of chainmail, then told him to enjoy them well.

"You are now the last of our kin," he said to Wiglaf. Fate has taken away all my kinsmen. I must follow them."

These were the old king's final words. His soul departed to seek the reward of the righteous.

39

It greatly grieved the young warrior to see his beloved one lying lifeless on the ground. His slayer lay there too, defeated and dead. No longer would this serpent rule over treasure hoards. No more would he whirl through the air at midnight.

As I have heard, very few men in the world had ever withstood the venomous blasts from

such a foe. Beowulf had won the dragon's hoard, but he had paid for his share of this wealth with his life. Not long afterward the cowards who had fled into the woods returned. Ten in number, they shamefully came to where the old man lay. They looked upon Wiglaf who was trying to revive his lord with water, but to no avail.

Wiglaf addressed the traitors: "You stand there wearing chainmail and carrying the finest arms, all given to you by our king, but in his hour of distress, you all abandoned him. Henceforth you shall all be deprived of the landowners' privileges formerly bestowed upon you."

40-41

Wiglaf ordered that the battle's outcome be announced in the stronghold. A band of mourners proceeded to the place where their beloved king had fallen. They first came upon the loathsome beast, all scorched with flames. He was fifty feet long. The creature who had at nighttime frolicked through the air now lay lifeless on the sand. Never again would he return to his barrow. Nearby stood golden bowls, cups, dishes, and precious swords, rusty and decayed as if they had lain in the earth's bosom for a thousand winters. A spell had been cast upon that vast hoard, the gold of men of old, that no one could enter the treasure-house unless God himself so willed it.

42

Wiglaf summoned together seven of the king's best thanes, himself the eighth, and together they entered the dragon's lair. They loaded gold of every sort and beyond measure upon a wagon and carried it away with them. They pushed the dragon's body over the cliff into the sea and let the waves carry it away.

The Geatish people prepared a magnificent pyre for their great king. Mourning warriors laid their beloved lord in its midst, then kindled the funeral fire. Wood smoke ascended, black above the flames. The roar of the fire mingled with the sound of weeping, until at last the body was consumed. Heaven swallowed the smoke.

A Geatish woman sang a sad lament for Beowulf, expressing fear of evil days ahead.

The Geatish people made a mound upon the cliff. It was high and broad, and could be seen from afar by seafaring men. They built a wall around the fire's ashes, the famous *Warrior's Beacon*. Within the mound they put the rings, jewels, and adornments that the warriors had taken from the hoard. Thus they returned the treasure to the earth, where it still remains, as useless to men now as it was in times of old.

Twelve warriors, sons of princes, rode about the mound, praising their hero's courage and his mighty deeds.

Thus the Geatish people mourned their fallen lord. They said that he was a mighty king, the mildest and kindest of men, most kind to his people, and most desirous of praise.

- Beowulf was composed by an unnamed English poet sometime between about 700

A.D. and 800 A.D. These dates, based on internal contextual and linguistic evidence, are not universally accepted by scholars. The later date is based on the premise that the Viking raids on England beginning with the sacking of the monasteries at Lindisfarne and Jarrow in the 790s made it unlikely that following these and subsequent attacks an English poet would create a work praising the virtues of Danes or other Northmen.

- As known today, this poem survives in a single manuscript, written by two different scribes in about 1000 A.D. This manuscript is housed in the British Library.
- I have based this summary on the following translation: *Beowulf*, translated out of the Old English by Chauncey Brewster Tinker. Revised edition (New York: Newson and Company, 1912).
- Link to a text of Beowulf in the original Old English: *Beowulf*, herausgegeben von Alfred Holder (Freiburg im Breisgau: Verlag von J. C. B. Mohr, 1899). This text was edited by a German scholar. Annotations are in German, but the text is the original Old English.
- Link to the *Wikipedia* article on Beowulf.
- Link to Dragon Slayers: An Index Page.
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Revised October 26, 2010.

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2

Grendel attacked during the night. Following an evening of mead drinking, the Danish warriors were fast asleep. Grendel seized thirty of them, then carried them back to his lair. At dawn the survivors discovered their great loss. They saw the monster's tracks leading away from Heorot, but it was too late to save his victims.

These loathsome attacks continued for twelve winters. Night after night Grendel haunted the misty moors, pursuing his victims. Nor was anyone safe in Heorot, where he attacked at will.

Many of the grief-stricken Danes, seeing no other source of help, returned to their old heathen faith. Woe unto him who thus rejects the Lord.

3

Tidings of Grendel's attacks reached the country of the Geats. Beowulf, a thane of Hygelac, King of the Geats, heard of Grendel's deeds and resolved to come to the Danes' rescue. No one faulted him for this decision. He was a proven hero.

Beowulf had a ship outfitted for the journey, then chose fifteen warriors to accompany him. A skilled mariner pointed out the landmarks to them.

Driven by the wind, the ship sped across the waves. On the second day the sailors caught sight of gleaming cliffs and broad headlands. They went ashore and secured their ship.

A Danish guard saw them from the cliff as they came ashore with their shields and weapons. This thane of Hrothgar approached them on horseback. Waving his spear he challenged them with these words: "What warriors are you, sailing your great ship along the ocean-paths? I am a member of the coastguard, charged with protecting the Danish land. Never have I seen a band of warriors try to land here more openly than you have done. Who is your brave leader, and what is his lineage?"

4

Beowulf answered: "We are of the Geatish kin, Hygelac's hearth-companions. I am the son of a noble prince named Ecgtheow. We have come to serve the mighty lord of the Danes. We have heard that some secret destroyer causes great terror among the Scyldings on dark nights. I intend to help Hrothgar overcome this foe."

The coastguardsman pointed the way to Heorot, then returned to his post. Beowulf and his men hurried onward. The boar-images glistened above the cheek-guards on their helmets.

5

The street was paved with stones. The men followed this path to the great hall. Leaning their shields against the wall, they sat down upon the benches [outside the hall].

A warrior asked the heroes about their lineage: "Where have you come from, with your

shields, war-shirts, visored helmets, and spears. I am Hrothgar's servant and herald. Never before have I seen such a band of strangers in such a courageous mood."

Beowulf answered: "We are table-companions of Hygelac. Beowulf is my name. I will reveal my errand to the son of Healfdene, your great king, if you will take us to him."

Wulfgar (that was the herald's name) quickly went to Hrothgar, now old and white-haired. Wulfgar spoke: "Geatish warriors have arrived here from across the sea. They call their chieftain Beowulf. They have requested to speak with you."

6

Hrothgar spoke: "I knew Beowulf when he was a child. His father was called Ecgtheow, and he has come as a loyal friend. Moreover, seafarers have reported here that Beowulf is strong in battle. The grip of his hand is said to have the strength of thirty men. Bid him and his band of kinsmen welcome among the Danish people.

Wulfgar came to the door of the hall and announced from within: "My victorious lord bids me say that he knows your noble lineage. You are welcome here. You may come inside to Hrothgar, wearing your armor and helmets, but leave your spears outside until after you have spoken." Beowulf approached Hrothgar, then spoke: "Hail to thee, Hrothgar! In my native land I learned of Grendel's deeds. Seafarers report that this great hall is useless for all men after nightfall. Knowing my great strength, my people urged me to come to your aid. They have seen me return from battle stained with the blood of my foes. I have destroyed a race of giants and have slain sea-beasts by night. Now I have come to cleanse Heorot of the evil that has come upon it. Furthermore, I have learned that Grendel, the giant monster, has no fear of weapons, so I will fight him with my bare hands, without sword or shield. If I fail, have no concern about my burial; Grendel will devour my corpse. Do, however, send my chainmail back to Hygelac. It is the best of armor, inherited from Hrethel [Beowulf's grandfather], and the work of Weland [a legendary smith].

7

Hrothgar replied: "We thank you for coming to our defense. It is with sorrow that I tell what shame and grief Grendel has caused. Many of my best warriors have fallen victim to his horrid clutch. Often my warriors have boastfully vowed while drinking their ale to take vengeance, but the next morning the mead-hall has been stained with their blood. Join us now in a feast and share with my men how you plan to achieve victory."

In the mead-hall a bench was made ready for the Geats. Mead was served. A bard sang with a clear voice. The assembled warriors rejoiced, Geats and Danes alike.

8

However, one of the Danes, Unferth by name, was jealous of the attention given to Beowulf, and seeking to stir up a quarrel he spoke: "Are you the Beowulf who foolishly challenged Breca to a swimming contest, risking your lives in the deep water? No one could turn you

away from the foolhardy venture, and the two of you swam out into the ocean. For seven nights the two of you battled the waters, but he had the greater strength, and he outlasted you. The waves drove him ashore on the coast of Norway, and he was proclaimed the winner. I expect even worse results for you with your contest against Grendel."

Beowulf answered: "Unferth, my friend, in your drunkenness you have said much about my adventure with Breca. Now I will tell the truth of what happened. When we were still boys Breca and I had boasted that one day we would test our strength at sea; and we did as we had spoken in our youth. To defend ourselves against whales we swam carrying naked swords in our hands. Neither of us could gain an advantage over the other one, and thus we swam together for five nights, until finally the cold waves drove us apart. The sea-fish grew angry, but my shirt of chainmail protected me. An evil monster dragged me to the bottom, but I was able to stab the creature with the point of my sword, and then dispatched him with my hand."

9

Beowulf continued: "Other evil creatures attacked me, but I killed them all with my sword. Never again would they hinder seafarers. With the morning light the waves were stilled. Destiny had not doomed me to die. Instead, I had slain nine sea monsters with my sword. I escaped from all these perils, and the current finally carried me to the land of the Finns. Unferth, I have never heard of such exploits on your part. No, neither you nor Breca has ever performed so goodly. If you were as fierce in battle as you claim to be, the heath monster Grendel would not have been so successful in his attacks against the Danish people. He kills and feasts without fear of the Danes, but I will show him the strength and courage of the Geats. After that whoever will may drink mead in this great hall without fear."

The gray-haired king rejoiced in these words; he trusted in Beowulf for help. Laughter and joyous words rang throughout the hall.

10

That night Beowulf and his kinsmen-in-arms kept watch in the great hall. Trusting in his own strength and in the Lord's favor, he took off his chainmail and helmet, and gave his sword to a thane for safekeeping. All the watchmen save one fell asleep. Beowulf waited and watched.

11

Grendel drew near from the moorland beneath the misty hillsides. Heorot's door, although secured with fire-hardened bands, opened at his first touch. In the hall he saw many sleeping warriors, and he laughed in his heart. Thinking to kill each one, he hoped for a bountiful feast. The mighty kinsman of Hygelac was watching to see how the foe would attack. Suddenly the monster seized a sleeping thane, tore him to pieces, then drank his blood and devoured his corpse. He stepped nearer to Beowulf, clutching at him with his claw, but the great warrior took hold of Grendel's arm with great strength. Never before had this master of evil encountered such human strength. He tried to flee into the darkness, but he could not break Beowulf's powerful grip. Grendel's fingers finally burst and bled. The two opponents wrestled

madly. The hall echoed with the sound of their battle. It was a wonder that the building did not fall to the ground. As I have heard men tell, their struggles tore many a mead-bench from its base.

12

Beowulf's warriors drew their swords, hoping to protect the life of their lord, but when they plunged into the fight they soon discovered that their blades were useless against this foul destroyer. By a spell Grendel had protected himself against all weapons. But nonetheless, this day he was doomed to die a wretched death. A gaping wound appeared on his shoulder, and mortally wounded, he fled, full knowing that the appointed number of his days had now come.

The lord of the Geats had made good his earlier boast. The Danes' affliction was now at an end. Rejoicing, the warrior threw down a token of his victory: the whole claw and arm of Grendel.

13

As I have heard, warriors from near and far assembled at Heorot to behold the foe's tracks, which lead to the Mere of Water Demons. Its waters were seething with blood, and its waves were mingled with gore. There in the depths he gave up his heathen soul to Hel [Loki's daughter, and the ruler of the realm of the dead].

With rejoicing the warrior returned to Heorot and to a great celebration. One of the king's thanes who knew old tales without number, cleverly composed a new story, a truthful tale, narrating Beowulf's adventure.

He also told everything that he had heard of the mighty Sigemund, the son of Wælsing [Volsung], including exploits of which the son of men knew nothing, save Fitala [Sinfiötli], his nephew and comrade. Sigemund's great fame carried forth beyond his death, for he had slain the dragon who kept guard over the treasure. In his daring exploits he was by far the most famed of adventurers among the nations.

14

Hrothgar went to the hall, beheld Grendel's arm, and spoke: "Praise God for this miracle. Through his power a man has achieved that which we ourselves were unable to do. Praise be to the woman who gave birth to this man. Beowulf, henceforth I shall love you like a son."

Then Beowulf, son of Ecgtheow, spoke, recounting the details of his battle with Grendel. Unferth, too, was present, but he made no more boastful speeches, now having seen the monster's dismembered hand with its steel-like claws.

15

Strait away Heorot was adorned for a great feast. A large crowd gathered there in celebration. There the son of Healfdene gave to Beowulf many lavish gifts, including a golden

ensign, a helmet, a coat of chainmail, a mighty sword, and eight horses with golden bridles.

16

Moreover, Hrothgar bestowed precious heirlooms upon each man who had crossed the sea with Beowulf. The celebration continued with singing and music. The harp was struck, and the king's bard presented the oft-sung Lay of King Finn.

17

After the gleeman had finished singing Wealhtheow [Hrothgar's wife] came forth. She presented her king with a golden cup, saying: "Be gracious toward the Geats and mindful of gifts. Be generous while you may."

18

Thereupon many additional precious gifts were brought to Beowulf, including two armlets, rings, armor, and the greatest collar that I have ever heard tell of since Hama carried away the necklace of the Brisings.

"Receive this collar with joy, and prosper well, dear Beowulf," said Wealhtheow.

The celebration then continued with food and wine. When evening fell Hrothgar returned to his lodgings. The guards, as they had often done before, cleared the benches and covered them with bedding and pillows. Doomed to death, one of the revelers laid himself down to rest with his comrades.

Part Two: Grendel's Mother

19

They fell asleep, but one paid dearly for his rest. Although the old foe was dead, there lived an avenger: Grendel's mother. This woman-monster brooded over her woes. A descendant of Cain, she too lived in the wilderness removed from the joys of men. She came to Heorot determined to seek revenge for the death of her son. Hastily she clutched one of the heroes in his sleep, a favorite thane of Hrothgar. Then retrieving Grendel's arm she retreated to her lair.

Beowulf was not there, for he had been given another lodging place. Awakened, the warriors in the hall sounded the alarm.

20

Hrothgar mourned the murder of Æschere, his thane. He sensed who had done the evil deed, for he had heard from people dwelling in the countryside of two night-stalkers of the marshes and moors, one like unto a woman, the other in the image of a miscreated man. They were said to dwell among the wolf-haunted slopes, savage fen-paths, and wind-swept cliffs where mountain streams fall, shrouded in the mists of the headlands. Not far from there is a mere.

Trees hang over its waters, and at night-time can be seen a dreadful wonder: fire on the flood. No man knows its depth.

He addressed Beowulf: "Once again help rests with you alone. Seek out this savage and cheerless spot, if you dare. I will reward you with great treasure, as I did before, if you succeed in getting there alive."

21

Beowulf replied: "Sorrow not. It is better for a man to avenge his friend than to mourn exceedingly. Each of us will one day reach the end of worldly life. Therefore let him who may, win glory before he dies. That is a warrior's greatest boon at life's end. Now let us follow the tracks of Grendel's mother. I promise you, she shall not escape."

The old man jumped up, thanking God for Beowulf's words. Accompanied by a troop of warriors they followed the foe's tracks over steep and rocky slopes, over sheer cliffs, and past many a sea-monster's haunt. Suddenly they came upon a mere, overhung with a cheerless wood. And there, to their disgust and dismay, they discovered Æschere's head. Below, the mere's waters seethed with blood and gore.

The troop sat down. They saw serpents and dragons swimming in the water and sea-monsters lying along the headland-slopes. They sounded the battle horn, and the creatures sped away, but not before Beowulf killed one of them with his bow and arrow.

Then Beowulf, taking no thought for his own life, put on his armor of chainmail and his helmet, fitted with boar figures so that no sword could bite it. He picked up the sword, Hrunting by name, that Unferth had lent him. One of the greatest among ancient treasures, its iron blade was stained with poison and hardened with the blood of battle.

22

Taking leave of Hrothgar, Beowulf set forth into the mere. It took the better part of a day before he sighted the bottom.

The blood-thirsty monster who had lived there for a hundred seasons [fifty years] soon discovered his presence, and she seized the warrior with her horrid claws. His ringed armor protected him, and she did him no harm, but she did drag him into her dwelling. The hero saw that he was in a hall where the water could do him no harm. He attacked the mighty mere-woman, the she-wolf of the deep, with his sword, but he found that he could not wound her with it. Throwing the famous sword to the ground, he again trusted in his strength. He seized Grendel's mother by the shoulder and threw her to the floor. She fought back fiercely, causing him to stumble and fall. She sat on him and stabbed at him with her dagger, but again his coat of chainmail protected him. Finally he regained his feet.

23

Then he saw hanging on the wall an old sword from the age of giants. It was the choicest of weapons, but it was a sword for giants, too heavy for any man to carry into battle. Still, the

great hero seized the hilt and savagely struck out at the monster. The blow caught her at the neck and sliced off her doomed head.

Suddenly light filled the place, and the victorious warrior looked about. He saw Grendel's body. As a final act of vengeance, Beowulf cut off his lifeless head.

On shore Hrothgar and his men were watching the mere. Seeing the troubled waves mingled with blood, they feared that the sea-wolf had torn Beowulf to pieces. At the ninth hour of the day the Danes returned to their homes, but the Geats, Beowulf's comrades-in-arms, remained there sick at heart.

Meanwhile the sword in Beowulf's hand began to waste away. Drenched in blood, it melted away like an icicle at winter's end. Beowulf saw great treasures there in the hall, but all that he took away was Grendel's head and the hilt of the sword, its blade having wasted away.

He swam to the surface, and his valiant thanes rejoiced in seeing him safe and sound. They returned to Heorot, bearing Grendel's head upon a spear.

24

Beowulf spoke to King Hrothgar: "Behold this token of victory. I nearly perished, for the great sword Hrunting proved ineffective in my struggle against the fiend, but at last I saw an old and mighty sword hanging on the wall, and with this sword I slew the enemy. Her blood melted the great sword's blade, but the hilt I have carried away as a sign that henceforth your men may sleep peacefully in Heorot."

With these words Beowulf presented to King Hrothgar the hilt, the ancient work of giants, created before the flood destroyed the giant race. Its guard was of shining gold, graven correctly with runic letters and brightly adorned with snakes.

25

King Hrothgar spoke: "Dear Beowulf, best of men, keep yourself from arrogance and envy. You are now at the peak of your power, but with age your strength will wane, and with time death will overcome you."

The next morning Beowulf announced his desire to return to his own homeland. With kind thanks he returned the sword Hrunting to Unferth, generously praising the ancient weapon. He was a man of noble spirit!

26

Beowulf spoke to King Hrothgar: "We seafarers now return to our King Hygelac. You have been good to us. If, beyond the waters, I learn that you are again in need, I will forthwith return with a thousand warriors to help you."

Hrothgar answered: "Because of you there will always be peace between our people, the Geats and the Danes. Feuds and strife from the past are now behind us."

Then the aged king, unable to contain his grief at Beowulf's parting, gave the hero additional treasures. He was a king blameless in every way until old age robbed him of his strength.

27

As the warriors approached the sea they were kindly greeted by the coastguardsman. They loaded their horses, armor, and treasures aboard their ship, and before departing Beowulf gave the guard an heirloom sword bound with gold.

They steered the ship into deep water, then hoisted a cloth sail. The ship groaned, and the wind drove them across the waters, always on course, until at last they saw the familiar headlands and cliffs of their homeland. The harbor guard, who had long looked out to sea for his beloved countrymen, moored their ship with ropes, securing it from the waves.

28-30

King Hygelac greeted the returning hero ceremoniously. Burning with curiosity about the latter's adventures, he asked: "How did you fare on your journey to help the Danes?"

"My battle with Grendel is already known to many," replied Beowulf. Then he recounted in detail his entire adventure: his arrival at Heorot, his hand-to-hand fight with Grendel, his slaying of the monster's mother at the bottom of the mere, and his reward of great treasures at the hand of King Hrothgar.

31

Beowulf concluded his account by praising the generosity of King Hrothgar. "He followed courtly custom," said the hero. "He withheld nothing that was my due; and I wish now to give to you, my king, the great treasures that he gave me as a reward."

Beowulf then had the arms and treasures brought forth, and he told the story behind each heirloom.

King Hygelac responded by presenting to Beowulf Hrethel's sword, a famous heirloom. Furthermore, he gave him seven thousand hides of land and a hall. Then he named him prince and successor to his own throne.

At Hygelac's death Beowulf became king. He ruled wisely for fifty winters, and then a reign of terror visited the land of the Geats.

Part Three: Beowulf and the Dragon

32

A great treasure lay hidden in an upland barrow, but all those who had buried it died before bequesting it to their surviving kin. As they are wont to do, a malicious dragon found the hoard and assumed possession of it. For three hundred winters he jealously guarded the treasure.

Norway

Once there were two brothers, both named Peter; the older one was called Big Peter, and the younger one Little Peter. When their father died, Big Peter took over the farm and found himself a wealthy wife. Little Peter, however, stayed at home with his mother, and lived from her pension until he came of age. Then he received his inheritance, and Big Peter said that he could stay in the old house no longer, living from his mother. It would be better for him to go out into the world and do something for himself.

Little Peter agreed; so he bought himself a fine horse and a load of butter and cheese, and set off to the town. With the money he got for his goods he bought brandy and other drinks, and as soon as he arrived home, he threw a great feast, inviting all of his relatives and acquaintances. They in turn invited him for drinking and merrymaking. Thus he lived in fun and frolic so long as his money lasted. But when his last farthing was spent, and Little Peter found himself sitting high and dry, he went back home again to his old mother, and there he had nothing but one calf. When spring came he turned out the calf and let it graze on Big Peter's meadow. But this made Big Peter angry, and he struck the calf, killing it. Little Peter skinned the calf, and hung the hide up in the bathroom until it was thoroughly dry; then he rolled it up, stuffed it into a sack, and went about the area trying to sell it; but wherever he went, people only laughed at him, saying that they had no need of smoked calfskin. After walking a long way, he came to a farm, where he asked for a night's lodging.

"No," said the old woman of the house, "I can't give you lodging, for my husband is at the hut in the upper pasture, and I'm alone in the house. You will have to ask for shelter at the next farm; but if they won't take you in, you may come back, because you can't spend the night out of doors."

As Peter passed by the living-room window, he saw that there was a priest in there, whom the woman was entertaining. She was serving him ale and brandy, and a large bowl of custard. But just as the priest had sat down to eat and drink, the husband came back home. The woman heard him in the hallway, and she was not slow; she put the bowl of custard under the fireplace mantel, the ale and brandy into the cellar, and as for the priest, she locked him inside a large chest that was there. Little Peter was standing outside the whole time and saw everything. As soon as the husband had entered, Little Peter went to the door and asked if he might have a night's lodging.

"Yes," said the man, "you can stay here," and he asked Little Peter to sit down at the table and eat. Little Peter sat down, taking his calfskin with him, which he laid under his feet.

When they had sat a while, Little Peter began to step on the skin.

"What are you saying now? Can't you be quiet?" said Little Peter.

"Who are you talking to?" asked the man.

"Oh," answered Little Peter, "it's only the fortuneteller that I have here in my calfskin."

"And what does she foretell?" asked the man.

"Why, she says that there is a bowl of custard under the fireplace mantel," said Little Peter.

"Her prediction is wrong," answered the man. "We haven't had custard in this house for a year and a day."

But Peter asked him to take a look; he did so and found the custard. So they proceeded to enjoy it, but just as they were eating, Peter stepped on the calfskin again.

"Hush!" he said, "can't you hold your mouth?"

"What is the fortuneteller saying now?" asked the man.

"Oh, she says there is probably some ale and brandy just under the cellar door," answered Peter.

"Well, if she never predicted wrong in her life, she's predicting wrong now," said the man. "Ale and brandy! We have never had such things in the house!"

"Just take a look," said Peter. The man did so, and there, sure enough, he found the drinks, and was very pleased indeed.

"How much did you pay for that fortuneteller?" said the man, "for I must have her, whatever you ask for her."

"I inherited her from my father, and never thought that she was worth much," answered Peter. "Of course, I am not eager to part with her, but you may have her nonetheless, if you'll give me that old chest in the living room."

"The chest is locked and the key is lost," cried the old woman.

"Then I'll take it without the key," said Peter, and he and the man quickly struck the bargain.

Peter got a rope instead of the key. The man helped him load the chest onto his back, and off he stumbled with it. After he had walked a while, he came to a bridge. Beneath the bridge ran a raging stream, foaming, gurgling, and roaring until the bridge shook.

"That brandy, that brandy!" said Peter. Now I can tell that I've had too much. Why should I be dragging this chest about? If I hadn't been drunk and crazy, I would not have traded my fortuneteller for it. But now this chest is going into the river, and quickly!"

And with that he began to untie the rope.

"Au! Au! For God's sake save me. It is the priest that you have in the chest," screamed someone from inside.

"That must be the devil himself," said Peter, "and he wants to make me believe he has become a priest; but whether he claims to be a priest or a sexton, into the river he goes!"

"Oh, no! Oh no! I am in truth the parish priest. I was visiting the woman for her soul's health, but her husband is rough and wild, so she had to hide me in the chest. I have a silver watch and a gold watch with me. You can have them both, and eight hundred dollars beside, if you will only let me out," cried the priest.

"Oh, no!" said Peter. "Is it really your reverence after all?" With that he picked up a stone, and knocked the lid of the chest into pieces. The priest got out and ran home to his parsonage quickly and lightly, for he no longer had his watches and money to weigh him down.

Then Little Peter went home and said to Big Peter, "Today at the market there was a good price for calfskins."

"What did you get for your shabby one?" asked Big Peter.

"Shabby as it was, I got eight hundred dollars for it, but those from larger and fatter calves were bringing twice as much," said Little Peter, and showed his money.

"It is good that you told me this," answered Big Peter. He then slaughtered all his cows and calves, and set off to town with their skins and hides. When he arrived at the market, and the tanners asked what he wanted for his hides, Big Peter said "eight hundred dollars for the small ones, and more for the big ones." But they all laughed at him and made fun of him, and said he should not have come there, that he could get a better bargain at the madhouse. Thus he soon found out that Little Peter had tricked him.

But when he got home again he was not very gentle; he swore and cursed, threatening to strike Little Peter dead that very night. Little Peter stood and listened to all this. After he had gone to bed with his mother, and the night had worn on a little, he asked her to change sides with him, saying that he was cold and that it would be warmer next to the wall. Yes, she did that, and a little later Big Peter came with an ax in his hand, crept up to the bedside, and with one blow chopped off his mother's head.

The next morning, Little Peter went into Big Peter's room.

"Heaven help you," he said. "You have chopped our mother's head off. The sheriff will not be pleased to hear that you are paying mother's pension in this way."

Then Big Peter became terribly frightened, and he begged Little Peter, for God's sake, to say nothing about what he knew. If he would only keep still, he should have eight hundred dollars.

Well, Little Peter swept up the money; set his mother's head on her body again; put her on a sled, and pulled her to market. There he set her up with an apple basket on each arm, and an apple in each hand. By and by a skipper came walking along; he thought she was a market woman, and asked if she had apples to sell, and how many he might have for a penny. But the old woman did not answer. So the skipper asked again. No! She said nothing.

"How many may I have for a penny?" he cried the third time, but the old woman sat there, as though she neither saw nor heard him. Then the skipper flew into a rage and slapped her, causing her head to roll across the marketplace. At that moment, Little Peter came running. Weeping and wailing, and threatened to make trouble for the skipper, for having killed his old mother.

"Dear friend, keep still about what you know," said the skipper, "and I'll give you eight hundred dollars," and thus they made a deal.

When Little Peter got home again, he said to Big Peter, "Old women were bringing a good price at the market today; I got eight hundred dollars for our mother," and he showed him the money.

"It is good that I came to know this," said Big Peter. He had an old mother-in-law, and he killed her, and then set forth to sell her. But when people heard how he was trying to sell dead bodies, they wanted to hand him over to the sheriff, and it was all he could do to escape.

When Big Peter arrived home again, he was so angry with Little Peter, that he threatened to strike him dead there and then, without mercy.

"Yes, indeed" said Little Peter, "we must all go this way, and between today and tomorrow there is only the night. But if I must set off now, I've only one thing to ask; put me into that sack that's hanging over there, and carry me to the river."

Big Peter had nothing against that; he stuffed him into the sack, and set off. But he hadn't gone far before it came into his mind that he had forgotten something which he had to go back and fetch; meanwhile, he set the sack down by the side of the road. Just then came a man driving a big flock of fine sheep,

To the Kingdom of Heaven, to Paradise.
To the Kingdom of Heaven, to Paradise!

cried out Little Peter from inside the sack, and he kept mumbling and muttering the same words over and over.

"May I not go with you?" asked the man with the sheep.

"Of course you may," said Little Peter. "Just untie the sack, and trade places with me, and you'll get there enough. I can wait until next time. But you must keep on calling out what I was saying, or you'll not go to the right place."

Then the man untied the sack, and took Little Peter's place. Peter tied the sack up again, and the man began to cry out,

To the Kingdom of Heaven, to Paradise.
To the Kingdom of Heaven, to Paradise!

and repeated the saying over and over again.

After Peter got him positioned in the sack, he wasn't slow; off he went with the flock of sheep, making a broad turn. Meantime, Big Peter, returned, took the sack on his shoulders, and carried it to the river, and all the while he went, the shepherd sat inside crying:

To the Kingdom of Heaven, to Paradise!

"Yes, indeed! Now try now to find the way for yourself," said Big Peter, and with that he tossed him out into the stream.

When Big Peter had done that, and was going back home, he met his brother, who was driving the flock of sheep before him. Big Peter could hardly believe his eyes, and asked how Little Peter had gotten out of the river, and where he had found the fine flock of sheep.

"That was an act of brotherly love that you did for me when you threw me into the river," answered Little Peter. I sank right down to the bottom like a stone, and there I saw flocks of sheep, believe me. Down there they go about by the thousands; each flock is finer than the others. And just see what splendid wool they have!"

That is good of you to tell me that, said Big Peter. Then he ran home to his wife; made her come with him to the river; crept into a sack, and asked her to quickly tie it up, and throw him over the bridge.

"I'm going after a flock of sheep," he said. "If I stay too long, it's because I can't manage the flock by myself; then you'll have to jump in and help me."

"Well, don't stay too long," said his wife, "for I am looking forward to those sheep."

She stood there and waited a while, but then she thought that her husband couldn't gather the flock together, and so she jumped in after him.

Now Little Peter was rid of them all, and he inherited their farm and fields, and horses and tools too; and besides, he had money enough to buy cattle as well.

- Source: Peter Christen Asbjørnsen and Jørgen Moe, Store-Per og Vesle-Per, *Norske Folkeeventyr* (Christiania [Oslo], 1842-1852), translated by George Webb Dasent (1859).
- Translation revised by D. L. Ashliman. © 2001.
- Aarne-Thompson type 1535. This classical trickster story, known generically as "Unibos" (One-Ox), is told around the world. It was especially popular among the writers of renaissance jest books.

Related links

- Little Claus and Big Claus, a type 1535 tale by Hans Christian Andersen. The text of this story in the original Danish: Lille Claus og store Claus.
- The Little Peasant, a type 1535 tale from the Grimm brothers' *Children's and Household Tales* (no. 61). The text of this story in the original German: Das Bürle.
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The Bird's Three Precepts

folktales of Aarne-Thompson type 150
translated and/or edited by

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1. Of Hearing Good Counsel (*Gesta Romanorum*).
2. The Three Proverbs (Poland).

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Gesta Romanorum

An archer, catching a little bird called a nightingale, was about to put her to death. But, being gifted with language, she said to him, "What will it advantage you to kill me? I cannot satisfy your appetite. Let me go, and I will give you three rules, from which you will derive great benefit, if you follow them accurately."

Astonished at hearing the bird speak, he promised her liberty on the conditions she had stated.

"Hear, then," said she. "Never attempt impossibilities. Secondly, do not lament an irrecoverable loss. Thirdly, do not credit things that are incredible. If you keep these three maxims with wisdom, they will infinitely profit you."

The man, faithful to his promise, let the bird escape. Winging her flight through the air, she commenced a most exquisite song, and, having finished, said to the archer, "You are a silly fellow, and have today lost a great treasure. There is in my bowels a pearl bigger than the egg of an ostrich."

Full of vexation at her escape, he immediately spread his nets and endeavored to take her a second time, but she eluded his art.

"Come into my house, sweet bird," said he, "and I will show you every kindness. I will feed you with my own hands, and permit you to fly abroad at pleasure."

The nightingale answered, "Now I am certain you are a fool, and pay no regard to the counsel I gave you: 'Regret not what is irrecoverable.' You cannot take me again, yet you have spread your snares for that purpose. Moreover, you believe that my bowels contain a pearl larger than the egg of an ostrich, when I myself am nothing near that size! You are a fool, and a fool you will always remain."

With this consolatory assurance she flew away. The man returned sorrowfully to his own house, but never again obtained a sight of the nightingale.

Application: My beloved, the archer is any Christian. The nightingale is Christ, and man attempts to kill him as often as he sins.

- Source: *Gesta Romanorum*, translated by Charles Swan (London: George Bell and Sons, 1877), no. 167, pp. 318-319.
- The *Gesta Romanorum* or "Deeds of the Romans" is a collection of some 283 legends and fables. Created as a collection ca. 1330 in England, it served as a source of stories and plots for many of Europe's greatest writers. The anonymous collectors and editors, most likely monks, concluded each tale with a so-called "application," thus attempting to place each story within Christian moral context.
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The Three Proverbs

Poland

A rich man was once walking about in his garden. He was cheerful and happy. Suddenly he noticed a small bird that had been captured in a small net. He took hold of it and was more than a little surprised when it began to speak, saying, "Give me my freedom, dear man! Of what use is it to you to lock me in a cage? Looking at me will not please you, for I do not have beautiful feathers. I cannot entertain you, for I do not sing like other birds. And I cannot provide you with nourishment. I am much too small for that. But I will tell you three wise teachings if you will give my freedom."

The master of the garden looked at the little creature and said, "If you do not sing then of course you cannot entertain me. Let me hear your wisdom, and if it teaches me anything, I will give you your freedom."

Then the little bird said, "First: Do not grieve over things that have already happened. Second: Do not wish for that which is unattainable. Third: Do not believe in that which cannot be possible."

Then the master of the garden said, "You have indeed taught me something. I will give you your freedom."

Letting the bird fly away, he thought seriously about its words. Then he heard it laughing quietly. Its voice came from a tree where the bird was sitting.

"Why are you laughing so cheerfully?" shouted the man.

"About my easily won freedom," answered the bird, "and more than that, about the foolishness of humans who believe they are smarter than all other creatures. If you had been smarter, only just as smart as I am, then you would now be the richest man."

"How would that have been possible?" asked the master of the garden.

The bird replied, "If, instead of giving me my freedom, you had kept me, for in my body I have a diamond the size of a hen's egg."

The man stood there as though he were petrified. After recovering from the surprise, he began to speak, "You think that you are happy because I gave you your freedom. But summer will soon be over and winter with its storms will arrive. The brooks will freeze over, and you will not be able to find a single drop of water to quench your thirst. The fields will be covered with snow, and you will not find anything to eat. But I will give you a warm place where you can freely fly around, and you can have as much water and bread as you want. Come down, and I will show you that you are better off with me than with your freedom."

Thus spoke the master of the garden, but the little bird laughed louder than before, making the man even angrier.

"You are still laughing?" asked the man.

"Of course," replied the bird. "See, you gave me my freedom on account of the teachings that I gave you, and now you are so foolish that you do not take the teachings to heart. I earned my freedom fairly, but you forgot my teachings after only a few minutes. You should not grieve over things that have already happened, but still you are grieving that you gave me my freedom. You should not wish for things that you cannot obtain, and yet you want me, for whom freedom is my whole life, to voluntarily enter a prison. You should not believe that which is impossible, and yet you believe that I am carrying about inside my body a diamond as large as a hen's egg, although I myself am only half the size of a hen's egg."

And with that the bird flew away.

- Source: Otto Knoop, "Die drei Sprüche," *Ostmärkische Sagen, Märchen und Erzählungen* (Lissa: Oskar Eulitz' Verlag, 1909), no. 72, pp. 147-149.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2000.
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The Black School

migratory legends of Christiansen type 3000
edited by

D. L. Ashliman
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1. The Black School (Iceland).
2. Black Airt (Scotland).
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Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Iceland

Once upon a time there existed somewhere in the world, nobody knows where, a school which was called the Black School. There the pupils learned witchcraft and all sorts of ancient arts. Wherever this school was, it was somewhere below ground, and was held in a strong room which, as it had no window, was eternally dark and changeless. There was no teacher either, but everything was learnt from books with fiery letters, which could be read quite easily in the dark. Never were the pupils allowed to go out into the open air or see the daylight during the whole time they stayed there, which was from five to seven years. By then they had gained a thorough and perfect knowledge of the sciences to be learnt. A shaggy gray hand came through the wall every day with the pupils' meals, and when they had finished eating and drinking took back the horns and platters. But one of the rules of the school was, that the owner should keep for himself that one of the students who should leave the school the last every year. And, considering that it was pretty well known among the pupils that the devil himself was the master, you may fancy what a scramble there was at each year's end, everybody doing his best to avoid being last to leave the school.

It happened once that three Icelanders went to this school, by the name of Sæmundur the Learned, Kálfur Arnason, and Hálfdán Eldjárnsson; and as they all arrived at the same time, they were all supposed to leave at the same time. Sæmundur declared himself willing to be the last of them, at which the others were much lightened in mind. So he threw over himself a large mantle, leaving the sleeves loose and the fastenings free.

A staircase led from the school to the upper world, and when Sæmundur was about to mount this the devil grasped at him and said, "You are mine!"

But Sæmundur slipped out of this mantle and made off with all speed, leaving the devil the empty cloak. However, just as he left the school the heavy iron door was slammed suddenly to, and wounded Sæmundur on the heels. Then he said, "That was pretty close upon my

heels," which words have since passed into a proverb. The Sæmundur contrived to escape from the Black School, with his companions, scot-free.

Some people relate, that, when Sæmundur came into the doorway, the sun shone upon him and threw his shadow onto the opposite wall. And as the devil stretched out his hand to grapple with him, Sæmundur said, "I am not the last. Do you not see who follows me?"

So the devil seized the shadow, mistaking it for a man, and Sæmundur escaped with a blow on his heels from the iron door.

But from that hour he was always shadowless, for whatever the devil took, he never gave back again.

- Source: Jón Árnason, *Icelandic Legends*, translated by George E. J. Powell and Eiríkur Magnússon (London: Richard Bentley, 1864), pp. 226-28.
- Sæmundur the Learned (1054-1133) was Iceland's first great scholar. His name is often given without its grammatical ending, Sæmund, or spelled without the ligature æ, Saemund.
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Black Airt

Scotland

"Black Airt" was firmly believed in [in the north-east of Scotland]. If the proficients in this science did not make a compact with Satan, they were very much in communion with him. He was regarded as the fountain from which it sprang. It was looked upon as a kind of wisdom by which men came to be able to know the hidden essence of things, the virtues of herbs for cure or poison, to have power over nature in many of her workings, power to cure disease, to guard against witches and fairies, to remove their spells, to discover thieves, and even to see into the future. Under the teaching they got, some of the students reached a high degree of expertness, and became a match for the devil himself in cunning, and were even able to outwit him.

Spain and Italy, particularly Italy, were the countries in which the science was most flourishing, and in which it was taught most efficiently, and thither all, who wished to become adepts in it, went. Its study was carried on in dark rooms under famous teachers; and, on leaving the classrooms, the students had to pass through a long black passage at the end of which stood the prince of darkness watching to catch the last one.

No sooner had the last word of the professor's lecture been spoken than out rushed the students, and made for the light pell-mell through the black passage shouting, "Deel tack the hinmost!"

The devil, on one occasion, clutched at a student. He met one who was more than a match for him. The student called out, "There is another behind me!"

His sable majesty looked first to this side, and then to that. He saw what seemed a man. He

rushed upon it and seized it. It was the student's shadow. Ever after the student was shadowless.

- Source: Walter Gregor, *Notes on the Folk-Lore of the North-East of Scotland* (London: Folk-Lore Society, 1881), p. 73.
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Links to related sites

Targets open in new windows.

- The Woman Who Had No Shadow, a folktale from Scandinavia about a woman who lost her shadow through a sinister pact.
- Peter Schlemihls wundersame Geschichte, a literary fairy tale (in the German language) by Adelbert von Chamisso (1781-1838). The hero of this tale exchanges his shadow for a purse that never runs out of money.

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edited by

D. L. Ashliman

1. The Making of the Earth.
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4. Why People Die Forever.
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In rendering these narratives explanatory matter supplied by the Native-American narrator is indicated by parenthesis, that supplied by the translator or editor (Clark Wissler or D. C. Duvall) is indicated by brackets.

The Making of the Earth

During the flood, Old Man was sitting on the highest mountain with all the beasts. The flood was caused by the above people, because the baby (a fungus) of the woman who married a star was heedlessly torn in pieces by an Indian child.

Old Man sent the Otter down to get some earth. For a long time he waited, then the Otter came up dead. Old Man examined its feet, but found nothing on them. Next he sent Beaver down, but after a long time he also came up drowned. Again nothing was found on his feet. He sent Muskrat to dive next. Muskrat also was drowned.

At length he sent the Duck (?). It was drowned, but in its paw held some earth. Old Man saw it, put it in his hand, feigned putting it on the water three times, and at last dropped it. Then the above-people sent rain, and everything grew on the earth.

- Source: Clark Wissler and D. C. Duvall, *Mythology of the Blackfoot Indians* (New York: Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History, 1908), v. 2, part 1, p. 19.
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Languages Confused on a Mountain

After the flood, Old Man mixed water with different colors. He whistled, and all the people came together.

He gave one man a cup of one kind of water, saying, "You will be chief of these people here."

To another man he gave differently colored water, and so on. The Blackfoot, Piegan, and Blood all received black water.

Then he said to the people, "Talk," and they all talked differently; but those who drank black water spoke the same.

This happened on the highest mountain in the Montana Reservation [Chief Mountain?].

- Source: Clark Wissler and D. C. Duvall, *Mythology of the Blackfoot Indians* (New York: Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History, 1908), v. 2, part 1, p. 19.
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Order of Life and Death

There was once a time when there were but two persons in the world, Old Man and Old Woman. One time, when they were traveling about, Old Man met Old Woman, who said, "Now, let us come to an agreement of some kind; let us decide how the people shall live."

"Well," said Old Man, " I am to have the first say in everything."

To this Old Woman agreed, provided she had the second say.

Then Old Man began, "The women are to tan the hides. When they do this, they are to rub brains on them to make them soft; they are to scrape them well with scraping tools, etc. But all this they are to do very quickly, for it will not be very hard work."

"No, I will not agree to this," said Old Woman. "They must tan the hide in the way you say; but it must be made very hard work, and take a long time, so that the good workers may be found out."

"Well", said Old Man, "let the people have eyes and mouths in their faces; but they shall be straight up and down."

"No," said Old Woman, "we will not have them that way. We will have the eyes and mouth in the faces, as you say; but they shall all be set crosswise."

"Well," said Old Man, "the people shall have ten fingers on each hand."

"Oh, no!" said Old Woman. "That will be too many. They will be in the way. There shall be four fingers and one thumb on each hand."

"Well," said Old Man, "we shall beget children. The genitals shall be at our navels."

"No," said Old Woman, "that will make childbearing too easy; the people will not care for their children. The genitals shall be at the pubes."

So they went on until they had provided for everything in the lives of the people that were to be. Then Old Woman asked what they should do about life and death.

Should the people always live, or should they die? They had some difficulty in agreeing on this; but finally Old Man said, "I will tell you what I will do. I will throw a buffalo chip into the

water, and, if it floats, the people die for four days and live again. But, if it sinks, they will die forever."

So he threw it in, and it floated.

"No," said Old Woman, "we will not decide in that way. I will throw in this rock. If it floats, the people will die for four days. If it sinks, the people will die forever."

Then Old Woman threw the rock out into the water, and it sank to the bottom.

"There," said she, "it is better for the people to die forever; for, if they did not die forever, they would never feel sorry for each other, and there would be no sympathy in the world."

"Well," said Old Man, let it be that way."

After a time Old Woman had a daughter, who died. She was very sorry now that it had been fixed so that people died forever. So she said to Old Man, "Let us have our say over again."

"No," said he, "we fixed it once."

- Source: Clark Wissler and D. C. Duvall, *Mythology of the Blackfoot Indians* (New York: Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History, 1908), v. 2, part 1, pp. 19-21.
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Why People Die Forever

One time Old Man said to Old Woman, "People will never die."

Oh! " said Old Woman, "that will never do; because, if people live always, there will be too many people in the world."

"Well," said, Old Man, "we do not want to die forever. We shall die for four days and then come to life again."

"Oh, no!" said Old Woman, "it will be better to die forever, so that we shall be sorry for each other."

"Well," said Old Man, "we will decide this way. We will throw a buffalo chip into the water. If it sinks, we will die forever; if it floats, we shall live again."

"Well," said Old Woman, "throw it in."

Now, Old Woman had great power, and she caused the chip to turn into a stone, so it sank. So when we die, we die forever.

- Source: Clark Wissler and D. C. Duvall, *Mythology of the Blackfoot Indians* (New York: Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History, 1908), v. 2, part 1, p. 21.

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The First Marriage

Now in those days, the men and the women did not live together. The men lived in one camp and the women in the other. The men lived in lodges made of skin with the hair on; the women, in good lodges. [The idea is, that the women dress the skins, hence the men could not live in dressedskin lodges.] One day Old Man came to the camp of the men, and, when he was there, a woman came over from the camp of the women. She said she had been sent by the chief of the women to invite all the men, because the women were going to pick out husbands.

Now the men began to get ready, and Old Man dressed himself up in his finest clothes. He was always fine looking. Then they started out, and when they came to the women's camp they all stood up in a row.

Now the chief of the women came out to make the first choice. She had on very dirty clothes, and none of the men knew who she was. She went along the line, looked them over, and finally picked out Old Man because of his fine appearance.

Now Old Man saw many nicely dressed women waiting their turn, and when the chief of the women took him by the hand he pulled back and broke away. He did this because he thought her a very common woman. When he pulled away, the chief of the women went back to her lodge and instructed the other women not to choose Old Man.

While the other women were picking out their husbands, the chief of the women put on her best costume. When she came out, she looked very fine, and as soon as Old Man saw her, he thought, "Oh! There is the chief of the women. I wish to be her husband." He did not know that it was the same woman.

Now the chief of the women came down once more to pick out a husband, and as she went around, Old Man kept stepping in front of her, so that she might see him. But she paid no attention to him, finally picking out another for her husband.

After a while all the men had been picked out except Old Man. Now he was very angry; but the chief of the women said to him, "After this you are to be a tree, and stand just where you are now."

Then he became a tree, and he is mad yet, because he is always caving down the bank.

- Source: Clark Wissler and D. C. Duvall, *Mythology of the Blackfoot Indians* (New York: Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History, 1908), v. 2, part 1, pp. 21-22.
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Old Man Leads a Migration

The first Indians were on the other side of the ocean, and Old Man decided to lead them to a

better place. So he brought them over the ice to the far north. When they were crossing the ice, the Sarcee were in the middle and there was a boy riding on a dog travois. As they were going along, this boy saw a horn of some animal sticking up through the ice. Now the boy wanted this horn, and began to cry. So his mother took an ax and cut it off. As she did so, the ice gave way, and only those on this side of the place where the horn was will ever get here.

Now Old Man led these people down to where the Blood Reserve now is, and told them that this would be a fine country for them, and that they would be very rich.

He said, "I will get all the people here."

All the people living there ate and lived like wild animals; but Old Man went among them and taught them all the arts of civilization. (When crossing the ice, only about thirty lodges succeeded in getting across, and among these were the representatives of all the tribes now in this country. At that time the Blackfoot were just one tribe.)

When he was through teaching them, he did not die, but went among the Sioux, where he remained for a time, but finally disappeared . He took his wife with him. He had no children.

- Source: Clark Wissler and D. C. Duvall, *Mythology of the Blackfoot Indians* (New York: Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History, 1908), v. 2, part 1, pp. 22-23.
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Old Man and the Great Spirit

There was once a Great Spirit who was good. He made a man and a woman. Then Old Man came along. No one made Old Man. He always existed.

The Great Spirit said to him, "Old Man, have you any power?"

"Yes," said Old Man, "I am very strong."

"Well," said the Great Spirit, "suppose you make some mountains."

So Old Man set to work and made the Sweet-Grass Hills. To do this he took a piece of Chief Mountain. He brought Chief Mountain up to its present location, shaped it up, and named it. The other mountains were called blood colts.

"Well," said the Great Spirit, "you are strong."

"Now," said Old Man, "there are four of us: the man and woman, you and I."

The Great Spirit said, "All right."

The Great Spirit said, "I will make a big cross for you to carry."

Old Man said "No, you make another man so that he can carry it."

The Great Spirit made another man. Old Man carried the cross a while, but soon got tired and wanted to go. The Great Spirit told him that he could go, but he should go out among the people and the animals, and teach them how to live, etc.

Now the other man got tired of carrying, the cross. He was a white man. The Great Spirit sent him off as a traveler. So he wandered on alone.

The man and woman who had been created wandered off down towards Mexico, where they tried to build a mountain in order to get to the sky to be with their children. But the people got mixed up until they came to have many different languages.

- Source: Clark Wissler and D. C. Duvall, *Mythology of the Blackfoot Indians* (New York: Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History, 1908), v. 2, part 1, pp. 23-24.
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a European folktale
retold by

D. L. Ashliman
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Once upon a time a fisherman caught a fish that said to him, "If you will set me free, I will grant you any wish." Now more than anything else, the fisherman wanted to have a child with his wife, so he made this wish, and turned the fish loose.

Before swimming away, the fish said, "Cast your net again, and give your next catch to your wife to eat."

The fisherman did as he was told. His next cast netted him one little fish, which he took home with him. His wife ate the flesh. His dog ate the insides. And his horse ate the bones. Some time later his wife gave birth to twin boys; the dog had a litter of two pups; and the horse foaled with two colts.

The twin boys gave their parents much pleasure, but with time the older brother became restless, and wanted to seek his fortune abroad. He left a bottle of clear white wine with his younger twin, saying, "All will be well with me as long as the wine is white. But if it ever turns red, I will be in need of your help." With that he took leave of his brother and of his parents, mounted the older twin horse, and, accompanied by the older twin dog, set forth into the world.

After a long journey he came to a kingdom that was being ravished by a terrible dragon. The king had promised his daughter's hand in marriage to whatever man succeeded in killing the dragon. The twin tracked the dragon to its lair, then engaged him in battle. The fight was long and hard, but the brave twin finally prevailed, and the dragon lay dead at his feat. As proof that he had killed the beast, he cut out its tongue, then set out for the castle to claim the princess as his reward.

Now the king had a steward who happened to come upon the dead dragon soon after the twin left. He decided to claim the kill for himself, cut off the dragon's head, and took a shortcut to the castle.

The king was delighted to see the dragon's head, and he arranged for the wedding between the steward and the princess to take place immediately. The twin arrived just as the festivities were starting. Seeing that another man was unfairly claiming his prize, he said, "It is a strange dragon that has no tongue."

"Of course the dragon has a tongue," said the steward, opening the dragon's mouth. But the tongue was not there.

"The dragon had a tongue when I killed it," answered the twin, "and here it is." With this he

produced the dragon's tongue. The king now saw that the steward had lied, and had him cast into a dark dungeon. The festivities continued, but this time with the twin as hero and bridegroom.

The twin and the princess lived happily for some time, but after a while he became restless again. He announced that he wanted to go hunting in a nearby forest, named the Forest of No Return. His young wife asked him not to go, but his spirit of adventure prevailed.

Soon after entering the Forest of No Return, the twin met an old woman, who, unknown to him, was a wicked witch. "Good day, young sir," she said. He began to return the greeting, but had scarcely opened his mouth when she cast a spell on him, turning him to stone.

Meanwhile, back at the fisherman's cottage, the younger twin examined the bottle of wine every day. Its clear white color let him know that his older brother was well. One day, however, the wine turned blood red, and the younger brother knew that his twin was in need. He took leave of his parents, mounted the younger twin horse, and, accompanied by the younger twin dog, set forth into the world to find his older brother.

After a long journey he came to the kingdom where his twin brother had killed the dragon. Everyone thought that he was their new prince, and he was escorted to the castle with honor.

"I thought that you would never come back from the Forest of No Return," said the princess tenderly. However, to her dismay and surprise, instead of returning her love, that night he laid his sword between them in their bed.

Early the next morning the younger twin set forth for the Forest of No Return. Soon after entering this forest, he met the old witch. "Good day, young sir," she said.

Sensing her evil design, he said not a word, but leaped on her and pinned her to the ground. Holding his sword to her neck, he shouted, "lead me to my brother, or die at once!" The witch, fearing for her life, led the young twin to his petrified brother. She anointed the stone with salve, and he returned to life.

Overjoyed, the two brothers made they way back toward the castle. On their way, each one told the other of his adventures. When it was the younger brother's turn to speak, he told of how the white wine had turned to blood red, how he had found his way to the castle, how he had slept with the princess.... He was not able finish his sentence. The older twin, hearing that his brother had slept with his wife, drew his sword and cut off his head.

When the older twin arrived at the castle, he was received by his wife with love. "At last you are yourself!" she said. "Not like the last time you were here, when you put a sword between us in bed."

The older twin now knew that he had unjustly killed his brother. He rushed back to the place where his body lay. Fortunately, he still had some of the witch's salve, and with it he anointed the dead man's wounds, placed the head back on the body, and brought his brother back to life. Together they returned to the castle, where they lived happily ever after.

- Retold from various sources. This tale is told throughout the Indo-European cultural area.
- Aarne-Thomspon-Uther type 303.

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folktales of Aarne-Thompson-Uther types 312 and 312A
about women whose brothers rescue them
from their ruthless husbands or abductors

translated and/or edited by

D. L. Ashliman
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Bluebeard

Charles Perrault

There was once a man who had fine houses, both in town and country, a deal of silver and gold plate, embroidered furniture, and coaches gilded all over with gold. But this man was so unlucky as to have a blue beard, which made him so frightfully ugly that all the women and girls ran away from him.

One of his neighbors, a lady of quality, had two daughters who were perfect beauties. He desired of her one of them in marriage, leaving to her choice which of the two she would bestow on him. Neither of them would have him, and they sent him backwards and forwards from one to the other, not being able to bear the thoughts of marrying a man who had a blue beard. Adding to their disgust and aversion was the fact that he already had been married to several wives, and nobody knew what had become of them.

Bluebeard, to engage their affection, took them, with their mother and three or four ladies of their acquaintance, with other young people of the neighborhood, to one of his country houses, where they stayed a whole week.

The time was filled with parties, hunting, fishing, dancing, mirth, and feasting. Nobody went to bed, but all passed the night in rallying and joking with each other. In short, everything

Minnyminny Morack, and the other one was named Follerlinsko, and they were so bad that they had to be tied in the yard day and night, except when they were a-hunting. So the little boy, he went and got a pan of water and set in down in the middle of the floor, and then he went and got himself a willow limb, and he stuck it in the ground.

Then he allowed, "Mammy, when the water in this here pan turns to blood, then you run out and set loose Minnyminny Morack and Follerlinsko, and when you see that there willow limb a-shaking, you run and sick them on my track."

The woman, she up and said, she'd turn the dogs loose, and then the little boy, he stuck his hands in his pockets and went on down the road a-whistling, just the same as any other little boy, except that he was a lot smarter. He went on down the road, he did, and the fine quality ladies, they came on behind.

The further he went the faster he walked. This made the quality ladies walk fast too, and it wasn't so mighty long before the little boy heard them making a mighty curious fuss, and when he turned around, bless gracious! they were a-panting, because they were so tired and hot. The little boy allowed to himself that it was mighty curious how ladies could pant the same as a wild varmint, but he said he expected that was the way quality ladies do when they get hot and tired, and he made like he couldn't hear them, because he wanted to be nice and polite.

After a while, when the quality ladies thought the little boy wasn't looking at them, he saw one of them drop down on her all fours and trot along just like a varmint, and it wasn't long before the other one dropped down on her all fours. Then the little boy allowed, "Shoo! If that is the way quality ladies rest themselves when they get tired, I reckon a little chap about my size had better be fixing to rest himself."

So he looked around, he did, and he took and picked himself out a great big pine tree by the side of the road, and began to climb it. Then, when they saw that, one of the quality ladies allowed, "My goodness! What in the world are you up to now?"

The little boy, he said, "I'm just a-climbing a tree to rest my bones."

The ladies, they allowed, "Why don't you rest them on the ground?"

The little boy, he said, "Because I want to get up where it is cool and high."

The quality ladies, they took and walked around and around the tree like they were measuring it to see how big it was. By and by, after a while, they said, "Little boy, little boy! You'd better come down from there and show us the way to the forks of the road."

Then the little boy allowed, "Just keep right on, ladies. You'll find the forks of the

road. You can't miss them. I'm afraid to come down, because I might fall and hurt one of you all."

The ladies, they said, "You'd better come down before we run and tell your mammy how bad your are."

The little boy allowed, "While you are telling her, please tell her how scared I am."

The quality ladies got mighty mad. They walked around that tree and fairly snorted. They pulled off their bonnets, and their veils, and their dresses, and, lo and behold, the little boy saw that they were two great big panthers. They had great big eyes, and big sharp teeth, and great long tails, and they looked up at the little boy and growled and grinned at him until he mighty nigh had a chill. They tried to climb the tree, but they had trimmed their claws so they could get gloves on, and they couldn't climb any more.

Then one of them sat down in the road and made a curious mark in the sand, and their great long tales turned into axes, and no sooner did the tails turn into axes than they began to cut the tree down. I don't dare tell you how sharp those axes were, because you wouldn't nigh believe me. One of them stood on one side of the tree, and the other one stood on the other side, and they whacked at that tree like they were taking a holiday. They whacked out chips as big as your hat, and it wasn't so mighty long before the tree was ready to fall.

But while the little boy was sitting up there, scared mighty nigh to death, it came into his mind that he had some eggs in his pocket that he had brought with him to eat whenever he got hungry. He took out one of the eggs and broke it, and said, "Place fill up!" And bless your soul, the place sure enough filled up, and the tree looked just exactly like nobody had been a-cutting on it.

But them there panthers, they were very vigorous. They just spit on their hands and cut away. When they got the tree mighty nigh cut down, the little boy, he pulled out another egg and broke it, and said, "Place, fill up!" And by the time he said it, the tree was done made sound again. They kept on this a-way until the little boy began to get scared again. He had broken all his eggs except one, and them there creatures were a-cutting away like they were venomous, which they most surely were.

Just about that time the little boy's mammy happened to stumble over the pan of water that was sitting down on the floor, and there it was, all turned to blood. Then she ran and unloosed Minnyminny Morack and Follerlinsko. Then when she did that she saw the willow limb a-shaking, and then she put the dogs on the little boy's track, and away they went.

The little boy heard them a-coming, and he hollered out, "Come on, my good dogs. Here, dogs, here."

The panthers, they stopped chopping and listened. One asked the other one what she could hear. The little boy said, "You don't hear anything. Go on with your chopping."

The panthers, they chopped some more, and then they thought they heard the dogs a-coming. Then they tried their best to get away, but it wasn't any use. They didn't have time to change their axes back into tails, and because they couldn't run with axes dragging behind them, the dogs caught them.

The little boy, he allowed, "Shake them and bite them. Drag them around and around, until you drag them two miles." So the dogs dragged them around for two miles.

Then the little boy said, "Shake them and tear them. Drag them around and around, until you drag them ten miles." They dragged them ten miles, and by the time they got back, the panthers were cold and stiff.

Then the little boy climbed down out of the tree and sat down to rest himself. By and by, after a while, he allowed to himself that beings he was having so much fun, he believed he'd take his dogs and go way off into the woods to see if he couldn't find his little sister. He called his dogs, he did, and went off into the woods, and they hadn't gone so mighty far before he saw a house in the woods away off by itself.

The dogs, they went up and smelled around, they did, and came back with their bristles up, but the little boy allowed he'd go up there anyhow and see what the dogs were mad about. So he called the dogs and went towards the house, and when he got close up he saw a little gal toting wood and water. She was a might pretty little gal, because she had milk-white skin and great long yellow hair, but her clothes were all in rags, and she was crying because she had to work so hard. Minnyminny Morack and Follerlinsko wagged their tales when they saw the little gal, and the little boy knew by that that she was his sister.

So he went up and asked her what her name was, and she said she didn't know what her name was, because she was so scared she forgot. Then he asked her what in the name of goodness she was crying about, and she said she was crying because she had to work so hard. Then he asked her who the house belonged to, and she allowed it belonged to a great big old black bear, and this old bear made her tote wood and water all the time. She said the water was to go into the big wash-pot, and the wood was to make the pot boil, and the pot was to cook folks that the great big old bear brought home to his children.

The little boy didn't tell the little gal that he was her brother, but he allowed that he was going to stay and eat supper with the big old bear.

The little gal cried and allowed he'd better not, but the little boy said he wasn't afraid to eat supper with a bear. So they went into the house, and when the little

boy got in there, he saw that the bear had two great big children, and one of them was squatting on the bed, and the other one was squatting down in the hearth. The children were both named Cubs for short, but the little boy wasn't scared of them, because there were his dogs to do away with them if they so much as rolled an eyeball.

The old bear was a mighty long time coming back, so the little gal, she up and fixed supper anyhow, and the little boy, he scrounged from Cubs first on one side and then on the other, and he and the little gal got as much as they wanted. After supper the little boy told the little gal that he'd take and comb her hair just to while away the time. But the little gal's hair hadn't been combed for so long, and it was in such a tangle, that it made the poor creature cry to hear anybody talking about combing it. Then the little boy allowed he wasn't going to hurt her, and he took and warmed some water in a pan and put it on her hair, and then he combed and curled it, just as nice you ever did see.

When the old bear got home he was mighty taken back when he saw he had company, and when he saw them all sitting down like they had come to stay. But he was mighty polite, and he shook hands all around, and sat down by the fire and dried his boots, and asked about the crops, and allowed that the weather would be monstrous fine if they could get a little season of rain.

Then he took and made a great admiration over the little gal's hair, and he asked the little boy how in the whole world he could curl it and fix it so nice. The little one allowed it was easy enough. Then the old bear said he believed he would like to get his hair curled up that way, and the little boy said, "Fill the big pot with water."

The old bear filled the pot with water. Then the little boy said, "Build a fire under the pot and heat the water hot."

When the water got scalding hot, the little boy said, "All ready now. Stick your head in. It's the only way to make your hair curl."

Then the old bear stuck his head in the water, and that was the last of him, bless gracious! The scalding water curled the hair until it came off, and I suspect that is where they got the idea about putting bear grease on folks's hair. The young bears, they cried like everything when they saw how their daddy had been treated, and they wanted to bite and scratch the little boy and his sister, but those dogs -- Minnyminny Morack and Follerlinsko -- they just laid hold of them there bears, and there wasn't enough left of them to feed a kitten.

"What did they do then?" asked the little boy who had been listening to the story.

The old man took off his spectacles and cleaned the glasses on his coattail. "Well, sir," he went on, "the little boy took and carried his sister home, and his mammy said that she never again would set any store by folks with fine clothes, because they were so deceitful. No, never, so long as the Lord might spare her. And then after that they lived together right

straight along, and if it hadn't been for the war, they'd be a-living there now. Because war is a mighty dangerous business."

- Source: Joel Chandler Harris, *Daddy Jake, the Runaway; and, Short Stories Told After Dark by "Uncle Remus"* (New York: The Century Company, 1896), pp. 93-107. © 1889 by Joel Chandler Harris.
- Dialect normalized by D. L. Ashliman. © 1999.
- The episode describing the boy's rescue of his sister bears a strong resemblance to tales of types 312 and 312A.
- The episode describing how the bear is tricked into scalding himself in order to curl his hair is classified as Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 8A.
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Blue-Beard

North Carolina, USA

He had a big basket he car'ed on his back. He'd go to people's house an' beg fur something to eat; an' when de pretty girls would come out an' gi' him something to eat, he grabbed 'em in the basket an' run away wi' them. He had a fine large place he car'ed 'em to -- to his kingdom. He gi' 'em de keys. He tol' 'em everything there belonged to them but one room. "Don't go in there." He tol' 'em the day they went in that room, they would be put to death. Married seven times, an' all was sisters. The seven wife one day, when he was gone away, she taken the keys an' looks in dat room. Finds all her sisters dead in there in a pile. She is so excited, she dropped the keys an' got them bloody. So he come back an' call for his keys. She kep' them hid from him for several days, didn' want him to see 'em. At las' she brought them out an' give them to him. He tol' her to say a prayer. She prayed seven times. An' her seven brothers came jus' as he went to kill her. An' he ran away into the woods, an' never been seen since.

- Source: Elsie Clews Parsons, "Tales from Guilford County, North Carolina," *Journal of American Folklore*, vol. 30, no. 116 (April-June, 1917), p. 183.
- Parsons' source: Lulu Young, about 25.
- Parsons' note concerning the quality of these orally collected tales: "In the following collection we see the art of the folktale in its last stage of disintegration. The tale is cut down or badly told or half forgotten." (pp. 168-69)
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The Chosen Suitor

Antigua, British West Indies

Dere's a woman had one daughter an' one son. Dis boy coco-bay (leprosy) boy, an' he was an ol' witch too. Dis woman wouldn't allow da girl to court anybody, you know. So one day Bro' Boar-Hog came dere, properly dressed same as any gentleman. When he want to drop off his clothes, he had a song to sing.

Da day when dis Bro' Boar-Hog come to see da daughter, the son tell his mother, "Ma, don' let sister marry to dis man, for he's a boar-hog!" Da mother drive him off, an' say dat he was rude. She say dat dis man was a gentleman.

He tol' da mother, "All right! you will see."

One day da mother give him some food to carry to dis man, all tied up nicely on a tray. When da boy reach to da yard, he got behind a tree. While he got behind da tree, he see dis boar-hog rooting' up de ground. An' dis boar-hog root all de ground, like ten men with forks. Dis boy stay behind da tree an' see all he do. When da boy see him, he wait a little; den da boy say, "Ahem!"

Boar-Hog jump around; he start to say:

Indiana, Indiana, um, um!
Indiana, Indiana, um, um!
Indiana, Indiana, um, um!

Dat caused his clothes to jump right on him according' as he sing da song.

He step out, put his two hands in his pocket, an' say, "Boy, see how I plough up dis land!" He boast about da work he do on da field. Den he say to da boy, "How long you come?"

Boy say, "Just come."

He took da food an' carry it in da house, and tell da boy all right, he can go home. Da boy didn't go home. He got behind de tree again. When Bro' Boar-Hog t'ought da boy gone, he had a long trough, and he dump all de food in da trough. He t'row a bucket a water in too.

Den, when he done, he start to say:

Indiana, Indiana, um, um!
Indiana, Indiana, um, um!
Indiana, Indiana, um, um!

An' all his clothes drop off. He went in da trough. All dat time da boy watchin' him, you know.

Boy start for home now, an' tell his mother all what he see. Da grandfather tell him all right, dey'll catch him. De daughter an' mother didn't believe, but da grandfather believed.

So dat same afternoon dis Bro' Boar-Hog came to da house all dressed up in frock-coat. As he come in da house, he start talkin' an' laughin' wid da mother an' daughter. During dis time da ol' man had his gun prepare.

Little boy take up his fife an' start to play da same song:

Indiana, Indiana, um, um!
Indiana, Indiana, um, um!

Indiana, Indiana, um, um!

Bro' Boar-Hog say, "What vulgar song dat boy singin'!" He start to movin'. He not able to keep still, 'cause his tail comin' out fast. Quick he say, "Stop it, stop it! Let's go out for a walk! Let's go out for a walk! I can't stay here."

So dey all went out, -- da daughter, da mother, an' da grandfather. After dey was goin' on, dey was talkin' when Bro' Boar-Hog look back, he see da boy was comin'.

He say, "Where dat boy goin', where he goin'? Turn him back. I don't want to be in his company."

So da grandfather tol' him let da boy alone, let him go for a walk too.

Grandfather say, "Play, boy! Play, boy!"

Da boy start:

Indiana, Indiana, um, um!
Indiana, Indiana, um, um!
Indiana, Indiana, um, um!

His beaver drop off. Den he play on again da same song: his coat drop, his shirt drop. All drop save his pant.

Da ol' man tell him, "Play, boy! play, play, play!"

An' his pant drop off. Dey see his long tail show, an' he start to run. Da ol' man point da gun at him an' shoot him dead.

And I went through Miss Havercomb alley,
And I see a lead was bending;
So the lead ben',
So the story en'.

- Source: John H. Johnson, "Folk-Lore from Antigua, British West Indies," *Journal of American Folklore*, vol. 34, no. 131 (January - March, 1921), pp. 62-63.

- Johnson's source: George W. Edwards.

- Type 312A.

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The Brahman Girl That Married a Tiger

India

In a certain village there lived an old Brahman who had three sons and a daughter. The girl

being the youngest was brought up most tenderly and become spoilt, and so whenever she saw a beautiful boy she would say to her parents that she must be wedded to him. Her parents were, therefore, much put about to devise excuses for taking her away from her youthful lovers. Thus passed on some years, until the girl was very nearly grown up, and then the parents, fearing that they would be driven out of their caste if they failed to dispose of her hand in marriage before she came to the years of maturity, began to be eager about finding a bridegroom for her.

Now near their village there lived a fierce tiger, that had attained to great proficiency in the art of magic, and had the power of assuming different forms. Having a great taste for Brahman's food, the tiger used now and then to frequent temples and other places of public refreshment in the shape of an old famished Brahman in order to share the food prepared for the Brahmans. The tiger also wanted, if possible, a Brahman wife to take to the woods, and there to make her cook his meals after her fashion. One day, when he was partaking of his meals in Brahman shape at a public feeding place, he heard the talk about the Brahman girl who was always falling in love with every beautiful Brahman boy.

Said he to himself, "Praised be the face that I saw first this morning. I shall assume the shape of a Brahman boy, and appear as beautiful as can be, and win the heart of the girl."

Next morning he accordingly assumed the form of a Brahman teacher proficient in the Ramayana near the landing of the sacred river of the village. Scattering holy ashes profusely over his body he opened the Ramayana and began to read.

"The voice of the new teacher is most enchanting. Let us go and hear him," said some women among themselves, and sat down before him to hear him expound the great book. The girl for whom the tiger had assumed this shape came in due time to bathe at the river, and as soon as she saw the new teacher fell in love with him, and bothered her old mother to speak to her father about him, so as not to lose her new lover. The old woman too was delighted at the bridegroom whom fortune had thrown in her way, and ran home to her husband, who, when he came and saw the teacher, raised up his hands in praise of the great god Mahesvara. The teacher was now invited to take his meals with them, and as he had come with the express intention of marrying the daughter, he, of course, agreed.

A grand dinner followed in honor of the teacher, and his host began to question him as to his parentage, etc., to which the cunning tiger replied that he was born in a village beyond the adjacent wood. The Brahman had no time to wait for further inquiries, and as the boy was very fair he married his daughter to him the very next day. Feasts followed for a month, during which time the bridegroom gave every satisfaction to his new relatives, who supposed him to be human all the while. He also did full justice to the Brahman dishes, and swallowed everything that was placed before him.

After the first month was over the tiger bridegroom yearned for his accustomed prey, and hankered after his abode in the woods. A change of diet for a day or two is all very well, but to renounce his own proper food for more than a month was hard. So one day he said to his father-in-law, "I must go back soon to my old parents, for they will be pining at my absence. But why should we have to bear the double expense of my coming all the way here again to

take my wife to my village? So if you will kindly let me take the girl with me I shall take her to her future home, and hand her over to her mother-in-law, and see that she is well taken care of."

The old Brahman agreed to this, and replied, "My dear son-in-law, you are her husband, and she is yours, and we now send her with you, though it is like sending her into the wilderness with her eyes tied up. But as we take you to be everything to her, we trust you to treat her kindly."

The mother of the bride shed tears at the idea of having to send her away, but nevertheless the very next day was fixed for the journey. The old woman spent the whole day in preparing cakes and sweetmeats for her daughter, and when the time for the journey arrived, she took care to place in her bundles and on her head one or two margosa leaves to keep off demons. The relatives of the bride requested her husband to allow her to rest wherever she found shade, and to eat wherever she found water, and to this he agreed, and so they began their journey.

The boy tiger and his human wife pursued their journey for an hour or so in free and pleasant conversation, when the girl happened to see a fine pond, around which the birds were warbling their sweet notes. She requested her husband to follow her to the water's edge and to partake of some of the cakes and sweetmeats with her.

But he replied, "Be quiet, or I shall show you my original shape."

This made her afraid, so she pursued her journey in silence until she saw another pond, when she asked the same question of her husband, who replied in the same tone.

Now she was very hungry, and not liking her husband's tone, which she found had greatly changed ever since they had entered the woods, said to him, "Show me your original shape."

No sooner were these words uttered than her husband's form changed from that of a man. Four legs, striped skin, a long tail, and a tiger's face came over him suddenly and, horror of horrors! a tiger and not a man stood before her! Nor were her fears stilled when the tiger in human voice began as follows: "Know henceforth that I, your husband, am a tiger -- this very tiger that now speaks to you. If you have any regard for your life you must obey all my orders implicitly, for I can speak to you in human voice, and understand what you say. In an hour or so we shall reach my home, of which you will become the mistress. In the front of my house you will see half a dozen tubs, each of which you must fill up daily with some dish or other, cooked in your own way. I shall take care to supply you with all the provisions you want." So saying the tiger slowly conducted her to his house.

The misery of the girl may more be imagined than described, for if she were to object she would be put to death. So, weeping all the way, she reached her husband's house. Leaving her there he went out and returned with several pumpkins and some flesh, of which she soon prepared a curry and gave it to her husband. He went out again after this and returned in the evening with several vegetables and some more flesh, and gave her an order, "Every morning I shall go out in search of provisions and prey, and bring something with me on my

return; you must keep cooked for me whatever I leave in the house."

So next morning as soon as the tiger had gone away she cooked everything left in the house and filled all the tubs with food. At the fourth hour the tiger returned and growled out, "I smell a man! I smell a woman in my wood." And his wife for very fear shut herself up in the house.

As soon as the tiger had satisfied his appetite he told her to open the door, which she did, and they talked together for a time, after which the tiger rested awhile, and then went out hunting again. Thus passed many a day, until the tiger's Brahman wife had a son, which also turned out to be only a tiger.

One day, after the tiger had gone out to the woods, his wife was crying all alone in the house, when a crow happened to peck at some rice that was scattered near her, and seeing the girl crying, began to shed tears.

"Can you assist me?" asked the girl.

"Yes," said the crow.

So she brought out a palmyra leaf and wrote on it with an iron nail all her sufferings in the wood, and requested her brothers to come and relieve her. This palmyra leaf she tied to the neck of the crow, which, seeming to understand her thoughts, flew to her village and sat down before one of her brothers. He untied the leaf and read the contents of the letter and told them to his other brothers. All the three then started for the wood, asking their mother to give them something to eat on the way. She had not enough rice for the three, so she made a big ball of clay and stuck it over with what rice she had, so as to make it look like a ball of rice. This she gave to the brothers to eat on their way, and started them off to the woods.

They had not proceeded long before they caught sight of a donkey. The youngest, who was of a playful disposition, wished to take the donkey with him. The two elder brothers objected to this for a time, but in the end they allowed him to have his own way. Further on they saw an ant, which the middle brother took with him. Near the ant there was a big palmyra tree lying on the ground, which the eldest took with him to keep off the tiger.

The sun was now high in the horizon and the three brothers became very hungry. So they sat down near a tank and opened the bundle containing the ball of rice. To their utter disappointment they found it to be all clay, but being extremely hungry they drank all the water in the pond and continued their journey. On leaving the tank they found a big iron tub belonging to the washerman of the adjacent village. This they took also with them in addition to the donkey, the ant, and the palmyra tree. Following the road described by their sister in her letter sent by the crow, they walked on and on until they reached the tiger's house.

The sister, overjoyed to see her brothers again, ran out at once to welcome them, "My dearest brothers, I am so glad to see that you have come here to relieve me after all, but the time for the tiger's coming home is approaching, so hide yourselves in the loft, and wait until he is gone." So saying, she helped her brothers to ascend into the loft.

succeeded so well that the youngest daughter began to think that the man's beard was not so very blue after all, and that he was a mighty civil gentleman.

As soon as they returned home, the marriage was concluded. About a month afterwards, Bluebeard told his wife that he was obliged to take a country journey for six weeks at least, about affairs of very great consequence. He desired her to divert herself in his absence, to send for her friends and acquaintances, to take them into the country, if she pleased, and to make good cheer wherever she was.

"Here," said he," are the keys to the two great wardrobes, wherein I have my best furniture. These are to my silver and gold plate, which is not everyday in use. These open my strongboxes, which hold my money, both gold and silver; these my caskets of jewels. And this is the master key to all my apartments. But as for this little one here, it is the key to the closet at the end of the great hall on the ground floor. Open them all; go into each and every one of them, except that little closet, which I forbid you, and forbid it in such a manner that, if you happen to open it, you may expect my just anger and resentment."

She promised to observe, very exactly, whatever he had ordered. Then he, after having embraced her, got into his coach and proceeded on his journey.

Her neighbors and good friends did not wait to be sent for by the newly married lady. They were impatient to see all the rich furniture of her house, and had not dared to come while her husband was there, because of his blue beard, which frightened them. They ran through all the rooms, closets, and wardrobes, which were all so fine and rich that they seemed to surpass one another.

After that, they went up into the two great rooms, which contained the best and richest furniture. They could not sufficiently admire the number and beauty of the tapestry, beds, couches, cabinets, stands, tables, and looking glasses, in which you might see yourself from head to foot; some of them were framed with glass, others with silver, plain and gilded, the finest and most magnificent that they had ever seen.

They ceased not to extol and envy the happiness of their friend, who in the meantime in no way diverted herself in looking upon all these rich things, because of the impatience she had to go and open the closet on the ground floor. She was so much pressed by her curiosity that, without considering that it was very uncivil for her to leave her company, she went down a little back staircase, and with such excessive haste that she nearly fell and broke her neck.

Having come to the closet door, she made a stop for some time, thinking about her husband's orders, and considering what unhappiness might attend her if she was disobedient; but the temptation was so strong that she could not overcome it. She then took the little key, and opened it, trembling. At first she could not see anything plainly, because the windows were shut. After some moments she began to perceive that the floor was all covered over with clotted blood, on which lay the bodies of several dead women, ranged against the walls. (These were all the wives whom Bluebeard had married and murdered, one after another.) She thought she should have died for fear, and the key, which she, pulled out of the lock, fell out of her hand.

By this time the tiger returned, and perceived the presence of human beings by the peculiar smell. He asked his wife whether anyone had come to their house. She said, "No." But when the brothers, who with their trophies of the way -- the donkey, the ant, and so on -- were sitting upon the loft, saw the tiger dallying with their sister, they were greatly frightened; so much so that the youngest, through fear, began to quake, and they all fell on the floor.

"What is all this?" said the terrified tiger to his wife.

"Nothing," said she, "but your brothers-in-law. They came here three hours ago, and as soon as you have finished your meals they want to see you."

"How can my brothers-in-law be such cowards?" thought the tiger to himself. He then asked them to speak to him, whereon the youngest brother put the ant which he had in his hand into the ear of the donkey, and as soon as the latter was bitten, it began to bawl out most horribly.

"How is it that your brothers have such a hoarse voice?" said the tiger to his wife.

He next asked them to show him their legs. Taking courage at the stupidity of the tiger on the two former occasions, the eldest brother now stretched out the palmyra tree.

"By my father, I have never seen such a leg," said the tiger, and asked his brothers-in-law to show their bellies. The second brother now showed the tub, at which the tiger shuddered, and saying, "such a harsh voice, so stout a leg, and such a belly, truly I have never heard of such persons as these!" He ran away.

It was already dark, and the brothers, wishing to take advantage of the tiger's terror, prepared to return home with their sister at once. They ate up what little food she had, and ordered her to start. Fortunately for her, her tiger child was asleep. So she tore it into two pieces and suspended them over the hearth, and, thus getting rid of the child, she ran off with her brothers towards home.

Before leaving she bolted the front door from inside, and went out at the back of the house. As soon as the pieces of the cub, which were hung up over the hearth, began to roast, they dripped, which made the fire hiss and sputter; and when the tiger returned at about midnight, he found the door shut and heard the hissing of the fire, which he mistook for the noise of cooking muffins.

"I see," said he to himself, "how very cunning you are; you have bolted the door and are cooking muffins for your brothers. Let us see if we can't get your muffins."

So saying, he went around to the back door and entered his house, and was greatly perplexed to find his cub torn in two and being roasted, his house deserted by his Brahman wife, and his property plundered; for his wife, before leaving, had taken with her as much of the tiger's property as she could conveniently carry.

The tiger now discovered all the treachery of his wife, and his heart grieved for the loss of his son, that was now no more. He determined to be revenged on his wife, and to bring her back into the wood, and there tear her into many pieces in place of only two. But how to bring her

back? He assumed his original shape of a young bridegroom, making, of course, due allowance for the number of years that had passed since his marriage, and next morning went to his father-in-law's house. His brothers-in-law and his wife saw from a distance the deceitful form he had assumed, and devised means to kill him. The younger ones too ran here and there to bring provisions to feed him sumptuously, and the tiger was highly pleased at the hospitable way in which he was received.

There was a ruined well at the back of the house, and the eldest of the brothers placed some thin sticks across its mouth, over which he spread a fine mat. Now it is usual to ask guests to have an oil bath before dinner, and so his three brothers-in-law requested the tiger to take his seat on the fine mat for his bath. As soon as he sat on it, the thin sticks being unable to bear his weight, gave way, and down fell the cunning tiger with a heavy crash! The well was at once filled in with stones and other rubbish, and thus the tiger was effectually prevented from doing any more mischief.

But the Brahman girl, in memory of her having married a tiger, raised a pillar over the well and planted a *tulasi* shrub on the top of it. Morning and evening, for the rest of her life, she used to smear the pillar with sacred cow dung, and water the *tulasi* shrub.

This story is told to explain the Tamil proverb, "Be quiet, or I shall show you my original shape."

- Source: Mrs. Howard Kingscote and Pandit Natêsá Sástrî, *Tales of the Sun; or, Folklore of Southern India* (London: W. H. Allen and Company, 1890), no. 10, pp. 119-30.
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Related links

Targets open in new windows.

- How the Devil Married Three Sisters and other type 311 tales.
- The Robber Bridegroom and other type 955 tales.
- D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Revised November 14, 2014.

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After having somewhat recovered her surprise, she picked up the key, locked the door, and went upstairs into her chamber to recover; but she could not, so much was she frightened. Having observed that the key to the closet was stained with blood, she tried two or three times to wipe it off; but the blood would not come out; in vain did she wash it, and even rub it with soap and sand. The blood still remained, for the key was magical and she could never make it quite clean; when the blood was gone off from one side, it came again on the other.

Bluebeard returned from his journey the same evening, saying that he had received letters upon the road, informing him that the affair he went about had concluded to his advantage. His wife did all she could to convince him that she was extremely happy about his speedy return.

The next morning he asked her for the keys, which she gave him, but with such a trembling hand that he easily guessed what had happened.

"What!" said he, "is not the key of my closet among the rest?"

"I must," said she, "have left it upstairs upon the table."

"Fail not," said Bluebeard, "to bring it to me at once."

After several goings backwards and forwards, she was forced to bring him the key. Bluebeard, having very attentively considered it, said to his wife, "Why is there blood on the key?"

"I do not know," cried the poor woman, paler than death.

"You do not know!" replied Bluebeard. "I very well know. You went into the closet, did you not? Very well, madam; you shall go back, and take your place among the ladies you saw there."

Upon this she threw herself at her husband's feet, and begged his pardon with all the signs of a true repentance, vowing that she would never more be disobedient. She would have melted a rock, so beautiful and sorrowful was she; but Bluebeard had a heart harder than any rock!

"You must die, madam," said he, "at once."

"Since I must die," answered she (looking upon him with her eyes all bathed in tears), "give me some little time to say my prayers."

"I give you," replied Bluebeard, "half a quarter of an hour, but not one moment more."

When she was alone she called out to her sister, and said to her, "Sister Anne" (for that was her name), "go up, I beg you, to the top of the tower, and look if my brothers are not coming. They promised me that they would come today, and if you see them, give them a sign to make haste."

Her sister Anne went up to the top of the tower, and the poor afflicted wife cried out from time

to time, "Anne, sister Anne, do you see anyone coming?"

And sister Anne said, "I see nothing but a cloud of dust in the sun, and the green grass."

In the meanwhile Bluebeard, holding a great saber in his hand, cried out as loud as he could bawl to his wife, "Come down instantly, or I shall come up to you."

"One moment longer, if you please," said his wife; and then she cried out very softly, "Anne, sister Anne, do you see anybody coming?"

And sister Anne answered, "I see nothing but a cloud of dust in the sun, and the green grass."

"Come down quickly," cried Bluebeard, "or I will come up to you."

"I am coming," answered his wife; and then she cried, "Anne, sister Anne, do you not see anyone coming?"

"I see," replied sister Anne, "a great cloud of dust approaching us."

"Are they my brothers?"

"Alas, no my dear sister, I see a flock of sheep."

"Will you not come down?" cried Bluebeard.

"One moment longer," said his wife, and then she cried out, "Anne, sister Anne, do you see nobody coming?"

"I see," said she, "two horsemen, but they are still a great wayoff."

"God be praised," replied the poor wife joyfully. "They are my brothers. I will make them a sign, as well as I can for them to make haste."

Then Bluebeard bawled out so loud that he made the whole house tremble. The distressed wife came down, and threw herself at his feet, all in tears, with her hair about her shoulders.

"This means nothing," said Bluebeard. "You must die!" Then, taking hold of her hair with one hand, and lifting up the sword with the other, he prepared to strike off her head. The poor lady, turning about to him, and looking at him with dying eyes, desired him to afford her one little moment to recollect herself.

"No, no," said he, "commend yourself to God," and was just ready to strike.

At this very instant there was such a loud knocking at the gate that Bluebeard made a sudden stop. The gate was opened, and two horsemen entered. Drawing their swords, they ran directly to Bluebeard. He knew them to be his wife's brothers, one a dragoon, the other a musketeer; so that he ran away immediately to save himself; but the two brothers pursued and overtook him before he could get to the steps of the porch. Then they ran their swords

through his body and left him dead. The poor wife was almost as dead as her husband, and had not strength enough to rise and welcome her brothers.

Bluebeard had no heirs, and so his wife became mistress of all his estate. She made use of one part of it to marry her sister Anne to a young gentleman who had loved her a long while; another part to buy captains' commissions for her brothers, and the rest to marry herself to a very worthy gentleman, who made her forget the ill time she had passed with Bluebeard.

Moral: Curiosity, in spite of its appeal, often leads to deep regret. To the displeasure of many a maiden, its enjoyment is short lived. Once satisfied, it ceases to exist, and always costs dearly.

Another moral: Apply logic to this grim story, and you will ascertain that it took place many years ago. No husband of our age would be so terrible as to demand the impossible of his wife, nor would he be such a jealous malcontent. For, whatever the color of her husband's beard, the wife of today will let him know who the master is.

- Source: Andrew Lang, *The Blue Fairy Book*, 5th edition (London and New York: Longmans, Green, and Company, 1891), pp. 290-95. First published 1889.
- Lang's source: Charles Perrault, *Histoires ou contes du temps passé, avec des moralités: Contes de ma mère l'Oye* (Paris, 1697).
- Link to Perrault's tale in the original French: "La Barbe Bleuë," *Perrault's Popular Tales*, edited from the original editions, with introduction, etc. by Andrew Lang (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1888), pp. 23-29.
- Aarne-Thompson type 312.
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King Bluebeard

Germany

Next to a great forest there lived an old man who had three sons and two daughters. Once they were sitting together thinking of nothing when a splendid carriage suddenly drove up and stopped in front of their house. A dignified gentleman climbed from the carriage, entered the house, and engaged the father and his daughters in conversation. Because he especially liked the youngest one, he asked the father if he would not give her to him to be his wife.

This seemed to the father to be a good marriage, and he had long desired to see his daughters taken care of while he was still alive. However, the daughter could not bring herself to say yes, for the strange knight had an entirely blue beard, which caused her to shudder with fear whenever she looked at him.

She went to her brothers, who were valiant knights, and asked them for advice. The brothers thought that she should accept Bluebeard, and they gave her a little whistle, saying, "If you are ever threatened, just blow this whistle, and we will come to your aid!"

Thus she let herself be talked into becoming the strange man's wife, but she did arrange for her sister to accompany her when King Bluebeard took her to his castle.

When the young wife arrived there, there was great joy throughout the entire castle, and King Bluebeard was very happy as well. This continued for about four weeks, and then he said that he was going on a journey. He turned all the keys of the castle over to his wife, saying, "You may go anywhere in the castle, unlock everything, and look at anything you want to, except for one door, to which this little golden key belongs. If you value your life, you are not allowed to open it!"

"Oh no!" she said, adding that she surely would not open that door. But after the king had been away for a while, she could find no rest for constantly thinking about what there might be in the forbidden chamber. She was just about to unlock it when her sister approached her and held her back. However, on the morning of the fourth day, she could no longer resist the temptation, and taking the key she secretly crept to the room, stuck the key into the lock, and opened the door.

Horrified, she saw that the entire room was filled with corpses, all of them women. She wanted to slam the door shut immediately, but the key fell out and into the blood. She quickly picked it up, but it was stained with blood. And however much she rubbed and cleaned it, the stains would not go away. With fear and trembling she went to her sister.

When King Bluebeard finally returned from his journey, he immediately asked for the golden key. Seeing the bloodstains on it, he said, "Wife, why did you not heed my warning? Your hour has now struck! Prepare yourself to die, for you have been in the forbidden room!"

Crying, she went to her sister, who lived upstairs in the castle. While she was bemoaning her fate to her, the sister thought of the whistle that she had received from her brothers, and said, "Give me the whistle! I shall send a signal to our brothers. Perhaps they will be able to help!" And she blew the whistle three times, issuing a bright sound that rang through the woods.

An hour later they heard Bluebeard rustling up the stairs to get his wife and slaughter her. "Oh God, oh God!" she cried out. "Aren't my brothers coming?" She rushed to the door and locked it, then fearfully stood there holding it shut as well.

Bluebeard pounded on the door, crying out that she should open it, and when she did not do so, he tried to break it down.

"Oh sister, oh sister, aren't my brothers coming?" she said to her sister, who was standing at the window looking out into the distance.

She replied, "I don't see anyone yet."

Meanwhile, Bluebeard was breaking the door apart more and more, and the opening was almost large enough for him to get through, when three knights suddenly appeared before the castle. The sister cried from the window as loudly as she could, "Help! Help!" and waved to her brothers.

They stormed up the stairs to where they had heard their sister's cry for help. There they saw King Bluebeard, sword in hand, standing before the broken door, and they heard their sister screaming inside the room. Immediately sensing what he was up to, they quickly ran their daggers into his breast and killed him.

When the brothers learned what the godless king was going to do to their sister, and that he had already killed so many women, they destroyed his castle, so that there was not one stone remaining on another one. They took with them all his treasures, and lived happily with their sisters in their father's house.

- Source: Ernst Meier, "König Blaubart," *Deutsche Volksmärchen aus Schwaben: Aus dem Munde des Volks gesammelt* (Stuttgart: C. P. Scheitlin's Verlagshandlung, 1852), no. 38, pp. 134-37.
- Type 312.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman, © 1999.
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Don Firriulieddu

Italy

Once upon a time there was a farmer who had a daughter who used to take his dinner to him in the fields. One day he said to her, "So that you may find me I will sprinkle bran along the way. You follow the bran, and you will come to me."

By chance the old ogre passed that way, and seeing the bran, said, "This means something." So he took the bran and scattered it so that it led to his own house.

When the daughter set out to take her father his dinner, she followed the bran until she came to the ogre's house. When the ogre saw the young girl, he said, "You must be my wife."

Then she began to weep. When the father saw that his daughter did not appear, he went home in the evening, and began to search for her, and not finding her, he asked God to give him a son or a daughter.

A year after, he had a son whom they called Don Firriulieddu. When the child was three days old it spoke, and said, "Have you made me a cloak? Now give me a little dog and the cloak, for I must look for my sister." So he set out and went to seek his sister.

After a while he came to a plain where he saw a number of men, and asked, "Whose cattle are these?"

The herdsman replied, "They belong to the ogre, who fears neither God nor the saints, who fears Don Firriulieddu, who is three days old, and is on the way, and gives his dog bread and says, 'Eat, my dog, and do not bark, for we have fine things to do.'"

Afterwards he saw a flock of sheep, and asked, "Whose are these sheep?" and received the same answer as from the herdsman.

Then he arrived at the ogre's house and knocked, and his sister opened the door and saw the child. "Who are you looking for?" she said.

"I am looking for you, for I am your brother, and you must return to mamma."

When the ogre heard that Don Firriulieddu was there, he went and hid himself upstairs. Don Firriulieddu asked his sister, "Where is the ogre?"

"Upstairs."

Don Firriulieddu said to his dog, "Go upstairs and bark, and I will follow you."

The dog went up and barked, and Firriulieddu followed him, and killed the ogre. Then he took his sister and a quantity of money, and they went home to their mother, and are all contented.

- Source: Thomas Frederick Crane, *Italian Popular Tales* (London: Macmillan and Company, 1885), no. 76, pp. 241-42.
- Type 312.
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The Little Boy and His Dogs

African American, Joel Chandler Harris

Uncle Remus's little patron seemed to be so shocked at the burning of the woman [in the previous story, "How a Witch Was Caught"] that the old man plunged at once into a curious story about a little boy and his two dogs.

> One time there was a woman living alongside the big road, and this woman, she had one little boy. It seems to me that he must have been just about your size. He might have been a little broader in the shoulders and a little longer in the legs, yet, take him up one side and down the other, he was just about your shape and size.
>
> He was a mighty smart little boy, and his mammy set lots by him. It seems like she had never had any luck except with that boy, because there was a time when she had a little gal, and bless your soul, somebody came along and carried the little gal off, and the little boy didn't have a little sister anymore. This made both of them mighty sorry, but it looked like the little boy was the sorriest, because he showed it the most.
>
> Some days he'd take a notion to go and hunt for his little sister, and then he'd go down the big road and climb a big pine tree, and get clear to the top, and look all around to see if he couldn't see his little sister somewhere in the woods. He couldn't see her, but he'd stay up there in the tree and swing in the wind and allow to himself that maybe he might see her by and by.
>
> One day while he was sitting up there, he saw two mighty fine ladies walking down the road. He climbed down out of the tree, he did, and ran and told his

mammy. The she up an asked, "How fine are they, honey?"

"Mighty fine, mammy, mighty fine: puffy-out petticoats and long green veils."

"How do they look, honey?"

"Spick-and-span new, mammy."

"They aren't any of our kin, are they, honey?"

"That they aren't, mammy. They are mighty fine ladies."

The fine ladies, they came on down the road, they did, and stopped by the woman's house, and begged to please give them some water. The little boy, he ran and fetched them a gourd full, and they put the gourd under their veils and drank, and drank, and drank just like they were nearly perished for water. The little boy watched them. Soon he hollered out, "Mammy, mammy! What do you reckon? They are lapping the water."

The woman hollered back, "I reckon that's the way quality folks do, honey."

Then the ladies begged for some bread, and the little boy took them a pone. They ate it like they were mighty nigh famished for bread. By and by the little boy hollered out and said, "Mammy, mammy! What do you reckon? They've got great long teeth."

The woman, she hollered back, "I reckon all the quality folks have got them, honey."

Then the ladies asked for some water to wash their hands, and the little boy brought them some. He watched them, and by and by he hollered out, "Mammy, mammy! What do you reckon? They've got hairy hands and arms."

The woman, she hollered back, "I reckon all the quality folks have got them, honey."

Then the ladies begged the woman to please let the little boy show them where the big road forks. But the little boy didn't want to go. He hollered out, "Mammy, folks don't have to be shown where the road forks."

But the woman, she allowed, "I reckon the quality folks do, honey."

The little boy, he began to whimper and cry, because he didn't want to go with the ladies, but the woman said he ought to be ashamed of himself for going on that way in front of the quality folks, and more than that, he might run into his little sister and fetch her home.

Now this here little boy had two mighty bad dogs. One of them was named

Griselda

Giovanni Boccaccio

Gualtieri, the Marquis of Saluzzo, spent so much time at hunting and other sports that he gave no thought about marrying and establishing a family. His friends and subjects, fearing that old age would overtake him before he acquired an heir, pressured him to take a wife. Finally, more to silence his critics than to satisfy any desire that he might have for matrimony, he resolved to court a beautiful, but poor young woman from a neighboring village. Her family's low station in life would spite those who had so urgently insisted that he marry, and her beauty, he thought, would make living with her at least bearable.

Gualtieri informed Griselda -- that was the young woman's name -- of his intention to marry her, and asked her if she would accept him as a husband, to love, honor, and obey, for better or for worse, and never criticize him nor question his authority. She readily agreed, and their wedding was celebrated forthwith.

Griselda appeared to be a worthy addition to Gualtieri's noble household, but the marquis, unsure of the depth of her character, decided to test her loyalty and her patience. Thus, soon after the birth of their first child -- it was a beautiful girl -- he informed her that his subjects were unhappy with the child and that it was to be put to death. Without hesitation she acceded to her husband's demands and surrendered the child. However, instead of killing the baby girl, Gualtieri had her spirited away and tended in a secret place.

Some time later Griselda gave birth to a son, and her husband, intent on carrying his test still further, berated her and insisted that her child be put to death. She again yielded to his demands without complaint, and as before, he took the child to a secret place where he was well cared for.

Still unsatisfied, Gualtieri devised a final test. He publicly denounced Griselda, claiming that the pope had granted him dispensation to divorce her and to take a more deserving wife. Griselda, wearing only a shift, was sent back to her father. All these indignities she bore without complaint.

As the day approached when Gualtieri, as it was supposed, was to take a new bride, he asked Griselda to return to his palace, for no one knew better how to prepare for guests than did she. Griselda returned to her former residence, now as a cleaning woman and servant, to make preparations for her former husband's wedding.

Gualtieri had his and Griselda's daughter, who was now twelve years old, dressed in bridal clothes, and he presented her to Griselda, who could not have known that this was her own child. "What do you think of my new bride?" he asked.

Griselda replied without guile, "If her wisdom matches her beauty, then the two of you will be

very happy together."

At last recognizing Griselda's sincerity, faithfulness, and patience, Gualtieri revealed to her the trials that he had devised to test her loyalty. With tears of joy, she received her children and once again assumed her position as Gualtieri's ever patient and obedient wife.

- Source: Giovanni Boccaccio, *The Decameron* (written between 1348 and 1353), day 10, tale 10. Retold and shortened by D. L. Ashliman. © 2003.
- Aarne-Thompson type 887.
- Versions of this tale are also found in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* ("The Clerk's Tale"), numerous Renaissance ballads and chapbooks, and Charles Perrault's Griselda.
- Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Revised November 13, 2003.

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Breaking Wind: Legendary Farts

folktales about flatulance
selected and edited by

D. L. Ashliman
© 2000-2014

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The Historic Fart

1001 Nights

They recount that in the city of Kaukaban in Yemen there was a man named Abu Hasan of the Fadhli tribe who left the Bedouin life and became a townsman and the wealthiest of merchants. His wife died while both were young, and his friends pressed him to marry again.

Weary of their pressure, Abu Hasan entered into negotiations with the old women who procure matches, and married a woman as beautiful as the moon shining over the sea. To the wedding banquet he invited kith and kin, ulema and fakirs, friends and foes, and all of his acquaintances.

The whole house was thrown open to feasting: There were five different colors of rice, and sherbets of as many more; kid goats stuffed with walnuts, almonds, and pistachios; and a young camel roasted whole. So they ate and drank and made merry.

The bride was displayed in her seven dresses -- and one more -- to the women, who could not take their eyes off her. At last the bridegroom was summoned to the chamber where she sat enthroned. He rose slowly and with dignity from his divan; but in do doing, for he was over full of meat and drink, he let fly a great and terrible fart.

In fear for their lives, all the guests immediately turned to their neighbors and talked aloud, pretending to have heard nothing.

Mortified, Abu Hasan turned away from the bridal chamber and as if to answer a call of

nature. He went down to the courtyard, saddled his mare, and rode off, weeping bitterly through the night.

In time he reached Lahej where he found a ship ready to sail for India; so he boarded, arriving ultimately at Calicut on the Malabar coast. Here he met with many Arabs, especially from Hadramaut, who recommended him to the King. This King (who was a Kafir) trusted him and advanced him to the captaincy of his bodyguard. He remained there ten years, in peace and happiness, but finally was overcome with homesickness. His longing to behold his native land was like that of a lover pining for his beloved; and it nearly cost him his life.

Finally he sneaked away without taking leave and made his way to Makalla in Hadramaut. Here he donned the rags of a dervish. Keeping his name and circumstances a secret, he set forth on foot for Kaukaban. He endured a thousand hardships of hunger, thirst, and fatigue; and braved a thousand dangers from lions, snakes, and ghouls.

Drawing near to his old home, he looked down upon it from the hills with brimming eyes, and said to himself, "They might recognize me, so I will wander about the outskirts and listen to what people are saying. May Allah grant that they do not remember what happened."

He listened carefully for seven nights and seven days, until it happened that, as he was sitting at the door of a hut, he heard the voice of a young girl saying, "Mother, tell me what day was I born on, for one of my companions wants to tell my fortune."

The mother answered, "My daughter, you were born on the very night when Abu Hasan farted."

No sooner had the listener heard these words than he rose up from the bench and fled, saying to himself, "Verily my fart has become a date! It will be remembered for ever and ever.

He continued on his way, returning finally to India, where he remained in self exile until he died. May the mercy of Allah be upon him!

- Source: *The Book of the Thousand Nights and a Night: A Plain and Literal Translation of the Arabian Nights Entertainments,* translated by Richard F. Burton (Privately printed by the Burton Club, 1885), vol. 5, pp. 135-137. Translation revised by D. L. Ashliman.
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The Hodja as Envoy to the Kurds

Turkey

The Hodja was sent to the Kurds as an envoy. Immediately upon his arrival he was invited to a banquet. He put on his fur coat and went. In the middle of the conversation he suddenly let a fart.

They said to him, "It is scandalous to fart like that."

"What?" he replied. "How was I to know that the Kurds would understand when I farted in

Turkish?"

- Source: Albert Wesselski, ed., Der Hodscha Nasreddin, vol. 1 (Weimar: Alexander Duncker Verlag, 1911), no. 47, p. 24.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2014.
- Link to additional stories about Nasreddin Hodja, the Turkish trickster.
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How Till Eulenspiegel Became a Furrier's Apprentice

Germany

It was mid winter when Till Eulenspiegel arrived at Ascherleben. Times were hard, but finally he found a furrier who was willing to take on an apprentice, and he was put to work sewing pelts. Not being accustomed to the smell of the curing hides, he said, "Pew! Pew! You are as white as chalk, but stink like dung!"

The furrier said, "If you don't like the smell, then why are you a furrier's apprentice? It's a natural smell. It's only wool."

Eulenspiegel said nothing, but thought, "One bad thing can drive another bad thing away." Then he let such a sour fart that the furrier and his wife had to stop working.

The furrier said, "If you have to fart like that, then go out into the courtyard. There you can fart as much as you like."

Eulenspiegel answered, "A fart is more natural and healthier than the stench of your sheep pelts."

The furrier said, "Healthy or not, if you want to fart, then go outside."

Eulenspiegel said, "Master, it would do no good, because farts don't like the cold. They are used to being in a warm place. That's why if you let a fart it always rushes for your nose. It goes from one warm place to another."

The furrier said nothing, for he could see that Eulenspiegel knew nothing of the furrier trade and was a rogue at that. And he sent him on his way.

-
- Source: Retold from *Ein kurtzweilig Lesen von Dyl Ulenspiegel* (Strasbourg, 1515).
- © 2000 by D. L. Ashliman.
- Link to the text of this story in German: Wie Eulenspiegel sich bei einem Kürschner verdingte und bei ihm in der Stube furzte, damit ein Gestank den anderen vertriebe. This is a Projekt Gutenberg text.
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Till Eulenspiegel and the Innkeeper at Cologne

Germany

Eulenspiegel journeyed to Cologne, where he stayed at an inn for two or three days without letting anyone know who he was. During this time he noticed that the innkeeper was a rogue, and he thought, "The guests will not be well off where the innkeeper is a rogue. You should find another place to stay."

That evening he told the innkeeper that he would be looking for another place to stay. The latter showed the other guests to their beds, but not Eulenspiegel, who then said, "Sir, I paid just as much for my lodging as the others did, but you showed them to their beds. Am I supposed to sleep here on this bench?"

The innkeeper said, "Look! Here is a pair of sheets!" and he let a fart. Then he let another one and said, "Look! This is your pillow!" Then for a third time he let one, until it stank, and he said, "Look! Now you have an entire bed! Use them until morning, and then lay them in a pile for me, so I can find everything together!"

Eulenspiegel said nothing, but thought, "Look! Take note that one rogue deserves another rogue." And that night he slept on the bench.

Now the innkeeper had a nice folding table. Eulenspiegel opened up the leaves, shit a large pile on the table, and then closed it up again. He got up early in the morning, went to the innkeeper's room and said, "Sir, I thank you for the night's lodging." Then letting a large fart, he said, "Those are the feathers from your bed. I laid the pillow, the sheets, and the covers all together in a pile."

The innkeeper said, "Sir, that is good. I will look after them as soon as I get up."

Eulenspiegel said, "Do that! Just look around. You'll find them all right!" And with that he left the inn.

The innkeeper expected many guests for the noon meal, and he said that they should eat at the nice folding table. When he opened up the table, an evil stink flew up his nose. Seeing the dung, he said, "He gives what was earned. He paid for a fart with shit."

Then the innkeeper sent for Eulenspiegel, because he wanted to get to know him better. Eulenspiegel did indeed come back, and he and the innkeeper appreciated one another's tricks so much, that from this time forth Eulenspiegel got a good bed.

- Source: *Ein kurtzweilig Lesen von Dyl Ulenspiegel* (Strasbourg, 1515).
- Freely translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2000.
- Link to the text of this story in German: Wie Eulenspiegel in Köln dem Wirt auf den Tisch schiß und ihm sagte, er möge kommen, damit er es fände. This is Projekt Gutenberg text.
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Deceiving the Devil

Germany

There were once three happy-go-lucky fellows who made a pact with the devil, promising their souls to him on a certain date if he would make them rich. A further condition was that he would have to grant them one last wish when he came to get them. The devil agreed to this.

The first man hauled gigantic stone blocks down from a mountain from morning until evening, and when his time was up and the devil came to get him, he told the devil to replace all the stones back on the mountain within one day. But the devil did not need a day; he finished the task in five minutes and took him away.

Then the devil came for the second fellow, who following the pact had gone immediately to a tavern where he joyfully spent every day eating and drinking to his heart's content, for he had all the money he could use. When he saw the devil coming he was full of good cheer and made no sign of getting ready to leave. The latter told him to make haste, for his time was up.

The fellow said, "Now, now, I still have some time. My hour hasn't come yet."

Walking back and forth in his room he finally broke wind mightily and then said to the devil, "Bring that back to me!"

The devil was not able to do this, and he left in an sour mood.

I cannot tell you what the third fellow did to defeat the devil. If you want to know, you'll have to ask the old tavern keeper at Steina. By now it will have come back to him.

Oral tradition from Steina.

- A. Kuhn and W. Schwartz, *Norddeutsche Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg, Pommern, der Mark, Sachsen, Thüringen, Braunschweig, Hannover, Oldenburg und Westfalen* (Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus, 1848), pp. 329-330.
- This is a type 1176 folktale.
- Compare this story with type 1175 folktales, in which a devil is defeated when he is unable to straighten a curly hair.
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Timmermann's Fart

Germany

Once a carpenter made a pact with the devil, and when his time was up, the devil came to him and wanted to take him away. However, the carpenter told him that he had to fulfill one last request for him, and the devil agreed to this. With that the carpenter broke wind mightily and then told the devil to bring it back to him. But the devil was not able to do this, however much he tried. A whirlwind is just the devil flying along behind the carpenter's fart. For this reason a whirlwind is called simply "Timmerman's Fart." [*Timmermann* is Low German for *carpenter*.]

Oral tradition from Werlte.

- A. Kuhn and W. Schwartz, *Norddeutsche Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg, Pommern, der Mark, Sachsen, Thüringen, Braunschweig, Hannover, Oldenburg und Westfalen* (Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus, 1848), p. 304.
- This is a type 1176 folktale.
- Compare this story with type 1175 folktales, in which a devil is defeated when he is unable to straighten a curly hair.
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Revised March 18, 2013.

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The Brothers Who Were Turned into Birds

Folktales of Aarne-Thompson-Uther Type 451
translated and/or edited by

D. L. Ashliman
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Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

The Seven Doves

Italy, Giambattista Basile

There was once in the county of Arzano a good woman to whom every year gave a son, until at length there were seven of them, who looked like a syrinx of the god Pan, with seven reeds, one larger than another.

And when they had changed their first teeth, they said to Jannetella their mother, "Hark ye, mother, if, after so many sons, you do not this time have a daughter, we are resolved to leave home, and go wandering through the world like the sons of the blackbirds."

When their mother heard this sad announcement, she prayed Heaven to remove such an intention from her sons, and prevent her losing seven such jewels as they were. But the sons said to Jannetella, "We will retire to the top of yonder hill or rock opposite; if Heaven sends you another son, put an inkstand and a pen up at the window; but if you have a little girl, put up a spoon and a distaff. For if we see the signal of a daughter, we shall return home and

She said, "I will try."

Then she took a bit of paper which she found on the ground, wrote on it the day and the hour with a piece of charcoal, and left the old man and hastened on her way. After she had run a long time, she saw a light and went towards it, and when she was near it, she saw that it was over the door of a palace where a king lived. She entered and sat down on the stairway, and fell asleep. The servants came later to put out the light, and saw the pretty girl asleep on the stone steps; they awakened her, asking her what she was doing there. She began to make signs, asking them to give her a lodging. They understood her, and said they would ask the king.

They returned shortly to tell her to enter, for the king wished to see her before she was shown to her room. When the king saw the beautiful girl, with hair like gold, flesh like milk and wine, teeth white as pearls, and little hands that an artist could not paint as beautiful as they were, he suddenly imagined that she must be the daughter of some lord, and gave orders that she should be treated with all possible respect. They showed her to a beautiful room; then a maid came and undressed her and put her to bed.

Next morning, Diana, for so she was called, arose, saw a frame with a piece of embroidery in it, and began to work at it. The king visited her, and asked if she needed anything, and she made signs that she did not. The king was so pleased with the young girl that he ended by falling in love with her, and after a year had passed he thought of marrying her.

The queen mother, who was an envious person, was not content with the match, because, said she, no one knows where she came from, and, besides, she is dumb, something that would make people wonder if a king should marry her. But the king was so obstinate that he married her; and when his mother saw that there was no help, she pretended to be satisfied.

Shortly after, the queen mother put into the king's hands a letter which informed him of an imminent war, in which, if he did not take part, he would run the risk of losing his realm. The king went to the war, in fact, with great grief at leaving his wife; and before departing, he commended her earnestly to his mother, who said, "Do not be anxious, my son, I shall do all that I can to make her happy."

The king embraced his wife and mother, and departed. Scarcely had the king gone when the queen mother sent for a mason, and made him build a wall near the kitchen sink, so that it formed a sort of box.

Now you must know that Diana expected soon to become a mother, and this afforded the queen mother a pretext to write to her son that his wife had died in giving birth to a child. She took her and put her in the wall she had had built, where there was neither light nor air, and where the wicked woman hoped that she would die. But it was not so. The scullion went every day to wash the dishes at the sink near where poor Diana was buried alive. While attending to his business, he heard a lamentation, and listened to see where it could come from. He listened and listened, until at last he perceived that the voice came from the wall that had been newly built.

What did he do then? He made a hole in the wall, and saw that the queen was there. The scullion asked how she came there; but she only made signs that she was about to give birth to a child. The poor scullion had his wife make a fine cushion, on which Diana reposed as well as she could, and gave birth to the most beautiful boy that could be seen. The scullion's wife went to see her every moment, and carried her broth, and cared for the child; in short, this poor woman, as well as her husband, did everything she could to alleviate the poor queen, who tried to make them understand by signs what she needed.

One day it came into Diana's head to look into her memorandum book and see how long she still had to keep silent, and she saw that only two minutes yet remained. As soon as they had passed, she told the scullion all that had happened. At that moment the king arrived, and the scullion drew the queen from out the hole, and showed her to the king. You can imagine how delighted he was to see again his Diana, whom he believed to be dead. He embraced her, and kissed her and the child; in short, such was his joy that it seemed as if he would go mad.

Diana related everything to him: why she had left her home, and why she had played dumb so long, and finally how she had been treated by the queen mother, and what she had suffered, and how kind those poor people had been to her.

When he had heard all this, he said, "Leave the matter to me; I will arrange it."

The next day the king invited all the nobles and princes of his realm to a great banquet. Now it happened that in setting the tables the servants laid six plates besides the others; and when the guests sat down, six handsome youths entered, who advanced and asked what should be given to a sister who had done so and so for her brothers.

Then the king sprang up and said, "And I ask what shall be done to a mother who did so and so to her son's wife?" and he explained everything.

One said, "Burn her alive." Another, "Put her in the pillory." Another, "Fry her in oil in the public square." This was agreed to.

The youths had been informed by that same old man whom Diana had met, and who was a magician, where their sister was and what she had done for them. Then they made themselves known, and embraced Diana and their brother-in-law the king, and after the greatest joy, they all started off to see their parents.

Imagine the satisfaction of the king and queen at seeing again all their seven children. They gave the warmest reception to the king, Diana's husband, and after they had spent some days together, Diana returned with her husband to their city. And all lived there afterward in peace and contentment.

- Source: Thomas Frederick Crane, *Italian Popular Tales* (London: Macmillan and Company, 1885), no. 11, pp. 54-57.
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The Bewitched Brothers

Romania

Once upon a time there was such a famine in the land that the people lived on grass and even on sawdust, and were dying of hunger in untold numbers. At that time there lived a widow who had managed to husband a little flour. When she found that nothing else was left to her she took that flour and mixing it with water kneaded it into dough. Then she lit the furnace and got a shovel to put the dough on it and thence into the furnace to bake.

This woman had two sons and one daughter. The two boys came in just at the moment when the loaves of dough were on the shovel. They were so hungry that they did not wait for the dough to be baked, and before their mother had time to put the shovel into the oven they got hold of the dough, raw and uncooked as it was, and ate it up to the smallest bit. They did not leave even a little piece for their mother and sister.

When the mother saw the terrible greediness of her children, and that they ate the raw stuff and did not leave even a small piece for her or their sister, she cursed them and said, "May you be cursed by God and be changed into two birds; may you haunt the highest peaks of the mountains; may you never be able to eat bread even when you see it, because you did not leave any for me this day."

No sooner had the boys gone out of the house than they were changed into two huge eagles, who, spreading their wings, flew away to the ends of the earth, no one knowing whither they had gone. A short time afterwards their sister, who had not been at home when all this had happened, came in, and she asked the mother where her brothers were. Her mother did not tell her what had happened, and said that the brothers, finding it was impossible for them to live any longer here, had gone out into the wide world to live by their own earnings.

When the girl heard this she wept, and said, "If that be so, then I will also go out into the wide world, and will seek my brothers until I find them," and would not listen to the words of her mother, who wanted to keep her back.

She said good-bye and departed, and traveled on and on for a long time, until she came to the ends of the earth, where the sun and moon no longer shone, and the days were dark.

So she fell a-praying, and said, "I have gone in search of my brothers; O God, help me," and as she turned round she saw a forest full of high trees which she had not noticed before, and she said to herself, "I will go into that forest; I am sure nothing will happen to me," and so she did.

She went into the forest not knowing where she was going. In the midst of it she saw a beautiful meadow full of singing birds, and there was a huge castle surrounded by thick walls and closed by a gate with six locks. At the entrance of the gate there were two huge monsters. She was very frightened. Still she watched until these monsters had fallen asleep, and then slipping past them she entered the gates.

There she was met by a fox, who said to her, "What has brought thee hither into this the other world from the world outside? I fear our master will eat you up. As soon as he comes home

he will swallow you."

Still she went on, and on entering the house she met the mistress of the house, who asked her the same question, and she told her what had happened to her from the beginning to the end, and that she had gone out into the wide world to seek for her lost brothers. When the mistress heard her tale she took pity on her, and taking her into the innermost chamber she hid he there, and then went to await the homecoming of the master.

About midday, when the sun stands on the crossways of heaven, there was a great noise in the house; the place shook, for the master had come, and he was none other than a huge lion.

At table, the mistress said to him, "O my master, thou hast always been so good to me; I ask you to be once more good and kind; promise me."

And he promised, and asked her her request. She told him what had happened to that girl, and said that she had come there from the other world in search of her brothers. The lion called the young girl, who was greatly frightened, and she told him again all that had happened to her.

He then said, "I will call together all my subjects and ask them whether they have seen your brothers passing by this way, or whether meeting them they have eaten them."

So he called from far and near all the animals who were in his dominion, and he asked them about the brothers. But they all said that these had never passed through the land, and they had neither seen them nor eaten them. So the lion told her to go on.

She went on and came to another forest, very big and dark, and waling for a time in it she came to another meadow full of birds singing so beautifully that you could not hear enough of them, and there in the midst was a house deep down in the ground with a thatched roof. The girl went in the house, and there was an old woman sitting on the oven.

"May God help you," said the young girl, and the old woman replied, "Welcome, my daughter, what has brought you here into this part of the world never yet trodden by human foot?"

And the girl told her that she had left her mother's house and gone in search of her brothers. The woman said, "Your brothers are alive, but they are under a spell, for they have been charmed into huge birds, and they live yonder in the castle on that steep mountain. If you can reach that place you will be able to see your brothers."

Full of joy at these tidings, the girl went to the mountain and found that it was a bare, steep, high cliff with little patches of grass here and there, just the place for eagles' nests. taking courage, she started climbing up, and after endless toil reached the top. There she saw a huge palace surrounded by iron walls, and going inside she saw a room; the table was set and food was on the table. As she was very hungry, she went round the table and took a bit from every dish. Then she hid herself, watching to see what would happen. She had not to wait very long, for soon two huge eagles came from the depths of heaven. They entered and

sat down at the table and began to eat their meal.

Suddenly one of them said to the other, "Halloo, someone must have been here, for I see that my food has been nibbled."

The other said, "It is impossible for anyone to come here," and took no further notice of it.

On the second day they noticed that once again some of their food had been eaten again, and so on the third day, when more of it had been eaten. So they started hunting through the house to find out who was hidden there, for surely someone must have come to eat the food. After a long search they found the girl huddled up in a small room. As soon as they saw her they recognized her as their sister, and taking her into the large hall they asked her what had happened and what had brought her to them.

She told them all that had happened to her, and how she had been through the forest and climbed up the mountain, and that she was now there with them.

The brothers then said to her, "We are under a spell; mother has cursed us. We have now been changed into birds of prey; but if you will stay here for six years and not speak a single word, that will save us; the spell will be broken, and we shall again be human beings."

The girl promised to do all they wished, as the old woman whom she had met before had told her that she was to do whatever her brothers would wish he to do. And there she remained. Her brothers spread their wings and flew away.

Five years had passed, the girl no seeing anything of them, and not speaking all the time. After that time she said to herself, "What is the good of my sitting here and keeping silent when none of them have come; perchance they are dead, or who know what has happened?"

No sooner had she opened her mouth and spoken a word when in came her two brothers, and said to her mournfully, "Thou hast not kept thy vow, thou hast broken thy promise, thou hast spoken! If thou wouldst have waited one more year we would have become human beings, and the spell would have been broken. Now we are cursed forever. We must remain eagles and birds of prey."

And so they have remained to this day, preying on birds and beasts, living on raw meat, never being able to touch bread, and even picking up children under six years of age, the years which their sister had to wait in order to break the spell.

- Source: M. Gaster, *Rumanian Bird and Beast Stories* (London: Folk-Lore Society, 1915), no. 77, pp. 231-35.
- Gaster's full title for this story is "Why Does the Eagle Live on Raw Meat? The Story of the Bewitched Brothers."
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The Twelve Brothers

Germany

Once upon a time there was a king who had twelve children, all boys. He also wanted to have a girl and said to the queen, "If our thirteenth child, which you are soon going to bring to the world, is a girl, then I shall have the twelve others killed, but if it is also a boy, then they may all live together." The queen tried to dissuade him, but the king would not listen to her. "If it happens as I said, then they must die. I would rather strike off their heads myself than to have a girl among them."

This saddened the queen, for she loved her sons greatly and did not know how to save them. Finally she went to the youngest one, whom she loved even more than the others, and revealed to him what the king had decided, saying, "Dear child, go out into the forest with your eleven brothers. Stay there and do not return home. One of you must keep watch from a tree and look toward the tower here. If I bring a little son into the world, then I shall fly a white flag from the top of the tower, but if it is a little daughter, then it shall be a red flag. Then you must save yourselves by fleeing into the world, and may God protect you. I will get up every night and pray for you, in the cold of winter that you may not freeze and that a warm fire may be burning before you, and in the heat of summer that you may rest and sleep in a cool forest."

Thus she blessed her children, and they went forth into the forest. They often looked toward the tower, and one of them always had to sit high in a tall oak tree and keep watch. Soon a flag was raised, but it was not the white one, but rather the red-blood flag that threatened their destruction. When the boys saw it they became angry and cried out, "Are we to lose our lives for the sake of a girl!" Then they swore among themselves to remain in the middle of the forest, and whenever they might happen upon a girl, they would kill her without mercy.

They found a cave in the darkest part of the forest, and there they lived. Every morning eleven of them set forth to hunt, but one of them had to stay at home to cook and keep house. Every girl that the eleven came upon was done away with without mercy. And so it was for many years.

The little sister at home grew up as an only child. One day she discovered twelve men's shirts in the wash. "Whose shirts are these?" asked the princess. "They are much too small for my father." Then the washerwoman told her that she had had twelve brothers who had secretly left home because the king had wanted to have them killed, and no one knew where they now were. The twelve shirts belonged to these twelve brothers. The little sister was amazed that she had never heard anything of her twelve brothers. That afternoon she sat in a meadow bleaching the wash and pondering the words of the washerwoman. Finally she stood up, took the twelve shirts, and walked into the forest where her brothers lived.

The little sister came to the cave where they lived. Eleven were out hunting, and only one of them was at home doing the cooking. When he saw the girl he grabbed her and reached for his sword, saying, "Kneel down! Your red blood will flow this instant!"

"Master, let me live!" she begged. "I will stay here and serve you well. I will cook and keep house." Now this was the youngest brother, and the girl's beauty softened him, and he spared her life. The eleven returned home and were amazed to find a live girl in their cave. He said to them, "Brothers, this girl came to our cave. I was about to strike her down, but she begged

so fervently for her life, and agreed to serve us faithfully and to keep house for us, so I spared her." The others agreed that this was to their advantage, and that now all twelve would be able to go out hunting, and they were satisfied. Then she showed them the twelve shirts and said that she was their sister. They rejoiced and were happy that they had not killed her.

The little sister took over the household. While the brothers were out hunting, she gathered wood and herbs, tended the fire, made the clean, white beds, and did everything eagerly and well. One day it happened that when she was finished with her work she went for a walk in the woods. She came to a place where there were twelve tall white lilies, and because she liked them so much, she plucked them all. This had scarcely happened when an old woman appeared before her. "Oh, my daughter," she said. "Why didn't you leave the twelve flowers standing? They are your twelve brothers, who have now been transformed into ravens and are lost forever."

The little sister began to cry. "Oh!" she said. "Is there no way to redeem them?"

"No, there is only one way in the world, and it is so difficult that you will never succeed. You must remain silent for twelve whole years. If you speak a single word, even if all but one hour has passed, then it will all be for nothing, and your brothers will die that instant."

The little sister took a seat high in a tall tree in the forest where she would spin in silence for twelve years and thus redeem her brothers. One day a king was hunting in this forest. His dog stopped at the tree and barked. The king halted, looked up, and was amazed at the princess's beauty. He called to her, asking her if she would become his wife. She remained silent, but nodded a little with her head. The king himself climbed up and lifted her down, set her before him on his horse, and took her home to his castle, where their wedding was celebrated with splendor. The princess never spoke a word, and the king thought that she was a mute.

They would have lived happily together if it had not been for the king's mother, who began to slander her to him, "You have brought home a common beggar girl, and behind your back she is doing the most unspeakable things."

Because the queen could not defend herself, the king was led into believing his mother, and finally he had his wife sentenced to death. A large fire was set in the courtyard where she was to be burned to death. She was already standing in the fire, with the flames jumping at her dress when the last minutes of the twelve years elapsed. There was a rushing sound in the air, and twelve ravens came flying down and landed. When they touched the earth they turned into twelve handsome princes, who scattered the fire about, and pulled out their sister. Then she spoke once again, telling the king everything, how she had had to redeem her twelve brothers, and they all rejoiced that everything turned out so well.

But what should they do with the wicked stepmother? She was thrown into a barrel filled with boiling oil and poisonous snakes, and died a miserable death.

- Source: Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, "Die zwölf Brüder," *Kinder- und Hausmärchen gesammelt durch die Brüder Grimm* [Children's and Household Tales -- Grimms' Fairy

Tales], 7th ed., vol. 1 (Göttingen: Verlag der Dieterischen Buchhandlung, 1857), no. 9, pp. 48-53.

- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2012.
- The young queen's "unspeakable" acts are specified in less inhibited versions of this episode. They include, in some instances, cannibalizing her own newborn children, and in others, giving birth to animals.
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The Seven Ravens

Germany

A man had seven sons, but however much he wished for a daughter, he did not have one yet. Finally his wife gave him hope for another child, and when it came into the world it was indeed a girl. Great was their joy, but the child was sickly and small, and because of her weakness, she was to be given an emergency baptism.

The father sent one of the boys to run quickly to the well and get some water for the baptism. The other six ran along with him. Because each one of them wanted to be first one to dip out the water, the jug fell into the well. There they stood not knowing what to do, and not one of them dared to go home.

When they did not return the father grew impatient, and said, "They have forgotten what they went after because they were playing, those godless boys."

Fearing that the girl would die without being baptized, he cried out in anger, "I wish that those boys would all turn into ravens."

He had hardly spoken these words when he heard a whirring sound above his head, and looking up, he saw seven coal-black ravens flying up and away.

The parents could not take back the curse, and however sad they were at the loss of their seven sons, they were still somewhat comforted because of their dear little daughter, who soon gained strength and became more beautiful every day.

For a long time she did not know that she had had brothers, for her parents took care not to mention them to her. However, one day she accidentally overheard some people talking about her. They said that she was beautiful enough, but that in truth she was to blame for her seven brothers' misfortune. This troubled her greatly, and she went to her father and mother and asked them if she indeed had had brothers, and what had happened to them.

Her parents could no longer keep the secret, but said that it had been heaven's fate, and that her birth had been only the innocent cause. However, this ate at the girl's conscience every day, and she came to believe that she would have to redeem her brothers.

She had neither rest nor peace until she secretly set forth and went out into the wide world, hoping to find her brothers and to set them free, whatever it might cost. She took nothing with her but a little ring as a remembrance from her parents, a loaf of bread for hunger, a little jug

of water for thirst, and a little chair for when she got tired.

She walked on and on -- far, far to the end of the world. She came to the sun, but it was too hot and terrible, and ate little children. She hurried away, and ran to the moon, but it was much too cold, and also frightening and wicked, and when it saw the child, it said, "I smell, smell human flesh."

Then she hurried away, and came to the stars, and they were friendly and good to her, each one sitting on its own little chair. When the morning star arose, it gave her a chicken bone, and said, "Without that chicken bone you cannot open the glass mountain, and your brothers are inside the glass mountain."

The girl took the bone, wrapped it up well in a cloth, and went on her way again until she came to the glass mountain. The door was locked, and she started to take out the chicken bone, but when she opened up the cloth, it was empty. She had lost the gift of the good stars.

What could she do now? She wanted to rescue her brothers, but she had no key to the glass mountain. The good little sister took a knife, cut off one of her little fingers, put it into the door, and fortunately the door opened.

After she had gone inside a little dwarf came up to her and said, "My child, what are you looking for?"

"I am looking for my brothers, the seven ravens," she replied.

The dwarf said, "The lord ravens are not at home, but if you want to wait here until they return, step inside."

Then the dwarf carried in the ravens' dinner on seven little plates, and in seven little cups. The sister ate a little bit from each plate and took a little sip from each cup. Into the last cup she dropped the ring that she had brought with her.

Suddenly she heard a whirring and rushing sound in the air, and the dwarf said, "The lord ravens are flying home now."

They came, wanted to eat and drink, and looked for their plates and cups. Then one after the other of them said, "Who has been eating from my plate? Who has been drinking from my cup? It was a human mouth."

When the seventh one came to the bottom of his cup, the ring rolled toward him. Looking at it, he saw that it was a ring from their father and mother, and said, "God grant that our sister might be here; then we would be set free."

The girl was listening from behind the door, and when she heard this wish she came forth. Then the ravens were restored to their human forms again. They hugged and kissed one another, and went home happily.

- Source: Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, "Die sieben Raben," *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*

gesammelt durch die Brüder Grimm [Children's and Household Tales -- Grimms' Fairy Tales], 7th ed., vol. 1 (Göttingen: Verlag der Dieterischen Buchhandlung, 1857), no. 25, pp. 137-39.

- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2002.
- The Grimms' source: The Hassenpflug family, and others.
- This tale was included, with the title "Die drei Raben" (The Three Ravens), in the first edition of the *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* (1812). It was retitled and substantially rewritten for the second edition (1819). Only small stylistic changes were introduced in succeeding editions.
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The Six Swans

Germany

A king was once hunting in a great forest, and he chased his prey so eagerly that none of his men could follow him. As evening approached he stopped and looked around, and saw that he was lost. He looked for a way out of the woods, but he could not find one. Then he saw an old woman with a bobbing head who approached him. She was a witch.

"My dear woman," he said to her, "can you show me the way through the woods?"

"Oh, yes, your majesty," she answered, "I can indeed. However, there is one condition, and if you do not fulfill it, you will never get out of these woods, and will die here of hunger."

"What sort of condition is it?" asked the king.

"I have a daughter," said the old woman, "who is as beautiful as anyone you could find in all the world, and who well deserves to become your wife. If you will make her your queen, I will show you the way out of the woods."

The king was so frightened that he consented, and the old woman led him to her cottage, where her daughter was sitting by the fire. She received the king as if she had been expecting him. He saw that she was very beautiful, but in spite of this he did not like her, and he could not look at her without secretly shuddering.

After he had lifted the girl onto his horse, the old woman showed him the way, and the king arrived again at his royal castle, where the wedding was celebrated.

The king had been married before, and by his first wife he had seven children, six boys and one girl. He loved them more than anything else in the world.

Fearing that the stepmother might not treat them well, even do them harm, he took them to a secluded castle which stood in the middle of a forest. It was so well hidden, and the way was so difficult to find, that he himself would not have found it, if a wise woman had not given him a ball of magic yarn. Whenever he threw it down in front of him, it would unwind itself and show him the way.

spend the rest of our lives under your wings; but if we see the signal of a son, then forget us, for you may know that we have taken ourselves off."

Soon after the sons had departed it pleased Heaven that Jannetella should have given her a pretty little daughter; then she told the nurse to make the signal to the brothers, but the woman was so stupid and confused that she put up the inkstand and the pen. As soon as the seven brothers saw this signal, they set off, and walked on and on, until at the end of three years they came to a wood, where the trees were performing the sword-dance to the sound of a river which made counterpoint upon the stones.

In this wood was the house of an ogre, whose eyes having been blinded whilst asleep by a woman, he was such an enemy to the sex that he devoured all whom he could catch. When the youths arrived at the ogre's house, tired out with walking and exhausted with hunger, they begged him for pity's sake to give them a morsel of bread. And the ogre replied, that if they would serve him, he would give them food, and they would have nothing else to do but to watch over him, like a dog, each in turn for a day.

The youths, upon hearing this, thought they had found mother and father; so they consented, and remained in the service of the ogre, who having gotten their names by heart, called one time Giangrazio, at another Cecchitiello, now Pascale, now Nuccio, now Pone, now Pezzillo, and now Carcavecchia, for so the brothers were named; and giving them a room in the lower part of his house, he allowed them enough to live upon.

Meanwhile their sister had grown up; and hearing that her seven brothers, owing to the stupidity of the nurse, had set out to walk through the world, and that no tidings of them had ever been received, she took it into her head to go in search of them. And she begged and prayed her mother so long, that at last, overcome by her entreaties, she gave her leave to go, and dressed her like a pilgrim. Then the maiden walked and walked, asking at every place she came to whether anyone had seen seven brothers. And thus she journeyed on, until at length she got news of them at an inn, where having inquired the way to the wood, one morning, she arrived at the ogre's house, where she was recognized by her brothers with great joy, who cursed the inkstand and pen for writing falsely such misfortune for them.

Then giving her a thousand caresses, they told her to remain quiet in their chamber, that the ogre might not see her; bidding her at the same time give a portion of whatever she had to eat to a cat which was in the room, or otherwise she would do her some harm. Cianna (for so the sister was named) wrote down this advice in the pocket-book of her heart, and shared everything with the cat, like a good companion, always cutting justly, and saying, "This for me, this for thee, this for the daughter of the king!" giving the cat a share to the last morsel.

Now it happened one day that the brothers, going to hunt for the ogre, left Cianna a little basket of chickpeas to cook; and as she was picking them, by ill luck she found among them a hazelnut, which was the stone of disturbance to her quiet; for having swallowed it without giving half to the cat, the latter out of spite ran up to the hearth and put out the fire. Cianna seeing this, and not knowing what to do, left the room, contrary to the command of her brothers, and going into the ogre's chamber begged him for a little fire.

However, the king went out to his dear children so often that the queen took notice of his absence. She was curious and wanted to know what he was doing out there all alone in the woods. She gave a large sum of money to his servants, and they revealed the secret to her. They also told her about the ball of yarn which could point out the way all by itself.

She did not rest until she discovered where the king kept the ball of yarn. Then she made some little shirts of white silk. Having learned the art of witchcraft from her mother, she sewed a magic charm into each one of them. Then one day when the king had ridden out hunting, she took the little shirts and went into the woods. The ball of yarn showed her the way.

The children, seeing that someone was approaching from afar, thought that their dear father was coming to them. Full of joy, they ran to meet him. Then she threw one of the shirts over each of them, and when the shirts touched their bodies they were transformed into swans, and they flew away over the woods.

The queen went home very pleased, believing that she had gotten rid of her stepchildren. However, the girl had not run out with her brothers, and the queen knew nothing about her.

The next day the king went to visit his children, but he found no one there but the girl.

"Where are your brothers?" asked the king.

"Oh, dear father," she answered, "they have gone away and left me alone."

Then she told him that from her window she had seen how her brothers had flown away over the woods as swans. She showed him the feathers that they had dropped into the courtyard, and which she had gathered up.

The king mourned, but he did not think that the queen had done this wicked deed. Fearing that the girl would be stolen away from him as well, he wanted to take her away with him, but she was afraid of her stepmother and begged the king to let her stay just this one more night in the castle in the woods.

The poor girl thought, "I can no longer stay here. I will go and look for my brothers."

And when night came she ran away and went straight into the woods. She walked the whole night long without stopping, and the next day as well, until she was too tired to walk any further.

Then she saw a hunter's hut and went inside. She found a room with six little beds, but she did not dare to get into one of them. Instead she crawled under one of them and lay down on the hard ground where she intended to spend the night.

The sun was about to go down when she heard a rushing sound and saw six swans fly in through the window. Landing on the floor, they blew on one another, and blew all their feathers off. Then their swan-skins came off just like shirts. The girl looked at them and recognized her brothers. She was happy and crawled out from beneath the bed. The brothers were no less happy to see their little sister, but their happiness did not last long.

"You cannot stay here," they said to her. "This is a robbers' den. If they come home and find you, they will murder you."

"Can't you protect me?" asked the little sister.

"No," they answered. "We can take off our swan-skins for only a quarter hour each evening. Only during that time do we have our human forms. After that we are again transformed into swans."

Crying, the little sister said, "Can you not be redeemed?"

"Alas, no," they answered. "The conditions are too difficult. You would not be allowed to speak or to laugh for six years, and in that time you would have to sew together six little shirts from asters for us. And if a single word were to come from your mouth, all your work would be lost."

After the brothers had said this, the quarter hour was over, and they flew out the window again as swans.

Nevertheless, the girl firmly resolved to redeem her brothers, even if it should cost her her life. She left the hunter's hut, went to the middle of the woods, seated herself in a tree, and there spent the night. The next morning she went out and gathered asters and began to sew. She could not speak with anyone, and she had no desire to laugh. She sat there, looking only at her work.

After she had already spent a long time there it happened that the king of the land was hunting in these woods. His huntsmen came to the tree where the girl was sitting.

They called to her, saying, "Who are you?" But she did not answer.

"Come down to us," they said. "We will not harm you."

She only shook her head. When they pressed her further with questions, she threw her golden necklace down to them, thinking that this would satisfy them. But they did not stop, so she then threw her belt down to them, and when this did not help, her garters, and then -- one thing at a time -- everything that she had on and could do without, until finally she had nothing left but her shift.

The huntsmen, however, not letting themselves be dissuaded, climbed the tree, lifted the girl down, and took her to the king.

The king asked, "Who are you? What are you doing in that tree?"

But she did not answer. He asked her in every language that he knew, but she remained as speechless as a fish. Because she was so beautiful, the king's heart was touched, and he fell deeply in love with her. He put his cloak around her, lifted her onto his horse in front of himself, and took her to his castle. There he had her dressed in rich garments, and she glistened in her beauty like bright daylight, but no one could get a word from her.

At the table he seated her by his side, and her modest manners and courtesy pleased him so much that he said, "My desire is to marry her, and no one else in the world."

A few days later they were married.

Now the king had a wicked mother who was dissatisfied with this marriage and spoke ill of the young queen. "Who knows," she said, "where the girl who cannot speak comes from? She is not worthy of a king."

A year later, after the queen had brought her first child into the world, the old woman took it away from her while she was asleep, and smeared her mouth with blood. Then she went to the king and accused her of being a cannibal. The king could not believe this, and would not allow anyone to harm her. She, however, sat the whole time sewing on the shirts, and caring for nothing else.

The next time, when she again gave birth to a beautiful boy, the deceitful mother-in-law did the same thing again, but the king could not bring himself to believe her accusations.

He said, "She is too pious and good to do anything like that. If she were not speechless, and if she could defend herself, her innocence would come to light."

But when the old woman stole away a newly born child for the third time, and accused the queen, who did not defend herself with a single word, the king had no choice but to bring her to justice, and she was sentenced to die by fire.

When the day came for the sentence to be carried out, it was also the last day of the six years during which she had not been permitted to speak or to laugh, and she had thus delivered her dear brothers from the magic curse. The six shirts were finished. Only the left sleeve of the last one was missing. When she was led to the stake, she laid the shirts on her arm. Standing there, as the fire was about to be lighted, she looked around, and six swans came flying through the air. Seeing that their redemption was near, her heart leapt with joy.

The swans rushed towards her, swooping down so that she could throw the shirts over them. As soon as the shirts touched them their swan-skins fell off, and her brothers stood before her in their own bodies, vigorous and handsome. However, the youngest was missing his left arm. In its place he had a swan's wing.

They embraced and kissed one another. Then the queen went to the king, who was greatly moved, and she began to speak, saying, "Dearest husband, now I may speak and reveal to you that I am innocent, and falsely accused."

Then she told him of the treachery of the old woman who had taken away their three children and hidden them.

Then to the king's great joy they were brought forth. As a punishment, the wicked mother-in-law was tied to the stake and burned to ashes. But the king and the queen with her six brothers lived many long years in happiness and peace.

- Source: Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, "Die sechs Schwäne," *Kinder- und Hausmärchen gesammelt durch die Brüder Grimm* [Children's and Household Tales -- Grimms' Fairy Tales], 7th ed., vol. 1 (Göttingen: Verlag der Dieterischen Buchhandlung, 1857), no. 49, pp. 245-50.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2002.
- The Grimms' source: Dorothea (Dortchen) Wild (1795-1867).
- This tale was included in the first edition of the *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* (1812). It was substantially rewritten for the second edition (1819). Only small stylistic changes were introduced in succeeding editions.
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The Twelve Wild Ducks

Norway

Once on a time there was a queen who was out driving, when there had been a new fall of snow in the winter; but when she had gone a little way, she began to bleed at the nose, and had to get out of her sledge. And so, as she stood there, leaning against the fence, and saw the red blood on the white snow, she fell a thinking how she had twelve sons and no daughter, and she said to herself, "If I only had a daughter as white as snow and as red as blood, I shouldn't care what became of all my sons."

But the words were scarce out of her mouth before an old witch of the trolls came up to her. "A daughter you shall have," she said, "and she shall be as white as snow and as red as blood; and your sons shall be mine, but you may keep them till the babe is christened."

So when the time came the queen had a daughter, and she was as white as snow, and as red as blood, just as the troll had promised, and so they called her "Snow-White and Rosy-Red." Well, there was great joy at the king's court, and the queen was as glad as glad could be; but when what she had promised to the old witch came into her mind, she sent for a silversmith, and bade him make twelve silver spoons, one for each prince, and after that she bade him make one more, and that she gave to Snow-White and Rosy-Red. But as soon as ever the princess was christened, the princes were turned into twelve wild ducks, and flew away. They never saw them again. Away they went, and away they stayed.

So the princess grew up, and she was both tall and fair, but she was often so strange and sorrowful, and no one could understand what it was that ailed her. But one evening, the queen was also sorrowful, for she had many strange thoughts when she thought of her sons.

She said to Snow-White and Rosy-Red, "Why are you so sorrowful, my daughter? Is there anything you want? If so, only say the word, and you shall have it."

"Oh, it seems so dull and lonely here," said Snow-White and Rosy-Red." Everyone else has brothers and sisters, but I am all alone; I have none; and that's why I'm so sorrowful."

"But you *had* brothers, my daughter," said the queen. "I had twelve sons who were your brothers, but I gave them all away to get you." And so she told her the whole story.

So when the princes heard that, she had no rest; for, in spite of all the queen could say or do, and all she wept and prayed, the lassie would set off to seek her brothers, for she thought it was all her fault; and at last she got leave to go away from the palace. On and on she walked into the wide world, so far, yon would never have thought a young lady could have strength to walk so far.

So, once, when she was walking through a great, great wood, one day she felt tired, and sat down on a mossy tuft and fell asleep. Then she dreamt that she went deeper and deeper into the wood, till she came to a little wooden hut, and there she found her brothers; just then she woke, and straight before her she saw a worn path in the green moss, and this path went deeper into the wood; so she followed it, and after a long time she came to just such a little wooden house as that she had seen in her dream.

Now, when she went into the room there was no one at home, but there stood twelve beds, and twelve chairs, and twelve spoons -- a dozen of everything, in short. So when she saw that she was so glad, she hadn't been so glad for many a long year, for she could guess at once that her brothers lived here, and that they owned the beds, and chairs, and spoons. So she began to make up the fire, and sweep the room, and make the beds, and cook the dinner, and to make the house as tidy as she could; and when she had done all the cooking and work, she ate her own dinner, and crept under her youngest brother's bed, and lay down there, but she forgot her spoon upon the table.

So she had scarcely laid herself down before she heard something flapping and whirring in the air, and so all the twelve wild ducks came sweeping in; but as soon as they crossed over the threshold they became princes.

"Oh, how nice and warm it is in here," they said. "Heaven bless him who made up the fire, and cooked such a good dinner for us."

And so each took up his silver spoon and was going to eat. But when each had taken his own there was one still left lying on the table, and it was so like the rest that they couldn't tell it from them.

"This is our sister's spoon," they said; "and if her spoon be here, she can't be very far off herself."

"If this be our sister's spoon, and she be here," said the eldest, "she shall be killed, for she is to blame for all the ill we suffer."

And this she lay under the bed and listened to.

"No" said the youngest; "'twere a shame to kill her for that. She has nothing to do with our suffering ill; for if any one's to blame, it's our own mother."

So they set to work hunting for her both high and low, and at last they looked under all the beds, and so when they came to the youngest prince's bed, they found her, and dragged her out. Then the eldest prince wished again to have her killed, but she begged and prayed so

prettily for herself.

"Oh! gracious goodness! don't kill me, for I've gone about seeking you these three years, and if I could only set you free, I'd willingly lose my life."

"Well! "said they, "if you will set us free, you may keep your life; for you can if you choose."

"Yes; only tell me," said the princess, "how it can be done, and I'll do it, whatever it be."

"You must pick thistledown," said the princes, "and you must card it, and spin it, and weave it; and after you have done that, you must cut out and make twelve coats, and twelve shirts, and twelve neckerchiefs, one for each of us, and while you do that, you must neither talk, nor laugh, nor weep. If you can do that, we are free."

"But where shall I ever get thistle-down enough for so many neckerchiefs, and shirts, and coats? " asked Snow-White and Rosy-Red.

"We'll soon show you," said the princes. And so they took her with them to a great wide moor, where there stood such a crop of thistles, all nodding and nodding in the breeze, and the down all floating and glistening like gossamers through the air in the sunbeams. The princess had never seen such a quantity of thistledown in her life, and she began to pluck and gather it as fast and as well as she could; and when she got home at night she set to work carding and spinning yarn from the down. So she went on a long long time, picking, and carding, and spinning, and all the while keeping the princes' house, cooking, and making their beds. At evening home they came, flapping and whirring like wild ducks, and all night they were princes, but in the morning off they flew again, and were wild ducks the whole day.

But now it happened once, when she was out on the moor to pick thistledown -- and if I don't mistake, it was the very last time she was to go thither -- it happened that the young king who ruled that land was out hunting, and came riding across the moor and saw her. So he stopped there and wondered who the lovely lady could be that walked along the moor picking thistledown, and he asked her her name, and when he could get no answer, he was still more astonished. And at last he liked her so much, that nothing would do but he must take her home to his castle and marry her.

So he ordered his servants to take her and put her up on his horse. Snow-White and Rosy-Red, she wrung her hands, and made signs to them, and pointed to the bags in which her work was, and when the king saw she wished to have them with her, he told his men to take up the bags behind them. When they had done that the princess came to herself, little by little, for the king was both a wise man and a handsome man too, and he was as soft and kind to her as a doctor.

But when they got home to the palace, and the old queen, who was his stepmother, set eyes on Snow-White and Rosy-Red, she got so cross and jealous of her because she was so lovely, that she said to the king, "Can't you see now, that this thing whom you have picked up, and whom you are going to many, is a witch. Why, she can't either talk, or laugh, or weep!"

But the king didn't care a pin for what she said, but held on with the wedding, and married Snow-White and Rosy-Red, and they lived in great joy and glory; but she didn't forget to go on sewing at her shirts.

So when the year was almost out, Snow-White and Rosy-Red brought a prince into the world, and then the old queen was more spiteful and jealous than ever, and at dead of night, she stole in to Snow-White and Rosy-Red, while she slept, and took away her babe, and threw it into a pit full of snakes. After that she cut Snow-White and Rosy-Red in her finger, and smeared the blood over her mouth, and went straight to the king.

"Now come and see," she said, "what sort of a thing you have taken for your queen; here she has eaten up her own babe."

Then the king was so downcast, he almost burst into tears, and said, "Yes, it must be true, sure I see it with my own eyes; but she'll not do it again, I'm sure, and so this time I'll spare her life."

So before the next year was out she had another son, and the same thing happened. The king's stepmother got more and more jealous and spiteful. She stole in to the young queen at night while she slept, took away the babe, and threw it into a pit full of snakes, cut the young queen's finger, and smeared the blood over her mouth, and then went and told the king she had eaten up her own child.

Then the king was so sorrowful, you can't think how sorry he was, and he said, "Yes, it must be true, since I see it with my own eyes; but she'll not do it again, I'm sure, and so this time too I'll spare her life."

Well! before the next year was out, Snow-White and Rosy-Red brought a daughter into the world, and her, too, the old queen took and threw into the pit full of snakes, while the young queen slept. Then she cut her finger, smeared the blood over her mouth, and went again to the king and said, " Now you may come and see if it isn't as I say; she's a wicked, wicked witch for here she has gone and eaten up her third babe too."

Then the king was so sad, there was no end to it, for now he couldn't spare her any longer, but had to order her to be burnt alive on a pile of wood. But just when the pile was all ablaze, and they were going to put her on it, she made signs to them to take twelve boards and lay them round the pile, and on these she laid the neckerchiefs, and the shirts, and the coats for her brothers, but the youngest brother's shirt wanted its left arm, for she hadn't had time to finish it.

And as soon as ever she had done that, they heard such a flapping and whirring in the air, and down came twelve wild ducks flying over the forest, and each of them snapped up his clothes in his bill and flew off with them.

"See now! " said the old queen to the king, "Wasn't I right when I told you she was a witch; but make haste and burn her before the pile burns low."

"Oh!" said the king, "We've wood enough and to spare, and so I'll wait a bit, for I have a mind to see what the end of all this will be."

As he spoke up came the twelve princes riding along, as handsome well-grown lads as you'd wish to see; but the youngest prince had a wild duck's wing instead of his left arm.

"What's all this about?" asked the princes.

"My queen is to be burnt," said the king, "because she's a witch, and because she has eaten up her own babes."

"She hasn't eaten them at all," said the princes. "Speak now, sister. You have set us free and saved us, now save yourself."

Then Snow-White and Rosy-Red spoke, and told the whole story; how every time she was brought to bed, the old queen, the king's stepmother, had stolen into her at night, and taken her babes away, and cut her little finger, and smeared the blood over her mouth. And then the princes took the king, and showed him the snake pit where three babes lay playing with adders and toads, and lovelier children you never saw.

So the king had them taken out at once, and went to his stepmother, and asked her what punishment she thought that woman deserved who could find it in her heart to betray a guiltless queen and three such blessed little babes.

"She deserves to be fast bound between twelve unbroken steeds, so that each may take his share of her," said the old queen.

"You have spoken your own doom," said the king, "and you shall suffer it at once."

So the wicked old queen was fast bound between twelve unbroken steeds, and each got his share of her. But the king took Snow-White and Rosy-Red, and their three children, and the twelve princes; and so they all went home to their father and mother, and told all that had befallen them, and there was joy and gladness over the whole kingdom, because the princess was saved and set free, and because she had set free her twelve brothers.

- Source: Peter Christen Asbjørnsen and Jørgen Engebretsen Moe, *Popular Tales from the Norse*, translated by George Webbe Dasent (Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas, 1859), pp. 423-32.
- Link to the original Norwegian text: De tolv villender.
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Finland

There was once a woman who had nine sons. They were good boys and loved her dearly but there was one thing about which they were always complaining.

"Why haven't we a little sister?" they kept asking. "Do give us a little sister!"

When the time came that another child was to be born, they said to their mother, "If the baby is a boy we are going away and you will never see us again, but if it is a little girl then we shall stay home and take care of it."

The mother agreed that if the child were a girl she would have her husband put a spindle outside on the gatepost and, if it were a boy, an ax.

"Just wait," she said, "and see what your father puts on the gatepost and then you will know whether it is another brother God has sent you or a little sister."

The baby turned out to be a girl and the mother was overjoyed.

"Hurry, husband!" she cried, "and put a spindle on the gatepost so that our nine sons may know the good news!"

The man did so and then quickly returned to the mother and baby. The moment he was gone Suyettar slipped up and changed the tokens. She took away the spindle and put in its place an ax.

Then with an evil grin she hurried off mumbling to herself, "Now we'll see what we'll see!"

She hoped to bring trouble and grief and she succeeded. As soon as the nine sons saw the ax on the gatepost they thought their mother had given birth to another son and at once they left home vowing never to return.

The poor mother waited for them and waited.

"What is keeping my sons?" she cried at last. "Go out to the gate, husband, and see if they are coming."

The man went out and soon returned bringing back word that someone had changed the tokens.

"The spindle that I put on the gatepost is gone," he said, "and in its place is an ax."

"Alas!" cried the poor mother, "some evil creature has done this to spite us! Oh, if we could only get word to our sons of the little sister they were so eager to have!"

But there was no way to reach them for no one knew the way they had gone.

In a short time the husband died and the poor woman, abandoned by her nine sons, had only her little daughter left. She named the child Kerttu. Kerttu was a dear little girl and her face was as beautiful as her heart was good. Whenever she found her mother weeping alone she tried to comfort her and, as she grew older, she wanted to know the cause of her mother's grief. At last the mother told her about her nine brothers and how they had gone away never to return owing to the trick of some evil creature.

"My poor mother!" she cried, "how sorry I am that I am the innocent cause of your loss! Let

me go out into the world and find my brothers! When once they hear the truth they will gladly come home to you to care for you in your old age!"

At first the mother would not consent to this.

"You are all I have," she said, "and I should indeed be miserable and lonely if anything happened you!"

But Kerttu continued to weep every time she thought of her poor brothers driven unnecessarily from home and at last the mother, realizing that she would nevermore be happy unless she were allowed to go in search of them, gave up opposing her.

"Very well, my daughter, you may go and may God go with you and bring you safely back to me. But before you go I must prepare you a bag of food for the journey and bake you a magic cake that will show you the way."

So she baked a batch of bread and at the same time mixed a little round cake with Kerttu's own tears and baked it, too. Then she said, "Here now, my child, are provisions for the journey and here is a magic cake that will lead you to your brothers. All you have to do is throw it down in front of you and say:

> Roll, roll, my little cake!
> Show me the way that I must take
> To find at last the brothers nine
> Whose own true mother is also mine!

Then the little cake will start rolling and do you follow wherever it rolls. But, Kerttu, my child, you must not start out alone. You must have some friend or companion to go with you."

Now it happened that Kerttu had a little dog, Musti, that she loved dearly.

"I'll take Musti with me!" she said. "Musti will protect me!"

So she called Musti and Musti wagged his tail and barked with joy at the prospect of going out into the world with his mistress.

Then Kerttu threw down the magic cake in front of her and sang:

> Roll, roll, my little cake!
> Show me the way that I must take
> To find at last the brothers nine
> Whose own true mother is also mine!

At once the cake rolled off like a little wheel and Kerttu and Musti followed it. They walked until they were tired. Then Kerttu picked up the little cake and they rested by the wayside. When they were ready again to start the cake a-rolling, all Kerttu had to do was throw it down in front of her and say the magic rhyme.

Then the ogre, hearing a woman's voice, said, "Welcome, madam! Wait a while, you have found what you are seeking." And so saying he took a Genoa stone, and daubing it with oil he fell to whetting his tusks.

But Cianna, who saw that she had made a mistake, seizing a lighted stick, ran to her chamber; and bolting the door inside, she placed against it bars, stools, bedsteads, tables, stones, and everything there was in the room.

As soon as the ogre had put an edge on his teeth he ran to the chamber of the brothers, and finding the door fastened, he fell to kicking it to break it open.

At this noise and disturbance the seven brothers came home, and hearing themselves accused by the ogre of treachery for making their chamber the abode of his women-enemies, Giangrazio, who was the eldest and had more sense than the others, and saw matters going badly, said to the ogre, "We know nothing of this affair, and it may be that this wicked woman has perchance come into the room whilst we were at the chase; but as she has fortified herself inside, come with me, and I will take you to a place where we can seize her without her being able to defend herself."

Then they took the ogre by the hand, and led him to a deep, deep pit, where giving him a push they sent him headlong to the bottom; and taking a shovel, which they found on the ground, they covered him with earth. Then they bade their sister unfasten the door, and they rated her soundly for the fault she had committed, and the danger in which she had placed herself; telling her to be more careful in future, and to beware of plucking grass upon the spot where the ogre was buried, or they would be turned into seven doves.

"Heaven keep me from bringing such a misfortune upon you!" replied Cianna.

So taking possession of all the ogre's goods and chattels, and making themselves masters of the whole house, they lived there merrily enough, waiting until winter should pass away.

Now it happened one day, when the brothers were gone to the mountains to get firewood, to defend themselves against the cold, which increased from day to day, that a poor pilgrim came to the ogre's wood, and made faces at an ape that was perched up in a pine tree; whereupon the ape threw down one of the fir apples from the tree upon the man's pate, which made such a terrible bump that the poor fellow set up a loud cry. Cianna hearing the noise went out, and taking pity on his disaster, she quickly plucked a sprig of rosemary from a tuft which grew upon the ogre's grave; then she made him a plaster of it with chewed bread and salt, and after giving the man some breakfast she sent him away.

Whilst Cianna was laying the cloth, and expecting her brothers, lo! she saw seven doves come flying, who said to her, "Ah! better that your hand had been cut off, you cause of all our misfortune, ere it plucked that accursed rosemary and brought such a calamity upon us! Have you eaten the brains of a cat, O sister, that you have driven our advice from your mind? Behold us turned to birds, a prey to the talons of kites, hawks, and falcons! Behold us made companions of water-hens, snipes, goldfinches, woodpeckers, jays, owls, magpies, jackdaws, rooks, starlings, woodcocks, cocks, hens and chickens, turkey-cocks, blackbirds, thrushes,

Their first day was without adventure. When night came they ate their supper and went to sleep in a field under a tree.

The second day they overtook an ugly old woman whom Kerttu disliked on sight. But she said to herself, "Shame on you, Kerttu, not liking this woman just because she's old and ugly!" and she made herself answer the old woman's greetings politely, and she made Musti stop snarling and growling.

The old hag asked Kerttu who she was and where she was going and Kerttu told her.

"Ah!" said the old woman, "how fortunate that we have met each other for our ways lie together!"

She smiled and petted Kerttu's arm and Kerttu felt like shuddering. But she restrained herself and told herself severely, "You're a wicked girl not to feel more friendly to the poor old thing!"

Musti felt much as Kerttu did. He no longer growled for Kerttu had told him not to, but he drooped his tail between his legs and, pressing up close to Kerttu, he trembled with fright. And well he might, too, for the old hag was none other than Suyettar who had been waiting all these years just for this very chance to do further injury to Kerttu and her brothers.

Kerttu, poor child, was, alas! too good and innocent to suspect evil in others. She said to Suyettar, "Very well, if our ways lie together then we can be companions."

So Suyettar joined Kerttu and Musti and the three of them walked on following the little cake.

As the day advanced the sun grew hotter and hotter and at last when they reached a lake Suyettar said, "My dear, let us sit down here for a few moments and rest."

They all sat down and presently Suyettar said, "Let us go bathing in the lake. That will refresh us."

Kerttu would have agreed if Musti had not tugged at her skirts and warned her not to.

"Don't do it, dear mistress!" Musti growled softly. "Don't go in bathing with her! She'll bewitch you!"

So Kerttu said, "No, I don't want to go in bathing."

Suyettar waited until they were again journeying on and then when Kerttu wasn't looking she turned around and kicked Musti and broke one of the poor little dog's legs. Thereafter Musti had to hop along on three legs.

The next afternoon when they passed another lake, Suyettar tried again to tempt Kerttu into the water.

"The sun is very hot," she said, "and it would refresh us both to bathe. Come, Kerttu, my dear, don't refuse me this time!"

But again Musti tugged at Kerttu's skirts and, licking her hand, whispered the warning, "Don't do it, dear mistress! Don't go in bathing with her or she will bewitch you!"

So again Kerttu said politely, "No, I don't feel like going in bathing. You go in alone and I'll wait for you here."

But this was not what Suyettar wanted and she said, no, she didn't care to go in alone. She was furious, too, with Musti and later when Kerttu wasn't looking she gave the poor little dog a kick that broke another leg. Thereafter Musti had to hop along on two legs.

They slept the third night by the wayside and the next day they went on again always following the magic cake.

In midafternoon they passed a lake and Suyettar said: "Surely, my dear, you must be tired and hot. Let us both bathe in this cool lake."

But Musti, hopping painfully along on two legs, yelped weakly and said to Kerttu, "Don't do it, dear mistress! Don't go in bathing with her or she'll bewitch you!"

So for a third time Kerttu refused and later, when she wasn't looking, Suyettar kicked Musti and broke the third of the poor little dog's legs. Thereafter Musti hopped on as best he could on only one leg,

Well, they went on and on. When night came they slept by the roadside and then next morning they started on again. The sun grew hot and by midafternoon Kerttu was tired and ready to rest. When they reached a lake Suyettar again begged that they both go in bathing.

Kerttu was tempted to agree when poor Musti threw himself panting at her feet and whimpered, "Don't do it, dear mistress! Don't go in bathing with her or she will bewitch you!"

So Kerttu again refused.

"That's right, dear mistress!" Musti panted, "don't do it! I shall soon be dead, I know, for she hates me, but before I die I want to warn you one last time never to go in bathing with her or she will bewitch you!"

"What's that dog saying?" Suyettar demanded angrily, and without waiting for an answer she picked up a heavy piece of wood and struck poor Musti such a blow on the head that it killed him.

"What have you done to my poor little dog?" Kerttu cried.

"Don't mind him, my dear," Suyettar said. "He was sick and lame and it was better to put him out of his misery."

Suyettar tried to soothe Kerttu and make her forget Musti but all afternoon Kerttu wept to think that she would never again see her faithful little friend.

The next afternoon when Suyettar begged her to go in bathing there was no Musti to warn her against it and at last Kerttu allowed herself to be persuaded. She was tired from her many days' wandering and it was true that the first touch of the cool water refreshed her.

"Now splash water in my face!" Suyettar cried.

But Kerttu didn't want to splash water into Suyettar's face for she supposed Suyettar was an old woman and she thought it would be disrespectful to splash water into the face of an old woman.

"Do you hear me!" screamed Suyettar.

When Kerttu still hesitated, Suyettar looked at her with such a terrible, threatening expression that Kerttu did as she was bidden.

She splashed water into Suyettar's face and, as the water touched Suyettar's eyes, Suyettar cried out:

> Your bonny looks give up to me
> And you take mine for all to see!

Instantly they two changed appearance: Suyettar looked young and beautiful like Kerttu, and Kerttu was changed to a hideous old hag. Then too late she realized that the awful old woman to whom she had been so polite was Suyettar.

"Oh, why," Kerttu cried, "why didn't I heed poor Musti's warning!"

Suyettar dragged her roughly out of the water. "Come along!" she said. "Dress yourself in those rags of mine and start that cake a-rolling! We ought to reach your brothers' house by tonight."

So poor Kerttu had to dress herself in Suyettar's filthy old garments while Suyettar, looking like a fresh young girl, decked herself out in Kerttu's pretty bodice and skirt. Unwillingly now and with a heavy heart Kerttu threw down the cake and said:

> Roll, roll, my little cake!
> Show me the way that I must take
> To find at last the brothers nine
> Whose own true mother is also mine!

Off rolled the little cake and they two followed it, Kerttu weeping bitterly and Suyettar taunting her with ugly laughs. Then suddenly Kerttu forgot to weep for Suyettar took from her her memory and her tongue.

The little cake led them at last to a farmhouse before which it stopped. This was where the nine brothers were living. Eight of them were out working in the fields but the youngest was at home. He opened the door and when Suyettar told him that she was Kerttu, his sister, he kissed her tenderly and made her welcome. Then he invited her inside and they sat side by

side on the bench and talked and Suyettar told him all she had heard from Kerttu about his mother and about the tokens which had been changed at Kerttu's birth. The youngest brother listened eagerly and Suyettar told her story so glibly that of course he supposed that she was his own true sister.

"And who is the awful looking old hag that has come with you?" he asked pointing at Kerttu.

"That? Oh, that's an old serving woman whom our mother sent with me to bear me company. She's dumb and foolish but she's a good herd and we can let her drive the cow out to pasture every day."

The older brothers when they came home were greatly pleased to find what they thought was their sister. They began to love her at once and to pet her and they said that now she must stay with them and keep house for them. She told them that was what she wanted to do and she said that now she was here the youngest brother need no longer stay at home but could go out every morning with the rest of them to work in the fields. So now began a new life for poor Kerttu. In the morning after the brothers were gone Suyettar would scold and abuse her. She would bake a cake for her dinner to be eaten in the fields and she would fill the cake with stones and sticks and filth. Then she would take Kerttu as far as the gate where she would give her back her tongue and her memory and order her roughly to drive the cow to pasture and look after it all day long. In the late afternoon when Kerttu drove home the cow, Suyettar would meet her at the gate and take from her her tongue and her memory and then in the evening the brothers would see her as a foolish old woman who couldn't talk.

Every morning and every evening Kerttu begged Suyettar to show her a little mercy, but far from showing her any mercy Suyettar grew more cruel from day to day. Suyettar was very proud to think that nine handsome young men took her for a beautiful girl and she felt sure they would never find out their mistake for only Kerttu knew who she really was and Kerttu was entirely in her power. At night seated in the shadow in a far corner of the kitchen with her nine brothers laughing and talking Kerttu felt no sorrow for at such times of course she had no memory.

But during the day it was different. Then when she was alone in the meadow she had her memory and her tongue and she thought about her poor mother at home anxiously awaiting her return and she thought of her nine sturdy brothers all of whom might now through her mistake fall victims to Suyettar. These thoughts made her weep with grief and as the days went by she put this grief into a song which she sang constantly:

> I've found at last the brothers nine
> Whose own true mother is also mine,
> But they know me not from stick or stone!
> They leave me here to weep alone,
> While Suyettar sits in my place
> With stolen looks and stolen face!
> She snared me first with evil guile
> And now she mocks me all the while:
> By night she takes my tongue away,

She feeds me sticks and stones by day! . . .
Oh, little they guess, the brothers nine,
That their own true mother is also mine!

The brothers as they worked in nearby fields used to hear the song and they wondered about it.

"Strange!" they said to one another. "Can that be the old woman singing? In the evening at home she never opens her mouth and our dear sister always says that she's dumb and foolish."

One afternoon when Kerttu's song sounded particularly sad, the youngest brother, crept close to the meadow where Kerttu was sitting in order to hear the words. He listened carefully and then hurried back to the others and with frightened face told them what he had heard.

"Nonsense I" the older brothers said. "It can't be so!"

However, they, too, wanted to hear for themselves the words of the strange song, so they all crept near to listen.

It looked like an old hag who was singing but the voice that came out of the withered mouth was the voice of a young girl. As they listened they, too, grew pale:

I've found at last the brothers nine
Whose own true mother is also mine,
But they know me not from stick or stone!
They leave me here to weep alone,
While Suyettar sits in my place
With stolen looks and stolen face!
She snared me first with evil guile
And now she mocks me all the while:
By night she takes my tongue away,
She feeds me sticks and stones by day! . . .
Oh, little they guess, the brothers nine,
That their own true mother is also mine!

"Can it be true?" they said, whispering together. They sent the youngest brother to question Kerttu, and he, when he had heard her story, believed it true. Then the other brothers went to her one by one and questioned her and finally they were all convinced of the truth of her story.

"It is well for us," they said, "if we do not all fall into the power of that awful creature! How, O how can we rescue our poor little sister!"

"I can never get back my own looks," Kerttu said, "unless Suyettar splashes water into my eyes and unless I cry out a magic rhyme as she does it."

The brothers discussed one plan after another and at last agreed on one that they thought

might deceive Suyettar.

They had Kerttu inflame her eyes with dust and come groping home one midday.

The brothers, too, were at home and as Kerttu came stumbling into the kitchen they said to Suyettar, "Oh, sister, sister, see the poor old woman! Something ails her! Her eyes -- they're all red and swollen! Get some water and bathe them!"

"Nonsense!" Suyettar said. "The old hag's well enough! Let her be! She doesn't need any attention!"

"Oh, sister!" the youngest brother said, reproachfully, "is that any way for a human, kindhearted girl like you to talk? If you won't bathe the old creature's eyes, I will myself!"

Then Suyettar who of course wanted them to think that she was a human, kindhearted girl said, no, she would bathe them. So she took a basin of water over to Kerttu and told her to lean down her head.

As she splashed the first drop of water into Kerttu's eyes, Kerttu cried out:

> "My own true looks give back to me
> And take your own for all to see!

Instantly Suyettar was again a hideous old hag though still dressed in Kerttu's pretty bodice and skirt, and Kerttu was herself again, young and fresh and sweet, though still incased in Suyettar's rags. But the brothers pretended that they saw no difference and kept on talking to Suyettar as though they still thought her Kerttu. And Suyettar because her eyes were blinded with the dust supposed that they were still deceived.

Then one of the brothers said to Suyettar, "Sister dear, the sauna is all heated and ready. Don't you want to bathe?"

Suyettar thought that this would be a fine chance to wash the dust from her eyes, so she let them lead her to the sauna. Once they got her inside they locked the door and set the sauna afire. Oh, the noise she made then when she found she had been trapped! She kicked and screamed and cursed and threatened! But Kerttu and the brothers paid no heed to her. They left her burning in the sauna while they hurried homewards.

They found their poor old mother seated at the window weeping, for she thought that now Kerttu as well as her sons was lost forever. As Kerttu and the nine handsome young men came in the gate she didn't recognize them until Kerttu sang out:

> I bring at last the brothers nine
> Whose own true mother is also mine!

Then she knew who they were and with thanks to God she welcomed them home.

- Source: Parker Fillmore, *Mighty Mikko: A Book of Finnish Fairy Tales and Folk Tales*

(New York: Harcourt, Brace, and Company, 1922), pp. 99-120.

- This story differs from most type 451 folktales in that here the sister, not her brothers, is bewitched.
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The Twelve Wild Geese

Ireland

There was once a king and queen that lived very happily together, and they had twelve sons and not a single daughter. We are always wishing for what we haven't, and don't care for what we have, and so it was with the queen. One day in winter, when the bawn was covered with snow, she was looking out of the parlor window, and saw there a calf that was just killed by the butcher, and a raven standing near it.

"Oh," says she, "if I had only a daughter with her skin as white as that snow, her cheeks as red as that blood, and her hair as black as that raven, I'd give away every one of my twelve sons for her."

The moment she said the word, she got a great fright, and a shiver went through her, and in an instant after, a severe-looking old woman stood before her.

"That was a wicked wish you made," said she, "and to punish you it will be granted. You will have such a daughter as you desire, but the very day of her birth you will lose your other children." She vanished the moment she said the words.

And that very way it turned out. When she expected her delivery, she had her children all in a large room of the palace, with guards all round it, but the very hour her daughter came into the world, the guards inside and outside heard a great whirling and whistling, and the twelve princes were seen flying one after another out through the open window, and away like so many arrows over the woods. Well, the king was in great grief for the loss of his sons, and be would be very enraged with his wife if he only knew that she was so much to blame for it.

Everyone called the little princess Snow-White-and-Rose-Red on account of her beautiful complexion. She was the most loving and loveable child that could be seen anywhere.

When she was twelve years old she began to be very sad and lonely, and to torment her mother, asking her about her brothers that she thought were dead, for none up to that time ever told her the exact thing that happened them. The secret was weighing very heavy on the queen's conscience, and as the little girl persevered in her questions, at last she told her.

"Well, mother," said she, "it was on my account my poor brothers were changed into wild geese, and are now suffering all sorts of hardship; before the world is a day older, I'll be off to seek them, and try to restore them to their own shapes."

The king and queen had her well watched, but all was no use. Next night she was getting through the woods that surrounded the palace, and she went on and on that night, and till the evening of next day. She had a few cakes with her, and she got nuts, and *mugoreens* (fruit of

the sweet briar) and some sweet crabs as she went along.

At last she came to a nice wooden house just at sunset. There was a fine garden round it, full of the handsomest flowers, and a gate in the hedge. She went in, and saw a table laid out with twelve plates, and twelve knives and forks, and twelve spoons, and there were cakes, and cold wild fowl, and fruit along with the plates, and there was a good fire, and in another long room there were twelve beds. Well, while she was looking about her she heard the gate opening, and footsteps along the walk, and in came twelve young men, and there was great grief and surprise on all their faces when they laid eyes on her.

"Oh, what misfortune sent you here?" said the eldest. "For the sake of a girl we were obliged to leave our father's court, and be in the shape of wild geese all day. That's twelve years ago, and we took a solemn oath that we would kill the first young girl that came into our hands. It's a pity to put such an innocent and handsome girl as you are out of the world, but we must keep our oath."

"But," said she, "I'm your only sister that never knew anything about this till yesterday; and I stole away from our father's and mother's palace last night to find you out and relieve you if I can."

Every one of them clasped his hands, and looked down on the floor, and you could hear a pin fall till the eldest cried out, "A curse light on our oath! what shall we do?"

"I'll tell you that," said an old woman that appeared at the instant among them. "Break your wicked oath which no one should keep. If you attempted to lay an uncivil finger on her I'd change you into twelve *booliaun buis* (stalks of ragweed), but I wish well to you as well as to her. She is appointed to be your deliverer in this way. She must spin and knit twelve shirts for you out of bog down, to be gathered by her own hands on the moor just outside of the wood. It will take her five years to do it, and if she once speaks, or laughs, or cries the whole time, you will have to remain wild geese by day till you're called out of the world. So take care of your sister; it is worth your while."

The fairy then vanished, and it was only a strife with the brothers to see who would be first to kiss and hug their sister.

So for three long years the poor young princess was occupied pulling bog down, spinning it, and knitting it into shirts, and at the end of the three years she had eight made. During all that time, she never spoke a word, nor laughed, nor cried; the last was the hardest to refrain from.

One fine day she was sitting in the garden spinning, when in sprung a fine greyhound and bounded up to her, and laid his paws on her shoulder, and licked her forehead and her hair. The next minute a beautiful young prince rode up to the little garden gate, took off his hat, and asked for leave to come in. She gave him a little nod, and in he walked. He made ever so many apologies for intruding, and asked her ever so many questions, but not a word could he get out of her.

He loved her so much from the first moment, that he could not leave her till he told her he

was king of a country just bordering on the forest, and he begged her to come home with him, and be his wife. She couldn't help loving him as much as he did her, and though she shook her head very often and was very sorry to leave her brothers, at last she nodded her head, and put her hand in his, she knew well enough that the good fairy and her brothers would he able to find her out. Before she went she brought out a basket holding all her bog down, and another holding the eight shirts. The attendants took charge of these, and the prince placed her before him on his horse.

The only thing that disturbed him while riding along was the displeasure his stepmother would feel at what he had done. However he was full master at home, and as soon as he arrived he sent for the bishop, got his bride nicely dressed, and the marriage was celebrated, the bride answering by signs. He knew by her manners she was of high birth, and no two could be fonder of each other.

The wicked stepmother did all she could to make mischief, saying she was sure she was only a woodman's daughter; but nothing could disturb the young king's opinion of his wife. In good time the young queen was delivered of a beautiful boy, and the king was so glad he hardly knew what to do for joy.

All the grandeur of the christening and the happiness of the parents tormented the bad woman more than I can tell you, and she determined to put a stop to all their comfort. She got a sleeping posset given to the young mother, and while she was thinking and thinking how she could best make away with the child, she saw a wicked-looking wolf in the garden, looking up at her, and licking his chops. She lost no time, but snatched the child from the arms of the sleeping woman, and pitched it out. The beast caught it in his mouth, and was over the garden fence in a minute. The wicked woman then pricked her own fingers, and dabbled the blood round the mouth of the sleeping mother.

Well, the young king was just then coming into the big bawn from hunting, and as soon as he entered the house, she beckoned to him, shed a few crocodile tears, began to cry and wring her hands, and hurried him along the passage to the bedchamber.

Oh, wasn't the poor king frightened when he saw the queen's mouth bloody, and missed his child? It would take two hours to tell you the devilment of the old queen, the confusion, and fright, and grief of young king and queen, the bad opinion he began to feel of his wife, and the struggle she had to keep down her bitter sorrow, and not give way to it by speaking or lamenting.

The young king would not allow anyone to be called, and ordered his step-mother to give out that the child fell from the mother's arms at the window, and that a wild beast ran off with it. The wicked woman pretended to do so, but she told underhand to everybody she spoke to, what the king and herself saw in the bedchamber.

The young queen was the most unhappy woman in the three kingdoms for a long time, between sorrow for her child, and her husband's bad opinion; still she neither spoke nor cried, and she gathered bog down and went on with the shirts. Often the twelve wild geese would be seen lighting on the trees in the park or on the smooth sod, and looking in at her windows.

So she worked on to get the shirts finished, but another year was at an end, and she had the twelfth shirt finished except one arm, when she was obliged to take to her bed, and a beautiful girl was born.

Now the king was on his guard, and he would not let the mother and child be left alone for a minute; but the wicked woman bribed some of the attendants, set others asleep, gave the sleepy posset to the queen, and had a person watching to snatch the child away, and kill it.

But what should she see but the same wolf in the garden looking up, and licking his chops again? Out went the child, and away with it flew the wolf, and she smeared the sleeping mother's mouth and face with blood, and then roared, and bawled, and cried out to the king and to everybody she met, and the room was filled, and every one was sure the young queen had just devoured her own babe.

The poor mother thought now her life would leave her. She was in such a state she could neither think nor pray, but she sat like a stone, and worked away at the arm of the twelfth shirt.

The king was for taking her to the house in the wood where he found her, but the stepmother, and the lords of the court, and the judges would not hear of it, and she was condemned to be burned in the big bawn at three o'clock the same day. When the hour drew near, the king went to the farthest part of his palace, and there was no more unhappy man in his kingdom at that hour.

When the executioners came and led her off, she took the pile of shirts in her arms. There were still a few stitches wanted, and while they were tying her to the stake, she still worked on.

At the last stitch she seemed overcome and dropped a tear on her work, but the moment after she sprang up, and shouted out, "I am innocent; call my husband!"

The executioners stayed their hands, except one wicked-disposed creature who set fire to the faggot next him, and while all were struck in amaze, there was a rushing of wings, and in a moment the twelve wild geese were standing round the pile.

Before you could count twelve, she flung a shirt over every bird, and there in the twinkling of an eye were twelve of the finest young men that could be collected out of a thousand. While some were untying their sister, the eldest, taking a strong stake in his hand, struck the busy executioner such a blow that he never needed another.

While they were comforting the young queen, and the king was hurrying to the spot, a fine-looking woman appeared among them holding the babe on one arm and the little prince by the hand. There was nothing hut crying for joy, and laughing for joy, and hugging and kissing, and when any one had time to thank the good fairy, who in the shape of a wolf, carried the child away, she was not to be found.

Never was such happiness enjoyed in any palace that ever was built, and if the wicked queen

chaffinches, tomtits, jenny-wrens, lapwings, linnets, greenfinches, crossbills, flycatchers, larks, plovers, kingfishers, wagtails, redbreasts, red finches, sparrows, ducks, fieldfares, wood-pigeons and bullfinches! A rare thing you have done! And now we may return to our country to find nets laid and twigs limed for us! To heal the head of a pilgrim, you have broken the heads of seven brothers; nor is there any help for our misfortune, unless you find the Mother of Time, who will tell you the way to get us out of trouble."

Cianna, looking like a plucked quail at the fault she had committed, begged pardon of her brothers, and offered to go round the world until she should find the dwelling of the old woman. Then praying them not to stir from the house until she returned, lest any ill should betide them, she set out, and journeyed on and on without ever tiring; and though she went on foot, her desire to aid her brothers served her as a sumpter-mule, with which she made three miles an hour.

At last she came to the seashore, where with the blows of the waves the sea was banging the rocks. Here she saw a huge whale, who said to her, "My pretty maiden, what go you seeking?"

And she replied, "I am seeking the dwelling of the Mother of Time."

"Hear then what you must do," replied the whale. "Go straight along this shore, and on coming to the first river, follow it up to its source, and you will meet with someone who will show you the way. But do me one kindness. When you find the good old woman, beg of her the favor to tell me some means by which I may swim about safely, without so often knocking upon the rocks and being thrown on the sands."

"Trust to me," said Cianna. Then thanking the whale for pointing out the way, she set off walking along the shore; and after a long journey she came to the river, which was disbursing itself into the sea. Then taking the way up to its source, she arrived at a beautiful open country, where the meadow vied with the heaven, displaying her green mantle starred over with flowers.

And there she met a mouse, who said to her, "Whither are you going thus alone, my pretty girl?"

And Cianna replied, "I am seeking the Mother of Time."

"You have a long way to go," said the mouse; "but do not lose heart. Everything has an end. Walk on therefore toward yon mountains, and you will soon have more news of what you are seeking. But do me one favor. When you arrive at the house you wish to find, get the good old woman to tell you what we can do to get rid of the tyranny of the cats; then command me, and I am your slave."

Cianna, after promising to do the mouse this kindness, set off toward the mountains, which, although they appeared to be close at hand, seemed never to be reached. But having come to them at length, she sat down tired out upon a stone; and there she saw an army of ants carrying a large store of grain, one of whom turning to Cianna said, "Who art thou, and

and her helpers were not torn by wild horses they richly deserved it.

- Source: Patrick Kennedy, *The Fireside Stories of Ireland* (Dublin: M'Glashan and Gill, 1870), pp. 14-19.
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The Sister and Her Seven Brothers

Basque

There was a man and a woman very poor, and overburdened with children. They had seven boys. When they had grown up a little, they said to their mother that it would be better that they should go on their own way -- that they would get on better like that. The mother let them go with great regret.

After their departure she gave birth to a little girl, and when this little girl was grown up a little she went one day to a neighbor's to amuse herself, and having played some childish trick the neighbor said to her, "You will be a good one, you too, as your brothers have been."

The child goes home and says to her mother, "Mother, have I some brothers?"

The mother says, "Yes."

"Where are they?"

"Oh, gone off somewhere."

The daughter said to her, "I must go too, then. Give me a piece of linen enough to make seven shirts."

And she would go off at once. The mother was very sorry for it, having already seven children away from home, and the only one she had wished to go away. She let her go then.

This young girl went off, far, far, far away. She asks in a town if they know seven brothers who work together. They tell her, "No."

She goes off to a mountain and asks there too, and they tell her in what house they live. She goes to this house, and sees that all the household work is to be done, and that there is nobody at home. She makes the beds, and cleans the whole house, and puts it in order. She prepares the dinner, and then hides herself in the dust-hole.

Her brothers come home, and are astonished to see all the household work done and the dinner ready. They begin to look if there is anyone in the house, but they never think of looking in the dust-hole, and they go off again to their work. Before night this young girl does all the rest of the work, and had the supper ready against the return of her brothers, and hides herself again in the dust-hole. Her brothers are astonished, and again search the house, but find nothing.

They go to bed, and this young girl takes to sewing and sews a whole shirt. She gives it to her eldest brother, and in the same way she made a shirt every night, and took it to one of her brothers. They could not understand how that all happened. They always said that they would not go to sleep, but they fell asleep as soon as they were in bed.

When the turn of the youngest came to have the shirt, he said to them, "Certainly I will not fall asleep."

After he is in bed the young girl goes and says to him, thinking that he is asleep, "Your turn has come now at last, my dearly loved brother."

And she begins to put the shirt on him on the bed, when her brother says to her, "You are then my sister, you?"

And he kisses her. She tells him then how she had heard that she had brothers, and how she had wished to go to them to help them. The other brothers get up and rejoice, learning that it was their sister who had done all the household work.

The brothers forbad her ever to go to such a neighbor's, whatever might happen. But one day, without thinking about it, when she was behindhand with her work, she went running to the house to ask for some fire, in order to make the supper ready quicker. She was very well received; the woman offered to give her everything she wanted, but she said she was satisfied with a little fire.

This woman was a witch, and gives her a parcel of herbs, telling her to put them as they were into the footbath -- that they relieved the fatigue very much. Every evening the seven brothers washed their feet at the same time in a large copper. She therefore put these herbs into the copper, and as soon as they had dipped their feet in they became six cows, and the seventh a Breton cow.

This poor girl was in such trouble as cannot be told. The poor cows all used to kiss their sister, but the young girl always loved much best the Breton one. Every day she took them to the field, and stopped with them to guard them.

One day when she was there the son of a king passes by, and is quite astonished to see so beautiful a girl there. He speaks to her, and tells her that he wishes to marry her. The young girl says to him that she is very poor, and that that cannot be.

The king says, "Yes, yes, yes, that makes no difference."

The young girl makes as conditions that, if she marries him, he must never kill these cows, and especially this little Breton one. The king promises it her, and they are married.

The princess takes these cows home with her; they were always well treated. The princess became pregnant, and was confined while the king was absent. The witch comes, and takes her out of her bed, and throws her down a precipice that there was in the king's grounds, and the witch puts herself into the princess' bed.

When the king comes home, he finds her very much changed, and tells her that he would not have recognized her. The princess tells him that it was her sufferings that had made her thus, and, in order to cure her more quickly, he must have the Breton cow killed.

The king says to her, "What! Did you not make me promise that she should never be killed? How is it you ask me that?"

The witch considered that one her greatest enemy; and, as she left him no peace, he sent a servant to fetch the cows. He finds them all seven by the precipice; they were lowing, and he tried to drive them to the house, but he could not do it in any way; and he hears a voice, which says, "It is not for myself that I grieve so much, but for my child, and for my husband, and for my dearly loved cows. Who will take care of them?"

The lad could not succeed (in driving them), and goes and tells to the king what is taking place. The king himself goes to the precipice, and hears this voice. He quickly throws a long cord down, and, when he thinks that she has had time to take hold of it, he pulls it up, and sees that they have got the princess there. Judge of the joy of the king! She relates to her husband all that the witch had done to her, both formerly and now.

The king goes to the witch's bed, and says to her, "I know your villainies now; and, if you do not immediately change these cows, as they were before, into fine boys, I will put you into a red-hot oven."

The witch makes them fine men, and, notwithstanding that, the king had her burnt in a red-hot oven, and threw her ashes into the air.

The king lived happily with his wife, and her seven brothers married ladies of the court, and sent for their mother, and they all lived happily together.

- Source: Wentworth Webster, *Basque Legends: Collected Chiefly in the Labourd* (London: Griffith and Farran, 1879), pp. 187-91.
- Wentworth's source: Louise Lanusse.
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Revised February 2, 2013.

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whither art thou going?"

And Cianna, who was courteous to everyone, said to her, "I am an unhappy girl, who for a matter that concerns me am seeking the dwelling of the Mother of Time."

"Go on farther," replied the ant, "and where these mountains open into a large plain you will obtain more news. But do me a great favor. Set the secret from the old woman what we ants can do to live a little longer; for it seems to me a folly in worldly affairs to be heaping up such a large store of food for so short a life."

"Be at ease," said Cianna. "I will return the kindness you have shown me." Then she passed the mountains and arrived at a wide plain; and proceeding a little way over it, she came to a large oak tree, whose fruit tasted like sweetmeats to the maiden, who was satisfied with little.

Then the oak, making lips of its bark and a tongue of its pith, said to Cianna, "Whither are you going so sad, my little daughter? Come and rest under my shade."

Cianna thanked him much, but excused herself, saying that she was going in haste to find the Mother of Time.

And when the oak heard this he replied, "You are not far from her dwelling; for before you have gone another day's journey you will see upon a mountain a house, in which you will find her whom you seek. But if you have as much kindness as beauty, I prithee learn for me what I can do to regain my lost honor; for instead of being food for great men, I am now only made the food of hogs."

"Leave that to me," replied Cianna. "I will take care to serve you."

So saying she departed, and walking on and on without ever resting, she came at length to the foot of an impertinent mountain, which was poking its head into the face of the clouds. There she found an old man, who wearied and way-worn had lain down upon some hay. And as soon as he saw Cianna, he knew her at once, and that it was she who had cured his bump.

When the old man heard what she was seeking, he told her that he was carrying to Time the rent for the piece of earth which he had cultivated, and that Time was a tyrant who usurped everything in the world, claiming tribute from all, and especially from people of his age; and he added that, having received kindness from Cianna, he would now return it a hundredfold, by giving her some good information about her arrival at the mountain; and that he was sorry he could not accompany her thither, since his old age, which was condemned rather to go down than up, obliged him to remain at the foot of those mountains, to cast up accounts with the clerks of Time, which are the labors, the sufferings, and the infirmities of life, and to pay the debt of Nature.

So the old man said to her, "Now, my pretty innocent child, listen to me. You must know that on the top of this mountain you will find a ruined house, which was built long ago time out of mind; the walls are cracked, the foundations crumbling away, the doors worm eaten, the

furniture all worn out, and in short everything is gone to wrack and ruin. On one side are seen shattered columns, on another broken statues, and nothing is left in a good state except a coat-of-arms over the door, quartered, on which you will see a serpent biting its tail, a stag, a raven, and a phoenix. When you enter, you will see on the ground files, saws, scythes, sickles, pruning-hooks, and hundreds and hundreds of vessels full of ashes, with the names written on them, like gallipots in an apothecary's shop; and there may be read Corinth, Saguntum, Carthage, Troy, and a thousand other cities, the ashes of which Time preserves as trophies of his conquests. When you come near the house, hide yourself until Time goes out; and as soon as he has gone forth, enter, and you will find an old, old woman, with a beard that touches the ground and a hump reaching to the sky. Her hair, like the tail of a dapple-gray horse, covers her heels; her face looks like a plaited collar, with the folds stiffened by the starch of years. The old woman is seated upon a clock, which is fastened to a wall; and her eyebrows are so large that they overshadow her eyes, so that she will not be able to see you. As soon as you enter, quickly take the weights off the clock; then call to the old woman, and beg her to answer your questions; whereupon she will instantly call her son to come and eat you up; but the clock upon which the old woman sits having lost its weights, her son cannot move, and she will therefore be obliged to tell you what you wish. But do not trust any oath she may make, unless she swear by the wings of her son. Then give faith to her, and do what she tells you, and you will be content."

So saying, the poor old man fell down and crumbled away, like a dead body brought from a catacomb to the light of day. Then Cianna took the ashes, and mixing them with a pint of tears, she made a grave and buried them, praying Heaven to grant them quiet and repose.

And ascending the mountain, till she was quite out of breath, she waited until Time came out, who was an old man with a long, long beard, and who wore a very old cloak covered with slips of paper, on which were worked the names of various people. He had large wings, and ran so fast that he was out of sight in an instant.

When Cianna entered the house of his mother, she started with affright at the sight of that black old chip; and instantly seizing the weights of the clock, she told what she wanted to the old woman, who setting up a loud cry called to her son.

But Cianna said to her, "You may butt your head against the wall as long as you like, for you will not see your son whilst I hold these clock-weights."

Thereupon the old woman, seeing herself foiled, began to coax Cianna, saying, "Let go of them, my dear, and do not stop my son's course; for no man living has ever done that. Let go of them, and may Heaven preserve you! for I promise you by the aquafortis of my son, with which he corrodes everything, that I will do you no harm."

"That's time lost," answered Cianna. "You must say something better if you would have me quit my hold."

"I swear to you by those teeth which gnaw all mortal things, that I will tell you all you desire."

"That is all nothing," answered Cianna; "for I know you are deceiving me."

"Well then," said the old woman, "I swear to you by those wings which fly over all, that I will give you more pleasure than you imagine."

Thereupon Cianna, letting go the weights, kissed the old woman's hand, which had a moldy feel and a musty smell.

And the old woman, seeing the courtesy of the damsel, said to her, "Hide yourself behind this door, and when Time comes home I will make him tell me all you wish to know. And as soon as he goes out again, for he never stays quiet in one place, you can depart. But do not let yourself be heard or seen, for he is such a glutton that he does not spare even his own children; and when all fails, he devours himself, and then springs up anew."

Cianna did as the old woman told her, and lo! soon after Time came flying quick, quick, high, and light, and having gnawed whatever came to hand, down to the very moldiness upon the walls, he was about to depart, when his mother told him all she had heard from Cianna, beseeching him to answer exactly all her questions.

After a thousand entreaties her son replied, "To the tree may be answered, that it can never be prized by men so long as it keeps treasures buried under its roots To the mice, that they will never be safe from the cat, unless they tie a bell to her leg, to tell them when she is coming. To the ants, that they will live a hundred years, if they can dispense with flying; for when the ant is going to die she puts on wings. To the whale, that it should be of good cheer, and make friends with the sea-mouse, who will serve him as a guide, so that he will never go wrong. And to the doves, that when they alight on the column of wealth, they will return to their former state."

So saying, Time set out to run his accustomed post; and Cianna, taking leave of the old woman, descended to the foot of the mountain, just at the very time that the seven doves, who had followed their sister's footsteps, arrived there. Wearied with flying so far, they stopped to rest upon the horn of a dead ox; and no sooner had they alighted, than they were changed into handsome youths, as they were at first. But while they were marveling at this, they heard the reply which Time had given, and saw at once that the horn, as the symbol of plenty, was the column of wealth of which Time had spoken.

Then embracing their sister with great joy, they all set out on the same road by which Cianna had come. And when they came to the oak tree, and told it what Cianna had heard from Time, the tree begged them to take away the treasure from its roots, since it was the cause why its acorns had lost their reputation. Thereupon the seven brothers, taking a spade which they found in a garden, dug and dug, until they came to a great heap of gold money, which they divided into eight parts, and shared among themselves and their sister, so that they might carry it away conveniently. But being wearied with the journey and the load, they laid themselves down to sleep under a hedge.

Presently a band of robbers coming by, and seeing the poor fellows asleep, with their heads upon the cloths full of dollars, bound them hand and foot to some trees, and took away the money, leaving them to bewail not only their wealth, which had slipped through their fingers as soon as found, but their life; for being without hope of succor, they were in peril of either

soon dying of starvation or allaying the hunger of some wild beast.

As they were lamenting their unhappy lot, up came the mouse, who, as soon as she heard the reply which Time had given, in return for the good service nibbled the cords with which they were bound and set them free. And having gone a little way farther they met on the road the ant, who, when she heard the advice of Time, asked Cianna what was the matter, that she was so pale-faced and cast down.

And when Cianna told her their misfortune, and the trick which the robbers had played them, the ant replied, "Be quiet, I can now requite the kindness you have done me. You must know, that whilst I was carrying a load of grain underground, I saw a place where these dogs of assassins hide their plunder; they have made some holes under an old building, in which they shut up all the things they have stolen. They are just now gone out for some new robbery, and I will go with you and show you the place, so that you may recover your money."

So saying she took the way toward some tumble-down houses, and showed the seven brothers the mouth of a pit; whereupon Giangrazio, who was bolder than the rest, entering it, found there all the money of which they had been robbed.

Then taking it with them, they set out, and walked towards the seashore, where they found the whale, and told him the good advice which Time -- who is the father of counsel -- had given them. And whilst they stood talking of their journey, and all that had befallen them, they saw the robbers suddenly appear, armed to the teeth, who had followed in their footsteps.

At this sight they exclaimed, "Alas, alas! we are now wholly lost, for here come the robbers armed, and they will not leave the skin on our bodies!"

"Fear not," replied the whale," for I can save you out of the fire, and will thus requite the love you have shown me. So get upon my back, and I will quickly carry you to a place of safety."

Cianna and her brothers, seeing the foe at their heels and the water up to their throat, climbed upon the whale, who, keeping far off from the rocks, carried them to within sight of Naples; but being afraid to land them on account of the shoals and shallows, he said, "Where would you like me to land you? On the shore of Amalfi? "

And Giangrazio answered, "See whether that cannot be avoided, my dear fish; I do not wish to land at any place hereabouts; for at Massa they say barely good-day, at Sorrento thieves are plenty, at Vico they say you may go your way, at Castel-a-Mare no one says how are ye?"

Then the whale, to please them, turned about and went toward the Salt-Rock, where he left them; and they got put on shore by the first fishing boat that passed. Thereupon they returned to their own country, safe and sound and rich, to the great joy and consolation of their mother and father; and, thanks to the goodness of Cianna, they enjoyed a happy life, verifying the old saying, *Do good whenever you can, and forget it.*

- Source: Giambattista Basile, *The Pentamerone; or, The Story of Stories*, translated

from the Neapolitan by John Edward Taylor, new edition revised and edited by Helen Zimmern, with illustrations by George Cruikshank (New York: Macmillan and Company; London: T. Tisher Unwin, 1894), pp. 157-75 [day 4, story 8].

- Giambattista Basile (ca 1575 - 1632) is best known for his collection of Neopolitan fairy tales titled *Lo cunto de li cunti* (*The Tale of Tales*), published postumously in 1634 and 1636, later renamed *Il Pentamerone* in recognition of its similarity in structure to *Il Decameron* by Giovanni Boccaccio (1313-1375).
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The Curse of the Seven Children

Italy

There was once a king and a queen who had six children, all sons. The queen was about to give birth to another child, and the king said that if it was not a daughter all seven children would be cursed.

Now it happened that the king had to go away to war; and before departing he said to the queen, "Listen. If you have a son, hang a lance out of the window; if a daughter, a distaff; so that I can see as soon as I arrive which it is."

After the king had been gone a month, the queen gave birth to the most beautiful girl that was ever seen. Imagine how pleased the queen was at having a girl. She could scarcely contain herself for joy, and immediately gave orders to hang the distaff out of the window; but in the midst of the joyful confusion, a mistake was made, and they put out a lance. Shortly after, the king returned and saw the sign at the window, and cursed all his seven sons; but when he entered the house and the servants crowded around him to congratulate him and tell him about his beautiful daughter, then the king was amazed and became very melancholy.

He entered the queen's room and looked at the child, who seemed exactly like one of those wax dolls to be kept in a box; then he looked about him and saw nothing of his sons, and his eyes filled with tears, for those poor youths had wandered out into the world.

Meanwhile the girl grew, and when she was large she saw that her parents caressed her, but always with tears in their eyes. One day she said to her mother, "What is the matter with you, mother, that I always see you crying?"

Then, the queen told her the story, and said that she was afraid that some day she would see her disappear too.

When the girl heard how it was, what did she do? One night she rose softly and left the palace, with the intention of going to find her brothers. She walked and walked, and at last met a little old man, who said to her, "Where are you going at this time of the night?"

She answered, "I am in search of my brothers."

The old man said, "It will be difficult to find them, for you must not speak for seven years, seven months, seven weeks, seven days, seven hours, and seven minutes."

Cain and Abel

scriptures and legends
selected and edited by

D. L. Ashliman
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Cain and Abel

The First Book of Moses, called Genesis

1. And Adam knew Eve his wife; and she conceived, and bare Cain, and said, I have gotten a man from the LORD.
2. And she again bare his brother Abel. And Abel was a keeper of sheep, but Cain was a tiller of the ground.
3. And in process of time it came to pass, that Cain brought of the fruit of the ground an offering unto the LORD.
4. And Abel, he also brought of the firstlings of his flock and of the fat thereof. And the LORD had respect unto Abel and to his offering:
5. But unto Cain and to his offering he had not respect. And Cain was very wroth, and his countenance fell.
6. And the LORD said unto Cain, Why art thou wroth? and why is thy countenance fallen?
7. If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted? and if thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door. And unto thee shall be his desire, and thou shalt rule over him.
8. And Cain talked with Abel his brother: and it came to pass, when they were in the field, that Cain rose up against Abel his brother, and slew him.
9. And the LORD said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother? And he said, I know not: Am I my brother's keeper?
10. And he said, What hast thou done? the voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me

from the ground.
11. And now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand;
12. When thou tillest the ground, it shall not henceforth yield unto thee her strength; a fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth.
13. And Cain said unto the LORD, My punishment is greater than I can bear.
14. Behold, thou hast driven me out this day from the face of the earth; and from thy face shall I be hid; and I shall be a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth; and it shall come to pass, that every one that findeth me shall slay me.
15. And the LORD said unto him, Therefore whosoever slayeth Cain, vengeance shall be taken on him sevenfold. And the LORD set a mark upon Cain, lest any finding him should kill him.
16. And Cain went out from the presence of the LORD, and dwelt in the land of Nod, on the east of Eden.
17. And Cain knew his wife; and she conceived, and bare Enoch: and he builded a city, and called the name of the city, after the name of his son, Enoch.

- Source: Genesis 4:1-17, King James version.
- Link to the entire King James Bible (Internet Sacred Text Archive).
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The Story of the Two Sons of Adam

The Quran

Recite to them the story of the two sons of Adam; truly when they offered an offering, and it was accepted from one of them, and was not accepted from the other, that one said, "I will surely kill thee;" he said, "God only accepts from those who fear. If thou dost stretch forth to me thine hand to kill me, I will not stretch forth mine hand to kill thee; verily, I fear God, the Lord of the worlds; verily, I wish that thou mayest draw upon thee my sin and thy sin, and be of the fellows of the Fire, for that is the reward of the unjust."

But his soul allowed him to slay his brother, and he slew him, and in the morning he was of those who lose. And God sent a crow to scratch in the earth and show him how he might hide his brother's shame, he said, "Alas, for me! Am I too helpless to become like this crow and hide my brother's shame?" and in the morning he was of those who did repent.

- Source: *The Qur'ān*, 5:30-34, translated by E. H. Palmer (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1880), p. 101.
- In more recent translations of *The Quran* the division into verses of this passage is given as 5:27-31.
- The title of the sacred book of Islam is variously Romanised as *Koran, Quran, Qur'an*, or *Qur'ān*.
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Kabil and Habil

Palestine

Kabil and Habil, or Cain and Abel, with their two sisters, were the first children born to Adam and Eve. Adam, by Allah's direction, ordered Cain to marry Abel's twin sister, and that Abel should marry Cain's, for it being the common opinion that marriages ought not to take place with those very near akin, such as their own sisters, it seemed reasonable to supose that they ought to take those of the remoter degree, but this Cain refused to, because his sister was the handsomer.

Hereupon Adam told them to take their offerings to Allah, thereby referring the dispute to His determination. Cain's offering was a sheaf of the very worst of his corn, but Abel's a fat lamb of the best of his flock.

Allah having declared His acceptance of the latter in a visible manner, Cain said to his brother, "I will certainly kill you."

Abel was the stronger of the two, and would easily have prevailed against his brother, but he answered, "If you stretch forth your hand against me, to slay me, I will not stretch forth my hand against you to slay you, for I fear Allah, the Lord of all creatures."

So Cain began to consider in what way he should effect the murder, and as he was doing so, the devil appeared to him in human shape, and showed him how to do it, by crushing the head of a bird between two stones.

Cain, having committed the fratricide, became exceedingly troubled in his mind, and carried the dead body on his shoulders for a considerable time, not knowing where to conceal it, till it stank horribly. And then Allah taught him to bury it by the example of a raven, who, having killed another raven in his presence, dug a pit with his claws and beak and buried him therein.

- Source: J. E. Hanauer, *Folk-Lore of the Holy Land: Moslem, Christian, and Jew* (London: Duckworth and Company, 1907), pp. 69-70.
- Stylistically slightly revised by D. L. Ashliman.
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Cain and Abel

Turkey

It is related that when our mother Eve bare Cain and Abel, she bare a daughter along with each. God Most High commanded the Messenger Adam, saying, "For the sake of their offspring, give to Cain the girl born with Abel, and give to Abel the girl born with Cain." The Messenger Adam did so.

Now the girl born with Cain was exceeding fair; and Cain said, "O father, let the girl born with him be his, and let the girl born with me be mine."

Adam answered, "God Most High commanded otherwise." But Cain loved that girl exceedingly; so he went and slew Abel. Thus because of a woman was blood first shed upon

the ground.

- Source: *The History of the Forty Vezirs; or, The Story of the Forty Morns and Eves*, written in Turkish by Sheykh-Zada, translated into English by E. J. W. Gibb (London: George Redway, 1886), p. 395.
- This book is the translation of a manuscript prepared apparently in the early seventeenth century, but based on much older stories, similar in style and function to those found in the *1001 Nights*.
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Cain and Abel

Turkey (Armenian)

One day Eve called to her Cain and Abel, who, still little children, were playing on the grass.

She held out to her firstborn her right arm, and to her second son her left, and said, "Bite them, I command you."

The elder boy bit till he drew blood, but Abel merely imprinted a long lingering kiss on his mother's arm.

Then said Eve to her husband, "Our Cain will be a wicked man."

Adam and Eve loved Abel dearly. Cain was jealous of their partiality. He wished to kill his brother, but knew not how. Satan took the form of a raven, picked a quarrel with another raven, and in Cain's presence cut his opponent's throat with a pointed black pebble. Cain picked up the stone, hid it in his girdle, proposed to his brother a walk on the mountain, and there cut his throat with the pebble. The peasants of Armenia to this day call flints "Satan's nails," and conscientiously break every pointed black one they may find.

Cain, after his crime, dared not return to his parents; the blood of his brother still adhered to his hands. In vain did he hold them all day long immersed in a neighboring spring; the stain was still there. Night came on, and, not being able to sleep, he wandered long and far, seeking a waterfall. Guided at last to one by the noise of its waters in the still night, he lay down on the bank and held his reddened hands under the cascade. There he held them, day and night, summer and winter, during a whole year, without sleep and without food, but at the end of that time they were still as crimson as on the day of the crime.

And so long as Cain lived, he was never able to get rid of the proof of his fratricide.

- Source: Lucy M. J. Garnett, *The Women of Turkey and Their Folk-Lore* (London: David Nutt, 1890), pp. 273-74.
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Abel and Cain

Italy

They were two brothers. Abel greatly loved Cain, but Cain did not love so much the brother Abel.

Cain had no great will to work.

Abel, however, on the contrary, was greatly disposed (*si ingegnava*) to labor, because he had found it profitable. He was industrious in all, and at last became a grazier (*mercante di manzi.*

And Cain also, being moved by jealousy (*per astia*), wished to become a grazier, but the wheel did not turn for him as it did for Abel.

And Cain also was a good man, and set himself contentedly to work, believing that he could become as rich as his brother, but he did not succeed in this, for which reason he became so envious of Abel that it resulted in tremendous hate, and he swore to be revenged.

Cain often visited his brother, and once said to him, "Abel, thou art rich and I am poor. Give me the half of thy wealth, since thou wishest me so well!"

Then Abel replied, "If I give thee a sum which thou thyself couldst gain by industry, thou shouldst still labor as I do, and I will give thee nothing, since, if thou wilt work as I do, thou wilt become as rich."

One day there were together Cain, Abel, and a merchant, whose name I forget. And one told that he had seen in a dream seven fat oxen and seven lean. And the merchant, who was an astrologer or wizard, explained that the seven fat oxen meant seven years of abundance, and the seven lean as many years of famine.

And so it came to pass as he foretold -- seven years of plenty and seven of famine.

And Cain, hearing this, thought, "During the seven years of plenty Abel will lay by a great store, and then I will slay him, and possess myself of all his goods, and thus I will take care of myself, and my brother will be dead."

Now, Cain greatly loved God; he was good towards God, more so than Abel, because Abel, having become rich, never spoke more unto the Lord; and Abel would gladly have become a wizard himself.

Then Cain began to think how he could slay Abel and become a merchant in his place, and so went forth to cut wood.

One day he called his brother Abel, and said to him, "Thou art so rich, while I am poor, and all my work avails me little." And with that he gave Abel a blow with a knife, and dressed himself in his garments, and took a bundle of thorns on his back, and thus clad he took Abel's place as a merchant, believing that no one would recognize him as Cain.

And while thus buying and selling he met the merchant-wizard who had foretold the seven years of famine and of abundance. And he said, "Oh, good day, Abel," to make Cain believe that he was not discovered. But the oxen who were present all began to chant in chorus:

Do not call that person Abel;
It is Cain, do you not see it?
Cain who, for the greed of money,
Treacherously slew his brother,
And then clad him in his garments.
Now, O Cain! thou wilt be summoned
Speedily unto the presence
Of the Lord, who had condemned thee
Unto death for thy great avarice.

Cain came before God.

O great God of endless mercy,
Thou who art so good and mighty,
Grant, I pray thee, grant me pardon
For the good I did while living!
Truly once, but for an instant,
I forgot myself, but deeply
I since then have long repented
That I slew my brother Abel.

But God replied:

A punishment thou shalt have because thou didst slay thy brother from a desire to become rich. Likewise thou didst meddle with witchcraft and sorceries, as did thy brother. And Abel made much money and was very rich, because he did not love God, but sorcerers. Albeit, ever good he never did evil things, and many good, wherefore God pardoned him. But thou shalt not be pardoned because thou didst imbrue thy hands in human blood, and, what is worse, in thy own brother's blood.

The punishment which I inflict is this:

The thorns which thou didst put upon thy brother are now for thee.

Thou shalt be imprisoned in the moon, and from that place shalt behold the good and the evil of all mankind.

And the bundle of thorns shall never leave thee, and every time when anyone shall conjure thee, the thorns shall sting thee cruelly. They shall draw thy blood.

And thus shalt thou be compelled to do that which shall be required of thee by the sorcerers or by conjuring, and if they ask of thee that which thou wilt not give, then the thorns shall goad thee until the sorceries shall cease.

- Source: Charles Godfrey Leland (Hans Breitmann) *Legends of Florence*, collected from the people and retold, first series (London: David Nutt; and New York: Macmillan and Company, 1895), pp. 263-66.

- Breitmann's source: "Taken down from an old dame."
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The First Grave

Poland

Adam and Eve were standing on the bank of a brook, and before them lay the corpse of Abel, who had been killed by Cain. As they sat there, not knowing what they should do with the corpse, suddenly a little bird fell from a nearby tree. The little bird was still very young and could not fly. The fall killed it. Adam and Eve looked at the dead bird and saw that it was a raven. Soon the old raven flew by, and when he saw that his young one was dead, he scratched a hole in the ground with his feet, and laid it inside. Then he scratched the hole full and flew away. Adam and Eve observed all this and followed the raven's example. They made a hole in the earth, laid Abel's corpse in it, and covered it with earth. This was the first human grave.

- Source: Otto Knoop, "Das erste Grab," *Ostmärkische Sagen, Märchen und Erzählungen* (Lissa: Oskar Eulitz' Verlag, 1909), no. 73, p. 149.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2000.
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Links to additional texts

- *The Book of Adam and Eve: Also Called The Conflict of Adam and Eve with Satan*, translated by S. C. Malan (London: Williams and Norgate, 1882), book 1, chapters 74-79, pp. 91-103; book 2, chapter 1, pp. 104-106.
- Eliezer ben Hyrcanus, "Cain and Abel," *Pirkê de Rabbi Eliezer*, translated by Gerald Friedlander (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Company, 1916), chapter 21, pp. 150-57.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

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Cat and Mouse

fables about cats and mice
translated and/or edited by

D. L. Ashliman
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Cat and Mouse in Partnership

Germany

A cat and a mouse wanted to live together and keep house as a partnership. They prepared for winter by buying a pot of fat, and because they had no safer spot for it, they placed it under the alter in the church until such time that they would need it. However, one day the cat took a longing for it, and approached the mouse. "Listen, little mouse, my cousin has invited me to serve as godfather. She has given birth to a brown and white spotted little son, and I am supposed to carry him to his baptism. Is it all right for me to leave you home alone with the housework today?"

"Go ahead," said the mouse, "and if they serve you something good, just think of me. I would certainly welcome a drop of good red christening wine." But the cat went straight to the church and ate the top off the fat and then went strolling about the town and did not return home until evening.

"You must have had a good time," said the mouse. "What name did they give the child?"

eschewed your habits of pouncing upon us."

- Source: J. E. Hanauer, *Folk-Lore of the Holy Land: Moslem, Christian, and Jewish*, edited by Marmaduke Pickthall (London: Duckworth and Company, 1907), pp. 267-70.
- Hanauer does not provide a title for this story.
- Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 113B.
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The Town Mouse and the Field Mouse

Romania

A mouse living in the town one day met a mouse which lived in the field. "Where do you come from?" asked the latter when she saw the town mouse.

"I come from yonder town," replied the first mouse.

"How is life going there with you?"

"Very well, indeed. I am living in the lap of luxury. Whatever I want of sweets or any other good things is to be found in abundance in my master's house. But how are you living?"

"I have nothing to complain of. You just come and see my stores. I have grain and nuts, and all the fruits of the tree and field in my storehouse."

The town mouse did not quite believe the story of her new friend, and, driven by curiosity, went with her to the latter's house. How great was her surprise when she found that the field mouse had spoken the truth; her garner was full of nuts and grain and other stores, and her mouth watered when she saw all the riches which were stored up there.

Then she turned to the field mouse and said, "Oh, yes, you have here a nice snug place and something to live upon, but you should come to my house and see what I have there. Your stock is as nothing compared with the riches which are mine."

The field mouse, who was rather simple by nature and trusted her new friend, went with her into the town to see what better things the other could have. She had never been into the town and did not know what her friend could mean when she boasted of her greater riches. So they went together, and the town mouse took her friend to her master's house. He was a grocer, and there were boxes and sacks full of every good thing the heart of a mouse could desire. When she saw all these riches, the field mouse said she could never have believed it, had she not seen it with her own eyes.

While they were talking together, who should come in but the cat. As soon as the town mouse saw the cat, she slipped quietly behind a box and hid herself. Her friend, who had never yet seen a cat, turned to her and asked her who that gentleman was who had come in so quietly.

"Do you not know who he is? Why, he is our priest, and he has come to see me. You must go and pay your respects to him and kiss his hand. See what a beautiful glossy coat he has on,

and how his eyes sparkle, and how demurely he keeps his hands in the sleeves of his coat."

Not suspecting anything, the field mouse did as she was told and went up to the cat. He gave her at once his blessing, and the mouse had no need of another after that. The cat gave her extreme unction there and then. That was just what the town mouse had intended. When she saw how well stored the home of the field mouse was, she made up her mind to trap her and to kill her, so that she might take possession of all that the field mouse had gathered up. She had learned the ways of the townspeople and had acted accordingly.

- Source: M. Gaster, *Rumanian Bird and Beast Stories* (London: Folk-Lore Society, 1915), no. 105, pp. 311-312.
- Aarne-Thompson-Uther types 112 and 113B. This is the familiar Aesopian fable of the town mouse and the country mouse (told here with an ironic twist), followed by the tale of the cat as a holy man.
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The Dog, the Cat, and the Mouse

Romania

In the beginning there was no enmity between the cat and dog, and they lived on friendly terms together and served their master (Adam) faithfully, each one doing its own work.

But as you know, it is very much better to have a written agreement at the beginning than to have a row afterwards, so they decided to draw up an agreement defining the work which each had to do, and decided that the dog was to do the work outside the house, and the cat the work inside. For greater safety the dog agreed that the cat should take care of the agreement, and the cat put it in the loft.

After a time, the devil, who could not allow peace to last for a long time, must needs set the dog up against the cat; so one day the dog remarked to the cat that he was not fairly treated. He did not see why he should have all the trouble outside the house, to watch for thieves and protect the house and suffer from cold and rain, and only have scraps and bones for food, and sometimes nothing at all, whilst the cat had all the comfort, purring and enjoying herself, and living near the hearth in warmth and safety.

The cat said, "An agreement is an agreement."

The dog replied, "Let me see that agreement."

The cat went quickly up the loft to fetch the agreement, but the agreement, which had been a little greasy, had been nibbled by the mice who were living in the loft, and they went on nibbling away until nothing was left of it but a heap of paper fluff, and as it was as soft as down the mice made their home of it.

When the cat came up and saw what the mice had done, her fury knew no bounds. She pursued them madly, killing as many as she could seize, and running after the others with the intent of catching them.

When she came down the dog asked her for the agreement, and as the cat had not brought it, the dog, taking hold of her, shook her until he got tired of shaking her.

Since that time, whenever a dog meets a cat he asks her for the agreement, and as she cannot show it to him he goes for her. And the cat, knowing what the mice had done to her, runs after them when she sees them.

- Source: M. Gaster, *Rumanian Bird and Beast Stories* (London: Folk-Lore Society, 1915), no. 66, pp. 208-209.
- Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 200.
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The Cat and the Mouse

England

The cat and the mouse
Played in the malt-house.

The cat bit the mouse's tail off.

"Pray, puss, give me my tail."

"No," says the cat, "I'll not give you your tail, till you go to the cow, and fetch me some milk."

First she leapt, and then she ran,
Till she came to the cow, and thus began:

"Pray, cow, give me milk, that I may give cat milk, that cat may give me my own tail again."

"No," said the cow, I will give you no milk, till you go to the farmer and get me some hay."

First she leapt, and then she ran,
Till she came to the farmer, and thus began:

"Pray, farmer, give me hay, that I may give cow hay, that cow may give me milk, that I may give cat milk, that cat may give me my own tail again."

"No," says the farmer, I'll give you no hay, till you go to the butcher and fetch me some meat."

First she leapt, and then she ran,
Till she came to the butcher, and thus began:

"Pray, butcher, give me meat, that I may give farmer meat, that farmer may give me hay, that I may give cow hay, that cow may give me milk, that I may give cat milk, that cat may give me my own tail again."

"No," says the butcher, "I'll give you no meat, till you go the baker and fetch me some bread."

First she leapt, and then she ran,
Till she came to the baker, and thus began:

Pray, baker, give me bread, that I may give butcher bread, that butcher may give me meat, that I may give farmer meat, that farmer may give me hay, that I may give cow hay, that cow may give me milk, that I may give cat milk, that cat may give me my own tail again."

"Yes," says the baker, I'll give you some bread,
But if you eat my meal, I'll cut off your head.

Then the baker gave mouse bread, and mouse gave butcher bread, and butcher gave mouse meat, and mouse gave farmer meat, and farmer gave mouse hay, and mouse gave cow hay, and cow gave mouse milk, and mouse gave cat milk, and cat gave mouse her own tail again!

- Source: James Orchard Halliwell-Phillipps: *Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales: A Sequel to the Nursery Rhymes of England* (London: John Russell Smith, 1849), pp. 33-34.
- Footnote by Halliwell-Phillipps: This tale has been traced back fifty years, but it is probably considerably older.
- Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 2034.
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Cat and Mouse

Germany (Swabia)

Once upon a time a cat and a mouse went for a walk together, and the cat bit off the mouse's tail.

So the mouse said to the cat, "Give me back my tail."

The cat said to the mouse, "If you will get me some cheese."

So the mouse went to the innkeeper and said:

Innkeeper, give me some cheese! I'll give it to the cat,
And the cat will give me back my tail.

The innkeeper said, "If you will fetch me a knife."

So the mouse went to the blacksmith and said:

Blacksmith, give me a knife! I'll give it to the innkeeper,
And the innkeeper will give me cheese for the cat,
And the cat will give me back my tail.

The blacksmith said, "If you will fetch me a horn."

So the mouse went to the goat and said:

Goat, give me a horn! I'll give it to the blacksmith,
And the blacksmith will give me a knife for the innkeeper,
And the innkeeper will give me cheese for the cat,
And the cat will give me back my tail.

The goat said, "If you will fetch me some hay."

So the mouse went to the farmer and said:

Farmer, give me hay! I'll give it to the goat,
And the goat will give me a horn for the blacksmith,
And the blacksmith will give me a knife for the innkeeper,
And the innkeeper will give me cheese for the cat,
And the cat will give me back my tail.

The farmer said, "If you will fetch me some soup."

So the mouse went to the cook and said:

Cook, give me soup! I'll give it to the farmer,
And the farmer will give me hay for the goat,
And the goat will give me a horn for the blacksmith,
And the blacksmith will give me a knife for the innkeeper,
And the innkeeper will give me cheese for the cat,
And the cat will give me back my tail.

The cook said, "If you will fetch me some slippers."

So the mouse went to the shoemaker and said:

Shoemaker, give me slippers! I'll give them to the cook,
And the cook will give me soup for the farmer,
And the farmer will give me hay for the goat,
And the goat will give me a horn for the blacksmith,
And the blacksmith will give me a knife for the innkeeper,
And the innkeeper will give me cheese for the cat,
And the cat will give me back my tail.

The shoemaker said, "If you will fetch me some bristles."

So the mouse went to the sow and said:

Sow, give me bristles! I'll give them to the shoemaker,
And the shoemaker will give me slippers for the cook,
And the cook will give me soup for the farmer,
And the farmer will give me hay for the goat,
And the goat will give me a horn for the blacksmith,
And the blacksmith will give me a knife for the innkeeper,

And the innkeeper will give me cheese for the cat,
And the cat will give me back my tail.

The sow said, "If you will fetch me some bran."

So the mouse went to the miller and said:

Miller, give me bran! I'll give it to the sow,
And the sow will give me bristles for the shoemaker,
And the shoemaker will give me slippers for the cook,
And the cook will give me soup for the farmer,
And the farmer will give me hay for the goat,
And the goat will give me a horn for the blacksmith,
And the blacksmith will give me a knife for the innkeeper,
And the innkeeper will give me cheese for the cat,
And the cat will give me back my tail.

The miller said, "If you will fetch me some water."

So the mouse went to the brook in order to fetch water. But she fell in and drowned.

- Source: Ernst Meier, "Kätzle und Mäusle," *Deutsche Volksmärchen aus Schwaben* (Stuttgart: C. P. Scheitlins Verlagshandlung, 1852), no. 81, pp. 283-285.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2002.
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Why the Cat Kills Rats

Nigeria

Ansa was King of Calabar for fifty years. He had a very faithful cat as a housekeeper, and a rat was his house-boy. The king was an obstinate, headstrong man, but was very fond of the cat, who had been in his store for many years.

The rat, who was very poor, fell in love with one of the king's servant girls, but was unable to give her any presents, as he had no money.

At last he thought of the king's store, so in the nighttime, being quite small, he had little difficulty, having made a hole in the roof, in getting into the store. He then stole corn and native pears, and presented them to his sweetheart.

At the end of the month, when the cat had to render her account of the things in the store to the king, it was found that a lot of corn and native pears were missing. The king was very angry at this, and asked the cat for an explanation. But the cat could not account for the loss, until one of her friends told her that the rat had been stealing the corn and giving it to the girl.

When the cat told the king, he called the girl before him and had her flogged. The rat he handed over to the cat to deal with, and dismissed them both from his service. The cat was

so angry at this that she killed and ate the rat, and ever since that time whenever a cat sees a rat she kills and eats it.

- Source: Elphinstone Dayrell, *Folk Stories from Southern Nigeria, West Africa* (London: Longmans, Green, and Co., 1910), no. 18, pp. 68-69.
- Links to additional folktales from Nigeria.
- Return to the table of contents.

Related Links

- The Pied Piper of Hameln and related legends from other towns.
- D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Revised June 5, 2013.

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"Top-Off," answered the cat.

"Top-Off? That's a strange name, one that I've not yet heard."

Soon afterward the cat took another longing, went to the mouse, and said, "I've been asked to serve as godfather once again. The child has a white ring around its body. I can't say no. You'll have to do me a favor and take care of the house by yourself today."

The mouse agreed, and the cat went and ate up half the fat. When she returned home, the mouse asked, "What name did this godchild receive?"

"Half-Gone."

"Half-Gone? What are you telling me? I've never heard that name. It certainly isn't in the almanac."

Now the cat could not take his mind off the pot of fat. "I've been invited to serve as godfather for a third time," he said. "The child is black and has white paws, but not another white hair on his entire body. That only happens once in a few years. You will let me go, won't you?"

"Top-Off, Half-Gone," said the mouse. "Those names are so curious that it makes me a bit suspicious, but go ahead."

The mouse took care of the house and cleaned up everything, while the cat finished off the pot of fat. Round and full, she did not return until nighttime.

"What is the third child's name?"

"All-Gone."

"All-Gone! That is a worrisome name!" said the mouse. "All-Gone. Just what does this mean? I've never seen that name in print," and she shook her head and went to bed.

No one invited the cat to serve as godfather a fourth time. Winter soon came, and when they could no longer find anything to eat outside, the mouse said to the cat, "Let's get the provisions that we've hid in the church under the altar." They went there, but the pot was empty.

"Now I see!" said the mouse. "You came here when you said you were invited to be a godfather. First came Top-Off, then it was Half-Gone, and then..."

"Be still," said the cat. "I'll eat you up, if you say another word."

"All-Gone" was already in the poor mouse's mouth, and she had scarcely said it before the cat jumped on her and swallowed her down.

- Source: Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*, 1st ed. (Berlin, 1812/1815), v. 1, no. 2.
- Link to the German text Katz und Maus in Gesellschaft.

- Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 15.
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Mouse and Mouser

England

The mouse went to visit the cat, and found her sitting behind the hall door, spinning.

Mouse:
What are you doing, my lady, my lady,
What are you doing, my lady?

Cat (sharply):
I'm spinning old breeches, good body, good body,
I'm spinning old breeches, good body.

Mouse:
Long may you wear them, my lady, my lady,
Long may you wear them, my lady.

Cat (gruffly):
I'll wear 'em and tear 'em, good body, good body,
I'll wear 'em and tear 'em, good body.

Mouse:
I was sweeping my room, my lady, my lady,
I was sweeping my room, my lady.

Cat:
The cleaner you'd be, good body, good body,
The cleaner you'd be, good body.

Mouse:
I found a silver sixpence, my lady, my lady,
I found a silver sixpence, my lady.

Cat:
The richer you were, good body, good body,
The richer you were, good body.

Mouse:
I went to the market, my lady my lady,
I went to the market, my lady.

Cat:
The further you went, good body, good body,
The further you went, good body.

Mouse:
I bought me a pudding, my lady, my lady,
I bought me a pudding, my lady.

Cat: (snarling):
The more meat you had, good body, good body,
The more meat you had, good body.

Mouse:
I put it in the window to cool, my lady,
I put it in the window to cool.

Cat (sharply):
The faster you'd eat it, good body, good body,
The faster you'd eat it, good body.

Mouse (timidly):
The cat came and ate it, my lady, my lady,
The cat came and ate it, my lady.

Cat (pouncingly):
And I'll eat you, good body, good body,
And I'll eat you, good body.

(Springs upon the mouse and kills it.)

- Source: Joseph Jacobs, *English Fairy Tales* (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; London: David Nutt, 1898), pp. 48-50.
- Jacobs' source: From memory by Lady Burne-Jones.
- Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 111.
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Belling the Cat

Aesop

Long ago, the mice held a general council to consider what measures they could take to outwit their common enemy, the cat. Some said this, and some said that; but at last a young mouse got up and said he had a proposal to make, which he though would meet the case.

"You will all agree," said he, "that our chief danger consists in the sly and treacherous manner in which the enemy approaches us. Now, if we could receive some signal of her approach, we could easily escape from her. I venture, therefore, to propose that a small bell be procured, and attached by a ribbon round the neck of the cat. By this means we should always know when she was about, and could easily retire while she was in the neighborhood."

This proposal met with general applause, until an old mouse got up and said, "That is all very

well, but who is to bell the cat?"

The mice looked at one another and nobody spoke. Then the old mouse said: "**It is easy to propose impossible remedies.**"

- Source: Joseph Jacobs, *The Fables of Æsop: Selected, Told Anew, and Their History Traced* (London and New York: Macmillan and Company, 1894), pp. 159-60.
- This fable is sometimes entitled "Mice in Council."
- Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 110.
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The Cat and the Mice

Aesop

There was once a house that was overrun with mice. A cat heard of this, and said to herself, "That's the place for me," and off she went and took up her quarters in the house, and caught the mice one by one and ate them.

At last the mice could stand it n longer, and they determined to take to their holes and stay there.

"That's awkward," said the cat to herself. "The only thing to do is to coax them out by a trick." So she considered a while, and then climbed up the wall and let herself hang down by her hind legs from a peg, and pretended to be dead.

By and by a mouse peeped out and saw the cat hanging there. "Aha!" it cried, "You're very clever, madam, no doubt. But you may turn yourself into a bag of meal hanging there, if you like, yet you won't catch us coming anywhere near you."

If you are wise you won't be deceived by the innocent airs of those whom you have once found to be dangerous.

- Source: V. S. Vernon Jones, transl., *Æsop's Fables* (London: W. Heinemann, 1912), pp. 2-3.
- Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 113*.
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The Hypocritical Cat

Tibet

In long-past times there was a chieftain of a company of mice who had a retinue of five hundred mice. And there was also a cat named Agnija. In his youth he had been wont to kill all the mice in the neighborhood of his dwelling place. But afterward, when he had grown old,

and no longer had the power of catching mice, he thought, "In former times, when I was young, I was able to catch mice by force. But now that I can do so no more, I must use some trick in order to make a meal off them." So he began to watch the mice by stealth. By means of such watching he found out that there were five hundred mice in the troop.

At a spot not far distant from the mouse hole, he took to performing fictitious acts of penance, and the mice, as they ran to and fro, saw him standing there with pious mien. So they cried out to him from a distance, "Uncle, what are you doing?"

The cat replied, "As in my youth I have perpetrated many vicious actions, I am now doing penance in order to make up for them."

The mice fancied that he had given up his sinful life, and there grew up within them confidence nourished by faith.

Now as they returned into their hole every day after making their rounds, the cat always seized on and devoured the mouse which came last. Seeing that the troop was constantly dwindling, the chief thought, "There must be some cause for the fact that my mice are diminishing in number, and this cat is thriving apace."

So he began t observe the cat closely. And when he saw that the cat was fat and well covered with hair, he thought, "There is no doubt that this cat has killed the mice. Therefore must I bring the matter to the light of day."

Now as he kept careful watch from a hiding place, he saw how the cat ate up the mouse which went last. Then from afar off he pronounced this verse:

> As the uncle's body waxes bigger,
> but my troop on the contrary becomes smaller,
> and as he who eats roots and berries
> will not become fat and well covered with hair,
> this is not a genuine penance,
> but one performed only for the sake of gain.
> Because the number of the mice diminished,
> have you, O Agnija, thrived.

- Source: *Tibetan Tales, Derived from Indian Sources*, translated from the Tibetan of the Kaygyur [Kanjur] by F. Anton von Schiefner, and from the German into English by W. R. S. Ralston (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Company, 1906), no. 40, pp. 344-45.
- The *Kanjur* ("translated word") is a large collection of Buddhist teachings and tales, probably brought to Tibet by Indian refugees in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Depending on the edition, the *Kanjur* consists of 100, 102, or 108 folio volumes. The *Kanjur* plus the *Tanjur* ("translated treatises"), comprise the two parts of the official canon of Tibetan Buddhism.

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The Cat and the Mice

Tibet

Once upon a time there was a cat who lived in a large farmhouse in which there was a great number of mice. For many years the cat found no difficulty in catching as many mice as she wanted to eat, and she lived a very peaceful and pleasant life. But as time passed on she found that she was growing old and infirm, and that it was becoming more and more difficult for her to catch the same number of mice as before; so after thinking very carefully what was the best thing to do, she one day called all the mice together, and after promising not to touch them, she addressed them as follows:

"Oh! mice," said she, "I have called you together in order to say something to you. The fact is that I have led a very wicked life, and now, in my old age, I repent of having caused you all so much inconvenience and annoyance. So I am going for the future to turn over a new leaf. It is my intention now to give myself up entirely to religious contemplation and no longer to molest you, so henceforth you are at liberty to run about as freely as you will without fear of me. All I ask of you is that twice every day you should all file past me in procession and each one make an obeisance as you pass me by, as a token of your gratitude to me for my kindness."

When the mice heard this they were greatly pleased, for they thought that now, at last, they would be free from all danger from their former enemy, the cat. So they very thankfully promised to fulfill the cat's conditions, and agreed that they would file past her and make a salaam twice every day.

So when evening came the cat took her seat on a cushion at one end of the room, and the mice all went by in single file, each one making a profound salaam as it passed.

Now the cunning old cat had arranged this little plan very carefully with an object of her own; for, as soon as the procession had all passed by with the exception of one little mouse, she suddenly seized the last mouse in her claws without anybody else noticing what had happened, and devoured it at her leisure. And so twice every day, she seized the last mouse of the series, and for a long time lived very comfortably without any trouble at all in catching her mice, and without any of the mice realizing what was happening.

Now it happened that amongst these mice there were two friends, whose names were Rambé and Ambé, who were very much attached to one another. Now these two were much cleverer and more cunning than most of the others, and after a few days they noticed that the number of mice in the house seemed to be decreasing very much, in spite of the fact that the cat had promised not to kill any more. So they laid their heads together and arranged a little plan for future processions. They agreed that Rambé was always to walk at the very front of the procession of the mice, and the Ambé was to bring up the rear, and that all the time the procession was passing, Rambé was to call to Ambé, and Ambé to answer Rambé at frequent intervals. So next evening, when the procession started as usual, Rambé marched along in front, and Ambé took up his position last of all.

As soon as Rambé had passed the cushion where the cat was seated and had made his salaam, he called out in a shrill voice, "Where are you, Brother Ambé?"

"Here I am, Brother Rambé," squeaked the other from the rear of the procession.

And so they went on calling out and answering one another until they had all filed past the cat, who had not dared to touch Ambé as long as his brother kept calling to him.

The cat was naturally very much annoyed at having to go hungry that evening, and felt very cross all night. But she thought it was only an accident which had brought the two friends, one in front and one in rear of the procession, and she hoped to make up for her enforced abstinence by finding a particularly fat mouse at the end of the procession next morning. What, then, was her amazement and disgust when she found that on the following morning the very same arrangement had been made, and that Rambé called to Ambé, and Ambé answered Rambé until all the mice had passed her by, and so, for the second time, she was foiled of her meal. However, she disguised her feelings of anger and decided to give the mice one more trial; so in the evening she took her seat as usual on the cushion and waited for the mice to appear.

Meanwhile, Rambé and Ambé had warned the other mice to be on the lookout, and to be ready to take flight the moment the cat showed any appearance of anger. At the appointed time the procession started as usual, and as soon as Rambé had passed the cat he squeaked out, "Where are you, Brother Ambé?"

"Here I am, Brother Rambé," came the shrill voice from the rear.

This was more than the cat could stand. She made a fierce leap right into the middle of the mice, who, however, were thoroughly prepared for her, and in an instant they scuttled off in every direction to their holes. And before the cat had time to catch a single one, the room was empty and not a sign of a mouse was to be seen anywhere.

After this the mice were very careful not to put any further trust in the treacherous cat, who soon after died of starvation owing to her being unable to procure any of her customary food. But Rambé and Ambé lived for many years, and were held in high honor and esteem by all the other mice in the community.

- Source: W. F. O'Connor, *Folk Tales from Tibet* (London: Hurst and Blackett, Ltd., 1906), no. 5, pp. 26-29.
- Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 113B.
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The Cat as Holy Man

Palestine

A town cat, having destroyed almost all the mice and rats in the place, found itself forced, for lack of prey, to go into the fields and hunt for birds, mice, rats, and lizards. In this time of need it thought of the following ruse.

It stayed away for some weeks from its usual haunts, and, returning, lay down in front of a mouse and rat warren, with a rosary round its neck; then, with its eyes closed, fell to purring loudly. Soon a mouse peeped out of a hole, but, seeing the cat, hastily returned.

"Why do you flee?" said pussy gently. "Instead of showing pleasure at the return of an old neighbor from the pilgrimage, you run away as soon as you see him. Come and visit me, fear nothing."

Surprised at hearing itself thus addressed, the mouse again ventured to the door of its hole and said, "How can you expect me to visit you? Are you not the enemy of my race? Should I accept your invitation you would surely seize and devour me as you did my parents and so many others of my kindred."

"Alas!" sighed the cat, "your reproaches are just. I have been a great sinner, and have earned abuse and enmity. But I am truly penitent. As you see from this rosary round my neck, I now devote myself to prayer, meditation, and the recital of holy books, the whole of which I have learnt by heart, and was just beginning to repeat when you happened to look out of your hole. Besides this, I have visited the Holy Places, so am a Hajji [pilgrim] as well as a Hâfiz [one who knows the whole Koran by heart]. Go, my injured but nevertheless generous and forgiving friend, make my change of life and sentiments known to the rest of your people and bid them no longer shun my society, seeing that I am become a recluse. Whilst you are absent I shall resume my recitations. Purr, purr, purr."

Much surprised at the news he had just heard, the mouse made it known to the rest of the tribe. They were at first incredulous; but at last after one and another had ventured to peep from the mouth of its hole and had beheld the whiskered ascetic with the rosary round his neck apparently oblivious of earthly things, and steadily repeating his purr, purr, purr, which they supposed to be the contents of holy books, they thought that there might be some truth in the matter, and they convened a meeting of mice and rats to discuss it.

After much debate it was judged right to test the reality of the cat's conversion, but to be prudent at the same time; and so a large and experienced rat was sent out to reconnoiter. Being a wary veteran, he kept well out of the cat's reach, though he saluted him respectfully from a distance. The cat allowed the rat to prowl about unmolested for a long time in the hope that other rats and mice would come out, when his prey would be easy to catch and plentiful. But no others came, and at last the pangs of hunger made him resolve to wait no longer.

The rat, however, was on the alert and darted off the instant he noticed, from a slight movement of the cat's muscles, that the pretended saint was about to kill him.

"Why do you go away so abruptly?" mewed the cat. "Are you tired of hearing me repeat scripture, or do you doubt the correctness of my recitation?"

"Neither," answered the rat as he peeped from the hole in which he had taken refuge.

"Neither," answered the rat as he peeped from the hole in which he had taken refuge. "I am convinced that, however much you may have learnt by rote, you have neither unlearnt nor

a folktale from Italy of Aarne-Thompson type 333A
about a careless girl who is eaten up by a witch

translated and edited by

D. L. Ashliman
© 1999

1. Cattarinetta (Italy).
2. Links to related tales.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Italy

Once upon a time there was a mother who had a little daughter named Cattarinetta. One day she wanted to bake a cake and so she sent the girl to borrow a pan from her aunt, who was a wicked witch. The aunt gave the pan to the girl, saying, "Don't forget to bring me a piece of cake."

The cake was baked, and as soon as it was done the mother cut off a piece and put it in the pan, which the girl was to take back to the aunt. The delicious piece of cake tempted the girl, and as she walked along she pinched off one bite after the other and ate it, until finally there was nothing left in the pan. She was terrified, but she thought of a trick that would help her. She picked up a cow pie from the path and laid it in the pan so that it looked like a piece of cake with brown crust.

"Did you bring me the pan and a piece of cake?" asked the aunt as Cattarinetta arrived.

"Yes," said the girl, then set the pan down and ran away hurriedly.

Cattarinetta arrived back home, and when night fell she went to bed. Then suddenly she heard her aunt's voice calling, "Cattarinetta, I am coming. I am already at your front door!"

The girl slid further down into her bed, but the voice called out in short intervals again and again:

"Cattarinetta, I am coming. I am already on the stairway!"

"Cattarinetta, I am coming. I am already just outside your door!"

"Cattarinetta, I am coming. I am already beside your bed!"

And slurp! She swallowed up the girl.

- Source: Christian Schneller, "Cattarinetta," *Märchen und Sagen aus Wälschtirol* (Innsbruck: Verlag der Wagner'schen Universitäts-Buchhandlung, 1867), no. 5, pp. 8-9.
- This story is from South Tyrol, an alpine region in northern Italy but with historical and cultural ties to Austria.
- Aarne-Thompson type 333A.
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Links to related tales

- Little Red Riding Hood and other tales of Aarne-Thompson type 333.
    1. Little Red Riding Hood (Charles Perrault).
    2. Little Red Cap (Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm).
    3. Little Red Hat (Italy/Austria).
    4. The False Grandmother (France).
- A Corpse Claims Its Property. Tales of Aarne-Thompson type 366. These stories share with those of type 333A the closing episode in which a supernatural visitor terrorizes the main character with increasingly ominous threats.
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Revised November 26, 1999.

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Censorship in Folklore

An essay by

D. L. Ashliman
© 1997-2014

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Tales not fit for print

One could argue, as folklorists sometimes do in their professional meetings and journals, that no true folktale is fit for print. What they mean by this is that the act of reducing any oral performance to written language, by the very nature of things, introduces its own set of changes. Interaction between teller and listener is largely lost, as are nuances of voice; meaning carried by gestures, and so on.

Collectors and editors of folktales have wrestled with these problems from the very beginning. How, for example, should one spell the "wolf whistle" used by insensitive construction workers to signal their approval of attractive women? "Wheet-wheeo" may get the point across, but it surely does not carry the emotional impact of the audible whistle. Similarly, how should one spell the sound of disapproval made by clicking the tongue against the roof of the mouth? The approximation "tsk, tsk" is about the best one can do with a written word, but it too is a weak imitation of the real thing, to say nothing of a statement such as "and he responded with an obscene gesture."

Further, speech in a regional or socio-economic dialect carries a level of meaning that can only be alluded to in print. For example, the pioneer folktale collectors Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm bemoaned the loss of texture and meaning imposed on their stories by translating them from local dialects into standard German. They did, by way of example, publish a handful of tales in Low German, Bavarian German, and Swiss German, but the great majority of their stories are in a simple, but literate and grammatically correct standard High German, the language of writing, not the language of ordinary speech.

The problem of reducing speech to print intensifies when one is confronted with words or acts that, according to longstanding convention, are "unprintable." Any collector of ordinary people's speech acts will soon meet up with indelicate, even tabooed language, gestures, and events.

By today's norms, nineteenth-century (the age of most pioneering folklore collections) publication standards were exceedingly careful, even prudish. Although printed anecdote collections from earlier centuries were normally unashamedly blunt, nineteenth and early twentieth-century editors and publishers were much more cautious. With few exceptions, they

bowdlerized or omitted any potentially offensive words and episodes.

"Victorian" scholars (and those from later generations as well) have seen no contradiction in their attempts to preserve common culture while avoiding that which was vulgar. Virtually every major collection offers examples. The following quotations speak for themselves:

- In this new edition we have carefully removed every expression inappropriate for children. -- Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, preface to the 1819 edition of their *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* (Children's and Household Tales). These comments are repeated in the authoritative edition of 1857: *Kinder und Hausmärchen: Gesammelt durch die Brüder Grimm*, 7th ed., vol. 1 (Göttingen: Verlag der Dieterichschen Buchhandlung, 1857), p. xi.
- In our translation of these "Household Stories" ... we have omitted about a dozen short pieces to which English mothers might object, and for good and satisfactory reasons have altered, in a slight way, four other stories. The mixture of sacred subjects with profane, though frequent in Germany, would not meet with favor in an English book. *Household Stories*. Collected by the Brothers Grimm. Newly Translated. With 240 illustrations by Edward H. Wehnert. Vol 1. London: Addey and Company, 1853, p. iv.)
- A very few of the tales have been omitted, as not exactly suited to young English readers. -- *Grimm's Fairy Tales*. A new translation by Mrs. H. B. Paull. Specially adapted and arranged for young people. London: Frederick Warne and Company, p. iv.
- And now, before the translator takes leave of his readers for the second time, he will follow the lead of the good godmother in one of these tales, and forbid all good children to read the two which stand last in the book [Tom Totterhouse" and "Little Annie the Goose-Girl"]. -- George Webbe Dasent, preface to the second edition (dated 1859) of his translation of *Popular Tales from the Norse* by Peter Christen Asbjørnsen and Jørgen Moe (London: George Routledge and Sons, n.d.), p. vi. Dasent did not include this warning in his first edition of this collection. To the contrary, his preface (dated 1858) to this edition he justifies his unwillingnes to "soften" any of the tales: "Any, who may be inclined to be offended at first ... may find, not only that the softening process would have spoilt these popular traditions for all except the most childish readers, but that the things which shocked them at the first blush, are, after all, not so very shocking. -- George Webbe Dasent, *Popular Tales from the Norse* (Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas, 1859), p. vi.
- Many parts [of the old Cornish folk plays] are omitted, as they would in our refined days, be considered coarse; but as preserving a true picture of a peculiar people, as they were a century and a half or two centuries since, I almost regret the omissions. -- Robert Hunt, *Popular Romances of the West of England* (London: John Camden Hotten, 1871), p. 395. Citation from a later edition: Robert Hunt, *Popular Romances of the West of England*, 3rd ed. (London: Chatto and Windus, 1881), p. 395.
- "The Swineherd" has certain traits in common with an old Danish folktale, but the version I heard, as a child, would be quite unprintable. -- Hans Christian Andersen, "Notes for Fairy Tales and Stories" (1874), as quoted in *The Complete Fairy Tales and Stories*, translated by Erik Christian Haugaard (Garden City: Anchor Press/Doubleday, 1983), p. 1073.
- I heard another version of the same story ["The Smith and the Fairies"] in Lewis from

a medical gentleman, who got it from an old woman, who told it as a fact, with some curious variations unfit for printing. -- J. F. Campbell, *Popular Tales of the West Highlands: Orally Collected*, vol. 2 (Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas, 1860), p. 54.

• Many of the tales in this collection appeared either in the *Indian Antiquary*, the *Calcutta Review*, or the *Legends of the Punjab*. They were then in the form of literal translations, in many cases uncouth or even unpresentable to ears polite, in all scarcely intelligible to the untravelled English reader. -- Flora Annie Steel, *Tales of the Punjab*, notes by R. C. Temple (London: Macmillan and Company, 1894), p. v. First published (without the above disclaimer) in 1884 under the title *Wide-Awake Stories: A Collection of Tales Told by Little Children, between Sunset and Sunrise, in the Panjab and Kashmir* (Bombay: Education Society's Press; London: Trübner and Company, 1884.

• I have had to omit a certain number of stories as unsuited for publication. -- Cecil Henry Bompas, preface to *Folklore of the Santal Parganas* (London: David Nutt, 1909), p. 7.

• Here are a few of the stories told of Johha [a Palestinian trickster analagous to the Turkish Nasreddin Hodja or the European Till Eulenspiegel]. The majority are unfit for reproduction. -- J. E. Hanauer, *Folk-Lore of the Holy Land: Moslem, Christian, and Jewish* (London: Duckworth and Company, 1907), p. 84.

• When the tales are found they are adapted to the needs of British children by various hands, the editor doing little beyond guarding the interests of propriety, and toning down to mild reproofs the tortures inflicted on wicked stepmothers and other naughty characters. -- Andrew Lang, preface to *The Crimson Fairy Book* (London: Longmans, Green, and Company, 1903), p. v.

• Whenever an original incident, so far as I could penetrate to it, seemed to me too crudely primitive for the children of the present day, I have had no scruples in modifying or mollifying it, drawing attention to such bowdlerization in the somewhat elaborate notes at the end of the volume. -- Joseph Jacobs, preface to *Europa's Fairy Book: Restored and Retold* (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1916), p. viii.

• A few (four or five) of the stories are frankly indecent, and are always expurgated from popular editions of the work in Italy, a course which I have followed here. Two or three of the present collection are also a trifle free, but I have decided to leave them in their place, with a few unimportant excisions and alterations. -- Edward Storer's introduction to his translation of *Il Novellino: The Hundred Old Tales* (London and New York: George Routledge and Sons and E. P. Dutton and Co., ca. 1925), pp. 31-32.

• Uncle Blessing said some of the tales some preachers told were "too plumb filthy for any use." Of such tales he told me none at all. When the tale which he called "The Girl That Wouldn't Do a Hand's Turn" came to a certain point in the narrative, Uncle Blessing said that after that point it became a "long blackguard tale too nasty for telling"; and he ended the story right there. -- Marie Campbell, *Tales from the Cloud Walking Country* [Kentucky] (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1958), p. 209.

• Being productions of a more outspoken age, many of the following tales are, as was to be expected, of a character that is contrary to the taste of the present time. I have, however omitted nothing in this book; but in the case of a few isolated passages and of three entire stories, the nature of which is such as to preclude the possibility of their publication in these days, I have been content to print the original transliterated into the

Roman alphabet, but untranslated. -- E. J. W. Gibb, preface to his translation from the Turkish of *The History of the Forty Vezirs; or, The Story of the Forty Morns and Eves* by Sheykh-Zada, (London: George Redway, 1886), pp. xx-xxi.

- Some of the tales have been omitted as unsuitable for translation into English. -- B. Hale Wortham, introduction to his translation of *The Enchanted Parrot: Being a Selection from the "Suka Saptati," or, The Seventy Tales of a Parrot* (London: Luzac and Company, 1911), p. 8.
- In one or two instances I was asked if I would allow a Paharee man, well versed in local folk-lore, to relate a few stories to me; but, for obvious reasons I was obliged to decline the offer, for man Simla Village tales related to me by women, and *not* included in this book, wer grotesquely unfitfor publication. -- Alice Elizabeth Dracot, preface to *Simla Village Tales; or, Folk Tales from the Himalayas* (London: John Murray, 1906), p. x.
- As was to be expected in a work devoted to a delineation of the virtues, and follies, and vices of man, by means of proverbs, anecdotes and narratives, a number of stories occur which would have been omitted by an occidental compiler. These have, however, been relegated to the respectable obscurity of the Latin tongue by my friend Mr. J. B. Hodge, M.A., of the Department of Printed Books, British Museum; thus the integrity of the work has been maintained in its printed form, and it is hoped that the general reader will find nothing to offend his taste. -- E. A. Wallis Budge, preface to his translation of *The Laughable Stories*, collected by Mar Gregory John Bar-Hebraeus (London: Luzac and Company, 1897), p. viii.
- His book is befouled with obscenity, and, like obscenity itself, is ceasing by degrees to be part of a gentleman's education.... The translator ... must leave whole pages in the decent obscurity of Latin. -- Michael Heseltine, preface to his translation of the *Satyricon* of Petronius, Loeb Classical Library (London: William Heinemann; New York: The Macmillan Company, 1913, p. xvi.

Similarly, naive readers of the 1891 English translation of The *Facetious Nights* by Giovanni Francesco Straparola (ca. 1480 - ca. 1557) are protected from the passages of that collection that are most wanting in decency by the fact that the editor translates the critical parts of the most offensive tales (for example, night 6, tales 2 and 4) from the original Italian into French rather than into English. Uneducated readers -- who presumably would not understand French -- are thus spared from the deleterious effects of the racier tales. Educated readers -- who could read French -- presumably would be protected from negative influences by their own sophistication.

Bibliographic reference:

- Straparola, Giovanni Francesco. *The Facetious Nights*, London: Privately printed for members of the Society of Bibliophiles, 1901.

Not even the works of established and (for the most part) respected storytellers are safe from bowdlerization. Boccaccio's *The Decameron*, contains a number of tales deemed by some translators and publichers to be too racy for ordinary readers, most famously the tenth story of the third day ("Alibech Puts the Devil Back into Hell," type 1425). Their solution: as was the

case with the above cited translation of Straparola's *The Facetious Nights*, they translated the offending passages into French, although the acceptable portions of the book were rendered into English; or they left the objectionable portions in the original Italian.

Bibliographic references:

- *The Decameron; or, Ten Days' Entertainment of Boccaccio*, translated by Walter Keating Kelly (London: H. G. Bohn, 1855). Portions of day 3, story 10, are left untranslated (pp. 191-98).
- *Stories of Boccaccio (The Decameron)*. Translated from the Italian into English by Léopold Flameng. Philadelphia: G. Barrie, Importer, 1881. Portions of day 3, story 10, are left untranslated (pp. 172-79).
- *Stories of Boccaccio (The Decameron)*. Translated by John Payne. Printed for the Bibliophilist Library, 1903. Portions of day 3, story 10, are translated into French (pp. 185-92).
- *The Decameron* by M. Giovanni Boccaccio, vol. 2. London: Gibbings and Company, 1898). Portions of day 3, story 10, are translated into French (pp. 198-212).

Even scholars of folklore, whose very science depends upon the unaltered recording of data, are sometimes reluctant to give the whole story, or -- in some instances -- any of the story. For example, Antti Aarne and Stith Thompson, two of the greatest folktale catalogers, were reluctant to provide details for the many erotic tales that they encountered, sometimes identifying them by little more than a number and the tag "obscene" (for example, types 1546*, 1549*, 1580*).

Hans-Jörg Uther, in his exemplary revision of the Aarne-Thompson catalog, adds relevant details to many of Aarne's and Thompson's sketchy summaries. For example, Aarne and Thompson label type 1547* "The Trickster with the Painted Member," adding only the vague summary: "The father wants his daughter's child to be a bishop." Uther labels his entry for the same folktale type "The Trickster with Painted Penis," then adds two full paragraphs describing how the trickster uses this prank to dupe a naive married couple. Returning to the type numbers mentioned above labeled "obscene" by Aarne and Thompson, with no summaries: Uther omits these numbers from his catalog.

Bibliographic reference:

- Aarne, Antti, and Thompson, Stith. *The Types of the Folktale: A Classification and Bibliography*. FF Communications 184. Helsinki: Suomalainen Tiedeakatemia, 1961.
- Uther, Hans-Jörg. *The Types of International Folktales: A Classification and Bibliography*. 3 vols. FF Communications 284-86. Helsinki: Suomalainen Tiedeakatemia, 2004.

Counter examples

The Grimm Brothers

Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, as stated above in their own words, "carefully removed every

expression inappropriate for children" from their published folktales. They did not, however, avoid tabooed material altogether. For example, their story "All-Kinds-of-Fur" (no. 65) has the threat of father-daughter incest as its central theme, while "Old Hildebrand" (no. 95) is the tale of an adulterous adventure between a priest and a peasant woman. But still, in the main the Grimms avoided material that would have offended their 19th-century bourgeois public.

- Click here for the full text of the Grimms' All-Kinds-of-Fur (in English); or "Allerleirauh," *Kinder- und Hausmärchen gesammelt durch die Brüder Grimm*, 7th ed., vol. 1 (Verlag der Dieterichschen Buchhandlung, 1857), no. 65, pp. 353-59 (in German).
- Click here for the full text of the Grimms' Old Hildebrand (in English); or "Der alte Hildebrand," *Kinder- und Hausmärchen gesammelt durch die Brüder Grimm*, 7th ed., vol. 2 (Verlag der Dieterichschen Buchhandlung, 1857), no. 95, pp. 53-56 (in Bavarian dialect).

Aleksandr Afanasyev

Aleksandr Afanasyev (the transliteration Afanas'ev is also used) (1826-1871), the Russian counterpart to the brothers Grimm, published 640 folktales in numerous editions between the years 1855 and 1873. Like the Grimms, he molded authentic folklore material into a simple, but literate style, a style that has endured for more than a century. Unlike the Grimms (and unlike virtually every other nineteenth-century folklorist) Afanasyev did not shy away from patently offensive material and language. His published stories are innocent enough, but he also kept manuscript collections of obscene stories. These were smuggled out of Russia and first published (in Russian, under the title *Russian Secret Tales*) in Switzerland in 1872. Anticlerical, scatological, erotic, and often crude, these tales, reflect a vulgar side of everyday life in the nineteenth century that many would rather not think about. But without doubt it was there.

Two English translations of Afanayef's Russian secret tales are:

- *Russian Secret Tales: Bawdy Folktales of Old Russia.* New York: Brussel and Brussel, 1966.
- *Erotic Tales of Old Russia.* Bilingual edition. Oakland: Scythian Books, 1980.

The late twentieth century

For better or for worse, the reading public appears to have lost its squeamishness with reference to tabooed subjects, and folklorists of today no longer apologize for their "offensive" material, as did their nineteenth-century counterparts. Indeed, what few restrictions may have been imposed by the book publishing industry have vanished into cyberspace. Here are a few titles by respected folklorists that, a few years ago were quite daring, but that today seem almost bland.

Examples:

- Legman, G. *Rationale of the Dirty Joke: An Analysis of Sexual Humor.* New York: Grove Press, 1968.

- Randolph, Vance. *Pissing in the Snow and Other Ozark Folktales.* New York: Avon Books, 1977.

- Dundes, Alan. *Life is Like a Chicken Coop Ladder: A Portrait of German Culture Through Folklore*. New York: Columbia University Press, 1984.

In the tradition of fairy tales, I let three examples suffice. And in the tradition of my Victorian forebears, I leave unsaid why it is that "life is like a chicken coop ladder," even though as a boy, one of my chores was to haul the sh-- out of the chicken coop.

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Revised July 13, 2014.

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The Cock and the Mouse
and
The Sexton's Nose

chain tales of Aarne-Thompson type 2032
edited by

D. L. Ashliman
© 2000-2003

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The Cock and the Mouse

Italy

Once upon a time there was a cock and a mouse.

One day the mouse said to the cock, "Friend cock, shall we go and eat some nuts on yonder tree?"

"As you like."

So they both went under the tree, and the mouse climbed up at once and began to eat. The poor cock began to fly, and flew and flew, but could not come where the mouse was. When it saw that there was no hope of getting there, it said, "Friend mouse, do you know what I want you to do? Throw me a nut."

The mouse went and threw one and hit the cock on the head. The poor cock, with its head broken and all covered with blood, went away to an old woman. "Old aunt, give me some rags to cure my head."

"If you will give me two hairs, I will give you the rags."

The cock went away to a dog. "Dog, give me some hairs. The hairs I will give the old woman. The old woman will give me rags to cure my head."

"If you will give me a little bread," said the dog, "I will give you the hairs."

The cock went away to a baker. "Baker, give me bread. I will give the bread to the dog. The

dog will give hairs. The hairs I will carry to the old woman. The old woman will give me rags to cure my head."

The baker answered, "I will not give you bread unless you give me some wood!"

The cock went away to the forest. "Forest, give me some wood. The wood I will carry to the baker. The baker will give me some bread. The bread I will give to the dog. The dog will give me hairs. The hairs I will carry to the old woman. The old woman will give me rags to cure my head."

The forest answered, "If you will bring me a little water, I will give you some wood."

The cock went away to a fountain. "Fountain, give me water. Water I will carry to the forest. Forest will give wood. Wood I will carry to the baker. Baker will give bread. Bread I will give dog. Dog will give hairs. Hairs I will give old woman. Old woman will give rags to cure my head."

The fountain gave him water. The water he carried to the forest. The forest gave him wood. The wood he carried to the baker. The baker gave him bread. The bread he gave to the dog. The dog gave him the hairs. The hairs he carried to the old woman. the old woman gave him the rags. And the cock cured his head.

- Source: Thomas Frederick Crane, *Italian Popular Tales* (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company, 1885, no. 80, pp. 252-253.
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The Sexton's Nose

Italy

A sexton, one day in sweeping the church, found a piece of money (it was a fifth of a cent) and deliberated with himself as to what he would buy with it. If he bought nuts or almonds, he was afraid of the mice; so at last he bought some roasted peas, and ate all but the last pea.

This he took to a bakery nearby, and asked the mistress to keep it for him. She told him to leave it on a bench, and she would take care of it. When she went to get it, she found that the cock had eaten it. The next day the sexton came for the roast pea, and when he heard what had become of it, he said they must either return the roast pea or give him the cock.

This they did, and the sexton, not having anyplace to keep it, took it to a miller's wife, who promised to keep it for him. Now she had a pig, which managed to kill the cock. The next day the sexton came for the cock, and on finding it dead, demanded the pig, and the woman had to give it to him.

The pig he left with a friend of his, a pastry cook, whose daughter was to be married the next day. The woman was mean and sly, and killed the pig for her daughter's wedding, meaning to tell the sexton that the pig had run away. The sexton, however, when he heard it, made a great fuss, and declared that she must give him back his pig or her daughter. At last she had

to give him her daughter, whom he put in a bag and carried away.

He took the bag to a woman who kept a shop, and asked her to keep for him this bag, which he said contained bran. The woman by chance kept chickens, and she thought she would take some of the sexton's bran and feed them. When she opened the bag she found the young girl, who told her how she came there. The woman took her out of the sack, and put in her stead a dog.

The next day the sexton came for his bag, and putting it on his shoulder, started for the seashore, intending to throw the young girl in the sea. When he reached the shore, he opened the bag, and the furious dog flew out and bit his nose.

The sexton was in great agony, and cried out, while the blood ran down his face in torrents, "Dog, dog, give me a hair to put in my nose, and heal the bite."

The dog answered, "Do you want a hair? Give me some bread."

The sexton ran to a bakery, and said to the baker, "Baker, give me some bread to give the dog. The dog will give a hair. The hair I will put in my nose, and cure the bite."

The baker said, "Do you want bread? Give me some wood."

The sexton ran to the woodman. "Woodman, give me wood to give the baker. The baker will give me bread. The bread I will give to the dog. The dog will give me a hair. The hair I will put in my nose, and heal the bite."

The woodman said, "Do you want wood? Give me a mattock."

The sexton ran to a smith. "Smith, give me a mattock to give the woodman. The woodman will give me wood. I will carry the wood to the baker. The baker will give me bread. I will give the bread to the dog. The dog will give me a hair. The hair I will put in my nose, and heal the bite."

The smith said, "Do you want a mattock? Give me some coals."

The sexton ran to the collier. "Collier, give me some coals to give the smith. The smith will give me a mattock. The mattock I will give the woodman. The woodman will give me some wood. The wood I will give the baker. The baker will give me bread. The bread I will give the dog. The dog will give me a hair. The hair I will put in my nose, and heal the bite."

"Do you want coals? Give me a cart."

The sexton ran to the wagon maker. "Wagon maker, give me a cart to give the collier. The collier will give me some coals. The coals I will carry to the smith. The smith will give me a mattock. The mattock I will give the woodman. The woodman will give me some wood. The wood I will give the baker. The baker will give me bread. The bread I will give to the dog. The dog will give me a hair. The hair I will put in my nose, and heal the bite."

The wagon maker, seeing the sexton's great lamentation, is moved to compassion, and gives him the cart. The sexton, well pleased, takes the cart and goes away to the collier. The collier gives him the coals. The coals he takes to the smith. The smith gives him the mattock. The mattock he takes to the woodman. The woodman gives him wood. The wood he carries to the baker. The baker gives him bread. The bread he carries to the dog. The dog gives him a hair. The hair he puts in his nose, and heals the bite.

- Source: Thomas Frederick Crane, *Italian Popular Tales* (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company, 1885, no. 79, pp. 250-252.
- In this version the chain tale of type 2032 is introduced by a type 1655 tale about profitable exchanges.
- Link to additional tales of type 1655.
- Treating a dog bite by applying to it the hair of the dog that inflicted the wound is a widespread folk cure.
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- D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.
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Revised June 23, 2003.

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The Grain of Corn
and
The Little Blackbird

chain tales of Aarne-Thompson type 2034D
edited by

D. L. Ashliman
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The Grain of Corn

India

Once upon a time a farmer's wife was winnowing corn, when a crow, flying past, swooped off with a grain from the winnowing basket and perched on a tree close by to eat it. The farmer's wife, greatly enraged, flung a clod at the bird with so good an aim that the crow fell to the ground, dropping the grain of corn, which rolled into a crack in the tree.

The farmer's wife, seeing the crow fall, ran up to it, and seizing it by the tail, cried, "Give me back my grain of corn, or I will kill you!"

The wretched bird, in fear of death, promised to do so, but, lo and behold! when he came to search for the grain, it had rolled so far into the crack that neither by beak nor claw could he reach it.

So he flew off to a woodman, and said:

> Man! man! cut tree;
> I can't get the grain of corn
> To save my life from the farmer's wife!

But the woodman refused to cut the tree; so the crow flew on to the king 's palace, and said:

> King! king! kill man;
> Man won't cut tree;

I can't get the grain of corn
To save my life from the farmer's wife!

But the king refused to kill the man; so the crow flew on to the queen , and said:

Queen! queen! coax king;
King won't kill man;
Man won't cut tree.
I can't get the grain of corn
To save my life from the farmer's wife!

But the queen refused to coax the king; so the crow flew on till he met a snake, and said:

Snake! snake! bite queen;
Queen won't coax king;
King won't kill man;
Man won't cut tree;
I can't get the grain of corn
To save my life from the farmer's wife!

But the snake refused to bite the queen; so the crow flew on till he met a stick, and said:

Stick! stick! beat snake;
Snake won't bite queen;
Queen won't coax king;
King won't kill man:
Man won't cut tree;
I can't get the grain of corn
To save my life from the farmer's wife!

But the stick refused to beat the snake; so the crow flew on till he saw a fire, and said:

Fire! fire! burn stick;
Stick won't beat snake;
Snake won't bite queen;
Queen won't coax king;
King won't kill man;
Man won't cut tree;
I can't get the grain of corn
To save my life from the farmer's wife!

But the fire refused to burn the stick; so the crow flew on till he met some water, and said:

Water! water! quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat snake;
Snake won't bite queen;

Queen won't coax king;
King won't kill man;
Man won't cut tree;
I can't get the grain of corn
To save my life from the farmer's wife!

But the water refused to quench the fire; so the crow flew on till he met an ox, and said:

Ox! ox! drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat snake;
Snake won't bite queen;
Queen won't coax king;
King won't kill man;
Man won't cut tree;
I can't get the grain of corn
To save my life from the farmer's wife!

But the ox refused to drink the water; so the crow flew on till he met a rope, and said:

Rope! rope! bind ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat snake;
Snake won't bite queen;
Queen won't coax king;
King won't kill man;
Man won't cut tree;
I can't get the grain of corn
To save my life from the farmer's wife!

But the rope wouldn't bind the ox; so the crow flew on till he met a mouse, and said:

Mouse! mouse! gnaw rope;
Rope won't bind ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat snake;
Snake won't bite queen;
Queen won't coax king;
King won't kill man;
Man won't cut tree;
I can't get the grain of corn
To save my life from the farmer's wife!

But the mouse wouldn't gnaw the rope; so the crow flew on until he met a cat, and said:

Cat! cat! catch mouse;
Mouse won't gnaw rope;
Rope won't bind ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat snake;
Snake won't bite queen;
Queen won't coax king;
King won't kill man;
Man won't cut tree;
And I can't get the grain of corn
To save my life from the farmer's wife!

The moment the cat heard the name of mouse, she was after it; for the world will come to an end before a cat will leave a mouse alone.

So the cat began to catch the mouse,
The mouse began to gnaw the rope,
The rope began to bind the ox,
The ox began to drink the water,
The water began to quench the fire,
The fire began to burn the stick,
The stick began to beat the snake,
The snake began to bite the queen ,
The queen began to coax the king ,
The king began to kill the man,
The man began to cut the tree;
So the crow got the grain of corn,
And saved his life from the farmer's wife!

- Source: Flora Annie Steel, *Tales of the Punjab: Told by the People* (London and New York: Macmillan and Company, 1894), pp. 198ff.
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The Little Blackbird

India

There was once a little blackbird (the *litia*) who was the proud owner of three *kauries*, or shells. This bird used to come to a king and say, "O king, I have three *kauries*, O king."

The king was so much annoyed by the continual chirping of the little bird that he ordered his servants to take the three *kauries* from the bird and to drive it away.

But the bird would not leave the king, and so it began to say, "My wealth has made you rich, O king. My wealth has made you rich, O king."

The king then ordered that the three *kauries* should be returned to the little blackbird. The bird then took the three kauries, and went to the seller of parched gram (a coarse pea), and with the three *kauries* she bought three grains of parched gram. Taking these the bird flew off and sat on a new cart which a carpenter was making, and there she started eating the gram. Having eaten two grains, she was about to eat the third, when it dropped from her beak and fell into a joint of the new cart, where she could not reach it.

In great distress she appealed to the carpenter to take to pieces his cart that she might get at the grain she had lost.

"You silly little thing," said the carpenter. "Do you suppose I am going to take to pieces my new cart to get at a single grain which you have dropped into the joint of the woodwork?"

The little blackbird then went to the king, and said to him that she had lost her grain, and asked him to order the carpenter to open his cart that she might get at her grain.

"You silly little thing," said the king. "Do you suppose I am going to order the carpenter to open his cart that you may get one small grain?"

The little blackbird then went to the queen, and begged of her to persuade the king to order the carpenter to open the cart to let her get at the grain. But the queen also said, "Get away, you silly thing."

Then the little blackbird went to a deer and said, "Come, O deer, graze in the queen's garden, for she will not persuade the king, and the king will not order the carpenter, and the carpenter will not open the cart, and I cannot get at my grain."

But the deer would give to heed to the bird, and called her "You silly little thing."

Then said the bird, "I will go to the *lathi* (the strong, stout stick)."

To the *lathi* she went and said, "Come, stout stick, strike the deer, for the deer will not graze in the queen's garden, and the queen will not persuade the king, and the king will not command the carpenter, and the carpenter will not open his cart, and I cannot get at my grain."

But the stick also would give no ear to the cry of the little blackbird, so she went at once to the fire; and she begged the fire to burn the stick, for the deer would not eat the queen's garden, and the queen would not persuade the king, the king would not command the carpenter, the carpenter would not break up his cart, and she could not get at her grain.

But the fire also made light of the little bird's prayer. So she went next to the lake, and implored the lake to quench the fire, for the fire would not burn the stick, and the stick would not strike the deer, and the deer would not destroy the garden, and the queen would not persuade the king, and the king refused to command the carpenter, who also refused to open

his cart, so that the bird could not get at her grain.

But the lake refused to help the bird.

She then went to a place where there were thousands of rats, and to the rats she presented her prayer that they should come and fill the lake with their diggings, for the lake would not quench the fire, etc., etc.

But the rats also gave no attention to the wishes of the small blackbird.

Then the bird went to a cat, and of the cat she implored that she should attack the rats, for the rats would not fill in the lake, and the lake would not quench the fire, etc., and she could not get at her grain.

But the cat also was deaf to the prayers of the small blackbird.

Then she went to the elephant, and of the elephant she implored that he would crush the cat, for the cat would not kill the rats, etc., etc., and she could not get at her grain.

But the elephant treated her as did all the others.

Then she went to an ant, and begged the wee ant to crawl into the elephant's ear, for the elephant would not crush the cat, etc., etc. and she could not get at her grain.

But the ant also gave no heed to her prayer.

Then at last she came to the crow, the most greedy of all creatures, and of the crow she begged that he should eat the ant.

From sheer greed the crow consented to eat the ant; but the ant, seeing the crow about to eat it, went to crawl into the ear of the elephant, and the elephant, fearing the harm which the ant could do him, went to crush the cat; but the cat slipped away, and was about the destroy the rats, and they at once began to fill in the lake; and the lake, becoming alarmed, was about to quench the fire, when the fire began to burn the stick, and the stick began to beat the deer, so that the deer was about to destroy the queen's garden, when the queen began to persuade the king, and the king commanded the carpenter, and the carpenter opened his new cart; and the little blackbird found her grain, and happily taking it up she flew away, and quietly enjoyed her repast, and lived very happily ever after.

- Source: E. M. Gordon, Indian Folk Tales, *Being Side-Lights on Village Life in Bilaspore, Central Provinces* (London: Elliot Stock, 1908), pp. 53-56.
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- Chain Tales. Links to additional stories about chains of events.
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Changeling Legends from the British Isles

edited by

D. L. Ashliman, University of Pittsburgh
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- Changelings: An Essay by D. L. Ashliman.
- D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.
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- The Changeling. A ballad by John Greenleaf Whittier.
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19. Brewery of Eggshells, Joseph Jacobs, *Celtic Fairy Tales.*

Edinburgh: John Grant, 1910, pp. 154-157 (Gaelic and English on facing pages).
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The Glengarry Fairy

James MacDougall, *Folk Tales and Fairy Lore in Gaelic and English*

There once lived in Glengarry a widow with a young child who was a boy. One day she went to the well for water; and when she was returning to the house, she heard the child, whom she had left sleeping quietly in the cradle, screaming as if he were in great pain. She hastened in, a gave him a drink as quickly as she could. This quieted him for a little while, but he soon broke out again as badly as ever. She gave him another drink; and while he was at her breast she looked at him and saw that he had two teeth in his mouth, each more than an inch long, and that his face was as old and withered as any face she had ever seen.

She said to herself: "Now I am undone, but I will keep quiet until I see what will come of this."

Next day she lifted the lad in her arms, put a shawl about him, and went away as though she was going to the next farm with him. A bug burn ran across her path, and when she was going over the ford, the creature put his head out of the shawl and said: "Many a big fold have I seen on the banks of this stream!"

The woman did not wait to hear more of his history, but threw him into a deep pool below the ford, where he lay for a while, tumbling about and reviling her, and saying if he had known beforehand the trick she was going to play him, he would have shown her another.

She then heard a sound like that of a flock of birds flying about her, but saw nothing until she looked at her feet, and there beheld her own child with his bones as bare as the tongs. She took him home with her, and he got gradually better, and was at last as healthy as any other child.

- Source: James MacDougall, *Folk Tales and Fairy Lore in Gaelic and English,* Edinburgh: John Grant, 1910, pp. 115-119 (Gaelic and English on facing pages).
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The Kintalen Changeling

James MacDougall, *Folk Tales and Fairy Lore in Gaelic and English*

There was living in Kintalen a woman who had a male-child with neither the growth nor the bloom of other children of his age. From morning to evening he would not cease one minute from crying, and he would eat far more food than was natural for the like of him.

It was harvest, and there was not a person on the farm who could draw a sickle but was out on the reaping field, except the mother of the child. She, too, would have been out were it not for fear that the nasty screaming thing would break his heart crying, if she should leave him in charge of any other person.

It happened that there was at the time a tailor in the house, making clothes. The tailor was a shrewd, observant man, and he was but a short time within until he became suspicious of the lad in the cradle. "You," said he to the woman, "may go to the reaping, and I will take care of the child."

The woman went away. But she had barely taken her feet over the threshold when the withered object she had left behind began shrieking and crying loudly and sorely. The tailor listened to him a good while, keeping his eye on him, till he was sure that he was nothing but a changeling. He now lost patience with him, and cried in a sharp, angry voice: "Stop that music, lad, or I'll put thee on the fire."

The crying ceased for a while, but afterwards it began a second time. "Art thou at it again, piper of the one tune?" said the tailor. "Let me hear that music any more from thee, and I will kill thee with the dirk." When the fairy beheld the frown on the tailor's countenance and the dirk in his hand, he took such a fright that he kept quiet a good while.

The tailor was a cheerful man, and to keep from wearying he began to hum a tune. In the middle of the music the ugly elf raised a loud howl. But, if he did, he was not allowed to go on with his warble but a very short time. The tailor leaped off his work-table, went, dirk in hand, over to the cradle, and said to the fairy: "We have enough of that music, take the right great bagpipes and give us one good tune on them, or else I'll put the dirk in thee."

The fairy sat up in the cradle, took the pipes which he had somewhere about him, and struck up the sweetest music the tailor had ever heard. The reapers heard it on the field, and instantly dropped their sickles and stood listening to the fairy music. At length they left the field, and ran in the direction whence the music came. But before they reached the house the tune had ceased; and they knew not who played it or whence it came.

When the reapers returned home in the evening, and the tailor got the mistress of the house alone, he told her everything that happened while she was at the reaping, and that her child was nothing but a changeling. He then told her to go with him to the Ardsheal side of the bay, and to throw him out in the Loch. She did as was told her, and as soon as the nasty little elf touched the water he became a big grey-haired old man, and swam to the other side of the bay. When he got his foot on dry land, he cried to her that if he had known beforehand what she was going to do he would have made her never think of doing such a thing again.

She returned home and found her own child at the door before her, hale and sound.

- Source: James MacDougall, *Folk Tales and Fairy Lore in Gaelic and English,* Edinburgh: John Grant, 1910, pp. 148-153 (Gaelic and English on facing pages).
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The Red-Haired Tailor of Rannoch and the Fairy

James MacDougall, *Folk Tales and Fairy Lore in Gaelic and English*

The red-haired tailor lived in Rannoch. Like the rest of his kind, he went from house to house

to make clothes of the cloth which thrifty wives manufactured for their husbands and sons in by-gone times.

Once as he was approaching a house, where he had a few days' work to do, evening came on, and he saw, in the dimness of the twilight, one like a very little child, running before him and keeping out of sight behind every bush and every hillock at the road-side. The tailor hardened his step, hoping to overtake the curious manikin before him, but instead of gaining, he was losing ground at every step he took. As soon as he noticed this, he began to run with all his might; but in spite of his skin, he could not shorten the distance between them.

At length he lost patience so completely that he threw his big shears at the nimble little man ahead, and struck him with them in the knee joints. The fairy, for such he was, fell on his face, and before he had time to rise up, was in the tailor's arms, and the shears on his breast.

"Tell me where thou art going, my good lad," said the tailor.

"I am on my way from the Big Fairy Knoll, to the house ahead of thee, to get a while of the breast of the wife," replied the little imp. This was the very house to which the tailor was going.

"And what wilt thou do with the woman's own child?" said he then.

"Oh, I will put him out at the back window to my people, and they will take him with them to our place," answered the other.

"And will they send him home when thou hast had enough of his mother's breast?"

"Oh, no; never!"

"That will do," said the tailor, and he let his prisoner go.

As soon as he got his liberty, he stretched away to the house, and was within before the tailor arrived. He had the house to himself, for the goodman and his wife were in the byre milking the cows, and no one within but the child in the cradle. He lifted the child in his arms, and handed it out at the back window to the other fairies, as he thought; but the tailor was before them, and took the child quietly in his arms, and then went away with it to the house of his sister, who lived a short distance off, and left it in her charge.

When he returned he found the wife before him, and the changeling in the cradle, ready to burst with crying. The wife took him up, and gave him a drink, and then put him back in the cradle again.

He was not long there till he began to scream and cry once more. She took him up, and gave him another drink. But to all appearance nothing would please him but to be left always on the breast.

This game went on for a few days more. But when the patience of the tailor ran out, he sprang at last from the work-table, took in a creelful of peats, and put a big fire on the hearth.

When the fire was in the heat of its burning, he sprang over to the cradle, took with him the changeling, and before any one in the house could interpose, he threw him in the very middle of the flames. But the little knave leaped out through the chimney, and from the house-top cried in triumph to the wife: "I have got so much of the sap of thy breast in spite of thee," and he departed.

- Source: James MacDougall, *Folk Tales and Fairy Lore in Gaelic and English*, Edinburgh: John Grant, 1910, pp. 142-147 (Gaelic and English on facing pages).
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The Trows Steal a Child

G. F. Black, *Examples of Printed Folk-Lore Concerning the Orkney & Shetland Islands*

Two married brothers were living in one house, and the wife of one was expecting to become a mother. Her brother-in-law, being informed of what was going on, took up a fishing rod and set off to the Craigs (crag-fishing) to be out of the way.

He had to pass a plantiecrü, the favorite haunt of many Trows, and when he got there he saw a number of them going as if towards his house.

Jaimie instantly turned back, for he knew that they had power at such times, and the *saining* might be neglected. Hurrying home he went and opened his trunk, took out a Bible, laid it near the door, and left the key in the lock. Making sure that no door or box was locked in the house (for that angers the Trows and they have power when a key is turned), and exhorting the güde wives assembled not to allow their patient to go past the fireplace, Jaimie walked off, intending to visit a neighbor instead of venturing near the plantiecrü again.

But by that time the Trows had got near and found out that he had guarded the way to their coveted treasure, so they took all power from him as soon as he got a stone's throw from his own door. At that place he had to cross a stile and when he had got one leg over the stile, he found he could get no farther. There he sat without power to move; and he sat for hours astride the wall. By-and-by one of the güde wives came out, and seeing Jaimie sitting like that, she cried, "Jaimie, güde be aboot de! What's do sitting yonder for a' this time?"

As soon as she said "Güde be aboot de" the power to move came back and Jamie came home to share in the blythe feast. But that very night a child of his took a crying. It cried and cried for exactly eight days, then it lay as if sleeping for eight days, and all folk said that it appeared to be another child. Then Jaimie knew it was a changeling, so he set the cradle outside the house-door, beyond the shadow of the lintel, and the changeling was no more. There was just an image left lifeless in the cradle.

- Source: *County Folk-Lore*, vol. 3: *Examples of Printed Folk-Lore Concerning the Orkney & Shetland Islands,* collected by G. F. Black and edited by Northcote W. Thomas (London: Folk-Lore Society, 1903), pp. 28-29.
- Black's source: Biot Edmonston and Jessie M. E. Saxby *The Home of a Naturalist,* (London, 1888), p. 213.

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Mind the Crooked Finger

J. G. Ollason, Shetland Islands

Bill Robertson, æt. 71, residing in Lerwick, soberly narrated this trowy story:

My midder, God rest her soul, tauld me this, and she nedder could nor wid ha' tauld me a lee. Shü wis staying wi' freends at Kirgood-a-Weisdale; an' ee nicht about da hüming (twilight) da guidman was sair fashed, for da honest wife haed just haed a pirie baby.

An' noo, my lamb 'at ye ir (are), what sud he hear juist as he was gaein' ta leave the lamb-house, but three most unearthly knocks, da sam as it haed a been frae onder da grund. Noo, he kent na what dis could be, but he made a' fast, an' gangs up intil de corn yard, and as he comes in sight of the screws he hears a voice 'at said tree times, "Mind da crooked finger."

Noo, his wife haed a crooked finger, and he kent ower weel 'at something wis gaen ta happen, for his *grey neebors* wis apon da watch for da helpless infant, or midder, or baith. So he comes into da hoose, an' lichts a candle, taks doon da Bible, an' a steel knife. He opens da buik an' da knife, when such a roaring and *trüling,* an' onerthly stamping an' rattling, an' confusion comes frae da byre as made da whole hoose shak. An' a' body fell a-whaaking (quaking).

Noo, he taks da open Bible, and maks for da byre, an' dem 'at wis i' da hoos follows him trimbling an' whaaking, only da wise-woman bein' left with da poor wife an' infant. Noo, whin he gets ta da door, he heaves in da Bible afore him, sticks da open knive in his mouth, edge ootwards, and da lowin' candle in een o' his hands. Da instant yon was dune da trülin' an' noise an' din ceased all of a sudden, and da image 'at haed been prepared for ta pit i' da place i' da poor wife an' innocent pirie lamb was a' 'at was left i' da byre.

"Weel," says da guidman, as he gripped in his airms da very likeness o' his wife 'at da trows had left i' da byre, "I've taen dee, and I'll use dee." Weel, he tuk in ta da hoose da image left by da trows, an' it haed every joint an' pairt of a woman. An' my midder tauld me shü saw it, an' da honest folk for mony a year, an' der children after dem, sat upon da stock, or image, or likness; an' things was set on it, and wood was sawn on it.

An' dat's as true as I'm spekin' to you, and no a borrowed or handed story; for my midder tauld me it wi' her ain lips, an' she wid no a tauld me a lee."

- Source: George Douglas, *Scottish Fairy and Folk Tales* (London: Walter Scott Publishing Co., 1901), pp. 123-124.
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Mind the Crooked Finger

J. G. Ollason, Shetland Islands

Bill Robertson, age 71, residing in Lerwick, soberly narrated this trustworthy story:

My mother, God rest her soul, told me this, and she neither could nor would have told me a lie. She was staying with friends at Kirgood-a-Weisdale; one night at about twilight the man of the house was very concerned, for his honest wife had just had a pretty baby.

And now, my lamb that you are, what should he hear just as he was going to leave the lamb-house, but three most unearthly knocks, the same as if it had been from under the ground. Now, he didn't know what this could be, but he took hold of himself and went up to the corn yard, and as he comes in sight of the granary he hears a voice that said three times, "Mind the crooked finger."

Now, his wife had a crooked finger, and he knew very well that something was going to happen, for his gray neighbors were on the watch for the helpless infant, or mother, or both. So he comes into the house, and lights a candle, takes down the Bible, and a steel knife. He opens the book and the knife, when such a roaring and trolling, and unearthly stamping and rattling, and confusion comes from the cow-barn that made the whole house shake. And everybody fell a-quaking.

Now, he takes the open Bible, and makes for the cow-barn, and those that were in the house follow him trembling and quaking, only the wise-woman being left with the poor wife and infant. Now, when he gets to the door, he heaves in the Bible before him, sticks the open knife in his mouth, edge outwards, and the burning candle in one of his hands. That instant the trolling was done and the noise and din ceased all of a sudden, and the image that had been prepared to put in the place of the poor wife and innocent pretty lamb was all that was left in the cow-barn.

"Well," says the man of the house, as he gripped in his arms the very likeness of his wife that the trolls had left in the cow-barn, "I've taken you, and I'll use you." Well, he took into the house the image left by the trolls, and it had every joint and part of a woman. And my mother told me she saw it, and the honest folk for many a year, and their children after them, sat upon the stock, or image, or likeness; and things was set on it, and wood was sawn on it.

And that's as true as I'm speaking to you, and not a borrowed or handed-down story; for my mother told me it with her own lips, and she would not have told me a lie."

- Source: George Douglas, *Scottish Fairy and Folk Tales* (London: Walter Scott Publishing Co., 1901), pp. 123-124. Rewritten in standard English by D. L. Ashliman.
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The Trows, the Tailor, and the Idiot Child

Shetland Islands

The Shetlanders believe in two kinds of trows, as they call the Scandinavian trolls, those of the land and those of the sea. The former, whom, like the Scots, they also term the *guid folk* and *guid neighbors,* they conceive to inhabit the interior of green hills. Saining (blessing

oneself) is the grand protection against them; a Shetlander always *sains* himself when passing by their hills. They have all the picking and stealing propensities of the Scandinavian trolls.

Lying-in women and "unchristened bairns" they regard as lawful prize. The former they employ as wet nurses, the latter they of course rear up as their own. Nothing will induce parents to show any attention to a child that they suspect of being a changeling. But there are persons who undertake to enter the hills and regain the lost child.

A tailor, not long since, related the following story. He was employed to work at a farm house where there was a child that was an idiot, and who was supposed to have been left there by the trows instead of some proper child, whom they had taken into the hills.

One night, after he had retired to his bed, leaving the idiot asleep by the fire, he was suddenly waked out of his sleep by the sound of music, and on looking about him he saw the whole room full of fairies, who were dancing away their rounds most joyously. Suddenly the idiot jumped up and joined in the dance, and showed such a degree of acquaintance with the various steps and movements as plainly testified that it must have been a long time since he first went under the hands of the dancing master. The tailor looked on for some time with admiration, but at last he grew alarmed and *sained* himself.

On hearing this, the trows all fled in the utmost disorder, but one of them, a woman, was so incensed at this interruption of their revels, that as she went out she touched the big toe of the tailor, and he lost the power of ever after moving it.

Abstracted from Thomas Keightley, *The Fairy Mythology* (1850), pp. 164-166. Keightley's souce: Dr. Hibbert, *Description of the Shetland Islands* (1822).

Danger from Fairies

William Henderson, *Notes of the Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties of England and the Borders*

In the southern counties of Scotland children are considered before baptism at the mercy of the fairies, who may carry them off at pleasure or inflict injury upon them. Hence, of course, it is unlucky to take unbaptized children on a journey -- a belief which prevails throughout Northumberland, and indeed in many other parts of the country

Brand mentions this danger (*Popular Antiquities,* vol. 2, p. 73), and says the Danish women guard their children during this period against evil spirits by placing in the cradle, or over the door, garlic slat, bread, and steel in the form of some sharp instrument. "Something like this," he adds, "obtained in England;" and accordingly I am told that in the West Riding of Yorkshire "a child was kept safe while sleeping by hanging a carving knife from the head of the cradle with the point suspended near the infant's face."

In Germany, the proper things to lay in the cradle are "orant" (which is translated into either horehound or snapdragon), blue marjoram, black cumin, a right shirt sleeve, and a left

stocking. The "Nickert" cannot then harm the child.

The modern Greeks dread witchcraft at this period of their children's lives, and are careful not to leave them alone during their first eight days, within which period the Greek Church refuses to baptize them. (Wright's *Literature of the Middle Ages*, vol. 1, p. 291)

In Scotland the little one's safeguard is held to lie in the juxtaposition of some article of dress belonging to its father. This was experienced by the wife a shepherd near Selkirk. Soon after the birth of her first child, a fine boy, she was lying in bed with her baby by her side, when suddenly she became aware of a confused noise of talking and merry laughter in the "spence," or room. This, in fact, proceeded from the fairies, who were forming a child of wax as a substitute for the baby, which they were planning to steal away. The poor mother suspected as much, so in great alarm she seized her husband's waistcoat, which chanced to be lying at the foot of the bed, and flung it over herself and the child. The fairies set up a loud scream, calling out "Auld Luckie has cheated us o' our bairnie!"

Soon afterwards the woman heard something fall down the lum (or chimney), and looking out she saw a waxen image of her baby, stuck full of pins, lying on the hearth.

When her husband came home he made up a large fire and threw the fairy lump upon it; but, instead of burning, the thing flew up the chimney, and the house instantly resounded with shouts of joy and peals of laughter.

Family affection must have been very strong when any trifle closely connected with the father was deemed a safeguard for the child, a safeguard needed till its baptism shielded it from every evil or malicious sprite.

- Source: William Henderson, *Notes of the Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties of England and the Borders* (London: Folk-Lore Society, 1879), pp. 14-15.
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Fairy Butter

Michael Aislabie Denham, *The Denham Tracts*

Mothers sometimes brought the cradle to the field in the harvest time and left it at the ridge end, when the little inmate would be liable to be exchanged for one of fairy breed. To deter children who gleaned behind the reapers from interfering with the stooks, it was customary to tell them that baits of "fairy butter" were placed among the sheaves, and if they were tempted to touch and eat it the fairies would kidnap them.

A story is told at Pierse Bridge how that, some women going into the field to work rather earlier one morning than usual, now some fifty or sixty years ago, found as much as nearly a pound upon the top of a gatepost, how they carefully gathered it into a basin, and how they each and all partook, and found it to be the "nicest butther that ony o' them had iver taästed."

- Source: *The Denham Tracts: A Collection of Folklore by Michael Aislabie Denham,* edited by James Hardy (London: The Folklore Society, 1895), vol. 2, p. 138. Slightly

revised.
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The Fairy Hill's Afire

Michael Aislabie Denham, *The Denham Tracts*

A woman had a child that was remarkably puny. It was voracious enough, "but put all the meat it got within an ill skin," and never grew any, and there were shrewd suspicions that it was a changeling. One day a neighbor came running into her house, and shouted out, "Come here, and ye'll see a sight! Yonder's the Fairy Hill a' alowe."

"Waes me! what'll come o' my wife and bairns?" screamed out the elf in the bed, and straightway made its exit up the chimney.

- Source: *The Denham Tracts: A Collection of Folklore by Michael Aislabie Denham,* edited by James Hardy (London: The Folklore Society, 1895), vol. 2, p. 137.
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The Piskies' Changeling

Robert Hunt, *Popular Romances of the West of England*

This story is told by Mr. T. Q. Couch, as an example of the folk-lore of a Cornish village, in "Notes and Queries," under the name of "Coleman Gray":

There is a farmhouse of some antiquity with which my family have a close connection; and it is this circumstance, more than any other, that has rendered this tradition concerning it more interesting to us, and better remembered than many other equally romantic and authentic.

Close to this house, one day, a little miserable-looking bantling was discovered alone, unknown, and incapable of making its wants understood. It was instantly remembered by the finder, that this was the way in which the piskies were accustomed to deal with those infants of their race for whom they sought human protection; and it would have been an awful circumstance if such a one were not received by the individual so visited. The anger of the piskies would be certain, and some direful calamity must be the result; whereas, a kind welcome would probably be attended with great good fortune.

The miserable plight of this stranger, therefore, attracted attention and sympathy. The little unconscious one was admitted as one of the family. Its health was speedily restored, and its renewed strength, activity, intelligence, and good-humour, caused it to become a general favourite.

It is true the stranger was often found to indulge in odd freaks; but this was accounted for by a recollection of its pedigree, which was not doubted to be of the piskie order. So the family prospered, and had banished the thought that the foundling would ever leave them.

There was to the front door of this house, a hatch, which is a half-door, that is kept closed

when the whole door behind it is open, and it then serves as a guard against the intrusion of dogs, hogs, and ducks, while air and light are freely admitted. This little being was one day leaning over the top of this hatch, and looking wistfully outward, when a clear voice was heard to proceed from a neighbouring part of the townplace, calling "Coleman Gray, Coleman Gray!"

The piskie immediately started up, and with a sudden laugh clapped its hands, exclaiming, "Aha! my daddy is come!" It was gone in a moment, never to be seen again.

- Source: Robert Hunt, *Popular Romances of the West of England: The Drolls, Traditions, and Superstitions of Old Cornwall,* 2nd ed. (London: John Camden Hotten, 1871), pp. 95-96.
- This story, somewhat altered and under the title "Colman Grey", is told by Edwin Sidney Hartland in his *English Fairy and Other Folk Tales* (London: Walter Scott Publishing Co., ca. 1890), p. 125.
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Brewery of Eggshells

Joseph Jacobs, *Celtic Fairy Tales*

In Treneglwys there is a certain shepherd's cot known by the name of Twt y Cymrws because of the strange strife that occurred there.

There once lived there a man and his wife, and they had twins whom the woman nursed tenderly. One day she was called away to the house of a neighbor at some distance. She did not much like going and leaving her little ones all alone in a solitary house, especially as she had heard tell of the good folk haunting the neighborhood.

Well, she went and came back as soon as she could, but on her way back she was frightened to see some old elves of the blue petticoat crossing her path though it was midday. She rushed home, but found her two little ones in the cradle and everything seemed as it was before.

But after a time the good people began to suspect that something was wrong, for the twins didn't grow at all.

The man said: "They're not ours."

The woman said: "Whose else should they be?"

And so arose the great strife so that the neighbors named the cottage after it. It made the woman very sad, so one evening she made up her mind to go and see the Wise Man of Llanidloes, for he knew everything and would advise her what to do.

So she went to Llanidloes and told the case to the Wise Man. Now there was soon to be a harvest of rye and oats, so the Wise Man said to her, "When you are getting dinner for the reapers, clear out the shell of a hen's egg and boil some potage in it, and then take it to the

20. The Changeling Twins of Corwrion, John Rhys, *Celtic Folklore.*
21. The Tylwyth Teg Steal a Child, John Rhys, *Celtic Folklore.*
22. Two Manx Changelings, Sir Walter Scott, "On the Fairies of Popular Superstition."
23. A Changeling Musician, W.Y. Evans-Wentz, *The Fairy Faith in Celtic Countries.*
24. A Pisky Changeling, W. Y. Evans-Wentz, *The Fairy Faith in Celtic Countries.*
25. A Remarkable Changeling Story, W. Y. Evans-Wentz, *The Fairy Faith in Celtic Countries.*
26. The Fairy Child and the Tailor, Sophia Morrison, Isle of Man.
27. The Brewery of Eggshells, T. Crofton Crocker, *Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland.*
28. Irish Changeling Beliefs, Thomas Johnson Westropp, "A Study of Folklore on the Coasts of Connacht, Ireland."

Thomas Keightley

A couple of Strathspey lads who dealt in whiskey that never paid duty, which they used to purchase in Glenlivat, and sell at Badenoch and Fort William, were one night laying in stock at Glenlivat when they heard the child in the cradle give a piercing cry, just as if it had been shot. The mother, of course, blessed it, and the Strathspey lads took no further notice, and soon after set out with their goods.

They had not gone far when they found a fine healthy child lying all alone on the road-side, which they soon recognized as that of their friend. They saw at once how the thing was. The fairies had taken away the real child and left a stock, but, owing to the pious ejaculation of the mother, they had been forced to drop it.

As the urgency of their business did not permit them to return, they took the child with them, and kept it till the next time they had occasion to visit Glenlivat. On their arrival they said nothing about the child, which they kept concealed. In the course of conversation, the mother took occasion to remark that the disease which had attacked the child the last time they were there had never left it, and she had not little hopes of its recovery. As if to confirm her statement, it continued uttering most piteous cries.

To end the matter at once, the lads produced the real child healthy and hearty, and told how they had found it. An exchange was at once effected, and they forthwith proceeded to dispose of their new charge. For this purpose they got an old creel to put him in and some straw to light under it. Seeing the serious turn matters were likely to take, he resolved not to await the trial, but flew up the smoke-hole, and when at the top he cried out that things would have gone very differently with them had it not been for the arrival of their guests.

- Source: Thomas Keightley, *The Fairy Mythology, Illustrative of the Romance and Superstition of Various Countries,* a new edition, revised and greatly enlarged (London: H. G. Bohn, 1850), p. 393.
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Scottish Changelings

door as if you meant it as a dinner for the reapers. Then listen if the twins say anything. If you hear them speaking of things beyond the understanding of children, go back and take them up and throw them into the waters of Lake Elvyn. But if you don't hear anything remarkable, do them no injury."

So when the day of the reap came the woman did all that the Wise Man ordered, and put the eggshell on the fire and took it off and carried it to the door, and there she stood and listened. Then she heard one of the children say to the other:

> Acorn before oak I knew,
> An egg before a hen,
> But I never heard of an eggshell brew
> A dinner for harvest men.

So she went back into the house, seized the children and threw them into the Llyn, and the goblins in their blue trousers came and saved their dwarfs and the mother had her own children back and so the great strife ended.

- Source: Joseph Jacobs, *Celtic Fairy Tales* (1892).
- Jacobs' source: *Cambrian Quarterly Magazine,* 1830, vol. ii, p. 86.
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The Changeling Twins of Corwrion

John Rhys, *Celtic Folklore*

Once on a time, in the fourteenth century, the wife of a man at Corwrion had twins, and she complained one day to a witch, who lived close by, at Tydyn y Barcud, that the children were not getting on, but that they were always crying day and night.

"Are you sure that they are your children?" asked the witch, adding that it did not seem to her that they were like hers.

"I have my doubts also," said the mother.

"I wonder if somebody has exchanged children with you," said the witch.

"I do not know," said the mother. "But why do you not seek to know?" asked the other.

"But how am I to go about it?" said the mother.

The witch replied, "Go and do something rather strange before their eyes and watch what they will say to one another."

"Well, I do not know what I should do," said the mother.

"Well," said the other, "take an eggshell, and proceed to brew beer in it in a chamber aside, and come here to tell me what the children will say about it."

She went home and did as the witch had directed her, when the two children lifted their heads out of the cradle to find what she was doing--to watch and to listen.

Then one observed to the other, "I remember seeing an oak having an acorn," to which the other replied, "And I remember seeing a hen having an egg"; and one of the two added, "But I do not remember before seeing anybody brew beer in the shell of a hen's egg."

The mother then went to the witch and told her what the twins had said one to the other; and she directed her to go to a small wooden bridge not far off, with one of the strange children under each arm, and there to drop them from the bridge into the river beneath.

The mother went back home again and did as she had been directed. When she reached home this time, she found to her astonishment that her own children had been brought back.

- Source: John Rhys, *Celtic Folklore: Welsh and Manx* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1901), vol. 1, pp. 62-63.
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The Tylwyth Teg Steal a Child

John Rhys, *Celtic Folklore*

Mr. [William] Jones mentions that, within his memory, there were still people in his neighborhood who believed that the fairies stole unbaptized children and placed their own in their stead: he gives the following story about the farmer's wife of Dyffryn Mymbyr, near Capel Curig, and her infant:

[Rhys quotes the story in Welsh, then gives the following English translation.]

This woman had given birth to a healthy and vigorous child at the beginning of the harvest, one wretched and inclement summer. As the homestead was a considerable distance from church or chapel, and the weather so very rainy, it was neglected to baptize the child at the usual time, that is to say, before it was eight days old.

One fine day, in the middle of this wretched harvest, the mother went to the field with the rest of the family to try to save the harvest, and left her baby sleeping in its cradle in its grandmother's charge, who was so aged and decrepit as to be unable to go much about. The old woman fell asleep, and, while she was in that state, the *Tylwyth Teg* came in and took away the baby, placing another in its stead.

Very shortly the latter began to whine and groan, so that the grandmother awoke: she went to the cradle, where she saw a slender, wizened old man moving restlessly and peevishly about. "Alas! alas!" said she, "the old *Tylwyth* have been here"; and she at once blew in the horn to call the mother home, who came without delay.

As she heard the crying in the cradle, she ran towards it, and lifted the little one without looking at him; she hugged him, put him to her breast, and sang lullaby to him, but nothing was of any avail, as he continued, without stopping, to scream enough to break her heart;

and she knew not what to do to calm him. At last she looked at him: she saw that he was not like her dear little boy, and her heart was pierced with agony. She looked at him again, and the more she examined him the uglier he seemed to her.

She sent for her husband home from the field, and told him to search for a skilled man somewhere or other; and, after a long search, he was told by somebody that the parson of Trawsfynyd was skilled in the secrets of the spirits; so he want to him.

The latter bade him take a shovel and cover it with salt, and make the figure of the cross in the salt; then to take it to the chamber where the fairy child was, and, after taking care to open the window, to place the shovel on the fire until the salt was burnt. This was done, and when the salt had got white hot, the peevish abortion went away, seen of no one, and they found the other baby whole and unscathed at the doorstep.

- Source: John Rhys, *Celtic Folklore: Welsh and Manx* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1901), vol. 1, pp. 100-103.
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Two Manx Changelings

Sir Walter Scott, "On the Fairies of Popular Superstition"

I.

I [Scott's source] was prevailed upon myself to go and see a child, who, they told me, was one of these changelings, and, indeed, must own, was not a little surprised, as well as shocked, at the sight. Nothing under heaven could have a more beautiful face; but, though between five and six years old, and seemingly healthy, he was so far from being able to walk or stand, that he could not so much as move any one joint; his limbs were vastly long for his age, but smaller than any infant's of six months; his complexion was perfectly delicate, and he had the finest hair in the world. He never spoke nor cried, ate scarce anything, and was very seldom seen to smile; but if anyone called him a *fairy-elf,* he would frown, and fix his eyes so earnestly on those who said it, as if he would look them through.

His mother, or at least his supposed mother, being very poor, frequently went out a charring, and left him a whole day together. The neighbors, out of curiosity, have often looked in at the window, to see how he behaved while alone; which, whenever they did, they were sure to find him laughing, and in the utmost delight. This made them judge that he was not without company, more pleasing to him than any mortals could be; and what made this conjecture seem the more reasonable, was, that if he were left ever so dirty, the woman, at her return, saw him with a clean face, and his hair combed with the utmost exactness and nicety.

II.

Waldron gives another account of a poor woman, to whose offspring, it would seem, the Fairies had taken a special fancy.

A few nights after she was delivered of her first child, the family were alarmed by a dreadful

cry of "Fire!" All flew to the door, while the mother lay trembling in bed, unable to protect her infant, which was snatched from the bed by an invisible hand. Fortunately, the return of the gossips, after the causeless alarm, disturbed the Fairies, who dropped the child, which was found sprawling and shrieking upon the threshold.

At the good woman's second *accouchement,* a tumult was heard in the cowhouse, which drew thither the whole assistants. They returned, when they found that all was quiet among the cattle, and lo! the second child had been carried from the bed, and dropped in the middle of the lane.

But, upon the third occurrence of the same kind, the company were again decoyed out of the sick woman's chamber by a false alarm, leaving only a nurse, who was detained by the bonds of sleep. On this last occasion, the mother plainly saw her child removed, though the means were invisible. She screamed for assistance to the nurse; but the old lady had partaken too deeply of the cordials which circulate upon such joyful occasions, to be easily awakened.

In short, the child was this time fairly carried off, and a withered, deformed creature left in its stead, quite naked, with the clothes of the abstracted infant, rolled in a bundle, by its side. This creature lived nine years, ate nothing but a few herbs, and neither spoke, stood, walked, nor performed any other functions of mortality; resembling, in all respects, the changeling already mentioned.

- Source: Sir Walter Scott, "On the Fairies of Popular Superstition" (Introduction to "The Tale of Tamlane," Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, *Poetic Works* (Edinburgh: Ballantyne, 1833), vol. 2, pp. 321-323.
- Scott's source: Waldron, *Isle of Man,* pp. 128-129.
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A Changeling Musician

W. Y. Evans-Wentz, *The Fairy Faith in Celtic Countries*

A family at Dalby [Isle of Man] had a poor idiot baby, and when it was twenty years old it still sat by the fire just like a child. A tailor came to the house to work on a day when all the folks were out cutting corn, and the idiot was left with him. The tailor began to whistle as he sat on the table sewing, and the little idiot sitting by the fire said to him: "If you'll not tell anybody when they come in, I'll dance that tune for you."

So the little fellow began to dance, and he could step it out splendidly. Then he said to the tailor: "If you'll not tell anybody when they come in, I'll play the fiddle for you." And the tailor and the idiot spent a very enjoyable afternoon together.

But before the family came in from the fields, the poor idiot, as usual, was sitting in a chair by the fire, a big baby who couldn't hardly talk. When the mother came in she happened to say to the tailor, "You've a fine chap her," referring to the idiot.

"Yes, indeed," said the tailor, "we've had a very fine afternoon together; but I think we had

better make a good fire and put him on it."

"Oh!" cried the mother, "the poor child could never even walk."

"Ah, but he can dance and play the fiddle, too," replied the tailor.

And the fire was made; but when the idiot saw that they were for putting him on it he pulled from his pocket a ball, and this ball went rolling on ahead of him, and he, going after it, was never seen again.

After this strange story was finished I asked Mrs. Moore where she had heard it, and she said: "I have heard this story ever since I was a girl. I knew the house and family, and so did my mother. The family's name was Cubbon."

- Source: W. Y. Evans-Wentz, *The Fairy Faith in Celtic Countries* (1911), pp. 128-129.

Evans-Wentz's prefatory remarks are noteworthy:

> The next morning, Christmas morning, I called at the picturesque roadside home of Mrs. Dinah Moore a Manxwoman living near Glen Meay; and she contributed the best single collection of Manx folk legends I discovered on the island. The day was bright and frosty, and much snow still remained in the shaded nooks and hollows, so that a seat before the cheerful fire in Mrs. Moore's cottage was very comfortable; and with most work suspended for the ancient day of festivities in honor of the Sun, reborn after its death at the hands of the Powers of Darkness, all conditions were favorable for hearing about fairies, and this may explain why such important results were obtained. (P. 127.)

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A Pisky Changeling

W. Y. Evans-Wentz, *The Fairy Faith in Celtic Countries*

A woman who lived near Breage Church [Isle of Man] had a fine girl baby, and she thought the piskies came and took it and put a withered child in its place. The withered child lived to be twenty years old, and was no larger when it died than when the piskies brought it. It was fretful and peevish and frightfully shriveled. The parents believed that the piskies often used to come and look over a certain wall by the house to see the child. And I heard my grandmother say that the family once put the child out of doors at night to see if the piskies would take it back again.

- Source: W. Y. Evans-Wentz, *The Fairy Faith in Celtic Countries* (1911), p. 171.
- The narrator of this story was, according to Evans-Wentz, Mrs. Harriett Christopher, a peasant woman from the Isle of Man's Crill region.
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A Remarkable Changeling Story

W. Y. Evans-Wentz, *The Fairy Faith in Celtic Countries*

Forty to fifty years ago, between St. John's and Foxdale [Isle of Man], a boy, with whom I often played, came to our house at nightfall to borrow some candles, and while he was on his way home across the hills he suddenly saw a little boy and a little woman coming after him. If he ran, they ran, and all the time they gained on him. Upon reaching home he was speechless, his hand were altered (turned awry), and his feet also, and his fingernails had grown long in a minute. He remained that way a week.

My father went to the boy's mother and told her it wasn't Robby at all that she saw; and when my father was for taking the tongs and burning the boy with a piece of glowing turf [as a changeling test], the boy screamed awfully. Then my father persuaded the mother to send a messenger to a doctor in the north near Ramsey "doing charms," to see if she couldn't get Robby back. As the messenger was returning, the mother stepped out of the house to relieve him, and when she went into the house again her own Robby was there.

As soon as Robby came to himself all right, he said a little woman and a little boy had followed him, and that just as he got home he was conscious of being taken away by them, but he didn't know where they came from nor where they took him. He was unable to tell more than this. Robby is alive yet, so far as I know; he is Robert Christian, of Douglas.

- Source: W. Y. Evans-Wentz, *The Fairy Faith in Celtic Countries* (1911), pp. 132-133.
- The narrator of this story was, according to Evans-Wentz, "James Caugherty, a farmer and fisherman, born in Kirk Patrick fifty-eight years ago." This story was collected about 1910, so it ostensibly took place between about 1860 and 1870.
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The Fairy Child and the Tailor

Sophia Morrison, Isle of Man

The following story was told to me by Joe Moore, who lives in the parish of Patrick, some mile from Close-ny-Lheiy. I wrote the story down from notes made at the time,--the dialogue being taken down, word for word, as it fell from his lips. He told me that this father got the story from old Hom Bridson himself, ninety years ago and more; he never repeated the story while any of the Colloo family lived, but the last descendant died many years ago, and the old farmhouse is in ruins. It was a curious coincidence that, in the week following that in which I had the story from Joe Moore, I received it also from Logan, Utah, from Miss Quirk, who had it from an old Manxman who had lived there for fifty years and had emigrated from Glen Meay.

There was one time a woman named Colloo in Close-ny-Lheiy, near Glen Meay, and she had a child that had fallen sick in a strange way. Nothing seemed wrong with him yet crosser and crosser he grew, nying-nyanging night and day. The woman was in great distress. Charms had failed, and she didn't know rightly what to do.

It seems that, about a fortnight after birth, the child, as fine a child for his age as you would see in a day's walk, was left asleep while the mother went to the well for water. Now Herself forgot to put the tongs on the cradle, and, when she came back, the child was crying pitiful, and no quatin' for him. And from that very hour the flesh seemed to melt off his bones, till he became as ugly and as wizened a child as you would see between the Point of Ayre and the Calf. He was that way, his whining howl filling the house, for four years, lying in the cradle without a motion on him to put his feet under him. Not a day's res' nor a night's sleep was there at the woman these four years with him. She was fair scourged with him, until there came a fine day in the spring that Hom beg Bridson, the tailor, was in the house sewing. Hom is dead now, but there's many alive as remember him. He was wise tremenjus, for he was going from house to house sewing, and gathering wisdom as he was going.

Well, before that day the tailor was seeing lots of wickedness at the child. When the woman would be out feeding the pigs and sarvin' the craythurs, he would be hoisting his head up out of the cradle and making faces at the tailor, winking, and slicking, and shaking his head, and saying "What a lad I am!"

That day the woman wanted to go to the shop in Glen Meay to sell some eggs that she had, and says she to the tailor: "Hom man, keep your eye on the chile that the bogh [poor dear] won't fall out of the cradle and hurt himself while I slip down to the shop." When she was gone the tailor began to whistle aisy to himsef, as he stitched, the tune on a lil hymn.

"Drop that, Hom beg," said a lil harsh voice.

The tailor, scandalized, looked round to see if it was the child that had spoken, and it was.

"Whush, whush, now, lie quate," says the tailor, rocking the cradle with his foot, and as he rocked he whistled the hymn tune louder.

"Drop that, Hom beg, I tell ye, an' give us something light an' handy," says the lil fella back to him, middling sharp.

"Aw, anything at all to plaze thee," says the tailor, whistling a jig.

"Hom," says my lad, "can thou dance anything to that?"

"I can," says the tailor, "can thou?"

"I can that," says my lad, "would thou like to see me dance?"

"I would, says the tailor.

"Take that oul' fiddle down then, Hom man," he said, "and put 'Tune y wheeyl vooar' [Tune of the big wheel] on it."

"Aw, I'll do that for thee, an' welcome," says the tailor.

The fiddle quits its hook on the wall, and the tailor tunes up.

"Hom," says the lil fella, "before thou begin to play, clear the kitchen for me,--cheers an' stools, everything away. Make a place for me to step out to the music, man."

"Aw, I'll do that for thee, too," says the tailor.

He cleared the kitchen floor, and then he struck up "Tune y wheeyl vooar."

In a crack the lil fella bounced from his cradle onto the floor with a "Chu!" and began flying round the kitchen. "Go it Hom,--face your partner,--heel and toe does it. Well done, Hom,--jog your elbow, man."

Hom plays faster and faster, till me lad was jumping as high as the table.

With a "Chu!" up goes his foot on top of the dresser, and "Chu!" then on top of the chimlee piece, and "Chu!" bang against the partition, then he was half flying, half footing it round the kitchen, turning and going round that quick that it put a reel in Hom's head to be looking at him. Then he was whirling everything round for a clear space, even Hom himself, who by degrees gets up on the table in the corner and plays wilder and wilder, as the whirling jig grew madder and madder.

"M' Yee!" says the tailor, throwing down the fiddle, "I mus' run, thou're not the chile that was in the cradle. Are thou?"

"Houl' man! thou're right enough," says the lil fella. "Strike up for me, make has'e, make has'e man,--more power to you elbow."

"Whush!" said the tailor, "here's Herself coming."

The dancing ceased. The child gave a hop, skip, and jump into the cradle.

"Get on with thee sewing, Hom; don't say a word," says the lil fella, covering himself up in the clothes till nothing was left of him to be seen except his eyes which keeked out like a ferret's.

When Herself came in the house, the tailor, all of a tremble, was sitting cross-legged on the round table and his specs on his nose and letting on that he was busy sewing; the child in the cradle was shouting and sweeling [squealing] as usual. "What in all the earthly worl'...! But it's quare stitching, altogether, there's been goin' on her, an' me out. An' how thou can see thee needle in that dark corner, Hom Bridson, let alone sew, it beats me," says she, siding the place. "Well, well then, well, well, on the boghee veg [poor little thing]. Did he think Mammy had gone an' lef' him then, the chree [heart]? Mammy is goin' to feed him, though."

The tailor had been thinking mighty with himself what he ought to do, so he says,-- "Look here, woman, give him nothing at all, but go out and get a creelful of good turf."

She brought in the turf, and throws a big bart [bundle] of fern on it. The tailor give a leap off the table down to the floor, and it wasn't long till he had the fine fire.

"Thou'll have the house put on fire for me, Hom," says Herself.

"No fear, but I'll fire some of them," says the tailor.

The child, with his two eyes going out of his head watching to see what the tailor would do then, was slowly turning his whining howl into a kind of call,--to his own sort to come and fetch him, as like.

"I'll send thee home," says the tailor, drawing near the cradle, and he stretches out his two hands to take the child and put him on the big red turf fire. Before he was able to lay a hand on him, the lil fella leaped out of the cradle and took for the door. "The back of me han' an the sole of me fut to you!" says he, "if I would only ha' had only another night I could have showed thee a trick or two more than that yet."

Then the door flew open with a bang, as though someone had thrown it open, and he took off with himself like a shot. A hullabaloo of laughing and making fun was heard outside, and the noise of many running little feet.

Out on the door of the house goes Herself, she saw no one, but she caught sight of a flock of low-lying clouds shaped like gulls chasing each other away up Glen Rushen, and then comes to her ears, as if afar off from the clouds, sharp whistles and wicked little laughs as if making mock of her. Then, as she was turning round and searching, she suddenly sees her own sweet rosy smiling child with thumb in mouth lying on the bink [stone bench] right before her. And she took all the joy in the worl' of the child that he was home again safe and sound.

- Source: *Folk-Lore: A Quarterly Review of Myth, Tradition, Institution, and Custom,* vol. 21 (1910), pp. 472-475.
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The Brewery of Eggshells

T. Crofton Croker, *Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland*

Mrs. Sullivan fancied that her youngest child had been exchanged by "fairies theft," and certainly appearances warranted such a conclusion; for in one night her healthy, blue-eyed boy had become shrivelled up into almost nothing, and never ceased squalling and crying. This naturally made poor Mrs. Sullivan very unhappy; and all the neighbors, by way of comforting her, said that her own child was, beyond any kind of doubt, with the good people, and that one of themselves was put in his place.

Mrs. Sullivan of course could not disbelieve what every one told her, but she did not wish to hurt the thing; for although its face was so withered, and its body wasted away to a mere skeleton, it had still a strong resemblance to her own boy. She, therefore, could not find it in her heart to roast it alive on the griddle, or to burn its nose off with the red hot tongs, or to throw it out in the snow on the roadside, notwithstanding these, and several like proceedings, were strongly recommended to her for the recovery of her child.

One day who should Mrs. Sullivan meet but a cunning woman, well known about the country by the name of Ellen Leah (or Grey Ellen). She had the gift, however she got it, of telling

where the dead were, and what was good for the rest of their souls; and could charm away warts and wens, and do a great many wonderful things of the same nature.

"You're in grief this morning, Mrs. Sullivan," were the first words of Ellen Leah to her.

"You may say that, Ellen," said Mrs. Sullivan, "and good cause I have to be in grief, for there was my own fine child whipped off from me out of his cradle, without as much as 'by your leave' or 'ask you pardon,' and an ugly dony bit of of a shrivelled up fairy put in his place; no wonder, then, that you see me in grief, Ellen."

"Small blame to you, Mrs. Sullivan," said Ellen Leah, "but are you sure 'tis a fairy?"

"Sure!" echoed Mrs. Sullivan, "sure enough I am to my sorrow, and can I doubt my own two eyes? Every mother's soul must feel for me!"

"Will you take an old woman's advice?" said Ellen Leah, fixing her wild and mysterious gaze upon the unhappy mother; and, after a pause, she added, "but maybe you'll call it foolish?"

"Can you get me back my child, my own child, Ellen?" said Mrs. Sullivan with great energy.

"If you do as I bid you," returned Ellen Leah, "you'll know." Mrs. Sullivan was silent in expectation, and Ellen continued, "Put down the big pot, full of water, on the fire, and make it boil like mad; then get a dozen new-laid eggs, break them, and keep the shells, but throw away the rest; when that is done, put the shells in the pot of boiling water, and you will soon know whether it is your own boy or a fairy. If you find that it is a fairy in the cradle, take the red hot poker and cram in down his ugly throat, and you will not have much trouble with him after that I promise you."

Home went Mrs. Sullivan, and did as Ellen Leah desired. She put the pot on the fire, and plenty of turf under it, and set the water boiling as such a rate, that if ever water was red hot, it surely was.

The child was lying, for a wonder, quite easy and quiet in the cradle, very now and then cocking his eye, that would twinkle as keen as a star in a frosty night, over at the great fire, and the big pot upon it; and he looked on with great attention at Mrs. Sullivan breaking the eggs and putting down the eggshells to boil. At last he asked, with the voice of a very old man, "What are you doing mammy?"

Mrs. Sullivan's heart, as she said herself, was up in her mouth ready to choke her, at hearing the child speak. But she contrived to put the poker in the fire, and to answer, without making any wonder at the words, "I'm brewing, *a vick*" (my son).

"And what are you brewing, mammy?" said the little imp, whose supernatural gift of speech now proved beyond question that he was a fairy substitute.

"I wish the poker was red," thought Mrs. Sullivan; but it was a large one, and took a long time heating; so she determined to keep him in talk until the poker was in a proper state to thrust down his throat, and therefore repeated the question.

Sir Walter Scott, "On the Fairies of Popular Superstition"

The most formidable attribute of the elves, was the practice of carrying away and exchanging children, and that of stealing human souls from their bodies. "A persuasion prevails among the ignorant," says the author of a MS. history of Moray, that "in a consumptive disease, the fairies steal away the soul, and put the soul of a fairy in the room of it."

This belief prevails chiefly along the eastern coast of Scotland, where a practice, apparently of druidical origin, is used to avert the danger. In the increase of the March moon, withes of oak and ivy are cut, and twisted into wreaths or circles, which they preserve till next March. After that period, when persons are consumptive, or children hectic, they cause them to pass thrice through these circles. In other cases the cure was more rough, and at least as dangerous as the disease, as will appear from the following extract:--

There is one thing remarkable in this parish of Suddie, (in Isverness-shire,) which I think proper to mention. There is a small hill N.W. from the church commonly called Therdy Hill, or Hill of Therdie, as some term it; on the top of which there is a well, which I had the curiosity to view, because of the several reports concerning it. When children happen to be sick, and languish long in their malady, so that they almost turn skeletons, the common people imagine they are taken away (at least the substance) by spirits, called Fairies, and the shadow left with them; so, at a particular season in summer, they leave them all night themselves, watching at a distance, near this well, and this they imagine will either *end or mend them;* they say many more do recover than do not.

Yea, an honest tenant who lives hard by it, and whom I had the curiosity to discourse about it, told me it has recovered some, who were about eight or nine years of age, and to his certain knowledge, they bring adult persons to it; for, as he was passing one dark night, he heard groanings, and, coming to the well, he found a man, who had been long sick, wrapped in a plaid, so that he could scarcely move, a stake being fixed in the earth, with a rope, or tedder, that was about the plaid; he had no sooner inquired what he was, but he conjured him to loose him, and out of sympathy he was pleased to slacken that wherein he was, as I may so speak, swaddled; but, if I right remember, he signified, he did not recover.--*Account of the Parish of Suddie,* apud Macfarlane's *MSS.*

According to the earlier doctrine, concerning the original corruption of human nature, the power of demons over infants had been long reckoned considerable, in the period intervening between birth and baptism. During this period, therefore, children were believed to be particularly liable to abstraction by the fairies, and mothers chiefly dreaded the substitution of changelings in the place of their own offspring. Various monstrous charms existed in Scotland, for procuring the restoration of a child which had been thus stolen; but the most efficacious of them was supposed to be, the roasting of the supposititious child upon the live embers, when it was believed it would vanish, and the true child appear in the place, whence it had been originally abstracted. [Note 1]

It may be questioned if this experiment could now be made without the animadversion of the law. Even that which is prescribed in the following legend is rather too hazardous for modern use.

"Is it what I'm brewing, *a vick,*" said she, "you want to know?"

"Yes, mammy: what are you brewing?" returned the fairy.

"Eggshells, *a vick,*" said Mrs. Sullivan.

"Oh!" shrieked the imp, starting up in the cradle, and clapping his hands together, "I'm fifteen hundred years in the world, and I never saw a brewery of eggshells before!" The poker was by this time quite red, and Mrs. Sullivan, seizing it, ran furiously towards the cradle; but somehow or other her foot slipped, and she fell flat on the floor, and the poker flew out of her hand to the other end of the house.

However, she got up without much loss of time and went to the cradle, intending to pitch the wicked thing that was in it into the pot of boiling water, when there she saw her own child in a sweet sleep, one of his soft round arms rested upon the pillow--his features were as placid as if their repose had never been disturbed, save the rosy mouth, which moved with a gentle and regular breathing.

- Source: W. B. Yeats, *Fairy and Folk Tales of the Irish Peasantry* (1888).
- Yeats' source: J. Crofton Croker, *Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland.* 3 parts. London, 1825-1828. A number of Croker's fairy legends were translated into German in 1826 by Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm.
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Irish Changeling Beliefs

Thomas Johnson Westropp, "A Study of Folklore on the Coasts of Connacht, Ireland"

Otway in *A Tour in Connaught* also notes beliefs among the people of Inishbofin which I found flourishing over seventy years later in that primitive place. It was firmly believed that the hills were full of fairies, "romping and carousing within," and that they carried off children and robbed milk and butter. The sprites could exercise malignant power on infants especially before baptism, stealing the handsome ones and replacing them by puny withered changelings. The only way to get rid of these was to set a pot on the fire and threaten to boil the fairy child, who then vanishes and the real child was brought back. Women who die in childbirth are believed to have been carried off to fairyland.

I met everywhere, from Ballycastle to Inishbofin, beliefs as to the existence of changelings. Lady Wilde gives several from Inishark which seem to be good local tales. [Note 1] I must only give the shortest condensation of the beliefs.

1. An old woman came into a house and looked at a child without saying "God bless you"; it got ill, a strange "wise woman" told the parents that it had been changed and directed them to get a bit of the old woman's cloak. This made the elf sneeze and the true child was brought back.
2. A man saw the fairies carrying off a boy, and, signing the cross, rescued the infant. He found the mother weeping over the supposed corpse, which he made her throw into

the fire, where it came to life and flew up the chimney. He then gave her the real baby.
3. A man, whose young wife had long been childless, taunted her, and she soon after bore a lovely boy. One day to his horror it suddenly grew a long beard, and he beat his wife, at whose screams two red-capped women came and beat him till he asked pardon. The real child sent a tuft of rushes to the mother, and she was able to enter the fairy palace. An old woman brought her to the king and said she was the nurse of his own son. He restored her own child and said the man who beat her was a fairy disguised as her husband. She invoked God's name and fell senseless, eventually recovering and returning home to find she had been three years absent. She found that her husband had detected the changeling and put it on the fire, when it shrieked and flew up the chimney.
4. Mary Callan of Shark while sitting alone with her newborn child was wrapped in a cloak by two men and carried away to the Fairy Hall. She touched her eye with the fairies' ointment and saw a crowd of her neighbors' supposed-dead children who told her that they could not return till Doomsday. One also told her that the men were waiting to steal her child till the candle she had lit should go out, and bade her tell his mother that he was alive. He gave her a leaf to crush when in trouble, and she found herself outside of the Hill, returning home, to find her child dying, she crushed the leaf and the infant recovered. The leaf was put into an amulet.
5. A changeling, found playing pipes behind a tub of meal, was put on a shovel over the fire and vanished.

- Source: Thomas Johnson Westropp, "A Study of Folklore on the Coasts of Connacht, Ireland," *Folk-Lore: A Quarterly Review,* vol. 32 (1921), pp. 103-105. This long article covers many additional subjects.

Note 1: *Ancient Cures, Charms and Usages of Ireland* (1890), p. 141; *Ancient Legends, Mystic Charms and Superstitions of Ireland* (1887), vol i, pp. 38, 73, 119. [Footnote in original]

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A certain woman having put out her child to nurse in the country, found, when she came to take it home, that its form was so much altered that she scarce knew it; nevertheless, not knowing what time might do, took it home for her own. But when, after some years, it could neither speak nor go, the poor woman was fain to carry it, with much trouble, in her arms; and one day, a poor man coming to the door, "God bless you, mistress," said he, "and your poor child; be pleased to bestow something on a poor man."

"Ah! this child," replied she, "is the cause of all my sorrow," and related what had happened, adding, moreover, that she thought it changed, and none of her child. The old man, whom years had rendered more prudent in such matters, told her, to find out the truth, she should make a clear fire, sweep the hearth very clean, and place the child fast in his chair, that he might not fall, before it, and break a dozen eggs, and place the four-and-twenty half-shells before it; then go out, and listen at the door: for, if the child spoke, it was certainly a changeling; and then she should carry it out, and leave it on the dunghill to cry, and not to pity it, till she heard its voice no more.

The woman, having done all things according to these words, heard the child say, "Seven years old was I before I came to the nurse, and four years have I lived since, and never saw so many milk pans before." So the woman took it up, and left it upon the dunghill to cry, and not to be pitied, till at last she thought the voice went up into the air; and coming, found there her own natural and well-favored child.--Grose's *Provincial Glossary,* quoted from "A Pleasant Treatise on Witchcraft.."

- Source: Sir Walter Scott, "On the Fairies of Popular Superstition" (Introduction to "The Tale of Tamlane," Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, *Poetic Works* (Edinburgh: Ballantyne, 1833), vol. 2, pp. 317-321.
  Note 1: Less perilous recipes were sometimes used. The Editor is possessed of a small relic, termed by tradition a toad-stone, the influence of which was supposed to preserve pregnant women from the power of demons, and other dangers incidental to their situation. It has been carefully preserved for several generations, was often pledged for considerable sums of money, and uniformly redeemed from a belief in its efficacy. [Footnote in the edition of 1833.]
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The Smith and the Fairies

J. F. Campbell, *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*

Years ago there lived in Crossbrig a smith of the name of MacEachern. This man had an only child, a boy of about thirteen or fourteen years of age, cheerful, strong, and healthy. All of a sudden he fell ill, took to his bed, and moped whole days away. No one could tell what was the matter with him, and the boy himself could not, or would not, tell how he felt. He was wasting away fast; getting thin, old, and yellow; and his father and all his friends were afraid that he would die.

At last one day, after the boy had been lying in this condition for a long time, getting neither better nor worse, always confined to bed, but with an extraordinary appetite,--one day, while

sadly revolving these things, and standing idly at his forge, with no heart to work, the smith was agreeably surprised to see an old man, well known to him for his sagacity and knowledge of out-of-the-way things, walk into his workshop. Forthwith he told him the occurrence which had clouded his life.

The old man looked grave as he listened; and after sitting a long time pondering over all he had heard, gave his opinion thus-- "It is not your son you have got. The boy has been carried away by the 'Daoine Sith,' and they have left a *Sibhreach* in his place."

"Alas! and what then am I to do?" said the smith. "How am I ever to see my own son again?"

"I will tell you how," answered the old man. "But, first, to make sure that it is not your own son you have got, take as many empty eggshells as you can get, go with them into the room, spread them out carefully before his sight, then proceed to draw water with them, carrying them two and two in your hands as if they were a great weight, and arrange when full, with every sort of earnestness, round the fire." The smith accordingly gathered as many broken eggshells as he could get, went into the room, and proceeded to carry out all his instructions.

He had not been long at work before there arose from the bed a shout of laughter, and the voice of the seeming sick boy exclaimed, " I am now 800 years of age, and I have never seen the like of that before."

The smith returned and told the old man. "Well, now," said the sage to him, "did I not tell you that it was not your son you had: your son is in Brorra-cheill in a digh there (that is, a round green hill frequented by fairies). Get rid as soon as possible of this intruder, and I think I may promise you your son.

"You must light a very large and bright fire before the bed on which this stranger is lying. He will ask you, 'What is the use of such a fire as that?' Answer him at once, 'You will see that presently!' and then seize him, and throw him into the middle of it. If it is your own son you have got, he will call out to save him; but if not, this thing will fly through the roof."

The smith again followed the old man's advice; kindled a large fire, answered the question put to him as he had been directed to do, and seizing the child flung him in without hesitation. The "Sibhreach" gave an awful yell, and sprung through the roof, where a hold was left to let the smoke out.

On a certain night the old man told him the green round hill, where the fairies kept the boy, would be open. And on that night the smith, having provided himself with a Bible, a dirk, and a crowing cock, was to proceed to the hill. He would hear singing and dancing and much merriment going on, but he was to advance boldly; the Bible he carried would be a certain safeguard to him against any danger from the fairies. On entering the hill he was to stick the dirk in the threshold, to prevent the hill from closing upon him; "and then," continued the old man, "on entering you will see a spacious apartment before you, beautifully clean, and there, standing far within, working at a forge, you will also see you own son. When you are questioned, say you come to seek him, and will not go without him."

Not long after this the time came round, and the smith sallied forth, prepared as instructed. Sure enough, as he approached the hill, there was a light where light was seldom seen before. Soon after a sound of piping, dancing, and joyous merriment reached the anxious father on the night wind.

Overcoming every impulse to fear, the smith approached the threshold steadily, stuck the dirk into it as directed, and entered. Protected by the Bible her carried on his breast, the fairies could not touch him; but they asked him, with a good deal of displeasure, what he wanted there. He answered, "I want my son, whom I see down there, and I will not go without him."

Upon hearing this the whole company before him gave a loud laugh, which wakened up the cock he carried dozing in his arms, who at once leaped up on his shoulder, clapped his wings lustily, and crowed loud and long.

The fairies, incensed, seized the smith and his son, and, throwing them out of the hill, flung the dirk after them, and in an instant all was dark.

For a year and a day the boy never did a turn of work, and hardly ever spoke a word; but at last one day, sitting by his father and watching him finishing a sword he was making for some chief, and which he was very particular about, he suddenly exclaimed, "That is not the way to do it;" and, taking the tools from his father's hands, he set to work himself in his place, and soon fashioned a sword the like of which was never seen in the country before.

From that day the young man wrought constantly with his father, and became the inventor of a peculiarly fine and well-tempered weapon, the making of which kept the two smiths, father and son, in constant employment, spread their fame far and wide, and gave them the means in abundance, as they before had the disposition, to live content with all the world and very happily with one another.

- Source: J. F. Campbell, *Popular Tales of the West Highlands,* as published in George Douglas, *Scottish Fairy and Folk Tales* (London: Walter Scott Publishing Co., 1901), pp. 125-128.
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Walter Gregor, *Notes on the Folk-Lore of the North-East of Scotland*

If the child became cross and began to *dwine* [waste away], fears immediately arose that it might be a "fairy changeling," and the trial by fire was put into operation. The hearth was piled with peat, and when the fire was at its strength the suspected changeling was placed in front of it and as near as possible not to be scorched, or it was suspended in a basket over the fire. If it was a "changeling child" it made its escape by the *lum* [chimney] throwing back word of scorn as it disappeared.

One mode of bringing back the true child was the following. A new *skull* [an oblong basket] was taken and hung over the fire from a piece of a branch of a hazel tree, and into this basket the suspected changeling was laid. Careful watch was kept till it screamed. If it screamed it was a changeling, and it was held fast to prevent its escape. When an opportunity occurred, it

was carried to a place where four roads met, and a dead body was carried over it. The true child was restored.

- Source: Walter Gregor, *Notes on the Folk-Lore of the North-East of Scotland* (London: Folk-Lore Society, 1881), pp. 8-9.
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The Fair Folk

Walter Gregor, *Notes on the Folk-Lore of the North-East of Scotland*

"The fair folk" were most covetous of new-born children and their mothers. Till the mothers were "sained" and churched, and the children were baptized, the most strict watch and ward had to be kept over them to keep them from being stolen. Every seven years they had to pay "the teind to hell," and to save them from paying this tribute with one of themselves they were ever on the alert to get hold of human infants.

> There came a wind oot o' the north,
> A sharp wind and a snell;
> And a dead sleep came over me,
> And frae my horse I fell;
> The Queen of Fairies she was there,
> And took me to hersel.
>
> And never would I tire, Janet,
> In fairyland to dwell,
> But aye, at every seven years
> They pay the teind to hell;
> And though the Queen macks much o' me
> I fear 'twill be mysel.

Sometimes they succeeded in carrying off an unbaptized infant, and for it they left one of their own. The one left by them soon began to "dwine," and to fret and cry night and day. At times the child has been saved from them as they were carrying it through the dog-hole.

A fisherman had a fine thriving baby. One day what looked like a beggar woman entered the house. She went to the cradle in which the baby was lying, and handled it under pretense of admiring it. From that day the child did nothing but fret and cry and waste away.

This had gone on for some months, when one day a beggar man entered asking alms. As he was getting his alms his eye lighted upon the infant in the cradle. After looking on it for some time he said, "That's nae a bairn; that's an image; the bairn's been stoun." He immediately set to work to bring back the child. He heaped up a large fire on the hearth, and ordered a black hen to be brought to him. When the fire was blazing at its full strength, he took the hen and held her over the fire as near it as possible, so as not to kill her. The bird struggled for a little, then escaped from the man's grasp, and flew out by the "lum." The child was restored, and throve every day afterwards.

Another. A strong healthy boy in the parish of Tyrie began to "dwine." The real baby had been stolen. A wise woman gave the means of bringing him back. His clothes were to be taken to a south-running well, washed, laid out to dry beside the well, and most carefully watched. This was done for some time, but no one came to take them away. The next thing to be done was to take the child himself and lay him between two furrows in a cornfield. This was carried out, and the child throve daily afterwards. All this was annoying to the "fair folk," and rather than submit to such annoyance they restored the child, and took back their own one.

One day a fisherwoman with her baby was left a-bed alone, when in came a little man dressed in green. He proceeded at once to lay hold of the baby. The woman knew at once who the little man was and what he intended to do. She uttered the prayer, "God be atween you an me." Out rushed the fairy in a moment, and the woman and her baby were left without further molestation.

- Source: Walter Gregor, *Notes on the Folk-Lore of the North-East of Scotland,* (London: Folk-Lore Society, 1881), pp. 60-62.
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Torr-a-Bhuilg

James MacDougall, *Folk Tales and Fairy Lore in Gaelic and English*

Long ago a poor woman happened to call in a house near Torr-a-Bhuilg. At the time there was no one in the house but the housewife and what appeared to be a little child. The child kept tumbling about on the floor and screaming incessantly day and night.

The poor woman asked what lad she had there on the floor. The housewife answered that she did not know. "Well," said the poor woman, "I know well what he is, and if you take my advice you will get rid of him; but, if not, you will get enough of him." The housewife said that she would take her advice, and the poor woman then told her what she was to do to him.

After the poor woman left, the housewife went out and brought in a basket of eggs, which she placed in a circle on the floor. While she was thus engaged, the lad kept looking sullenly at her, and said at length, roughly: "What are you doing in that manner?" "I am making a brewing caldron," was the reply. "A brewing caldron? I am more than three hundred years old and I never yet saw a brewing caldron like that!"

The housewife had no longer any doubt of the child being a fairy, but she went about her business for a while in her usual way. Then she looked out at the window and assumed a scared look and began to start back as if she beheld something dreadful. The squaller on the floor, looking askance at her for a while, at last asked what it was she beheld. "I see," said she, "Torr-a-Bhuilg on fire." He waited where he was no longer, but spring out at the door saying: "My hammers and my anvil and my bellows," and after that he was never seen again.

- Source: James MacDougall, *Folk Tales and Fairy Lore in Gaelic and English,* Edinburgh: John Grant, 1910, pp. 100-103 (Gaelic and English on facing pages).
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The Fairy of Corrie Osben and the Tailor

James MacDougall, *Folk Tales and Fairy Lore in Gaelic and English*

In Corrie Osben lived a shepherd's wife, whose child grew very peevish and difficult to nurse. Neither she nor her husband knew what was the matter with the child, or what was to be done with him, until the tailor came to make clothes of a web of homemade cloth newly come from the walking-mill. Next day after his arrival, the shepherd's wife went to the peat-moss, and left the child under his care till she should return.

Shortly after she went away, what did the tailor hear behind him but the sweet music of the bagpipes. He looked the way whence the music came, and whom did he see sitting in the bed but a little old grey-headed man with a pipe of straw in his mouth, busy playing a tune, to which the following verses are sung:

> Hush! Oranan, Hush! Oranan,
> Hush! Oranan, Hush! Oheé!
> Long is the lassie of coming
> To give the Cannan a wee.
> Hush! Oranan, etc.

He kept playing this tune until he heard the woman coming; then the music ceased, and he was again a little child.

The tailor told the woman nothing of what he had seen and heard while she was absent. Next day, when she went a second time to the peat-moss, he took an egg, emptied the shell of its contents, filled it with water, and placed it near the fire. The little old mannie's curiosity was so much excited by what he saw that he turned round and said: "What are you going to do with that, tailor?"

"I am going to heat water to steep malt in," said the tailor.

"Well, I am more than a hundred years old, and never till now did I see an eggshell used to heat water for steeping malt in," said the little man, as he turned away and began again to play on his straw-pipe. He kept playing the tune of the day before until he heard the woman coming, and then he once more became a little child.

On the third day, the tailor told the woman what he had witnessed, and his opinion that the child was nothing but a fairy. "And what am I to do with him?" asked the woman.

"Take him," said the tailor, "to the neighbouring ravine, and throw him over the bank into the water below." The woman did as she was told, but no sooner had the child touched the water than he became a little grey manikin. He then rose to his feet in a great rage, and scrambled up the steep side of the ravine, threatening the woman with vengeance if he overtook her. But she took to her heels as fast as she could, and never looked behind her until she arrived at the house, where she found her own child laid at the door before her.

- Source: James MacDougall, *Folk Tales and Fairy Lore in Gaelic and English,*

Changelings

An Essay by

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The legends

A mother had her child taken from the cradle by elves. In its place they laid a changeling with a thick head and staring eyes who would do nothing but eat and drink. In distress she went to a neighbor and asked for advice. The neighbor told her to carry the changeling into the kitchen, set it on the hearth, make a fire, and boil water in two eggshells. That should make the changeling laugh, and if he laughs it will be all over with him. The woman did everything just as her neighbor said. When she placed the eggshells filled with water over the fire, the blockhead said:

> Now I am as old

14. For an account of this case see Ilmar Arens and Bengt af Klintberg, "Bortbytingssägner i en gotländsk dombok fran 1690," *Rig,* v. 62, no. 3 (1979), pp. 89-97.
15. Jacob Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie* (Frankfurt am Main: Ullstein, 1981 [reprint of 4th edition of 1876]), v. I, pp. 387-389.
16. Jacqueline Simpson, *Icelandic Folktales and Legends* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1972), pp. 25-26.
17. Reidar Christiansen, *Folktales of Norway,* translated by Pat Shaw Iversen (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1964), no. 40.
18. The Grimm brothers supply this information in a footnote to their *German Legends* (1816), no. 82.
19. Jacob Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie* (Frankfurt am Main: Ullstein, 1981 [reprint of 4th edition of 1876]), v. 3, p. 451, par. 510.
20. For example: Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, *German Legends* (1816), nos. 88, 90.
21. Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, *German Legends* (1816), , no. 90.
22. Jacob Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie* (Frankfurt am Main: Ullstein, 1981 [reprint of 4th edition of 1876]), v. 3, p. 442. In the same work similar post-confinement beliefs are described in the following entries, v. 3, pp. 434-477, nos. 1, 35, 36, 240, 308, 451, 458, 509, 510, 538, 654, 672, 733, 765, 782, 844, 845, 885, 900, 1049, 1064, 1084.
23. E. Estyn Evans, *Irish Folkways* (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1957), p. 289.
24. Jacob Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie* (Frankfurt am Main: Ullstein, 1981 [reprint of 4th edition of 1876]), v. 3, p. 460.
25. Gisela Piaschewski, *Der Wechselbalg: Ein Beitrag zum Aberglauben der nordeuropäischen Völker* (Breslau I.: Maruschke & Berendt Verlag, 1935), pp. 86-91, 110-113.
26. August von Löwis of Menar, *Finnische und estnische Märchen* (Düsseldorf: Eugen Diederichs Verlag, 1962), no. 19.
27. Swedish title: *Bortbytingen.* English translation: *The Changeling* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1992).

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As the Wester Wood,
But have never seen anyone cooking in shells!

And he began laughing about it. When he laughed, a band of little elves suddenly appeared. They brought the rightful child, set it on the hearth, and took the changeling away. {footnote 1}

* * * * *

The following true story took place in the year 1580. Near Breslau there lived a distinguished nobleman who had a large crop of hay every summer which his subjects were required harvest for him. One year there was a new mother among his harvest workers, a woman who had barely had a week to recover from the birth of her child. When she saw that she could not refuse the nobleman's decree, she took her child with her, placed it on a small clump of grass, and left it alone while she helped with the haymaking. After she had worked a good while, she returned to her child to nurse it. She looked at it, screamed aloud, hit her hands together above her head, and cried out in despair, that this was not her child: It sucked the milk from her so greedily and howled in such an inhuman manner that it was nothing like the child she knew.

As is usual in such cases, she kept the child for several days, but it was so ill-behaved that the good woman nearly collapsed. She told her story to the nobleman. He said to her: "Woman, if you think that this is not your child, then do this one thing. Take it out to the meadow where you left your previous child and beat it hard with a switch. Then you will witness a miracle."

The woman followed the nobleman's advice. She went out and beat the child with a switch until it screamed loudly. Then the Devil brought back her stolen child, saying: "There, you have it!" And with that he took his own child away.

This story is often told and is known by both the young and the old in and around Breslau. {footnote 2}

A living superstition

We all want explanations for happenings that fall outside of our control, especially those that have a direct bearing on our welfare. It is only natural that our forebears wanted to know why some children fail to develop normally, and what our responsibilities are toward these handicapped individuals. The two stories quoted above are part of a vast network of legends and superstitions that give primitive but satisfying answers to these questions. These accounts -- which, unlike most fantasy tales, were actually widely believed -- suggest that a physically or mentally abnormal child is very likely not the human parents' offspring at all, but rather a changeling -- a creature begotten by some supernatural being and then secretly exchanged for the rightful child. {footnote 3} From pre-Christian until recent times, many people have sincerely and actively believed that supernatural beings can and do exchange their own inferior offspring for human children, making such trades either in order to breed new strength and vitality into their own diminutive races or simply to plague humankind.

These beliefs continued to exert influence well into the nineteenth century, and in some areas even later. Writing in England in 1890, the pioneer folklorist Edwin Sidney Hartland could state: "In dealing with these stories [about changelings] we must always remember that not merely are we concerned with sagas of something long past, but with a yet living superstition." {footnote 4} In 1911 W. Y. Evans-Wentz, himself a true believer in the reality of fairy life, published an extensive study, *The Fairy-Faith in Celtic Countries,* which contains numerous accounts of exchanged children. This book, with a new introduction praising the author for his courageous acceptance of "a greater reality beyond the everyday world," was reissued in 1966. As late as 1924 it was reported that in sections of rural Germany many people were still taking traditional precautions against the demonic exchange of infants. {footnote 5} Finally, writing in 1980, Hasan M. El-Shamy reports: "The belief that the jinn may steal a human infant and put their own infant in its place is widespread in numerous parts of Egypt." {footnote 6} Views held firmly for a thousand years do not die easily, especially when they appear to answer some of life's most troublesome questions.

The legend genre

In keeping with their higher level of popular credibility, changeling accounts are much more often classified as legends than as fairy tales by folktale scholars. The Grimms themselves delineate between these two principal folktale genres in terms that twentieth-century folklorists still find meaningful: "The fairy tale is more poetic, the legend is more historical.... While it is the children alone who believe in the reality of fairy tales, the folk have not yet stopped believing in their legends." {footnote 7} Legends, they conclude, are less fantastic and more firmly rooted in reality than fairy tales. Storytellers use a variety of literary devices to emphasize the familiarity and credibility of their changeling accounts. In contrast to fairy tales, which nearly always take place at an indefinite "once upon a time" and in an unnamed place, changeling legends frequently are set in a precisely identified time and location. The opening of "Beating the Changeling with Switches" is typical in this regard: "The following true story took place in 1580. Near Breslau there lived a well-known nobleman." Another changeling tale begins with the sentence: "A reliable citizen of Leipzig told the following story." {footnote 8}

Martin Luther on changelings

The Grimms do not identify their "reliable citizen of Leipzig," but they do identify another of their sources, a man whose name certainly carried a great amount of authority and respect throughout Protestant Germany: Martin Luther. The influential church reformer was not only an avid storyteller, but -- as his own writings demonstrate -- he was also a true believer in changelings. Luther was very much a product of his own times with respect to superstitious beliefs and practices. He sincerely believed that Satan was responsible for the malformed children known as changelings, and that such satanic child exchanges occurred frequently. {footnote 9} In Luther's theological view, a changeling was a child of the devil without a human soul, "only a piece of flesh." This view made it easy to justify almost any abuse of an unfortunate child thought to be a changeling, including the ultimate mistreatment: infanticide. Luther himself had no reservations about putting such children to death. {footnote 10} In spite of the general credibility given to changeling accounts, and the support that they received

from respected church leaders (Catholics as well as Protestants), there is evidence that many people were uneasy about the cruel treatment that the legends seemed to advocate. This evidence comes from the stories themselves. Parents who suspect that their child has been replaced with a changeling almost never decide on a course of action without first receiving advice and moral support from a third party. This fact is stated or implied in virtually all changeling tales, although it is usually communicated in an offhand manner. For example: "In distress she [the mother] went to her neighbor and asked her for advice." {footnote 11} The parents of seriously handicapped children obviously wanted others to share the moral responsibility for whatever decisions were reached.

Folklore suggests that parents sought and received advice and approval from all segments of society before taking any drastic measures with their suspected changelings. The Grimms' accounts offer excellent examples of this broadly based community support: In three of their tales, the advice comes from ordinary people: a neighbor, a stranger on the street, and an unidentified person. In two other instances, the mothers -- peasant women -- are advised by their feudal landlords, and in one tale, "The Changeling in the Thuringian Forest," {footnote 12} the mother receives information from her pastor that enables her to discover her changeling's true identity and to drive him away. Several levels of community support are suggested by the sources of advice in these changeling stories. Peer approval is indicated by the participation of ordinary people in the parents' decisions, and the voice of civil and ecclesiastical authority is added by the pronouncements of the landlords and the clergy.

Justifying infanticide

The cruelty to which suspected changelings are subjected in folktales makes it clear why the perpetrators of this harsh treatment sought the symbolic approval of their community. In the Grimms' accounts alone, we learn of changelings being thrown into water, beaten severely with a switch, left unfed and crying in an open field, or placed on a hot stove. This list of ordeals can easily be expanded by consulting other changeling tales from throughout northern Europe. There is ample evidence that these legendary accounts do not misrepresent or exaggerate the actual abuse of suspected changelings. Court records between about 1850 and 1900 in Germany, Scandinavia, Great Britain, and Ireland reveal numerous proceedings against defendants accused of torturing and murdering suspected changelings. {footnote 13} Similar incidents were undoubtedly even more common in earlier centuries, but prior to the mid nineteenth century, public opinion, religious attitudes, and legal indifference made it unlikely that such cases would be prosecuted. The court records of Gotland, Sweden, for 1690 document one of the rare exceptions. A man and woman were placed on trial for having left a ten-year-old "changeling" -- a sickly child who was not growing properly -- on a manure pile overnight on Christmas Eve, hoping that the elves who had made the exchange some years earlier would now return their rightful son. The child died of exposure. {footnote 14} Without doubt many similar cases went unprosecuted and unrecorded. Folklore sources suggest that such fatal abuse of malformed children was not unusual.

The mistreatment of changelings in folklore accounts often (although not always) leads to a happy outcome for the human parents and their rightful child. To halt the abuse of their offspring, the otherworldly parents frequently rescue the changeling and return the stolen

mortal child. Stories with these fantasy endings provided hope, wish fulfillment, and escape to an era that was plagued with birth defects and debilitating infant diseases.

But not all changeling accounts have happy endings. Often the child thought to be a changeling is driven away or killed, but there is no indication that the healthy original child is returned. The tales that omit the safe recovery of the rightful child authentically illustrate a painful aspect of family survival in pre-industrial Europe. A peasant family's very subsistence frequently depended upon the productive labor of each member, and it was enormously difficult to provide for a person who was a permanent drain on the family's scarce resources. The fact that the changelings' ravenous appetite is so frequently mentioned indicates that the parents of these unfortunate children saw in their continuing existence a threat to the sustenance of the entire family. Changeling tales support other historical evidence in suggesting that infanticide was not infrequently the solution selected.

Brewing in eggshells

Cruel abuse is not the only way to force demonic parents into reclaiming their misshapen children in changeling legends, although this is the most frequently described method. A more humane approach was to force the changeling to laugh or to make him utter an expression of surprise, which -- according to popular belief -- would expose his true identity and force his supernatural parents to take him away. A common trick was to make preparations in the presence of the changeling to brew beer or to cook stew in eggshells. This approach is described in some detail in Jacob Grimm's *German Mythology* {footnote 15} and is used in numerous folktales throughout Europe. Typically the changeling responds with surprise, claiming that he is as old as a nearby forest, but has never before witnessed such a sight.

The belief that a changeling was actually much older than the child he was impersonating could lead to a fear of the child, as illustrated in the Icelandic tale "The Changeling who Stretched." {footnote 16} This legend tells of a woman who is left alone in the house with a boy of confirmation age who is suspected of being a changeling. She watches in horror as the lad, who apparently thinks that he is alone, yawns and stretches until he reaches the rafters. Terrified at being alone with this monster, the woman screams, and the boy collapses as if he had been shot, resumes his former size, and returns to his bed. It is easy to see how this tale could have grown out of a woman's fears of being left alone with a mentally retarded but sexually maturing male.

A changeling's ostensibly great age plays an important role in yet another folktale motif: the child who neither matures nor dies, remaining helplessly dependent and insatiably hungry for an interminable amount of time. The opening paragraph of the Norwegian tale "The Changeling Betrays His Age" {footnote 17} exemplifies the problem: "On Lindheim Farm, in Nesherad, there was supposed to have been a changeling. No one could remember when he was born or when he had come to the farm. No one had ever heard him speak, but all the same they were afraid to do anything to him or make him angry. He ate so much that the people at Lindheim had been living from hand to mouth, generation after generation, on his account."

Although other sources suggest that changelings seldom lived longer than seven years, or -- at the longest -- eighteen or nineteen years, {footnote 18} the fear could easily evolve that a changeling might survive several normal lifetimes, bringing poverty and suffering to a family for many generations. To some the burden of caring for a retarded child must have appeared to be interminable. If one believed that such problems may not resolve themselves during an entire human lifetime, then drastic measures would be all the more justified.

Other protective measures

Changeling folklore not only explained why some children fail to grow and develop normally and helped to justify the extreme actions that may have been taken (whether in fact or only in fantasy) to free the parents or society from the burden of caring for handicapped children, it also provided protective measures against demonic exchange.

The most frequently mentioned preventative practice, and one that undoubtedly evolved because of its positive consequences, was the insistence that the newborn infant be watched very carefully until certain danger periods had passed. "Women who have recently been delivered may not go to sleep until someone is watching over the child. Mothers who are overcome by sleep often have changelings laid in their cradles," recorded Jacob Grimm in his *German Mythology*. {footnote 19} In the legend appropriately entitled "Watching Out for the Children," we are given to believe that a child would have been stolen by a supernatural being, had not the parents been so watchful during the night. According to most beliefs, a newborn was to be watched continuously for the first three days of its life; a somewhat reduced, but still high level of watchfulness was called for during the first six weeks. The fact that the mother (or her substitute) was expected to keep the baby close at hand for at least six weeks helped to protect it from environmental dangers, aided the child's psychological development, and contributed significantly to family cohesiveness.

Working mothers

An added benefit of the six weeks of close watching was the relief thus granted to the mother from some of her most strenuous duties, thus aiding her recovery from pregnancy and delivery. In "The Changeling in the Thuringian Forest," the exchange of infants takes place when the mother leaves her baby alone in the house while she fetches wood, a common but strenuous household task. In other legends, {footnote 20} babies are exchanged when landlords force peasant mothers to do difficult harvest labor before their six-week recovery periods are past. These accounts thus impart the lesson that women recovering from confinement should not do work that takes them away from their newborn babies. The last line of one such story states the lesson succinctly: "And from that time forth he [the nobleman] resolved to never again force a woman who had recently given birth to work." {footnote 21} Interestingly, this prohibition is not described as being for the sake of the women, but rather for the protection of their children. But however stated, the mothers themselves shared in the benefits of this belief.

Although the welfare of the family (and of society at large) dictated that women recovering from childbirth be spared many of the strenuous tasks that normally were expected of them, the patriarchal bias of German society did not provide for a woman's workload to be lightened

for her own benefit. The only acceptable justification for this temporary relief from strenuous duties was the belief that the woman's child was thus being protected from supernatural harm. Numerous other superstitions regulating a woman's post-confinement activities confirm this view, for example, the belief that "if a woman spins wool, hemp, or flax within six weeks of her confinement, her child will someday be hanged." {footnote 22} Consistent with changeling beliefs, this superstitious practice spared the recently delivered woman the hardest of the spinning tasks, not for her own sake, but for the protection of her child.

Gender bias

Other aspects of changeling folklore illustrate this same anti-female stance. Most changeling accounts deal with male babies, implying that the fairies, elves, trolls, and devils have but little use for a female human child. In fact, in some areas boys were dressed in girls' clothing until they were ten or eleven years old in order to deceive supernatural kidnappers in search of young boys. {footnote 23} Further, a number of the protective measures prescribed by tradition have a strong patriarchal bias. For example, the popular belief that "whenever the mother leaves the infant's room she should lay an article of the father's clothing on the child, so that it cannot be exchanged." {footnote 24}

Organized religion

Numerous religion-oriented protective measures also evolved, which further strengthened the connection between changeling beliefs and organized churches. {footnote 25} As one would expect, Catholics sought to shield infants with holy water, crucifixes, and representations of various saints, whereas Protestants relied on the Bible for protection, often placing the book itself (or perhaps a single page) in the cradle as a talisman. In both faiths the unbaptized child was deemed to be especially vulnerable, although baptism did not offer complete protection against demonic exchange. Interestingly, the Grimm brothers omit most references to Christianity in their writings on changelings, probably in order to emphasize their view that the changeling legends and practices still extant in nineteenth-century Germany were basically survivals from pre-Christian Europe.

The stolen child's perspective

Nearly all changeling tales are told from the concerned parents' point of view. In the same manner as the parents, we the audience learn that something is wrong with an infant, discover the cause, and are told how to effect a resolution. The perspective of another involved party -- the changeling, the elf-parents, or the abducted child -- is seldom represented. Shakespeare's *A Midsummer-Nights's Dream* builds an exception to this general rule. An important subplot of this play is built around Oberon's and Titania's (king and queen of the fairies) fight over the guardianship of a changeling boy.

Another exception is found in the Finnish tale "The Kantele Player," {footnote 26} in which we first learn that a child exchange has taken place when the abducted person -- now a beautiful and mature woman -- appears to a lonely young man who is playing a kantele (a Finnish harp) and reveals her story to him.

The couple seeks out the woman's father, a count, and convince him that his supposed daughter, who is twenty-one years old and "will neither grow nor die," is in truth a changeling, a witch's daughter. "But what should we do with this child who has been with us for twenty-one years?" asks the count. Acting upon the advice of the returning daughter, who knows the ways of witches, they build a roaring fire, and the legitimate daughter herself throws the imposter into the flames. A cry is heard from the witches who have been watching through the window: "Don't burn our child!" The changeling's skin bursts from its body, and only an alder stump is left in the fireplace.

This story has a genuine fairy-tale ending (for everyone save the changeling). The kantele player, in spite of his poverty, marries the count's daughter, and -- we are told -- they still live in the stone house built for them by her grateful father.

Selma Lagerlöf

An even happier conclusion (this time for all parties concerned) is given to us by Selma Lagerlöf, who won the Nobel Prize for literature in 1909, in her children's book "The Changeling." {footnote 27} This artful fairy tale weaves the primitive motifs of troll-lore into a humane and satisfying fantasy story.

True to tradition, the author describes the kidnapping of a mortal child by an old troll woman, who leaves her own misshapen baby in its place. Following the pattern of countless folk legends, the parents are told to beat the changeling child with a heavy cane if they want to recover their own baby. The father is only too willing to abuse the ugly troll child, but the mother's maternal instincts cause her to intercede on the changeling's behalf. Several episodes are described in which the father attempts to follow the community's expectations by cruelly punishing or even killing the unwanted child, but each time the mother selflessly protects the troll baby.

Her kindness and perseverance are rewarded in the end, and the two children are restored to their original parents. Only then do we learn that during his absence the human child had lived in an unseen parallel world to that of his parents. Every act of cruelty or of kindness visited upon the troll child by his human guardians had been duplicated upon him by his troll stepmother. It was a mother's kindness and humanity rather than the expected abuse and neglect that rescued her child. Lagerlöf thus cloaks an ancient and cruel superstition in a modern and humane dress.

Conclusion

The advance of science during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries slowly but surely eroded the popular belief that malformed and retarded children likely were not human at all, but rather the offspring of some demonic being, offspring that could be neglected, abused, and even put to death with no moral compunctions. As these theological explanations for retardation gave way to medical explanations, community values and personal attitudes changed to such an extent that the very word "changeling," its synonym "killcrop," and their equivalents in other languages now have become historical curiosities, survivals of beliefs and practices that helped our northern European forebears -- for good or for bad -- face the

problems of life and death when confronted with mentally or physically defective children.

1. "The Elves," Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, *Children's and Household Tales* (1812), no. 39/III; migratory legend type 5085. Translated by D. L. Ashliman.
2. "A Changeling is Beaten with a Switch," Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, *German Legends* (1816), no. 88; migratory legend type 5085. Translated by D. L. Ashliman. Other descriptions of changelings in the Grimms' *German Legends* are found in nos. 60, 82, 83, 89, 90, 91, 153.
3. Studies of changeling beliefs and practices include:
    - Heinrich Appel, *Die Wechselbalgsage,* diss. Heidelberg (Berlin, 1937).
    - Hanns Bächtold-Stäubli, *Handwörterbuch des deutschen Aberglaubens* (Berlin: Walter de Gruyter, 1927-1942), v. 9, col. 835-864.
    - Katherine M. Briggs, *An Encyclopedia of Fairies, Hobgoblins, Brownies, Bogies, and other Supernatural Creatures.* (New York: Pantheon, 1976), pp. 69-72).
    - Edwin Sidney Hartland, *The Science of Fairy Tales: An Inquiry into Fairy Mythology.* (London: Walter Scott, 1891), pp. 93-134.
    - Gisela Piaschewski, *Der Wechselbalg: Ein Beitrag zum Aberglauben der nordeuropäischen Völker* (Breslau I.: Maruschke & Berendt Verlag, 1935).
    - Lewis Spence, *The Fairy Tradition in Britain* (London; New York: Rider, 1948), pp. 228-254.
4. Edwin Sidney Hartland, *The Science of Fairy Tales: An Inquiry into Fairy Mythology.* (London: Walter Scott, 1891), p. 118.
5. Friedrich Ranke, *Die deutschen Volkssagen* (München: C. H. Becksche Verlagsbuchhandlung Oskar Beck, 1924), p. 138.

See also Karl Friedrich Wilhelm Wander, *Sprichwörter-Lexikon: Ein Hausschatz für das deutsche Volk* (Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus, 1867-1880), v. 4, col. 1840.

6. Hasan M. El-Shamy, *Folktales of Egypt* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1980), p. 179.
7. Foreword to Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, *The German Legends of the Brothers Grimm,* translated by Donald Ward (Philadelphia: Institute for the Study of Human Issues, 1981), v. 1, pp. 1-2.
8. "Watching Out for the Children," Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, *German Legends* (1816), no. 89.
9. Martin Luther, *Werke, kritische Gesamtausgabe: Tischreden* (Weimar: Böhlau, 1912-1921), v. 4, pp. 357-358.
10. Martin Luther, *Werke, kritische Gesamtausgabe: Tischreden* (Weimar: Böhlau, 1912-1921), v. 5, p. 9.
11. Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, *Children's and Household Tales* (1812), no. 39/III.
12. Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, *Märchen aus dem Nachlaß,* edited by Heinz Rölleke (Bonn: Bouvier Verlag Herbert Grundmann, 1979), p. 91.
13. Edwin Sidney Hartland, *The Science of Fairy Tales: An Inquiry into Fairy Mythology* (London: Walter Scott, 1891), pp. 121-122. Gisela Piaschewski, *Der Wechselbalg: Ein Beitrag zum Aberglauben der nordeuropäischen Völker* (Breslau I.: Maruschke & Berendt Verlag, 1935), pp. 141-146.

Charms against Sprains

Edited by

D. L. Ashliman
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The Wristing or Wresting Thread

Orkney Islands (Sanday)

The following charm was used for the cure of sprains. A linen thread is tied around the injured part, after the solemn repetion of the charm:

> Our Savior rade,
> His fore-foot slade;
> Our Savior lichtit down.
> Sinew to sinew, vein to vein,
> Joint to joint, and bane to bane,
> Mend thou in God's name!

During the time of repeating this charm nine knots must be tied on the thread, at regular distances, and to ensure success the charm should be repeated at every knot.

- Source: *County Folk-Lore*, vol. 3: *Examples of Printed Folk-Lore Concerning the Orkney & Shetland Islands,* collected by G. F. Black and edited by Northcote W. Thomas (London: Folk-Lore Society, 1903), p. 144.
- Black's source: W. H. Fotheringham, "Orkney Charms," *Notes and Queries,* series 1, vol. 10, pp. 220-221. In 1848 Mr. Fotheringham communicated these charms to the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland (*MS. Communications,* vol 8, 1842-1852), with the statement that they were found among the family papers of the Traills of Westray.

When a Person Has Received a Sprain

Shetland Islands

When a person has received a sprain, it is customary to apply to an individual practiced in casting the "wresting thread." This is a thread spun from black wool, on which are cast nine knots, and tied round a sprained leg or arm. During the time the operator is putting the thread round the affected limb, he says, but in such a tone of voice as not to be heard by the bystanders, nor even by the person operated upon:

> The Lord rade,
> And the foal slade;
> He lighted.
> And he righted.
> Set joint to joint,
> Bone to bone,
> And sinew to sinew.
> Heal in the Holy Ghost's Name!

- Source: *County Folk-Lore*, vol. 3: *Examples of Printed Folk-Lore Concerning the Orkney & Shetland Islands,* collected by G. F. Black and edited by Northcote W. Thomas (London: Folk-Lore Society, 1903), p. 144.
- Black's source: *The New Statistical Account of Scotland,* (Edinburgh, 1845), vol. 15 (Shetland), p. 141.

Revised April 18, 1997.

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Child Custody

edited by

D. L. Ashliman
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Solomon and the Two Women

The First Book of Kings

Then came there two women, that were harlots, unto King Solomon, and stood before him. And the one woman said, "Oh my lord, I and this woman dwell in one house; and I was delivered of a child with her in the house. And it came to pass the third day after that I was delivered, that this woman was delivered also: and we were together; there was no stranger with us in the house, save we two in the house. And this woman's child died in the night; because she overlaid it. And she arose at midnight, and took my son from beside me, while thine handmaid slept, and laid it in her bosom, and laid her dead child in my bosom. And when I rose in the morning to give my child suck, behold, it was dead: but when I had considered it in the morning, behold, it was not my son, which I did bear."

And the other woman said, "Nay; but the living is my son, and the dead is thy son."

And this said, "No; but the dead is thy son, and the living is my son." Thus they spake before the king.

Then said the king, "The one saith, 'This is my son that liveth, and thy son is the dead'; and the other saith, 'Nay; but thy son is the dead, and my son is the living.'" And the king said, "Bring me a sword." And they brought a sword before the king. And the king said, "Divide the living child in two, and give half to the one, and half to the other."

Then spake the woman whose the living child was unto the king, for her bowels yearned upon her son, and she said, "Oh my lord, give her the living child, and in no wise slay it."

But the other said, "Let it be neither mine nor thine, but divide it."

Then the king answered and said, "Give her the living child, and in no wise slay it: she is the mother thereof."

And all Israel heard of the judgment which the king had judged; and they feared the king: for they saw that the wisdom of God was in him, to do judgment.

- Source: First Book of Kings, 3:16-28. King James translation.
- Solomon's wise judgments (including many that are not recorded in the Bible) are featured in many Middle Eastern and European folktales.
    - Link to such a text, composed by Geoffroy de la Tour Landry(ca. 1320-1391), and translated in English in 1484: "The Iugement of the kynge Salamon," *The Book of the Knight of La Tour-Landry: Compiled for the Instruction of His Daughters*, translated from the original French into English in the reign of Henry VI, edited by Thomas Wright, revised edition, 1906 (London: Published for the Early English Text Society by Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Company, 1868), pp. 100-101.
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The Future Buddha as a Wise Judge

Jataka Tales

A woman, carrying her child, went to the future Buddha's tank to wash. And having first bathed the child, she put on her upper garment and descended into the water to bathe herself.

Then a Yakshini, seeing the child, had a craving to eat it. And taking the form of a woman, she drew near, and asked the mother, "Friend, this is a very pretty child. Is it one of yours?" And when she was told it was, she asked if she might nurse it. And this being allowed, she nursed it a little, and then carried it off.

But when the mother saw this, she ran after her, and cried out, "Where are you taking my child to?" and caught hold of her.

The Yakshini boldly said, "Where did you get the child from? It is mine!" And so quarreling, they passed the door of the future Buddha's Judgment Hall.

He heard the noise, sent for them, inquired into the matter, and asked them whether they would abide by his decision. And they agreed. Then he had a line drawn on the ground; and told the Yakshini to take hold of the child's arms, and the mother to take hold of its legs; and said, "The child shall be hers who drags him over the line."

But as soon as they pulled at him, the mother, seeing how he suffered, grieved as if her heart would break. And letting him go, she stood there weeping.

Then the future Buddha asked the bystanders, "Whose hearts are tender to babes? Those who have borne children, or those who have not?"

And they answered, "Oh sire! The hearts of mothers are tender."

Then he said, "Who, think you, is the mother? She who has the child in her arms, or she who has let go?"

And they answered, "She who has let go is the mother."

And he said, "Then do you all think that the other was the thief?"

And they answered, "Sire! We cannot tell."

And he said, "Verily, this is a Yakshini, who took the child to eat it."

And he replied, "Because her eyes winked not, and were red, and she knew no fear, and had no pity, I knew it."

And so saying, he demanded of the thief, "Who are you?"

And she said, "Lord! I am a Yakshini."

And he asked, "Why did you take away this child?"

And she said, "I thought to eat him, Oh my Lord!"

And he rebuked her, saying, "Oh foolish woman! For your former sins you have been born a Yakshini, and now do you still sin!" And he laid a vow upon her to keep the Five Commandments, and let her go.

But the mother of the child exalted the future Buddha, and said, "Oh my Lord! Oh great physician! May your life be long!" And she went away, with her babe clasped to her bosom.

- Source: *Buddhist Birth-Stories; or, Jataka Tales*, edited by V. Fausbøll and translated by T. W. Rhys Davids, vol. 1 (London: Trübner and Company, 1880), pp. xiv-xvi. This tale is one of several stories included in the multi-part Jataka no. 546.
- Link to another translation: "The Son," *The Jataka; or, Stories of the Buddha's Former Births*, edited by E. B. Cowell, vol. 6, translated by E. B. Cowell and W. H. D. Rouse (Cambridge: University Press, 1907), p. 163.
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The Question Regarding the Son

Ummagga Jataka

A certain woman, carrying her infant son, went to the Pandit's [future Buddha's] tank, and having bathed her son and placed him on her clothes, descended into the pond to wash her head and bathe herself.

Immediately after she had gone down to bathe, a Yakinni, observing her son, and wishing to eat him, took the form of a woman, and coming near the child, said to the woman, "Friend,

this child is very pretty. Is he yours?"

On her saying "Yes," the Yakinni asked her, "Shall I give the child suck?"

And when she replied, "Very well," the Yakinni took up the child, gave it a little milk, and ran away with it.

The mother, seeing the woman running away with her child, ran after her, and asking her, "Where are you taking my child to?" caught hold of her.

The Yakinni then fearlessly replied, "Where did you get a child from? This one is my own son."

These two were thus quarrelling, and passing by the gate of the "Hall," when the Bosat [future Buddha], hearing the noise of their quarrel, sent for both, and inquired of them what the cause of their dispute was; and recognising the Yakinni from the fact of her not winking, and her eyes being as red as *olinda* seeds, he inquired, "Will you abide by my decision?" and on their agreeing to do so, he caused a line to be drawn on the ground, and the child to be laid exactly in the middle of the line.

He then ordered the Yakinni to take hold of the child's two arms, and the mother the two legs, and said, "Now, both of you pull away, and whosoever pulls the child over the line will be declared the mother."

They accordingly pulled the child, which suffered grievous pain thereby (and cried).

The mother, whose heart burst with sorrow, then let go the child and stood weeping.

The Bosat then inquired from those who were present, "Whose heart is tender towards children? Is it that of the mother or of the stranger?"

Many answered, "Pandit! the heart of a mother is tender."

Having heard this, the Pandit inquired of all, "What now do you think? Is it the woman who has the child in her arms that is the mother, or the woman who let go the child?"

Everyone said, "O Pandit! the woman who has let go the child is the mother."

Then the Pandit asked them, "Do you all know now who it is that has stolen the child?"

And when they replied, "Pandit! we do not know," he said, "Oh! this woman is a Yakinni, and she has taken the child to eat it."

The people then asked the Pandit, "How do you know it?"

And he replied, "Because her eyes are red and never wink, and she neither fears nor loves anybody. It is thus that I found out that she is a Yakinni."

Having thus spoken, the Pandit asked her, "Who are you?"

She replied, "I am a Yakiuni."

"Why did you take away this child?"

"Lord! to eat him," she replied.

The Pandit then warning her, said, "Hear me! you foolish one. Because you committed sin in your last birth, you have been born a Yakinni; nevertheless, you commit sin still! Oh ! how foolish thou art!"

After that, exhorting her, he made her take the "Pansil," [five moral precepts] and sent her away.

The mother, taking the child in her arms, thanked him, and said, "Lord! may you live long!" and went her way.

Here ends the case regarding the son.

- Source: *Ummagga Jataka (The Story of the Tunnel)*, translated from the Sinhalese by T. B. Yatawara (London: Luzac and Company, 1898), pp. 19-20.
- The five moral precepts of Pali Buddhism (as formlated in Wikipedia are:
    1. I undertake the training rule to abstain from killing.
    2. I undertake the training rule to abstain from taking what is not given.
    3. I undertake the training rule to avoid sexual misconduct.
    4. I undertake the training rule to abstain from false speech.
    5. I undertake the training rule to abstain from fermented drink that causes heedlessness.
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The Brahman and His Two Wives

Telugu Folktale

In the Dakhan lived a Brahman who had two wives. To the elder of these a son was born.

When the son was about ten months old, the old Brahman set out with his family on a pilgrimage to Benares [Varanasi], but he unfortunately died on his way.

The two women thereupon "went to an adjacent *agraharam* (the Brahmans' quarters in a city or village), and remained there, rearing the boy with great affection, so much so that the child knew not which of the two was his real mother.

But one day the younger lady quarrelled with the elder, and, declaring that she would no longer remain with her, took the child and set out to go home.

The elder thereupon seized the child and demanded of the other why she was taking him away.

The younger replied that as she had borne the child she was going away with him.

So the two still disputing went to the Judge and told their story. He reflected a little, called his servants and ordered them to divide the child in twain and to give each a half.

The younger lady remained silent, but the elder, being the real mother, was of opinion that so long as the child did but live it was enough; and, not consenting the Judge's proposal, said to him that the child was not her own, and requested him to give it to the other lady.

The Judge, hearing these words, decided that the elder lady was the child's mother, and had the boy given to her.

- Source: G. R. Subramiah Pantulu, *Folk-Lore of the Telugus: A Collection of Forty-Two Highly Amusing and Instructive Tales* (Madras [Chennai]: G. A. Natesan and Company, [1910]), no. 17, pp. 40-41.
- The Telegu people are a South Indian ethnic group, residing mostly in the state of Andhra Pradesh.
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Revised January 21, 2014.

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A Chinese Creation and Flood Myth

From the Miao People

The Miao have no written records, but they have many legends in verse, which they learn to repeat and sing. The Hei Miao (or Black Miao, so called from their dark chocolate-colored clothes) treasure poetical legends of the creation and of a deluge. These are composed in lines of five syllables, in stanzas of unequal length, one interrogative and one responsive. They are sung or recited by two persons or two groups at feasts and festivals, often by a group of youths and a group of maidens. The legend of the creation commences:

Who made heaven and earth?
Who made insects?
Who made men?
Made male and made female?
I who speak don't know.

Heavenly King made heaven and earth,
Ziene made insects,
Ziene made men and demons,
Made male and made female.
How is it you don't know?

How made heaven and earth?
How made insects?
How made men and demons?
Made male and made female?
I who speak don't know.

Heavenly King was intelligent,
Spat a lot of spittle into his hand,
Clapped his hands with a noise,
Produced heaven and earth,
Tall grass made insects,
Stories made men and demons,
Made men and demons,
Made male and made female.
How is it you don't know?

The legend proceeds to state how and by whom the heavens were propped up and how the sun was made and fixed in its place.

The legend of the flood tells of a great deluge. It commences:

Who came to the bad disposition,
To send fire and burn the hill?
Who came to the bad disposition,
To send water and destroy the earth?
I who sing don't know.

Zie did. Zie was of bad disposition,
Zie sent fire and burned the hill;
Thunder did. Thunder was of bad disposition,
Thunder sent water and destroyed the earth.
Why don't you know?

In this story of the flood only two persons were saved in a large bottle gourd used as a boat, and these were A-Zie and his sister. After the flood the brother wished his sister to become his wife, but she objected to this as not being proper. At length she proposed that one should take the upper and one the lower millstone, and going to opposite hills should set the stones rolling to the valley between. If these should be found in the valley properly adjusted on above the other, she would be his wife, but not if they came to rest apart.

The young man, considering it unlikely that two stones thus rolled down from opposite hills would be found in the valley, one upon another, while pretending to accept the test suggested, secretly placed two other stones in the valley, one upon the other. The stones rolled from the hills were lost in the tall wild grass, and on descending into the valley, A-Zie called his sister to come and see the stones he had placed.

She, however, was not satisfied, and suggested as another test that each should take a knife from a double sheath and, going again to the opposite hilltops, hurl them into the valley below. If both these knives were found in the sheath in the valley, she would marry him, but if the knives were found apart, they would live apart.

Again the brother surreptitiously placed two knives in the sheath, and, the experiment ending as A-Zie wished, his sister became his wife. They had one child, a misshapen thing without arms or legs, which A-Zie in great anger killed and cut to pieces. He threw the pieces all over the hill, and next morning, on awakening, he found these pieces transformed into men and women. Thus the earth was re-peopled.

- Source: E. T. C. Werner, *Myths and Legends of China* (London: George G. Harrap and Company, 1922), pp. 406-408.
- Edited by D. L. Ashliman. © 2002-2003.

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Cinderella

Aarne-Thompson-Uther folktale
type 510A and related stories
of persecuted heroines
translated and/or edited by

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18. Maria and the Golden Slipper (Philippines).
19. The Turkey Herd (Native American, Zuni).
20. The Indian Cinderella (Native American).
21. Link to The Green Knight (Denmark).
22. Link to The Father Who Wanted to Marry His Daughter. Folktales of type 510B.
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The Cinder Maid

Europe (Joseph Jacobs)

than eleven when she counted the clock striking twelve. She jumped up and fled, as nimble as a deer. The prince followed, but could not overtake her. She left behind one of her glass slippers, which the prince picked up most carefully. She reached home, but quite out of breath, and in her nasty old clothes, having nothing left of all her finery but one of the little slippers, the mate to the one that she had dropped.

The guards at the palace gate were asked if they had not seen a princess go out. They replied that they had seen nobody leave but a young girl, very shabbily dressed, and who had more the air of a poor country wench than a gentlewoman.

When the two sisters returned from the ball Cinderella asked them if they had been well entertained, and if the fine lady had been there.

They told her, yes, but that she hurried away immediately when it struck twelve, and with so much haste that she dropped one of her little glass slippers, the prettiest in the world, which the king's son had picked up; that he had done nothing but look at her all the time at the ball, and that most certainly he was very much in love with the beautiful person who owned the glass slipper.

What they said was very true; for a few days later, the king's son had it proclaimed, by sound of trumpet, that he would marry her whose foot this slipper would just fit. They began to try it on the princesses, then the duchesses and all the court, but in vain; it was brought to the two sisters, who did all they possibly could to force their foot into the slipper, but they did not succeed.

Cinderella, who saw all this, and knew that it was her slipper, said to them, laughing, "Let me see if it will not fit me."

Her sisters burst out laughing, and began to banter with her. The gentleman who was sent to try the slipper looked earnestly at Cinderella, and, finding her very handsome, said that it was only just that she should try as well, and that he had orders to let everyone try.

He had Cinderella sit down, and, putting the slipper to her foot, he found that it went on very easily, fitting her as if it had been made of wax. Her two sisters were greatly astonished, but then even more so, when Cinderella pulled out of her pocket the other slipper, and put it on her other foot. Then in came her godmother and touched her wand to Cinderella's clothes, making them richer and more magnificent than any of those she had worn before.

And now her two sisters found her to be that fine, beautiful lady whom they had seen at the ball. They threw themselves at her feet to beg pardon for all the ill treatment they had made her undergo. Cinderella took them up, and, as she embraced them, said that she forgave them with all her heart, and wanted them always to love her.

She was taken to the young prince, dressed as she was. He thought she was more charming than before, and, a few days after, married her. Cinderella, who was no less good than beautiful, gave her two sisters lodgings in the palace, and that very same day matched them with two great lords of the court.

Moral: Beauty in a woman is a rare treasure that will always be admired. Graciousness, however, is priceless and of even greater value. This is what Cinderella's godmother gave to her when she taught her to behave like a queen. Young women, in the winning of a heart, graciousness is more important than a beautiful hairdo. It is a true gift of the fairies. Without it nothing is possible; with it, one can do anything.

Another moral: Without doubt it is a great advantage to have intelligence, courage, good breeding, and common sense. These, and similar talents come only from heaven, and it is good to have them. However, even these may fail to bring you success, without the blessing of a godfather or a godmother.

- Source: Andrew Lang, *The Blue Fairy Book*, 5th ed. (London: Longmans, Green, and Co., 1891), pp. 64-71.
- Lang's source: Charles Perrault, *Histoires ou contes du temps passé, avec des moralités: [Contes de ma mère l'Oye]* (Paris: Chez Claude Barbin, 1697).
- Link to the original French text: "Cendrillon, ou la petite pantoufle de verre," *Perrault's Popular Tales*, edited from the original editions, with introduction, etc., by Andrew Lang (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1888), pp. 41-49.
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Cinderella

Germany (Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm)

Once upon a time there was a rich man who lived happily for a long time with his wife. Together they had a single daughter. Then the woman became ill, and when she was lying on her deathbed, she called her daughter to her side, and said, "Dear child, I must leave you now, but I will look down on you from heaven. Plant a little tree on my grave, and when you want something, just shake the tree, and you shall get what you want. I will help you in time of need. Just remain pious and good." Then she closed her eyes and died. The child cried, and planted a little tree on her mother's grave. She did not need to carry any water to it, because her tears provided all the water that it needed.

The snow fell over the mother's grave like a white cloth; then after the sun had retired from it a second time, and the little tree had become green a second time, the man took another wife.

The stepmother already had two daughters by her first husband. They were beautiful to look at, but in their hearts they were proud, arrogant, and evil. After the wedding was over, the three moved into the man's house, and times grew very bad for his poor child.

"What is that useless creature doing in the best room?" asked the stepmother. "Away to the kitchen with her! And if she wants to eat, then she must earn it. She can be our maid."

Her stepsisters took her dresses away from her and made her wear an old gray skirt. "That is good enough for you!" they said, making fun of her and leading her into the kitchen. Then the

poor child had to do the most difficult work. She had to get up before sunrise, carry water, make the fire, cook, and wash. To add to her misery, her stepsisters ridiculed her and then scattered peas and lentils into the ashes, and she had to spend the whole day sorting them out again. At night when she was tired, there was no bed for her to sleep in, but she had to lie down next to the hearth in the ashes. Because she was always dirty with ashes and dust, they gave her the name *Cinderella*.

The time came when the king announced a ball. It was to last, in all splendor, for three days, and there his son, the prince, would choose a wife for himself. The two proud sisters were invited. "Cinderella," they cried, "Come here. Comb our hair. Brush our shoes, and tighten our laces. We are going to the prince's ball."

Cinderella did the best that she could, but they rewarded her only with curses. When they were ready, they said with scorn, "Cinderella, wouldn't you like to go to the ball?"

"Oh, yes. But how can I go? I don't have a dress."

"No," said the oldest one, "and we would be ashamed if you were to be seen there, and people learned that you are our sister. You belong in the kitchen. Here is a basin of lentils. Sort the good ones from the bad ones, and if there is a single bad one in the lot when we return, you can expect the worst."

With that, they left. Cinderella stood and watched until she could no longer see them. Then she sadly went into the kitchen and spread the lentils out over the hearth. There was a very, very large pile of them. "Oh," she said with a sigh. "I'll have to sit here sorting lentils until midnight, and I can't close my eyes, no matter how much they hurt. If only my mother knew about this!"

She kneeled down in the ashes next to the hearth and was about to begin her work when two white pigeons flew in through the window. They lit on the hearth next to the lentils. Nodding their heads, they said, "Cinderella, do you want us to help you sort the lentils?"

"Yes," she answered:

> The bad ones go into your crop,
> The good ones go into the pot.

And peck, peck, peck, peck, they started at once, eating up the bad ones and leaving the good ones lying. In only a quarter of an hour there was not a single bad lentil among the good ones, and she brushed them all into the pot.

Then the pigeons said to her, "Cinderella, if you would like to see your sisters dancing with the prince, just climb up to the pigeon roost." She followed them and climbed to the top rung of the ladder to the pigeon roost. There she could see into the hall, and she saw her sisters dancing with the prince. Everything glistened by the glow of a thousand lights. After she had seen enough, she climbed back down. With a heavy heart she lay down in the ashes and fell asleep.

The next morning the two sisters came to the kitchen. They were angry when they saw that she had sorted the lentils, for they wanted to scold her. Because they could not, they began telling her about the ball. They said, "Cinderella, it was so grand at the ball. The prince, who is the best looking man in the whole world, escorted us, and he is going to choose one of us to be his wife."

"Yes," said Cinderella, "I saw the glistening lights. It must have been magnificent."

"Now just how did you do that?" asked the oldest one.

"By standing up there on the pigeon roost."

When she heard this, her envy drove her to have the pigeon roost torn down immediately.

Cinderella had to comb their hair and get them ready again. The youngest sister, who had a little sympathy in her heart, said, "Cinderella, when it gets dark you can go and look through the windows from the outside."

"No!" said the oldest one. "That would only make her lazy. Here is a sackful of seeds. Sort the good ones from the bad ones, and do it well. If tomorrow there are any bad ones in the lot, then I will dump the whole sackful into the ashes, and you will have to go without eating until you have picked them all out again."

Cinderella sadly sat down on the hearth and spread out the seeds. The pigeons flew in again, and said, "Cinderella, do you want us to help you sort the seeds?"

"Yes," she answered:

> The bad ones go into your crop,
> The good ones go into the pot.

Peck, peck, peck, peck, it went as fast as if twelve hands were at work. When they were finished, the pigeons said, "Cinderella, would you like to go dancing at the ball?"

"Oh, my goodness," she said, "how could I go in these dirty clothes?"

"Just go to the little tree on your mother's grave, shake it, and wish yourself some beautiful clothes. But come back before midnight."

So Cinderella went and shook the little tree, and said:

> Shake yourself, shake yourself, little tree.
> Throw some nice clothing down to me!

She had scarcely spoken these words when a splendid silver dress fell down before her. With it were pearls, silk stockings with silver decorations, silver slippers, and everything else that she needed. Cinderella carried it all home. After she had washed herself and put on the beautiful clothing, she was as beautiful as a rose washed in dew. She went to the front door,

and there was a carriage with six black horses all decorated with feathers, and servants dressed in blue and silver. They helped her into the carriage, and away they galloped to the king's castle.

The prince saw the carriage stop before the gate, and thought that a foreign princess was arriving. He himself walked down the steps, helped Cinderella out, and escorted her into the hall. Many thousand lights shone upon her, and she was so beautiful that everyone there was amazed. The sisters stood there, angry that someone was more beautiful than they were, but they had no idea that it was Cinderella, who they thought was lying at home in the ashes. The prince danced with Cinderella and paid her every royal honor. He thought to himself, "I am supposed to choose myself a bride. I will have no one but her."

However long she had suffered in ashes and sorrow, Cinderella was now living in splendor and joy. As midnight approached, before the clock struck twelve, she stood up, bowed, and said that she had to go, in spite of the prince's requests for her to stay. The prince escorted her out. Her carriage stood there waiting for her. And she rode away just as splendidly as she had come.

Back at home, Cinderella returned to the tree on her mother's grave, and said:

Shake yourself, shake yourself, little tree!
Take the clothing back from me!

The tree took back the clothes. Cinderella put on her old ash-dress again, went home, dirtied her face, and lay down in the ashes to sleep.

The next morning the two sisters came in looking out of sorts, and without saying a word. Cinderella said, "Did you have a good time yesterday evening?"

"No. A princess was there who danced with the prince almost the whole time, but no one knew who she was nor where she came from."

"Was she the one in the splendid carriage drawn by six black horses?" asked Cinderella.

"How did you know that?"

"I was standing in the front door when she rode by the house."

"In the future do not leave your work," said the oldest one, giving Cinderella an evil look. "What were you doing, standing in the front door?"

Cinderella had to get her sisters ready a third time. Her reward was a basin filled with peas, which she was supposed to sort. "And do not dare to leave your work," shouted the oldest one, as she was leaving.

Cinderella thought, "If only my pigeons will come again," and her heart beat a little faster. The pigeons did come, just as they had the evening before, and said, "Cinderella, would you like us to help you sort the peas."

"Yes," she said:

> The bad ones go into your crop,
> The good ones go into the pot.

Once again the pigeons picked out the bad ones, and soon they were finished. Then they said, "Cinderella, shake the little tree, and it will throw down even more beautiful clothes. Go to the ball, but be careful to come back before midnight." Cinderella went and said:

> Shake yourself, shake yourself, little tree.
> Throw some nice clothing down to me!

Then a dress fell down that was even more magnificent and more splendid than the other one, made entirely of gold and precious stones. With it were stockings decorated with gold, and slippers made of gold. Cinderella put them on, and she glistened like the sun at midday. A carriage with six white horses pulled up at the door. The horses had tall white plumes on their heads, and the servants were dressed in red and gold.

When Cinderella arrived, the prince was waiting for her at the stairway. He escorted her into the hall. If everyone had been astounded at her beauty yesterday, today they were even more astounded. The sisters stood in the corner, pale with envy. If they had known that this was Cinderella, who they thought was at home lying in the ashes, they would have died of jealousy.

The prince wanted to know who the foreign princess was, where she was from, and where she was going. He placed his people in the street to keep watch. To prevent her from running away so fast, he had the stairway covered with pitch. Cinderella danced with the prince again and again. Filled with joy, she did not think about midnight. Suddenly, in the middle of a dance, she heard the clock strike. She suddenly remembered what the pigeons had warned her. Frightened, she rushed to the door and ran down the stairs. Because they were covered with pitch, one of her golden slippers stuck fast, and in her fear she did not think to pick it up. She reached the last step just as the clock struck twelve. The carriage and the horses disappeared, and Cinderella was left standing there in the dark street dressed in her ash-clothes.

The prince had rushed after her. He found the golden slipper on the stairway, pulled it loose, and picked it up. But by the time he arrived below, she had disappeared. The people whom he had ordered to keep watch came and said that they had seen nothing.

Cinderella was glad that it had not been worse. She returned home, lit her simple oil lamp, hung it in the chimney, and lay down in the ashes. Before long the two sisters returned, and called out, "Cinderella, get up and light the way for us."

Cinderella yawned and acted as though she had been asleep. While lighting their way, she heard one of them say, "God knows who the cursed princess is. I wish that she were lying beneath the earth! The prince danced only with her, and after she left, he did not want to stay any longer, and the whole party came to an end."

"It was as though they suddenly blew out all the lights," said the other one. Cinderella knew exactly who the foreign princess was, but she did not say a word.

Now the prince decided that since nothing else had succeeded, he would let the slipper help him find his bride. He had it proclaimed that he would marry the person whose foot fit the golden slipper. But it was too small for everyone. Indeed, some could not have gotten their foot inside, if it had been twice as large. Finally it came time for the two sisters to try on the slipper. They were happy, for they had small, beautiful feet, and each one believed that she could not fail. "If only the prince would come here sooner!" they thought.

"Listen," said the mother secretly. "Take this knife, and if the slipper is too tight, just cut off part of your foot. It will hurt a little, but what harm is that? The pain will soon pass, and then one of you will be queen." Then the oldest one went to her bedroom and tried on the slipper. The front of her foot went in, but her heel was too large, so she took the knife and cut part of it off, so she could force her foot into the slipper. Then she went out to the prince, and when he saw that she was wearing the slipper, he said that she was to be his bride. He escorted her to his carriage and was going to drive away with her. When he arrived at the gate, the two pigeons were perched above, and they called out:

> Rook di goo, rook di goo!
> There's blood in the shoe.
> The shoe is too tight,
> This bride is not right!

The prince bent over and looked at the slipper. Blood was streaming from it. He saw that he had been deceived, and he took the false bride back.

The mother then said to her second daughter, "Take the slipper, and if it is too short for you, then cut off your toes." So she took the slipper into her bedroom, and because her foot was too long, she bit her teeth together, and cut off a large part of her toes, then quickly pulled on the slipper. When she stepped out wearing it, the prince thought that she was the right one, and wanted to ride away with her. But when they came to the gate, the pigeons again called out:

> Rook di goo, rook di goo!
> There's blood in the shoe.
> The shoe is too tight,
> This bride is not right!

The prince looked down and saw that her white stockings were stained red, and that blood and had come up high on them. The prince took her back to her mother and said, "She is not the right bride either. Is there not another daughter here in this house?"

"No," said the mother. "There is only a dirty cinder girl here. She is sitting down there in the ashes. The slipper would never fit her." She did not want to call her, but the prince insisted. So they called Cinderella, and when she heard that the prince was there, she quickly washed her hands and face. She stepped into the best room and bowed. The prince handed her the

golden slipper, and said, "Try it on. If it fits you, you shall be my wife." She pulled the heavy shoe from her left foot, then put her foot into the slipper, pushing ever so slightly. It fit as if it had been poured over her foot. As she straightened herself up, she looked into the prince's face, and he recognized her as the beautiful princess. He cried out, "This is the right bride." The stepmother and the two proud sisters turned pale with horror. The prince escorted Cinderella away. He helped her into his carriage, and as they rode through the gate, the pigeons called out:

Rook di goo, rook di goo!
No blood's in the shoe.
The shoe's not too tight,
This bride is right!

- Source: Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*, 1st ed. (Berlin: Realschulbuchhandlung, 1812), v. 1, no. 21. Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 1998.
- In the edition of 1819 (and all subsequent editions) the stepsisters' punishment is more severe: The pigeons attack them and peck out their eyes, leaving them blind for life.
- Link to the original German text of the above tale: Aschenputtel (1812).
- Link to the German text of the final version (1857) of this tale: Aschenputtle (1857).
- Link to an English translation of the last version (1857) of Cinderella.
- Link to the Grimm Brothers Home Page.
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Katie Woodencloak

Norway (Peter Christen Asbjørnsen and Jørgen Moe)

Once on a time there was a king who had become a widower. By his queen he had one daughter, who was so clever and lovely, there wasn't a cleverer or lovelier princess in all the world. So the king went on a long time sorrowing for the queen, whom he had loved so much, but at last he got weary of living alone, and married another queen, who was a widow, and had, too, an only daughter; but this daughter was just as bad and ugly as the other was kind, and clever, and lovely. The stepmother and her daughter were jealous of the princess, because she was so lovely; but so long as the king was at home they daren't do her any harm, he was so fond of her.

Well, after a time he fell into war with another king, and went out to battle with his host, and then the stepmother thought she might do as she pleased; and so she both starved and beat the princess, and was after her in every hole and corner of the house. At last she thought everything too good for her, and turned her out to herd cattle. So there she went about with the cattle, and herded them in the woods and on the fells. As for food, she got little or none, and she grew thin and wan, and was always sobbing and sorrowful. Now in the herd there was a great dun bull, which always kept himself so neat and sleek, and often and often he came up to the princess, and let her pat him. So one day when she sat there, sad, and sobbing, and sorrowful, he came up to her and asked her outright why she was always in such grief. She answered nothing, but went on weeping.

"Ah!" said the bull, "I know all about it quite well, though you won't tell me; you weep because the queen is bad to you, and because she is ready to starve you to death. But food you've no need to fret about, for in my left ear lies a cloth, and when you take and spread it out, you may have as many dishes as you please."

So she did that, took the cloth and spread it out on the grass, and lo! it served up the nicest dishes one could wish to have; there was wine too, and mead, and sweet cake. Well, she soon got up her flesh again, and grew so plump, and rosy, and white, that the queen and her scrawny chip of a daughter turned blue and yellow for spite. The queen couldn't at all make out how her stepdaughter got to look so well on such bad fare, so she told one of her maids to go after her in the wood, and watch and see how it all was, for she thought some of the servants in the house must give her food. So the maid went after her, and watched in the wood, and then she saw how the stepdaughter took the cloth out of the bull's ear, and spread it out, and how it served up the nicest dishes, which the stepdaughter ate and made good cheer over. All this the maid told the queen when she went home.

And now the king came home from war, and had won the fight against the other king with whom he went out to battle. So there was great joy throughout the palace, and no one was gladder than the king's daughter. But the queen shammed sick, and took to her bed, and paid the doctor a great fee to get him to say she could never be well again unless she had some of the dun bull's flesh to eat. Both the king's daughter and the folk in the palace asked the doctor if nothing else would help her, and prayed hard for the bull, for everyone was fond of him, and they all said there wasn't that bull's match in all the land. But no; he must and should be slaughtered, nothing else would do. When the king's daughter heard that, she got very sorrowful, and went down into the byre to the bull. There, too, he stood and hung down his head, and looked so downcast that she began to weep over him.

"What are you weeping for?" asked the bull.

So she told him how the king had come home again, and how the queen had shammed sick and got the doctor to say she could never be well and sound again unless she got some of the dun bull's flesh to eat, and so now he was to be slaughtered.

"If they get me killed first," said the bull, "they'll soon take your life too. Now, if you're of my mind, we'll just start off, and go away tonight."

"Well, the princess thought it bad, you may be sure, to go and leave her father, but she thought it still worse to be in the house with the queen; and so she gave her word to the bull to come to him.

At night, when all had gone to bed, the princess stole down to the byre to the bull, and so he took her on his back, and set off from the homestead as fast as ever he could. And when the folk got up at cockcrow next morning to slaughter the bull, why, he was gone; and when the king got up and asked for his daughter, she was gone too. He sent out messengers on all sides to hunt for them, and gave them out in all the parish churches; but there was no one who had caught a glimpse of them. Meanwhile, the bull went through many lands with the king's daughter on his back, and so one day they came to a great copper wood, where both

the trees, and branches, and leaves, and flowers, and everything, were nothing but copper.

But before they went into the wood, the bull said to the king's daughter, "Now, when we get into this wood, mind you take care not to touch even a leaf of it, else it's all over both with me and you, for here dwells a troll with three heads who owns this wood."

No, bless her, she'd be sure to take care not to touch anything. Well, she was very careful, and leant this way and that to miss the boughs, and put them gently aside with her hands; but it was such a thick wood, 'twas scarce possible to get through; and so, with all her pains, somehow or other she tore off a leaf, which she held in her hand.

"AU! AU! what have you done now?" said the bull; "there's nothing for it now but to fight for life or death; but mind you keep the leaf safe."

Soon after they got to the end of the wood, and a troll with three heads came running up. "Who is this that touches my wood?" said the troll.

"It's just as much mine as yours," said the bull.

"Ah!" roared the troll, "we'll try a fall about that."

"As you choose," said the bull

So they rushed at one another, and fought; and the bull he butted, and gored, and kicked with all his might and main; but the troll gave him as good as he brought, and it lasted the whole day before the bull got the mastery; and then he was so full of wounds, and so worn out, he could scarce lift a leg. Then they were forced to stay there a day to rest, and then the bull bade the king's daughter to take the horn of ointment which hung at the troll's belt, and rub him with it. Then he came to himself again, and the day after they trudged on again. So they traveled many, many days, until, after a long, long time, they came to a silver wood, where both the trees, and branches, and leaves, and flowers, and everything, were silvern.

Before the bull went into the wood, he said to the king's daughter, "Now, when we get into this wood, for heaven's sake mind you take good care; you mustn't touch anything, and not pluck off so much as one leaf, else it is all over both with me and you; for here is a troll with six heads who owns it, and him I don't think I should be able to master."

"No," said the king's daughter; "I'll take good care and not touch anything you don't wish me to touch."

But when they got into the wood, it was so close and thick, they could scarce get along. She was as careful as careful could be, and leant to this side and that to miss the boughs, and put them on one side with her hands, but every minute the branches struck her across the eyes, and, in spite of all her pains, it so happened she tore off a leaf.

"AU! AU! what have you done now?" said the bull. "There's nothing for it now but to fight for life and death, for this troll has six heads, and is twice as strong as the other, but mind you keep the leaf safe, and don't lose it."

Once upon a time, though it was not in my time or in your time, or in anybody else's time, there was a great king who had an only son, the prince and heir who was about to come of age. So the king sent round a herald who should blow his trumpet at every four corners where two roads met. And when the people came together he would call out, "O yes, O yes, O yes, know ye that his grace the king will give on Monday sennight" -- that meant seven nights or a week after -- "a royal ball to which all maidens of noble birth are hereby summoned; and be it furthermore known unto you that at this ball his highness the prince will select unto himself a lady that shall be his bride and our future queen. God save the king."

Now there was among the nobles of the king's court one who had married twice, and by the first marriage he had but one daughter, and as she was growing up her father thought that she ought to have someone to look after her. So he married again, a lady with two daughters, and his new wife, instead of caring for his daughter, thought only of her own and favored them in every way. She would give them beautiful dresses but none to her stepdaughter who had only to wear the castoff clothes of the other two. The noble's daughter was set to do all the drudgery of the house, to attend the kitchen fire, and had naught to sleep on but the heap of cinder raked out in the scullery; and that is why they called her Cinder Maid. And no one took pity on her and she would go and weep at her mother's grave where she had planted a hazel tree, under which she sat.

You can imagine how excited they all were when they heard the king's proclamation called out by the herald. "What shall we wear, mother; what shall we wear?" cried out the two daughters, and they all began talking about which dress should suit the one and what dress should suit the other, but when the father suggested that Cinder Maid should also have a dress they all cried out, "What, Cinder Maid going to the king's ball? Why, look at her, she would only disgrace us all." And so her father held his peace.

Now when the night came for the royal ball Cinder Maid had to help the two sisters to dress in their fine dresses and saw them drive off in the carriage with her father and their mother. But she went to her own mother's grave and sat beneath the hazel tree and wept and cried out:

> Tree o' mine, O tree o' me,
> With my tears I've watered thee;
> Make me a lady fair to see,
> Dress me as splendid as can be.

And with that the little bird on the tree called out to her:

> Cinder Maid, Cinder Maid, shake the tree,
> Open the first nut that you see.

So Cinder Maid shook the tree and the first nut that fell she took up and opened, and what do you think she saw? -- a beautiful silk dress blue as the heavens, all embroidered with stars, and two little lovely shoon [shoes] made of shining copper. And when she had dressed herself the hazel tree opened and from it came a coach all made of copper with four milk-white horses, with coachman and footmen all complete. And as she drove away the little bird called out to her:

Just as he said that, up came the troll. "Who is this," he said, "that touches my wood?"

"It's as much mine as yours," said the bull.

"That we'll try a fall about," roared the troll

"As you choose," said the bull, and rushed at the troll, and gored out his eyes, and drove his horns right through his body, so that the entrails gushed out; but the troll was almost a match for him, and it lasted three whole days before the bull got the life gored out of him. But then he, too, was so weak and wretched, it was as much as he could do to stir a limb, and so full of wounds, that the blood streamed from him. So he said to the king's daughter she must take the horn of ointment that hung at the troll's belt, and rub him with it. Then she did that, and he came to himself; but they were forced to stay there a week to rest before the bull had strength enough to go on.

At last they set off again, but the bull was still poorly, and they went rather slow at first. So to spare time the king's daughter said as she was young and light of foot, she could very well walk, but she couldn't get leave to do that. No; she must seat herself up on his back again. So on they traveled through many lands a long time, and the king's daughter did not know in the least whither they went; but after a long, long time they came to a gold wood. It was so grand, the gold dropped from every twig, and all the trees, and boughs, and flowers, and leaves, were of pure gold. Here, too, the same thing happened as had happened in the silver wood and copper wood. The bull told the king's daughter she mustn't touch it for anything, for there was a troll with nine heads who owned it, and he was much bigger and stouter than both the others put together, and he didn't think he could get the better of him. No; she'd be sure to take heed not to touch it; that he might know very well. But when they got into the wood, it was far thicker and closer than the silver wood, and the deeper they went into it the worse it got. The wood went on getting thicker and thicker, and closer and closer; and at last she thought there was no way at all to get through it. She was in such an awful fright of plucking off anything, that she sat, and twisted and turned herself this way and that, and hither and thither, to keep clear of the boughs, and she put them on one side with her hands; but every moment the branches struck her across the eyes, so that she couldn't see what she was clutching at; and lo! before she knew how it came about, she had a gold apple in her hand. Then she was so bitterly sorry she burst into tears and wanted to throw it away; but the bull said she must keep it safe and watch it well, and comforted her as well as he could; but he thought it would be a hard tussle, and he doubted how it would go.

Just then up came the troll with the nine heads, and he was so ugly, the king's daughter scarcely dared to look at him. "Who is this that touches my wood?" he roared.

"It's just as much mine as yours," said the bull.

"That we'll try a fall about," roared the troll again.

"Just as you choose," said the bull; and so they rushed at one another, and fought, and it was such a dreadful sight the king's daughter was ready to swoon away. The bull gored out the troll's eyes, and drove his horns through and through his body, till the entrails came tumbling

out; but the troll fought bravely; and when the bull got one head gored to death, the rest breathed life into it again, and so it lasted a whole week before the bull was able to get the life out of them all. But then he was utterly worn out and wretched. He couldn't stir a foot, and his body was all one wound. He couldn't so much as ask the king's daughter to take the horn of ointment which hung at the troll's belt, and rub it over him. But she did it all the same, and then he came to himself by little and little; but they had to lie there and rest three weeks before he was fit to go on again.

Then they set off at a snail's pace, for the bull said they had still a little farther to go, and so they crossed over many high hills and thick woods. So after a while they got upon the fells.

"Do you see anything?" asked the bull.

"No, I see nothing but the sky and the wild fell," said the king's daughter.

So when they climbed higher up, the fell got smoother, and they could see farther off.

"Do you see anything now?" asked the bull.

"Yes, I see a little castle far, far away," said the princess.

"That's not so little though," said the bull.

After a long, long time, they came to a great cairn, where there was a spur of the fell that stood sheer across the way.

"Do you see anything now?" asked the bull.

"Yes, now I see the castle close by," said the king's daughter, "and now it is much, much bigger."

"Thither you're to go," said the bull. "Right underneath the castle is a pigsty, where you are to dwell. When you come thither you'll find a wooden cloak, all made of strips of lath; that you must put on, and go up to the castle and say your name is Katie Woodencloak, and ask for a place. But before you go, you must take your penknife and cut my head off, and then you must flay me, and roll up the hide, and lay it under the wall of rock yonder, and under the hide you must lay the copper leaf, and the silvern leaf, and the golden apple. Yonder, up against the rock, stands a stick; and when you want anything, you've only got to knock on the wall of rock with that stick."

At first she wouldn't do anything of the kind; but when the bull said it was the only thanks he would have for what he had done for her, she couldn't help herself. So, however much it grieved her heart, she hacked and cut away with her knife at the big beast till she got both his head and his hide off, and then she laid the hide up under the wall of rock, and put the copper leaf, and the silvern leaf, and the golden apple inside it.

So when she had done that, she went over to the pigsty, but all the while she went she sobbed and wept. There she put on the wooden cloak, and so went up to the palace. When

she came into the kitchen she begged for a place, and told them her name was Katie Woodencloak. Yes, the cook said she might have a place -- she might have leave to be there in the scullery, and wash up, for the lassie who did that work before had just gone away.

"But as soon as you get weary of being here, you'll go your way too, I'll be bound."

No; she was sure she wouldn't do that.

So there she was, behaving so well, and washing up so handily. The Sunday after there were to be strange guests at the palace, so Katie asked if she might have leave to carry up water for the prince's bath; but all the rest laughed at her, and said, "What should you do there? Do you think the prince will care to look at you, you who are such a fright?"

But she wouldn't give it up, and kept on begging and praying; and at last she got leave. So when she went up the stairs, her wooden cloak made such a clatter, the prince came out and asked, "Pray, who are you?"

"Oh, I was just going to bring up water for your Royal Highness's bath," said Katie.

"Do you think now," said the prince, "I'd have anything to do with the water you bring?" and with that he threw the water over her.

So she had to put up with that, but then she asked leave to go to church; well, she got that leave too, for the church lay close by. But first of all she went to the rock, and knocked on its face with the stick which stood there, just as the bull had said. And straightway out came a man, who said, "What's your will?"

So the princess said she had got leave to go to church and hear the priest preach, but she had no clothes to go in. So he brought out a kirtle, which was as bright as the copper wood, and she got a horse and saddle beside. Now, when she got to the church, she was so lovely and grand, all wondered who she could be, and scarce one of them listened to what the priest said, for they looked too much at her. As for the prince, he fell so deep in love with her, he didn't take his eyes off her for a single moment.

So, as she went out of church, the prince ran after her, and held the church door open for her; and so he got hold of one of her gloves, which was caught in the door. When she went away and mounted her horse, the prince went up to her again, and asked whence she came.

"Oh, I'm from Bath," said Katie; and while the prince took out the glove to give it to her, she said:

> Bright before and dark behind,
> Clouds come rolling on the wind;
> That this prince may never see
> Where my good steed goes with me.

The prince had never seen the like of that glove, and went about far and wide asking after the land whence the proud lady, who rode off without her glove, said she came; but there was no

one who could tell where "Bath" lay.

Next Sunday some one had to go up to the prince with a towel.

"Oh, may I have leave to go up with it?" said Katie.

"What's the good of your going?" said the others; "you saw how it fared with you last time."

But Katie wouldn't give in; she kept on begging and praying, till she got leave; and then she ran up the stairs, so that her wooden cloak made a great clatter. Out came the prince, and when he saw it was Katie, he tore the towel out of her hand, and threw it into her face.

"Pack yourself off, you ugly troll," he cried; "do you think I'd have a towel which you have touched with your smutty fingers?"

After that the prince set off to church, and Katie begged for leave to go too. They all asked what business she had at church -- she who had nothing to put on but that wooden cloak, which was so black and ugly. But Katie said the priest was such a brave man to preach, what he said did her so much good; and so at last she got leave. Now she went again to the rock and knocked, and so out came the man, and gave her a kirtle far finer than the first one; it was all covered with silver, and it shone like the silver wood; and she got besides a noble steed, with a saddlecloth broidered with silver, and a silver bit.

So when the king's daughter got to the church, the folk were still standing about in the churchyard. And all wondered and wondered who she could be, and the prince was soon on the spot, and came and wished to hold her horse for her while she got off. But she jumped down, and said there was no need, for her horse was so well broke, it stood still when she bade it, and came when she called it.

So they all went into church, but there was scarce a soul that listened to what the priest said, for they looked at her a deal too much; and the prince fell still deeper in love than the first time.

When the sermon was over, and she went out of church. and was going to mount her horse, up came the prince again and asked her whence she came.

"Oh, I'm from Towelland," said the king's daughter; and as she said that, she dropped her riding whip, and when the prince stooped to pick it up, she said:

> Bright before and dark behind,
> Clouds come rolling on the wind;
> That this prince may never see
> Where my good steed goes with me.

So away she was again; and the prince couldn't tell what had become of her. He went about far and wide, asking after the land whence she said she came, but there was no one who could tell him where it lay; and so the prince had to make the best he could of it.

Next Sunday someone had to go up to the prince with a comb. Katie begged for leave to go up with it, but the others put her in mind how she had fared the last time, and scolded her for wishing to go before the prince -- such a black and ugly fright as she was in her wooden cloak. But she wouldn't leave off asking till they let her go up to the prince with his comb. So, when she came clattering up the stairs again, out came the prince, and took the comb, and threw it at her, and bade her be off as fast as she could. After that the prince went to church, and Katie begged for leave to go too. They asked again what business she had there, she who was so foul and black, and who had no clothes to show herself in. Might be the prince or some one else would see her, and then both she and all the others would smart for it; but Katie said they had something else to do than to look at her; and she wouldn't leave off begging and praying till they gave her leave to go.

So the same thing happened now as had happened twice before. She went to the rock and knocked with the stick, and then the man came out and gave her a kirtle which was far grander than either of the others. It was almost all pure gold, and studded with diamonds; and she got besides a noble steed, with a gold broidered saddlecloth and a golden bit.

Now when the king's daughter got to the church, there stood the priest and all the people in the churchyard waiting for her. Up came the prince running, and wanted to hold her horse, but she jumped off, and said, "No; thanks -- there's no need, for my horse is so well broke, it stands still when I bid him."

So they all hastened into church, and the priest got into the pulpit, but no one listened to a word he said; for they all looked too much at her, and wondered whence she came; and the prince, he was far deeper in love than either of the former times. He had no eyes, or ears, or sense for anything, but just to sit and stare at her.

So when the sermon was over, and the king's daughter was to go out of the church, the prince had got a firkin of pitch poured out in the porch, that he might come and help her over it; but she didn't care a bit -- she just put her foot right down into the midst of the pitch, and jumped across it; but then one of her golden shoes stuck fast in it, and as she got on her horse, up came the prince running out of the church, and asked whence she came.

"I'm from Combland," said Katie. But when the prince wanted to reach her the gold shoe, she said:

> Bright before and dark behind,
> Clouds come rolling on the wind;
> That this prince may never see
> Where my good steed goes with me.

So the prince couldn't tell still what had become of her, and he went about a weary time all over the world asking for "Combland," but when no one could tell him where it lay, he ordered it to be given out everywhere that he would wed the woman whose foot could fit the gold shoe.

So many came of all sorts from all sides, fair and ugly alike; but there was no one who had so

small a foot as to be able to get on the gold shoe. And after a long, long time, who should come but Katie's wicked stepmother, and her daughter, too, and her the gold shoe fitted; but ugly she was, and so loathly she looked, the prince only kept his word sore against his will. Still they got ready the wedding feast, and she was dressed up and decked out as a bride; but as they rode to church, a little bird sat upon a tree and sang:

A bit off her heel,
And a bit off her toe;
Katie Woodencloak's tiny shoe
Is full of blood -- that's all I know.

And, sure enough, when they looked to it, the bird told the truth, for blood gushed out of the shoe.

Then all the maids and women who were about the palace had to go up to try on the shoe, but there was none of them whom it would fit at all.

"But where's Katie Woodencloak?" asked the prince, when all the rest had tried the shoe, for he understood the song of birds very well, and bore in mind what the little bird had said.

"Oh, she! think of that!" said the rest; it's no good her coming forward. "Why, she's legs like a horse."

"Very true, I daresay," said the prince; "but since all the others have tried, Katie may as well try too."

"Katie!" he bawled out through the door; and Katie came trampling upstairs, and her wooden cloak clattered as if a whole regiment of dragoons were charging up.

"Now, you must try the shoe on, and be a princess, you too," said the other maids, and laughed and made game of her.

So Katie took up the shoe, and put her foot into it like nothing, and threw off her wooden cloak; and so there she stood in her gold kirtle, and it shone so that the sunbeams glistened from her; and, lo! on her other foot she had the fellow to the gold shoe.

So when the prince knew her again, he grew so glad, he ran up to her and threw his arms round her, and gave her a kiss; and when he heard she was a king's daughter, he got gladder still, and then came the wedding-feast; and so

Snip, snip, snover,
This story's over.

- Source: Peter Christen Asbjørnsen and Jørgen Moe, *Popular Tales from the Norse*, 2nd ed., translated by George Webbe Dasent (Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas, 1859), pp. 411-28. Translation slightly revised by D. L. Ashliman.
- Link to the tale in Norwegian: Kari Trestakk. This is a text from Projekt Runeberg.
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The Broken Pitcher

England

Once upon a time there were two sisters, one called Orange and the other Lemon. Their mother loved Lemon much more than Orange, and made Orange do all the hard work in the house, and fetch water from the well every day. One day Orange went to the well as usual, taking her pitcher with her, and as she was stooping down to fill it with water the pitcher fell out of her hand into the well and was broken. Then Orange was very grieved and dared not go home; so she sat down on the grass and cried. After she had cried awhile she looked up from the ground and saw a beautiful fairy standing near her.

And the fairy said, "Why dost thou cry, little Orange?"

Orange said, "Because I have broken our pitcher, and mother will beat me." "Dry up thy tears," said the fairy, "and see, I live in the well and know all about you, and I will help you, because thou art such a good little girl, and so ill used."

Then the fairy struck the ground, and the pitcher came back out of the well sound and whole, and just as it was before, except that it had arms and legs.

"See," said the fairy, "this little pitcher shall always be thy friend, and now it will walk home with thee and carry the water itself. Go home now, tell it to nobody, and be a good little girl." Having said this the fairy disappeared down the well.

After this Orange soon dried up her tears, and, taking hold of the pitcher's hand, she and the pitcher walked home together. But when they got to the door of her mother's house the arms and legs of the pitcher were gone. Then Orange took the pitcher into the house, and, remembering what the fairy had said, told what had happened to nobody.

The next morning Orange awoke very early, as she always did, and said to herself, "How tired I shall be before night comes, for there is so much work to do in the house."

So she got up, and when she came downstairs she found the pitcher, with its arms and legs on, sweeping the kitchen and doing all the hard work, and ever after the pitcher was her faithful and helpful friend.

- Source: Sidney Oldall Addy, *Household Tales with Other Traditional Remains: Collected in the Counties of York, Lincoln, Derby, and Nottingham* (London: David Nutt, 1895), no. 29, pp. 29-30.
- Addy's source: "From Sheffield."
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Ashey Pelt

Ireland

Well, my grandmother she told me that in them auld days a ewe might be your mother. It is a

very lucky thing to have a black ewe.

A man married again, and his daughter, Ashey Pelt, was unhappy. She cried alone, and the black ewe came to her from under the greystone in the field and said, "Don't cry. Go and find a rod behind the stone and strike it three times, and whatever you want will come."

So she did as she was bid.

She wanted to go to a party. Dress and horses and all came to her, but she was bound to be back before twelve o'clock or all the enchantment would go, all she had would vanish.

The sisters they did na' like her, she was so pretty, and the stepmother she kept her in wretchedness just.

She was most lovely. At the party the prince fell in love with her, and she forgot to get back in time. In her speed a-running she dropped her *silk* slipper, and he sent and he went over all the country to find the lady it wad fit. When he came to Ashey Pelt's door he did not see her. The sisters was busy a-nipping and a-clipping at their feet to get on the silk slipper, for the king's son he had given out that he loved that lady sae weel he wad be married on whaever could fit on that slipper.

The sisters they drove Ashey Pelt out bye to be out of the road, and they bid her mind the cows. They pared down their feet till one o' them could just squeeze it on. But she was in the quare agony I'm telling you.

So off they rode away; but when he was passing the field the voice of the auld ewe cried on him to stop, and she says, says she:

> Nippet foot, and clippet foot
> Behind the king's son rides,
> But bonny foot, and pretty foot
> Is with the cathering hides.

So he rode back and found her among the cows, and he married her, and if they lived happy, so may you and me.

- Source: M. Damant, "Folktales," *Folk-Lore: A Quarterly Review of Myth, Tradition, Institution, and Custom*, vol. 6 (London: Published for the Folk-Lore Society by David Nutt, 1895), pp. 305-306.
- Damant's source: "The following tale was told me by a woman now living, a native of Ulster, aged about sixty."
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Fair, Brown, and Trembling

Ireland

King Aedh Cúrucha lived in Tir Conal, and he had three daughters, whose names were Fair,

Brown, and Trembling.

Fair and Brown had new dresses, and went to church every Sunday. Trembling was kept at home to do the cooking and work. They would not let her go out of the house at all; for she was more beautiful than the other two, and they were in dread she might marry before themselves.

They carried on in this way for seven years. At the end of seven years the son of the king of Omanya [the ancient Emania in Ulster] fell in love with the eldest sister.

One Sunday morning, after the other two had gone to church, the old henwife came into the kitchen to Trembling, and said, "It's at church you ought to be this day, instead of working here at home."

"How could I go?" said Trembling. "I have no clothes good enough to wear at church; and if my sisters were to see me there, they'd kill me for going out of the house."

"I'll give you," said the henwife, "a finer dress than either of them has ever seen. And now tell me what dress will you have?"

"I'll have," said Trembling, "a dress as white as snow, and green shoes for my feet."

The henwife put on the cloak of darkness, clipped a piece from the old clothes the young woman had on, and asked for the whitest robes in the world and the most beautiful that could be found, and a pair of green shoes.

That moment she had the robe and the shoes, and she brought them to Trembling, who put them on. When Trembling was dressed and ready, the henwife said, "I have a honey-bird here to sit on your right shoulder, and a honey-finger to put on your left. At the door stands a milk-white mare, with a golden saddle for you to sit on, and a golden bridle to hold in your hand."

Trembling sat on the golden saddle; and when she was ready to start, the henwife said, "You must not go inside the door of the church, and the minute the people rise up at the end of mass, do you make off, and ride home as fast as the mare will carry you."

When Trembling came to the door of the church there was no one inside who could get a glimpse of her but was striving to know who she was; and when they saw her hurrying away at the end of mass, they ran out to overtake her. But no use in their running; she was away before any man could come near her. From the minute she left the church till she got home, she overtook the wind before her, and outstripped the wind behind.

She came down at the door, went in, and found the henwife had dinner ready. She put off the white robes, and had on her old dress in a twinkling.

When the two sisters came home the henwife asked, "Have you any news today from the church?"

"We have great news," said they. "We saw a wonderful, grand lady at the church door. The like of the robes she had we have never seen on woman before. It's little that was thought of our dresses beside what she had on; and there wasn't a man at the church, from the king to the beggar, but was trying to look at her and know who she was."

The sisters would give no peace till they had two dresses like the robes of the strange lady; but honey-birds and honey-fingers were not to be found.

Next Sunday the two sisters went to church again, and left the youngest at home to cook the dinner.

After they had gone, the henwife came in and asked, "Will you go to church today?"

"I would go," said Trembling, "if I could get the going."

"What robe will you wear?" asked the henwife.

"The finest black satin that can be found, and red shoes for my feet."

"What color do you want the mare to be?"

"I want her to be so black and so glossy that I can see myself in her body."

The henwife put on the cloak of darkness, and asked for the robes and the mare. That moment she had them. When Trembling was dressed, the henwife put the honey-bird on her right shoulder and the honey-finger on her left. The saddle on the mare was silver, and so was the bridle.

When Trembling sat in the saddle and was going away, the henwife ordered her strictly not to go inside the door of the church, but to rush away as soon as the people rose at the end of mass, and hurry home on the mare before any man could stop her.

That Sunday the people were more astonished than ever, and gazed at her more than the first time; and all they were thinking of was to know who she was. But they had no chance; for the moment the people rose at the end of mass she slipped from the church, was in the silver saddle, and home before a man could stop her or talk to her.

The henwife had the dinner ready. Trembling took off her satin robe, and had on her old clothes before her sisters got home.

"What news have you today?" asked the henwife of the sisters when they came from the church.

"Oh, we saw the grand strange lady again! And it's little that any man could think of our dresses after looking at the robes of satin that she had on! And all at church, from high to low, had their mouths open, gazing at her, and no man was looking at us."

The two sisters gave neither rest nor peace till they got dresses as nearly like the strange

Be home, be home ere mid-o'-night
Or else again you'll be a fright.

When Cinder Maid entered the ballroom she was the loveliest of all the ladies, and the prince, who had been dancing with her stepsisters, would only dance with her. But as it came towards midnight Cinder Maid remembered what the little bird had told her and slipped away to her carriage. And when the prince missed her he went to the guards at the palace door and told them to follow the carriage. But Cinder Maid when she saw this, called out:

Mist behind and light before,
Guide me to my father's door.

And when the prince's soldiers tried to follow her there came such a mist that they couldn't see their hands before their faces. So they couldn't find which way Cinder Maid went.

When her father and stepmother and two sisters came home after the ball they could talk of nothing but the lovely lady: "Ah, would not you have like to have been there?" said the sisters to Cinder Maid as she helped them to take off their fine dresses. "The was a most lovely lady with a dress like the heavens and shoes of bright copper, and the prince would dance with none but her; and when midnight came she disappeared and the prince could not find her. He is going to give a second ball in the hope that she will come again. Perhaps she will not, and then we will have our chance."

When the time of the second royal ball came round the same thing happened as before; the sisters teased Cinder Maid, saying "Wouldn't you like to come with us?" and drove off again as before.

And Cinder Maid went again to the hazel tree over her mother's grave and cried:

Tree o' mine, O tree o' me,
Shiver and shake, dear little tree;
Make me a lady fair to see,
Dress me as splendid as can be.

And then the little bird on the tree called out:

Cinder Maid, Cinder Maid, shake the tree,
Open the first nut that you see.

But this time she found a dress all golden brown like the earth embroidered with flowers, and her shoon were made of silver; and when the carriage came from the tree, lo and behold, that was made of silver too, drawn by black horses with trappings all of silver, and the lace on the coachman's and footmen's liveries was also of silver; and when Cinder Maid went to the ball the prince would dance with none but her; and when midnight cam round she fled as before. But the prince, hoping to prevent her running away, had ordered the soldiers at the foot of the staircase to pour out honey on the stairs so that her shoes would stick in it. But Cinder Maid leaped from stair to stair and got away just in time, calling out as the soldiers tried to follow

lady's robes as they could find. Of course they were not so good; for the like of those robes could not be found in Erin.

When the third Sunday came, Fair and Brown went to church dressed in black satin. They left Trembling at home to work in the kitchen, and told her to be sure and have dinner ready when they came back.

After they had gone and were out of sight, the henwife came to the kitchen and said, "Well, my dear, are you for church today?"

"I would go if I had a new dress to wear."

"I'll get you any dress you ask for. What dress would you like?" asked the henwife.

"A dress red as a rose from the waist down, and white as snow from the waist up; a cape of green on my shoulders; and a hat on my head with a red, a white, and a green feather in it; and shoes for my feet with the toes red, the middle white, and the backs and heels green."

The henwife put on the cloak of darkness, wished for all these things, and had them. When Trembling was dressed, the henwife put the honey-bird on her right shoulder and the honey-finger on her left, and placing the hat on her head, clipped a few hairs from one lock and a few from another with her scissors, and that moment the most beautiful golden hair was flowing down over the girl's shoulders. Then the henwife asked what kind of a mare she would ride. She said white, with blue and gold-colored diamond-shaped spots all over her body, on her back a saddle of gold, and on her head a golden bridle.

The mare stood there before the door, and a bird sitting between her ears, which began to sing as soon as Trembling was in the saddle, and never stopped till she came home from the church.

The fame of the beautiful strange lady had gone out through the world, and all the princes and great men that were in it came to church that Sunday, each one hoping that it was himself would have her home with him after mass.

The son of the king of Omanya forgot all about the eldest sister, and remained outside the church, so as to catch the strange lady before she could hurry away.

The church was more crowded than ever before, and there were three times as many outside. There was such a throng before the church that Trembling could only come inside the gate.

As soon as the people were rising at the end of mass, the lady slipped out through the gate, was in the golden saddle in an instant, and sweeping away ahead of the wind. But if she was, the prince of Omanya was at her side, and, seizing her by the foot, he ran with the mare for thirty perches, and never let go of the beautiful lady till the shoe was pulled from her foot, and he was left behind with it in his had. She came home as fast as the mare could carry her, and was thinking all the time that the henwife would kill her for losing the shoe.

Seeing her so vexed and so changed in the face, the old woman asked, "What's the trouble that's on you now?"

"Oh! I've lost one of the shoes off my feet," said Trembling.

"Don't mind that; don't be vexed," said the henwife; "maybe it's the best thing that ever happened to you."

Then Trembling gave up all the things she had to the henwife, put on her old clothes, and went to work in the kitchen. When the sisters came home, the henwife asked, "Have you any news from the church?"

"We have indeed," said they; "for we saw the grandest sight today. The strange lady came again, in grander array than before. On herself and the horse she rode were the finest colors of the world, and between the ears of the horse was a bird which never stopped singing from the time she came till she went away. The lady herself is the most beautiful woman ever seen by man in Erin."

After Trembling had disappeared from the church, the son of the king of Omanya said to the other kings' sons, "I will have that lady for my own."

They all said, "You didn't win her just by taking the shoe off her foot, you'll have to win her by the point of the sword; you'll have to fight for her with us before you can call her your own."

"Well," said the son of the king of Omanya, "when I find the lady that shoe will fit, I'll fight for her, never fear, before I leave her to any of you."

Then all the kings' sons were uneasy, and anxious to know who was she that lost the shoe; and they began to travel all over Erin to know could they find her. The prince of Omanya and all the others went in a great company together, and made the round of Erin; they went everywhere -- north, south, east, and west. They visited every place where a woman was to be found, and left not a house in the kingdom they did not search, to know could they find the woman the shoe would fit, not caring whether she was rich or poor, of high or low degree.

The prince of Omanya always kept the shoe; and when the young women saw it, they had great hopes, for it was of proper size, neither large nor small, and it would beat any man to know of what material it was made. One thought it would fit her if she cut a little from her great toe; and another, with too short a foot, put something in the tip of her stocking. But no use, they only spoiled their feet, and were curing them for months afterwards.

The two sisters, Fair and Brown, heard that the princes of the world were looking all over Erin for the woman that could wear the shoe, and every day they were talking of trying it on; and one day Trembling spoke up and said, "Maybe it's my foot that the shoe will fit."

"Oh, the breaking of the dog's foot on you! Why say so when you were at home every Sunday?"

They were that way waiting, and scolding the younger sister, till the princes were near the

place. The day they were to come, the sisters put Trembling in a closet, and locked the door on her. When the company came to the house, the prince of Omanya gave the shoe to the sisters. But though they tried and tried, it would fit neither of them.

"Is there any other young woman in the house?" asked the prince.

"There is," said Trembling, speaking up in the closet; "I'm here."

"Oh! we have her for nothing but to put out the ashes," said the sisters.

But the prince and the others wouldn't leave the house till they had seen her; so the two sisters had to open the door. When Trembling came out, the shoe was given to her, and it fitted exactly.

The prince of Omanya looked at her and said, "You are the woman the shoe fits, and you are the woman I took the shoe from."

Then Trembling spoke up, and said, "Do stay here till I return."

Then she went to the henwife's house. The old woman put on the cloak of darkness, got everything for her she had the first Sunday at church, and put her on the white mare in the same fashion. Then Trembling rode along the highway to the front of the house. All who saw her the first time said, "This is the lady we saw at church."

Then she went away a second time, and a second time came back on the black mare in the second dress which the henwife gave her. All who saw her the second Sunday said, "That is the lady we saw at church."

A third time she asked for a short absence, and soon came back on the third mare and in the third dress. All who saw her the third time said, "That is the lady we saw at church." Every man was satisfied, and knew that she was the woman.

Then all the princes and great men spoke up, and said to the son of the king of Omanya, "You'll have to fight now for her before we let her go with you."

"I'm here before you, ready for combat," answered the prince.

Then the son of the king of Lochlin stepped forth. The struggle began, and a terrible struggle it was. They fought for nine hours; and then the son of the king of Lochlin stopped, gave up his claim, and left the field. Next day the son of the king of Spain fought six hours, and yielded his claim. On the third day the son of the king of Nyerfó fought eight hours, and stopped. The fourth day the son of the king of Greece fought six hours, and stopped. On the fifth day no more strange princes wanted to fight; and all the sons of kings in Erin said they would not fight with a man of their own land, that the strangers had had their chance, and as no others came to claim the woman, she belonged of right to the son of the king of Omanya.

The marriage day was fixed, and the invitations were sent out. The wedding lasted for a year and a day. When the wedding was over, the king's son brought home the bride, and when the

time came a son was born. The young woman sent for her eldest sister, Fair, to be with her and care for her.

One day, when trembling was well, and when her husband was away hunting, the two sisters went out to walk; and when they came to the seaside, the eldest pushed the youngest sister in. A great whale came and swallowed her.

The eldest sister came home alone, and the husband asked, "Where is your sister?"

"She has gone home to her father in Ballyshannon; now that I am well, I don't need her."

"Well," said the husband, looking at her, "I'm in dread it's my wife that has gone."

"Oh! no," said she; "it's my sister Fair that's gone."

Since the sisters were very much alike, the prince was in doubt. That night he put his sword between them, and said, "If you are my wife, this sword will get warm; if not, it will stay cold."

In the morning when he rose up, the sword was as cold as when he put it there.

It happened when the two sisters were walking by the seashore, that a little cowboy was down by the water minding cattle, and saw Fair push Trembling into the sea; and next day, when the tide came in, he saw the whale swim up and throw her out on the sand.

When she was on the sand she said to the cowboy, "When you go home in the evening with the cows, tell the master that my sister Fair pushed me into the sea yesterday; that a whale swallowed me, and then threw me out, but will come again and swallow me with the coming of the next tide; then he'll go out with the tide, and come again with tomorrow's tide, and throw me again on the strand. The whale will cast me out thee times. I'm under the enchantment of this whale, and cannot leave the beach or escape myself. Unless my husband saves me before I'm swallowed the fourth time, I shall be lost. He must come and shoot the whale with a silver bullet when he turns on the broad of his back. Under the breast fin of the whale is a reddish-brown spot. My husband must hit him in that spot, for it is the only place in which he can be killed."

When the cowboy got home, the eldest sister gave him a draught of oblivion, and he did not tell.

Next day he went again to the sea. The whale came and cast Trembling on shore again. She asked the boy, "Did you tell the master what I told you to tell him?"

"I did not," said he; "I forgot."

"How did you forget?" asked she.

"The woman of the house gave me a drink that made me forget."

"Well, don't forget telling him this night; and if she gives you a drink, don't take it from her."

As soon as the cowboy came home, the eldest sister offered him a drink. He refused to take it till he had delivered his message and told all to the master.

The third day the prince went down with his gun and a silver bullet in it. He was not long down when the whale came and threw Trembling upon the beach as the two days before. She had no power to speak to her husband till he had killed the whale. Then the whale went out, turned over once on the broad of his back, and showed the spot for a moment only. That moment the prince fired. He had but the one chance, and a short one at that; but he took it, and hit the spot, and the whale, mad with pain, made the sea all around red with blood, and died.

That minute Trembling was able to speak, and went home with her husband, who sent word to her father what the eldest sister had done. The father came, and told him any death he chose to give her to give it. The prince told the father he would leave her life and death with himself. The father had her put out then on the sea in a barrel, with provisions in it for seven years.

In time Trembling had a second child, a daughter. The prince and she sent the cowboy to school, and trained him up as one of their own children, and said, "If the little girl that is born to us now lives, no other man in the world will get her but him."

The cowboy and the prince's daughter lived on till they were married. The mother said to her husband, "You could not have saved me from the whale but for the little cowboy; on that account I don't grudge him my daughter."

The son of the king of Omanya and Trembling had fourteen children, and they lived happily till the two died of old age.

- Source: Jeremiah Curtin, *Myths and Folk-Lore of Ireland* (Boston: Little, Brown, and Company, 1890), pp. 78-92.
- The motif of the false bride, which plays a prominent role in the latter part of this story is common in folktales. It is often an integral part of the following folktale types:
    1. Type 313 (The Girl Helps the Hero Flee)
    2. Type 403 (The Black and the White Bride)
    3. Type 408 (The Love of Three Oranges)
    4. Type 412 (The Girl Whose Soul Was in Her Necklace)
    5. Type 450 (Little Brother, Little Sister)
    6. Type 533 (The Goose Girl)
    7. Type 533* (The Snake Helper)
    8. Type 870B* (The True Bride Sews a Wedding Dress)
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The Sharp Grey Sheep

Scotland

There was a king and a queen, and they had a daughter, and the queen found death, and the

king married another. And the last queen was bad to the daughter of the first queen, and she used to beat her and put her out of the door. She sent her to herd the sheep, and was not giving her what should suffice her. And there was a sharp (horned) grey sheep in the flock that was coming with meat to her.

The queen was taking wonder that she was keeping alive and that she was not getting meat enough from herself, and she told it to the henwife. The henwife thought that she would send her own daughter to watch how she was getting meat, and Ni Mhaol Charach [Bald Scabby Thing], the henwife's daughter, went to herd the sheep with the queen's daughter. The sheep would not come to her so long as Ni Mhaol Charach was there, and Ni Mhaol Charach was staying all the day with her.

The queen's daughter was longing for her meat, and she said, "Set thy head on my knee, and I will dress thy hair."

And Ni Mhaol Charach set her head on the knee of the queen's daughter, and she slept.

The sheep came with meat to the queen's daughter, but the eye that was in the back of the head of the bald black-skinned girl, the henwife's daughter, was open, and she saw all that went on, and when she awoke she went home and told it to her mother, and the henwife told it to the queen, and when the queen understood how the girl was getting meat, nothing at all would serve her but that the sheep should be killed.

The sheep came to the queen's daughter and said to her, "They are going to kill me, but steal thou my skin and gather my bones and roll them in my skin, and I will come alive again, and I will come to thee again."

The sheep was killed, and the queen's daughter stole her skin, and she gathered her bones and her hoofs and she rolled them in the skin; but she forgot the little hoofs. The sheep came alive again, but she was lame.

She came to the king's daughter with a halting step, and she said, "Thou didst as I desired thee, but thou hast forgotten the little hoofs."

And she was keeping her in meat after that.

There was a young prince who was hunting and coming often past her, and he saw how pretty she was, and he asked, "Who's she?"

And they told him, and he took love for her, and he was often coming the way; but the bald black-skinned girl, the henwife's daughter, took notice of him, and she told it to her mother, and tho henwife told it to the queen.

The queen was wishful to get knowledge what man it was, and the henwife sought till she found out whom he (was), and she told the queen. When the queen heard who it was she was wishful to send her own daughter in his way, and she brought in the first queen's daughter, and she set her own daughter to herd in her place, and she was making the daughter of the first queen do the cooking and every service about the house.

The first queen's daughter was out a turn, and the prince met her, and he gave her a pair of golden shoes. And he was wishful to see her at the sermon, but her muime [stepmother] would not let her go there.

But when the rest would go she would make ready, and she would go after them, and she would sit where he might see her, but she would rise and go before the people would scatter, and she would be at the house and everything in order before her muime would come. But the third time she was there the prince was wishful to go with her, and he sat near to the door, and when she went he was keeping an eye on her, and he rose and went after her. She was running home, and she lost one of her shoes in the mud; and he got the shoe, and because he could not see her he said that the one who had the foot that would fit the shoe was the wife that would be his.

The queen was wishful that the shoe should fit her own daughter, and she put the daughter of the first queen in hiding, so that she should not be seen till she should try if the shoe should fit her own daughter.

When the prince come to try the shoe on her, her foot was too big, but she was very anxious that the shoe should fit her, and she spoke to the henwife about it. The henwife cut the points of her toes off that the shoe might fit her, and the shoe went on her when the points of the toes were cut.

When the wedding day came the daughter of the first queen was set in hiding in a nook that was behind the fire.

When the people were all gathered together, a bird came to the window, and he cried, "The blood 's in the shoe, and the pretty foot's in the nook at the back of the fire."

One of them said, "What is that creature saying?"

And the queen said, "It's no matter what that creature is saying; it is but a nasty, beaky, lying creature."

The bird came again to the window; and the third time he came, the prince said, "We will go and see what he is saying."

And he rose and he went out, and the bird cried, "The blood's in the shoe, and the pretty foot's in the nook that is at the back of the fire."

He returned in, and he ordered the nook at the back of the fire to be searched. And they searched it, and they found the first queen's daughter there, and the golden shoe on the one foot. They cleaned the blood out of the other shoe, and they tried it on her, and the shoe fitted her, and its like was on the other foot. The prince left the daughter of the last queen, and he married the daughter of the first queen, and he took her from them with him, and she was rich and lucky after that.

- Source: J. F. Campbell, *Popular Tales of the West Highlands: Orally Collected*, vol. 2 (Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas, 1860), pp. 286-89.

- Campbell's source: "From John Dewar, laborer, Glendaruail [Glendaruel], Cowal."
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Rashin-Coatie

Scotland

Once, a long time ago, there was a gentleman had two lassies. The oldest was ugly and ill natured, but the youngest was a bonnie lassie and good; but the ugly one was the favorite with her father and mother. So they ill used the youngest in every way, and they sent her into the woods to herd cattle, and all the food she got was a little porridge and whey.

Well, amongst the cattle was a red calf, and one day it said to the lassie, "Gee that porridge and whey to the doggie, and come wi' me."

So the lassie followed the calf through the wood, and they came to a bonnie hoosie, where there was a nice dinner ready for them; and after they had feasted on everything nice they went back to the herding.

Every day the calf took the lassie away, and feasted her on dainties; and every day she grew bonnier. This disappointed the father and mother and the ugly sister. They expected that the rough usage she was getting would take away her beauty; and they watched and watched until they saw the calf take the lassie away to the feast. So they resolved to kill the calf; and not only that, but the lassie was to be compelled to kill him with an axe. Her ugly sister was to hold his head, and the lassie who loved him had to give the blow and kill him.

She could do nothing but greet [weep]; but the calf told her not to greet, but to do as he bade her; and his plan was that instead of coming down on his head she was to come down on the lassie's head who was holding him, and then she was to jump on his back and they would run off. Well, the day came for the calf to be killed, and everything was ready -- the ugly lassie holding his head, and the bonnie lassie armed with the axe. So she raised the axe, and came down on the ugly sister's head; and in the confusion that took place she got on the calf's back and they ran away. And they ran and better nor ran till they came to a meadow where grew a great lot of rashes; and, as the lassie had not on many clothes, they pu'ed rashes, and made a coatie for her. And they set off again and traveled, and traveled, till they came to the king's house. They went in, and asked if they wanted a servant. The mistress said she wanted a kitchen lassie, and she would take Rashin-Coatie.

So Rashin-Coatie said she would stop, if they keepit the calf too. They were willing to do that. So the lassie and the calf stoppit in the king's house, and everybody was well pleased with her; and when Yule came, they said she was to stop at home and make the dinner, while all the rest went to the kirk. After they were away the calf asked if she would like to go. She said she would, but she had no clothes, and she could not leave the dinner. The calf said he would give her clothes, and make the dinner too. He went out, and came back with a grand dress, all silk and satin, and such a nice pair of slippers. The lassie put on the dress, and before she left she said:

Ilka peat gar anither burn,
An' ilka spit gar anither turn,
An' ilka pot gar anither play,
Till I come frae the kirk on gude Yule day.

So she went to the kirk, and nobody kent it was Rashin-Coatie. They wondered who the bonnie lady could be; and, as soon as the young prince saw her, he fell in love with her, and resolved he would find out who she was, before she got home; but Rashin-Coatie left before the rest, so that she might get home in time to take off her dress, and look after the dinner.

When the prince saw her leaving, he made for the door to stop her; but she jumped past him, and in the hurry lost one of her shoes. The prince kept the shoe, and Rashin-Coatie got home all right, and the folk said the dinner was very nice.

Now the prince was resolved to find out who the bonnie lady was, and he sent a servant through all the land with the shoe. Every lady was to try it on, and the prince promised to marry the one it would fit. That servant went to a great many houses, but could not find a lady that the shoe would go on, it was so little and neat. At last he came to a henwife's house, and her daughter had little feet. At first the shoe would not go on, but she paret her feet, and clippit her toes, until the shoes went on. Now the prince was very angry. He knew it was not the lady that he wanted; but, because he had promised to marry whoever the shoe fitted, he had to keep his promise.

The marriage day came, and, as they were all riding to the kirk, a little bird flew through the air, and it sang:

Clippit feet an' paret taes is on the saidle set;
But bonnie feet an' braw feet sits in the kitchen neuk.

"What's that ye say?" said the prince

"Oh," says the henwife, "would ye mind what a feel bird says?"

But the prince said, "Sing that again, bonnie birdie."

So the bird sings:

Clippit feet an' paret taes is on the saidle set;
But bonnie feet an' braw feet sits in the kitchen neuk.

The prince turned his horse and rode home, and went straight to his father's kitchen, and there sat Rashin-Coatie. He kent her at once, she was so bonnie; and when she tried on the shoe it fitted her, and so the prince married Rashin-Coatie, and they lived happy, and built a house for the red calf, who had been so kind to her.

- Source: George Douglas, *Scottish Fairy and Folk Tales* (New York: A. L. Burt Company, n.d. [ca. 1901]), pp. 86-89.
- Link to another version of this story, but one including an incest motif and thus

categorized as a type 510B folktale: Rashen Coatie.
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The Hearth-Cat

Portugal

There was once a schoolmistress who was a widow, and had a daughter who was very plain. This mistress had a pupil who was very pretty, and the daughter of a traveler. The mistress was very attached to her father, and every day would beg the girl to ask him to marry her, promising to give her porridge made with honey.

The girl went home to ask her father to marry her schoolmistress, as she would then give her porridge made with honey. To this request the father replied that he would not marry her, for he well knew that though she said now that she would give her porridge made with honey, later on she would give her porridge with gall. Yet, as the child began to cry, begging her father to consent, the father, who loved his child very much, in order to comfort her, replied that he would order a pair of boots to be made of iron, and hang them up until the boots would rust to pieces with age, when he would marry the mistress.

The little girl, very pleased to hear this, went immediately to tell the mistress, who then instructed her pupil to wet the boots every day. The little girl did so, and after a while the boots fell to pieces, and she went and told her father of it. He then said that he would marry the mistress, and on the following day married her.

So long as the father was at home the child was treated with kindness and affection, but the moment he went out the mistress was very unkind to her, and treated her badly. She one day sent her to graze a cow, and gave her a loaf, which she desired her to bring back whole, and an earthen pot with water, out of which she expected her to drink, and yet was to bring back full. One day the mistress told the girl that she wished her to employ herself in winding some skeins of thread until the evening. The little girl went away crying and bewailing her lot; but the cow comforted her, and told her not to be distressed, -- to fix the skein on her horns and unravel the thread. The good cow after that took out all the crumb from the loaf by making a small hole with one of her horns, and then stopped the aperture, and gave the girl the loaf back again entire.

In the evening the girl returned home. When her stepmother saw that she had finished her task, and brought all the thread ready wound, she was very vexed and wanted to beat her, saying that she was sure the cow had had something to do with it, and next day ordered the animal to be killed. At this the girl began to cry very bitterly, but the step-mother told her that she would have to clean and wash the cow's entrails in a tank they had, however grieved she might feel for the loss of the animal.

The cow, however, again told the girl not to be troubled, but to go and wash her entrails, but was to be careful to save whatever she saw come out of them. The girl did so, and when she was cleaning them she saw a ball of gold come out and fall into the water. The girl went into the tank to search for it, and there she saw a house with everything in it in disorder, and she

her:

> Mist behind and light before,
> Guide me to my father's door.

And when her sisters got home they told her once more of the beautiful lady that had come in a silver coach and silver shoon and in a dress all embroidered with flowers: "Ah, wouldn't you have like to have been there?" said they.

Once again the prince gave a great ball in the hope that his unknown be3auty would come to it. All happened as before; as soon as the sisters had gone Cinder Maid went to the hazel tree over her mother's grave and called out:

> Tree o' mine, O tree o' me,
> Shiver and shake, dear little tree;
> Make me a lady fair to see,
> Dress me as splendid as can be.

And then the little bird appeared and said:
Cinder Maid, Cinder Maid, shake the tree,
Open the first nut that you see.

And when she opened the nut in it was a dress of silk green as the sea with waves upon it, and her shoes this time were made of gold; and when the coach came out of the tree it was also made of gold, with gold trappings for the horses and for the retainers. And as she drove off the little bird from the tree called out:

> Be home, be home ere mid-o'-night
> Or else again you'll be a fright.

Now this time, when Cinder Maid came to the ball, she was a desirous to dance only with the prince as he with her, and so, when midnight came round, she had forgotten to leave till the clock began to strike, one -- two -- three -- four -- five -- six, -- and then she began to run away down the stairs as the clock struck eight -- nine -- ten. But the prince had told his soldier to put tar upon the lower steps of the stairs; and as the clock struck eleven her shoes stuck in the tar, and when she jumped to the foot of the stairs one of her golden shoes was left behind, and just then the clock struck TWELVE, and the golden coach with its horses and footmen, disappeared, and the beautiful dress of Cinder Maid changed again into her ragged clothes and she had to run home with only one golden shoe.

You can imagine how excited the sister were when they came home and told Cinder Maid all about it, how that the beautiful lady had come in a golden coach in a dress like the sea, with golden shoes, and how all had disappeared at midnight except the golden shoe. "Ah, wouldn't you have liked to have been there?" said they.

Now when the prince found out that he could not keep his lady-love nor trace where she had gone he spoke to his father and showed him the golden shoe, and told him that he would

began to arrange and make the house look tidy. She suddenly heard footsteps, and in her hurry she hid herself behind the door.

The fairies entered and began to look about, and a dog came in also with them, and went up to where she was and began to bark, saying: "Bow, bow, bow, behind the door hides somebody who did us good, and will yet render us more services. Bow, bow, bow, behind the door hides somebody who has done us good, and will yet render us more services."

The fairies, as they searched about, hearing the dog bark, discovered where the girl was hiding, and began to say to her, "We endow you by the power we possess with the gift of beauty, making you the most lovely maiden ever seen."

The next fairy then said, "I cast a sweet spell over you, so that when you open } our mouth to speak, pearls and gold shall drop from your lips."

The third fairy coming forward said, "I endow you with every blessing, making you the happiest maiden in the world. Take this wand, it will grant you whatever you may ask."

The girl then left the enchanted region, and returned home, and as soon as the mistress's daughter saw her approach she commenced to cry out to her mother to come quickly and see the hearth-cat, who had come back at last. The mistress ran to greet her, and asked her where and what she had been doing all that time.

The girl related the contrary of what she had seen, as the fairies had instructed her to do: that she had found a tidy house, and that she had disarranged everything in it, to make it look untidy.

The mistress sent her own daughter there, and she had hardly arrived at the house when she began at once to do as her half-sister had told her; she disarranged everything, to make the house look untidy and uncared for. And when she heard the fairies coming in she hid behind the door.

The little dog saw her, and barking at her said, "Behind the door stands one who has done us much harm, and will still continue to molest us. Bow, bow, bow, behind the door stands one who has done us much harm, and will continue to molest us on the first opportunity."

The fairies hearing this approached her, and one began to say, "I throw a spell over you which will render you the ugliest maid that can be found."

The next one took up the word and said, "I bewitch you, so that when you attempt to speak all manner of filth shall fall out of your mouth."

And the third fairy said, "I also bewitch you, and you shall become the poorest and most wretched maid in existence."

The mistress's daughter returned home, thinking she was looking quite a beauty; but when she came up close to her mother, and began to speak, the mother burst out crying on seeing her own daughter so disfigured and wretched. Full of rage, she sent her step-daughter to the

kitchen, saying, that she was the hearth-cat, and that she should take care that she kept there, as the only place which was fit for her.

On a certain day the mistress and her daughter repaired to some races which were then taking place, but when the girl saw that they had left the house, she asked her divining rod to give her a very handsome dress, boots, a hat, and everything complete. She dressed and adorned herself with all she had, and went to the races, and stood in front of the royal stand.

The mistress's daughter instantly saw her, and began to exclaim and cry out at the top of her voice, in the midst of all the people present, saying, "Oh! mother, mother, that beautiful maiden over there is our very hearth-cat."

The mother, to quiet her, told her to be calm; that the maiden was not her step-sister, as she had remained at home under lock and key. The races were hardly over when the girl departed home; but the king, who had seen her, was in love with her.

The moment the mother reached home she asked the hearth-cat whether she had been out. She replied, that she had not; and showed her face besmeared with smut.

Next day the girl asked the wand to strike and give her another dress which would be more splendid than the previous one. She put on her things and repaired to the races. The moment the king perceived her he felt very pleased indeed; but the races were hardly concluded than she retired in haste, and went into her carriage and drove home, leaving the king more in love than ever with her.

The third day the girl asked the divining rod to give her a garment which should surpass the other two in richness and beauty, and other shoes; and she went and attended the races. When the king saw her, he was delighted, but was again disappointed to see her depart before the races were concluded. In her hurry to enter her carriage quickly, she let fall one of her slippers. The king picked it up and returned to the palace, and fell lovesick.

The slipper had some letters upon it which said, "This shoe will only fit its owner."

The whole kingdom was searched to find the lady whose foot would be found to fit the slipper exactly, yet no one was found. The schoolmistress went to the palace to try the slipper on, but all her efforts were in vain. After her, her daughter followed, and endeavored her best to fit the slipper on, but with no better success. There only remained the hearthcat.

The king inquired who was the next to try on the slipper, and asked the mistress if there was any other lady left in her house who could fit on the slipper.

The schoolmistress then said that there only remained a hearth-cat in her house, but that she had never worn such a slipper. The king ordered the girl to be brought to the palace, and the mistress had no alternative but to do so. The king himself insisted on trying the slipper on the girl's foot, and the moment she put her little foot into the slipper and drew it on, it fitted exactly. The king then arranged that she should remain in the palace and married her. And he ordered the mistress and her daughter to be put to death.

- Source: Consiglieri Pedroso, *Portuguese Folk-Tales*, translated from the original Ms. by Henriqueta Monteiro, with an introduction by W. R. S. Ralston (London: Published for the Folk Lore Society by Elliot Stock, 1882), no. 18, pp. 75-79.
- This tale combines elements of type 480 "The Kind and the Unkind Girls" with type 510A "Cinderella."
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Cinderella

Italy

Once upon a time there was a man who had three daughters. He was once ordered to go away to work, and said the them, "Since I am about making a journey, what do you want me to bring you when I return?"

One asked for a handsome dress; the other, a fine hat and a beautiful shawl. He said to the youngest, "And you, Cinderella, what do you want?" They called her Cinderella because she always sat in the chimney corner.

"You must buy me a little bird Verdeliò."

"The simpleton! She does not know what to do with the bird! Instead of ordering a handsome dress, a fine shawl, she takes a bird. Who knows what she will do with it!"

"Silence!" she says. "It pleases me."

The father went, and on his return brought the dress, hat, and shawl for the two sisters, and the little bird for Cinderella.

The father was employed at the court, and one day the king said to him, "I am going to give three balls; if you want to bring your daughters, do so; they will amuse themselves a little."

"As you wish," he replies, "thanks!" and accepts.

He went home and said, "What do you think, girls? His majesty wishes you to attend his ball."

"There, you see, Cinderella, if you had only asked for a handsome dress! This evening we are going to the ball."

She replied, "It matters nothing to me! You go; I am not coming."

In the evening, when the time came, they adorned themselves, saying to Cinderella, "Come along, there will be room for you, too."

"I don't want to go; you go; I don't want to."

"But," said their father, "let us go, let us go! Dress and come along; let her stay."

When they had gone, she went to the bird and said, "O Bird Verdeliò, make me more

beautiful than I am!"

She became clothed in a sea green dress, with so many diamonds that it blinded you to behold her. The bird made ready two purses of money, and said to her, "Take these two purses, enter your carriage, and away!"

She set out for the ball, and left the bird Verdeliò at home. She entered the ballroom. Scarcely had the gentlemen seen this beautiful lady (she dazzled them on all sides), when the king, just think of it, began to dance with her the whole evening. After he had danced with her all the evening, his majesty stopped, and she stood by her sisters. While she was at her sisters' side, she drew out her handkerchief, and a bracelet fell out.

"Oh, Signora," said the eldest sister, "you have dropped this."

"Keep it for yourself," she said.

"Oh, if Cinderella were only here, who knows what might not have happened to her?"

The king had given orders that when this lady went away they should find out where she lived. After she had remained a little she left the ball. You can imagine whether the servants were on the lookout! She entered her carriage and away! She perceives that she is followed, takes the money and begins to throw it out of the window of the carriage. The greedy servants, I tell you, seeing all that money, thought no more of her, but stopped to pick up the money. She returned home and went upstairs.

"O Bird Verdeliò, make me homelier than I am!" You ought to see how ugly, how horrid, she became, all ashes.

When the sisters returned, they cried, "Cin-der-ella!"

"Oh, leave her alone," said her father. "She is asleep now, leave her along!"

But they went up and showed her the large and beautiful bracelet. "Do you see, you simpleton? You might have had it."

"It matters nothing to me."

Their father said, "Let us go to supper, you little geese."

Let us return to the king, who was awaiting her servants, who had not the courage to appear, but kept away. He calls them. "How did the matter go?"

The fall at his feet. "Thus and thus! She threw out so much money!"

"Wretches, you are nothing else." he said. "Were you afraid of not being rewarded? Well! tomorrow evening, attention, under pain of death."

The next evening the usual ball. The sisters say, "Will you come this evening, Cinderella?"

"Oh," she says, "don't bother me! I don't want to go."

Their father cries out to them, "How troublesome you are! Let her alone!"

So they began to adorn themselves more handsomely than the former evening, and departed. "Good-bye, Cinderella!"

When they had gone, Cinderella went to the bird and said, "Little Bird Verdeliò, make me more beautiful than I am!" Then she became clothed in sea green, embroidered with all the fish of the sea, mingled with diamonds more than you could believe.

The bird said, "Take these two bags of sand, and when you are followed, throw it out, and so they will be blinded."

She entered her carriage and set out for the ball. As soon as his majesty saw her he began to dance with her and danced as long as he could. After he had danced as long as he could (she did not grow weary, but he did), she placed herself near her sisters, drew out her handkerchief, and there fell out a beautiful necklace all made of coal.

The second sister said, "Signora, you have dropped this."

She replied, "Keep it for yourself."

"If Cinderella were here, who knows what might not happen to her! Tomorrow she must come!"

After a while she leaves the ball. The servants (just think, under pain of death!) were all on the alert, and followed her. She began to throw out all the sand, and they were blinded. She went home, dismounted, and went upstairs.

"Little Bird Verdeliò, make me homelier than I am!" She became frightfully homely.

When her sisters returned they began from below, "Cin-der-ella! if you only knew what that lady gave us!"

"It matters nothing to me!"

"Yes, yes! you would have had it!"

The father says, "Let us go to supper and let her alone; you are really silly!"

Let us return to his majesty, who was waiting for his servants to learn where she lived. Instead of that they were all brought back blinded, and had to be accompanied. "Rogue!" he exclaimed, "either this lady is some fairy or she must have some fairy who protects her."

The next day the sisters began, "Cinderella, you must go this evening! Listen; it is the last evening; you must come."

The father: "Oh let her alone! You are always teasing her!"

Then they went away and began to prepare for the ball. When they were all prepared, they went to the ball with their father.

When they had departed, Cinderella went to the bird: "Little Bird Verdeliò, make me more beautiful than I am!" Then she was dressed in all the colors of the heavens; all the comets, the stars, and moon on her dress, and the sun on her brow. She enters the ballroom. Who could look at her! For the sun alone they lower their eyes, and are all blinded. His majesty began to dance, but he could not look at her, because she dazzled him. He had already given orders to his servants to be on the lookout, under pain of death, not to go on foot, but to mount their horses that evening.

After she had danced longer than on the previous evenings she placed herself by her father's side, drew out her handkerchief, and there fell out a snuffbox of gold, full of money.

"Signora, you have dropped this snuffbox."

"Keep it for yourself!"

Imagine that man. He opens it and sees it full of money. What a joy!

After she had remained a time she went home as usual. The servants followed her on horseback, quickly, at a distance from the carriage; but on horseback that was not much trouble. She perceived that she had not prepared anything to throw that evening.

"Oh!" she cried. "What shall I do?" She left the carriage quickly, and in her haste lost one of her slippers. The servants picked it up, took the number of the house, and went away.

Cinderella went upstairs and said, "Little Bird Verdeliò, make me more homely than I am!"

The bird does not answer. After she had repeated it three or four times, it answered, "Rogue! I ought not to make you more homely, but ..." and she became homely and the bird continued, "What are you going to do now? You are discovered."

She began to weep in earnest. When her sisters returned they cried, "Cin-der-ella!" You can imagine that she did not answer them this evening. "See what a beautiful snuffbox. If you had gone you might have had it."

"I do not care! Go away!"

Then their father called them to supper.

Let us now turn to the servants who went back with the slipper and the number of the house.

"Tomorrow," said his majesty, "as soon as it is day, go to that house, take a carriage, and bring that lady to the palace."

The servants took the slipper and went away. The next morning they knocked at the door. Cinderella's father looked out and exclaimed, "Oh heavens! It is his majesty's carriage. What

does it mean?" They open the door and the servants ascend. "What do you want of me?" asked the father.

"How many daughters have you?"

"Two."

"Well, show them to us."

The father made them come in there.

"Sit down," they said to one of them. They tried the slipper on her; it was ten times too large for her. The other one sat down; it was too small for her. "But tell me, good man, have you no other daughters? Take care to tell the truth! because majesty wishes it, under pain of death!"

"Gentlemen, there is another one, but I do not mention it. She is all in the ashes, the coals. If you should see her! I do not call her my daughter from shame."

"We have not come for beauty, or for finery; we want to see the girl!"

Her sisters began to call her, "Cin-der-ella!" but she did not answer.

After a time she said, "What is the matter?"

"You must come down! There are some gentlemen who wish to see you."

"I don't want to come."

"But you must come, you see!"

"Very well; tell them I will come in a moment." She went to the little bird: "Ah little Bird Verdeliò, make me more beautiful than I am!" Then she was dressed as she had been the last evening, with the sun, and moon, and stars, and in addition, great chains all of gold everywhere about her.

The bird said, "Take me away with you! Put me in your bosom!" She puts the bird in her bosom and begins to descend the stairs.

"Do you hear her?" said the father. "Do you hear her? She is dragging with her the chains from the chimney corner. You can imagine how frightful she will look!"

When she reached the last step, and they saw her, "Ah!" they exclaimed, and recognized the lady of the ball. You can imagine how her father and sisters were vexed. They made her sit down, and tried on the slipper, and it fitted her. Then they made her enter the carriage, and took her to his majesty, who recognized the lady of the other evenings. And you can imagine that, all in love as her was, he said to her, "Will you really be my wife?"

You may believe she consents. She sends for her father and sisters, and makes them all come to the palace. They celebrate the marriage. Imagine what fine festivals were given at

this wedding! The servants who had discovered where Cinderella lived were promoted to the highest positions in the palace as a reward.

- Source: Thomas Frederick Crane, *Italian Popular Tales* (London: Macmillan and Company, 1885), no. 9, pp. 42-47.
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Little Saddleslut

Greece

There were once three sisters spinning flax, and they said, "Whosever spindle falls, let us kill her and eat her."

The mother's spindle fell, and they left her alone.

Again they sat down to spin, and again the mother's spindle fell, and again and yet again.

"Ah, well!" said they, "let us eat her now!"

"No!" said the youngest, "do not eat her; eat me, if flesh you will have."

But they would not; and two of them killed their mother and cooked her for eating.

When they had sat down to make a meal of her, they said to the youngest, "Come and eat too!"

But she refused, and sat down on a saddle which the fowls were covering with filth, and wept, and upbraided them.

Many a time they said to her, "Come and eat!" but she would not; and when they had done eating, they all went away.

Then the youngest, whom they called Little Saddleslut, gathered all the bones together and buried them underneath the grate, and smoked them every day with incense for forty days; and after the forty days were out, she went to take them away and put them in another place. And when she lifted up the stone, she was astonished at the rays of light which it sent forth, and raiment was found there, like unto the heavens and the stars, the spring with its flowers, the sea with its waves; and many coins of every kind; and she left them where she found them.

Afterwards her sisters came and found her sitting on the saddle, and jeered at her. On Sunday her sisters went to church; then she, too, arose; she washed and attired herself, putting on the garment that was as the heavens with the stars, and went to church, taking with her a few gold pieces in her purse. When she went into the church all the people were amazed, and could not gaze upon her by reason of the brightness of her garments. When she left the church, the people followed her to see whither she went. Then she filled her hand with money from her bag and cast it in the way, and so she kept throwing it down all the way

she went, so that they might not get near her. Then the crowd scrambled for the coins, and left her alone. And straightway she went into her house, and changed her clothes, and put on her old things, and sat down upon the saddle.

Her sisters came home from church and said to her, "Where are you, wretch? Come and let us tell you how there came into the church a maiden more glorious than the sun, who had such garments on as you could not look on, so brightly did they gleam and shine, and she strewed money on the way! Look, see what a lot we have picked up! Why did not you come too? Worse luck to you!"

"You are welcome to what you picked up; I don't want it," said she.

Next Sunday they went to church again, and she did the same. Then they went another Sunday, and just as she was flinging the money, she lost her shoe among the crowd, and left it behind her.

Now the king's son was following her, but could not catch her, and only found her shoe. Then said he to himself, "Whose ever foot this shoe exactly fits, without being either too large or too small, I will take her for my wife."

And he went to all the women he knew and tried it on, but could not manage to fit it. Then her sisters came to her and spoke as follows to her, "You go and try; perhaps it will fit you!"

"Get away with you!" said she. "Do you think he will put the shoe on me, and get it covered with filth? Do not make fun of me."

The prince had taken all the houses in turn, and so he came at length to the house of Little Saddleslut, and his servants told her to come and try on the shoe.

"Do not make fun of me," she says.

However she went down, and when the prince saw her, he knew the shoe was hers, and said to her, "Do you try on the shoe."

And with the greatest ease she put it on, and it fitted her.

Then said the prince to her, "I will take you to wife."

"Do not make fun of me," she answered, "so may your youth be happy!"

"Nay, but I will marry you," said he, and he took her and made her his wife.

Then she put on her fairest robes. When a little child was born to her, the sisters came to see it. And when she was helpless and alone they took her and put her into a chest, and carried her off and threw her into a river, and the river cast her forth upon a desert.

There was a half-witted old woman there, and when she saw the chest, she thought to cut it up [for firewood] and took it away for that purpose. And when she had broken it open, and

saw someone alive in it, she got up and made off.

So the princess was left alone, and heard the wolves howling, and the swine and the lions, and she sat and wept and prayed to God, "Oh God, give me a little hole in the ground that I may hide my head in it, and not hear the wild beasts," and he gave her one.

Again she said, "Oh God, give me one a little larger, that I may get in up to my waist."

And he gave her one. And she besought him again a third time, and he gave her a cabin with all that she wanted in it; and there she dwelt, and whatever she said, her bidding was done forthwith.

For instance, when she wanted to eat, she would say, "Come, table with all that is wanted! Come food! Come spoons and forks, and all things needful," and straightway they all got ready, and when she finished the would ask, "Are you all there?" and they would answer, "We are."

One day the prince came into the wilderness to hunt, and seeing the cabin he went to find out who was inside; and when he got there he knocked at the door.

And she saw him and knew him from afar, and said, "Who is knocking at the door?"

"It is I, let me in," said he.

"Open, doors!" said she, and in a twinkling the doors opened and he entered. He went upstairs and found her seated on a chair.

"Good day to you," said he.

"Welcome!" said she, and straightway all that was in the room cried out, "Welcome!"

"Come chair!" she cried, and one came at once.

"Sit down," she said to him and down he sat. And when she had asked him the reason of his coming, she bade him stay and dine, and afterwards depart.

He agreed, and straightway she gave her orders: "Come table with all the covers," and forthwith they presented themselves, and he was sore amazed.

"Come basin," she cried. "Come jug, pour water for us to wash! Come food in ten courses!" and immediately all that she ordered made its appearance.

Afterwards when the meal was ended, the prince tried to hide a spoon, and put it into his shoe; and when they rose from table, she said "Table, have you all your covers?"

"Yes I have." "Spoons, are you all there?"

"All," they said, except one which said "I am in the prince's shoe."

never marry anyone but the maiden who could wear that shoe. So the king, his father, ordered the herald to take round the golden shoe upon a velvet cushion and to go to every four corners where two streets met and sound the trumpet and call out, "O yes, O yes, O yes, be it known unto you all that whatsoever lady of noble birth can fit this shoe upon her foot shall become the bride of his highness the prince and our future queen. God save the king."

And when the herald came to the house of Cinder Maid's father the eldest of her two stepsisters tried on the golden shoe, But it was much too small for her, as it was for every other lady that had tried it up to that time; but she went up into her room and with a sharp knife cut off one of her toes and part of her heel, and then fitted her foot into the shoe, and when she came down she shoed it to the herald, who sent a message to the palace saying that the lady had been found who could wear the golden shoe.

Thereupon the prince jumped at once upon his horse and rode to the house of Cinder Maid's father. But when he saw the stepsister with the golden shoe, "Ah," he said, "but this is not the lady."

"But," she said, "you promised to marry the one that could wear the golden shoe," And the prince could say nothing, but offered to take her on his horse to his father's palace, for in those days ladies used to ride on a pillion at the back of the gentleman riding on horseback.

Now as they were riding towards the palace her foot began to drip with blood, and the little bird from the hazel tree that had followed them called out:

> Turn and peep, turn and peep,
> There's blood within the shoe;
> A bit is cut from off the heel
> And a bit from off the toe.

And the prince looked down and saw the blood streaming from her shoe and then he knew that this was not his true bride, and he rode back to the house of Cinder Maid's father; and then the second sister tried her chance; but when she found that her foot wouldn't fit the shoe she did the same as her sister, but all happed as before. The little bird called out:

> Turn and peep, turn and peep,
> There's blood within the shoe;
> A bit is cut from off the heel
> And a bit from off the toe.

And the prince took her back to her mother's house, and then he asked, "Have you no other daughter?" and the sisters cried out, "No, sir."

But the father said, "Yes, I have another daughter.

And the sisters cried out, "Cinder Maid, Cinder Maid, she could not wear that shoe."

But the prince said, "As she is of noble birth she has a right to try the shoe." So the herald went down to the kitchen and found cinder Maid; and when she saw her golden shoe she

Then she cried again, as though she had not heard, "Are you all there, spoons and forks?"

And as soon as the prince heard her he got rid of it on the sly and blushed.

And she said to him "Why did you blush? Don't be afraid. I am your wife."

Then she told him how she got there and how she fared. And they hugged and kissed each other, and she ordered the house to move and it did move. And when they came near the town all the world came out to see them. Then the prince gave orders for his wife's sisters to be brought before him, and they brought them and he hewed them in pieces. And so henceforward they lived happily, and may we live more happily still.

- Source: Edmund Martin Geldart, *Folk-Lore of Modern Greece: The Tales of the People* (London: W. Swan Sonnenschein and Company, 1884), pp. 27-30.
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Conkiajgharuna, the Little Rag Girl

Georgia

There was and there was not, there was a miserable peasant. He had a wife and a little daughter. So poor was this peasant that his daughter was called Conkiajgharuna (Little Rag Girl).

Some time passed, and his wife died. He was unhappy before, but now a greater misfortune had befallen him. He grieved and grieved, and at last he said to himself, "I will go and take another wife; she will mind the house, and tend my orphan child." So he arose and took a second wife, but this wife brought with her a daughter of her own. When this woman came into her husband's house and saw his child, she was angry in heart.

She treated Little Rag Girl badly. She petted her own daughter, but scolded her stepdaughter, and tried to get rid of her. Every day she gave her a piece of badly cooked bread, and sent her out to watch the cow, saying, "Here is a loaf; eat of it, give to every wayfarer, and bring the loaf home whole." The girl went, and felt very miserable.

Once she was sitting sadly in the field, and began to weep bitterly. The cow listened, and then opened its mouth, and said, "Why are you weeping? What troubles you?" The girl told her sad tale. The cow said, "In one of my horns is honey, and in the other is butter, which you can take if you want to, so why be unhappy?" The girl took the butter and the honey, and in a short time she grew plump. When the stepmother noticed this she did not know what to do for rage. She rose, and after that every day she gave her a basket of wool with her; this wool was to be spun and brought home in the evening finished. The stepmother wished to tire the girl out with toil, so that she should grow thin and ugly.

Once when Little Rag Girl was tending the cow, it ran away onto a roof. [In some parts of the Caucasus the houses of the peasantry are built in the ground, and it is quite possible to walk onto a roof unwittingly. (Note by Wardrop)] She pursued it, and wished to drive it back to the road, but she dropped her spindle on the roof. Looking inside she saw an old woman seated,

and said to her, "Good mother, will you give me my spindle?"

The old dame replied, "I am not able, my child, come and take it yourself." The old woman was a *devi*.

The girl went in and was lifting up her spindle, when the old dame called out, "Daughter, daughter, come and look at my head a moment. I am almost eaten up."

The girl came and looked at her head. She was filled with horror; all the worms in the earth seemed to be crawling there. The little girl stroked her head and removed some, and then said, "You have a clean head. Why should I look at it?"

This conduct pleased the old woman very much, and she said, "When you leave here, go along such and such a road, and in a certain place you will see three springs -- one white, one black, and one yellow. Pass by the white and black, and put your head in the yellow and rinse it with your hands."

The girl did this. She went on her way, and came to the three springs. She passed by the white and black, and bathed her head with her hands in the yellow fountain. When she looked up she saw that her hair was quite golden, and her hands, too, shone like gold. In the evening, when she went home, her stepmother was filled with fury. After this she sent her own daughter with the cow. Perhaps the same good fortune would visit her!

So Little Rag Girl stayed at home while her stepsister drove out the cow. Once more the cow ran onto the roof. The girl pursued it, and her spindle fell down. She looked in, and seeing the *devi* woman, called out, "Dog of an old woman! Here! Come and give me my spindle!"

The old woman replied, "I am not able, child, come and take it yourself." When the girl came near, the old woman said, "Come, child, and look at my head."

The girl came and looked at her head, and cried out, "Ugh! What a horrid head you have! You are a disgusting old woman!"

The old woman said, "I thank you, my child; when you go on your way you will see a yellow, a white, and a black spring. Pass by the yellow and the white springs, and rinse your head with your hands in the black one."

The girl did this. She passed by the yellow and white springs, and bathed her head in the black once. When she looked at herself she was black as an African, and on her head there was a horn. She cut it off again and again, but it grew larger and larger.

She went home and complained to her mother, who was almost frenzied, but there was no help for it. Her mother said to herself, "This is all the cow's fault, so it shall be killed."

This cow knew the future. When it learned that it was to be killed, it went to Little Rag Girl and said, "When I am dead, gather my bones together and bury them in the earth. When you are in trouble come to my grave, and cry aloud, 'Bring my steed and my royal robes!'" Little Rag Girl did exactly as the cow had told her. When it was dead she took its bones and buried

them in the earth.

After this, some time passed. One holiday the stepmother took her daughter, and they went to church. She placed a trough in front of Little Rag Girl, spread a large measure of millet in the courtyard, and said, "Before we come home from church fill this trough with tears, and gather up this millet, so that not one grain is left." Then they went to church.

Little Rag Girl sat down and began to weep. While she was crying a neighbor came in a said, "Why are you in tears? What is the matter?" The little girl told her tale. The woman brought all the brood hens and chicken, and they picked up every grain of millet, then she put a lump of salt in the trough and poured water over it. "There, child," said she, "there are your tears! Now go and enjoy yourself."

Little Rag Girl then thought of the cow. She went to its grave and called out, "Bring me my steed and my royal robes!" There appeared at once a horse and beautiful clothes. Little Rag Girl put on the garments, mounted the horse, and went to the church.

There all the folk began to stare at her. They were amazed at her grandeur. Her stepsister whispered to her mother when she saw her, "This girl is very much like our Little Rag Girl!"

Her mother smiled scornfully and said, "Who would give that sun darkener such robes?"

Little Rag Girl left the church before anyone else; she changed her clothes in time to appear before her stepmother in rags. On the way home, as she was leaping over a stream, in her haste she let her slipper fall in.

A long time passed. Once when the king's horses were drinking water in this stream, they saw the shining slipper and were so afraid that they would drink no more water. The king was told that there was something shining in the stream, and that the horses were afraid.

The king commanded his divers to find out what it was. They found the golden slipper, and presented it to the king. When he saw it, he commanded his viziers, saying, "Go and seek the owner of this slipper, for I will wed none but her." His viziers sought the maiden, but they could find no one whom the slipper would fit.

Little Rag Girl's mother heard this, adorned her daughter, and placed her on a throne. Then she went and told the king that she had a daughter whose foot he might look at. It was exactly the model for the shoe. She put Little Rag Girl in a corner, with a big basket over her. When the king came into the house he sat down on the basket, in order to try on the slipper.

Little Rag Girl took a needle and pricked the king from under the basket. He jumped up, stinging with pain, and asked the stepmother what she had under the basket. The stepmother replied, "It is only a turkey I have there."

The king sat down on the basket again, and Little Rag Girl again stuck the needle into him. The king jumped up, and cried out, "Lift the basket. I will see underneath!"

The stepmother pleaded with him, saying, "Do not blame me, your majesty, it is only a turkey,

and it will run away."

But the king would not listen to her pleas. He lifted the basket up, and Little Rag Girl came forth, and said, "This slipper is mine, and fits me well." She sat down, and the king found that it was indeed a perfect fit. Little Rag Girl became the king's wife, and her shameless stepmother was left with a dry throat.

- Source: Marjory Wardrop, *Georgian Folk Tales* (London: David Nutt, 1894), pp. 63-67.
- Wardrop's heroine and the story itself are both named "Conkiajgharuna," which means "the little girl in rags."
- This story combines important motifs from type 480 ("Frau Holle") and type 510A ("Cinderella").
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Pepelyouga

Serbia

On a high pasture land, near an immense precipice, some maidens were occupied in spinning and attending to their grazing cattle, when an old strange looking man with a white beard reaching down to his girdle approached, and said, "Oh fair maidens, beware of the abyss, for if one of you should drop her spindle down the cliff, her mother would be turned into a cow that very moment!"

So saying the aged man disappeared, and the girls, bewildered by his words, and discussing the strange incident, approached near to the ravine which had suddenly become interesting to them. They peered curiously over the edge, as though expecting to see some unaccustomed sight, when suddenly the most beautiful of the maidens let her spindle drop from her hand, and before she could recover it, it was bounding from rock to rock into the depths beneath. When she returned home that evening she found her worst fears realized, for her mother stood before the door transformed into a cow.

A short time later her father married again. His new wife was a widow, and brought a daughter of her own into her new home. This girl was not particularly well favored, and her mother immediately began to hate her stepdaughter because of the latter's good looks. She forbade her henceforth to wash her face, to comb her hair or to change her clothes, and in every way she could think of she sought to make her miserable.

One morning she gave her a bag filled with hemp, saying, "If you do not spin this and make a fine top of it by tonight, you need not return home, for I intend to kill you."

The poor girl, deeply dejected, walked behind the cattle, industriously spinning as she went, but by noon when the cattle lay down in the shade to rest, she observed that she had made but little progress and she began to weep bitterly.

Now, her mother was driven daily to pasture with the other cows, and seeing her daughter's

tears she drew near and asked why she wept, whereupon the maiden told her all. Then the cow comforted her daughter, saying, "My darling child, be consoled! Let me take the hemp into my mouth and chew it; through my ear a thread will come out. You must take the end of this and wind it into a top." So this was done; the hemp was soon spun, and when the girl gave it to her stepmother that evening, she was greatly surprised.

Next morning the woman roughly ordered the maiden to spin a still larger bag of hemp, and as the girl, thanks to her mother, spun and wound it all, her stepmother, on the following day, gave her twice the quantity to spin. Nevertheless, the girl brought home at night even that unusually large quantity well spun, and her stepmother concluded that the poor girl was not spinning alone, but that other maidens, her friends, were giving her help. Therefore she, next morning, sent her own daughter to spy upon the poor girl and to report what she saw. The girl soon noticed that the cow helped the poor orphan by chewing the hemp, while she drew the thread and wound it on a top, and she ran back home and informed her mother of what she had seen. Upon this, the stepmother insisted that her husband should order that particular cow to be slaughtered. Her husband at first hesitated, but as his wife urged him more and more, he finally decided to do as she wished.

On learning what had been decided, the stepdaughter wept more than ever, and when her mother asked what was the matter, she told her tearfully all that had been arranged. Thereupon the cow said to her daughter, "Wipe away your tears, and do not cry any more. When they slaughter me, you must take great care not to eat any of the meat, but after the repast, carefully collect my bones and inter them behind the house under a certain stone; then, should you ever be in need of help, come to my grave and there you will find it."

The cow was killed, and when the meat was served the poor girl declined to eat of it, pretending that she had no appetite; after the meal she gathered with great care all the bones and buried them on the spot indicated by her mother.

Now, the name of the maiden was Marra, but, as she had to do the roughest work of the house, such as carrying water, washing, and sweeping, she was called by her stepmother and stepsister Pepelyouga (Cinderella).

One Sunday, when the stepmother and her daughter had dressed themselves for church, the woman spread about the house the contents of a basktetful of millet, and said, "Listen, Pepelyouga; if you do not gather up all this millet and have dinner ready by the time we return from church, I will kill you!"

When they had gone, the poor girl began to weep, reflecting, "As to the dinner I can easily prepare it, but how can I possibly gather up all this millet?" But that very moment she recalled the words of the cow, that, if she ever should be struck by misfortune, she need but walk to the grave behind the house, when she would find instant help there. Immediately she ran out, and, when she approached the grave, lo! a chest was lying on the grave wide open, and inside were beautiful dresses and everything necessary for a lady's toilet. Two doves were sitting on the lid of the chest, and as the girl drew near, they said to her, "Marra, take from the chest the dress you like the best, clothe yourself, and go to church. As to the millet and other work, we ourselves will attend to that and see that everything is in good order!"

Marra needed no second invitation; she took the first silk dress she touched, made her toilet, and went to church, where her entrance created quite a sensation. Everybody, men and women, greatly admired her beauty and her costly attire, but they were puzzled as to who she was, and where she came from. A prince happened to be in the church on that day, and he, too, admired the beautiful maiden.

Just before the service ended, the girl stole from the church, went hurriedly home, took off her beautiful clothes and placed them back in the chest, which instantly shut and became invisible. She then rushed to the kitchen, where she discovered that the dinner was quite ready, and that the millet was gathered into the basket. Soon the stepmother came back with her daughter, and they were astounded to find the millet gathered up, dinner prepared, and everything else in order. A desire to learn the secret now began to torment the stepmother mightily.

Next Sunday everything happened as before, except that the girl found in the chest a silver dress, and that the prince felt a greater admiration for her, so much so that he was unable, even for a moment to take his eyes from her. On the third Sunday, the mother and daughter again prepared to go to church, and, having scattered the millet as before, she repeated her previous threats. As soon as they disappeared, the girl ran straight to her mother's grave, where she found, as on the previous occasions, the open chest and the same two doves. This time she found a dress made of gold lace, and she hastily clad herself in it and went to church, where she was admired by all, even more than before. As for the czar's son, he had come with the intention not to let her this time out of his sight, but to follow and see where she went. Accordingly, as the service drew near to its close, and the maiden withdrew quietly as before, the enamored prince followed after her. Marra hurried along, for she had none too much time, and, as she went, one of her golden slippers came off, and she was too agitated to stop and pick it up. The prince, however, who had lost sight of the maiden, saw the slipper and put it in his pocket. Reaching home, Marra took off her golden dress, laid it in the chest, and rushed back to the house.

The prince now resolved to go from house to house throughout his father's realm in search of the owner of the slipper, inviting all the fair maidens to try on the golden slipper. But, alas! his efforts seemed to be doomed to failure; for some girls the slipper was too long, for others too short, for others, again, too narrow. There was no one whom it would fit.

Wandering from door to door, the sad prince at length came to the house of Marra's father. The stepmother was expecting him, and she had hidden her stepdaughter under a large trough in the courtyard. When the prince asked whether she had any daughters, the stepmother answered that she had but one, and she presented the girl to him. The prince requested the girl to try on the slipper, but, squeeze as she would, there was not room in it even for her toes! Thereupon the prince asked whether it was true that there were no other girls in the house, and the stepmother replied that indeed it was quite true.

That very moment a cock flew onto the trough and crowed out lustily, "*Kook-oo-ryeh-koooo!* Here she is under this very trough!"

The stepmother, enraged, exclaimed, "Sh! Go away! May an eagle seize you and fly off with

you!" The curiosity of the prince was aroused. He approached the trough, lifted it up, and, to his great surprise, there was the maiden whom he had seen three times in church, clad in the very same golden dress she had last worn, and having only one golden slipper.

When the prince recognized the maiden he was overcome with joy. Quickly he tried the slipper on her dainty foot. It not only fit her admirably, but it exactly matched the one she already wore on her left foot. He lifted her up tenderly and escorted her to his palace. Later he won her love, and they were happily married.

- Source: Woislav M. Petrovitch, *Hero Tales and Legends of the Serbians* (New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company, preface dated 1914), pp. 224-30.
- Link to another translation of this tale, here titled "Papalluga; or, The Golden Slipper": *Serbian Folk-Lore: Popular Tales*, selected and translated by Madam Csedomille Mijatovies, edited, with an introduction by W. Denton (London: W. Isbister and Company, 1874), pp. 59-66.
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The Wonderful Birch

Russia

Once upon a time there were a man and a woman, who had an only daughter. Now it happened that one of their sheep went astray, and they set out to look for it, and searched and searched, each in n different part of the wood. Then the good wife met a witch, who said to her, "If you spit, you miserable creature, if you spit into the sheath of my knife, or if you run between my legs, I shall change you into a black sheep."

The woman neither spat, nor did she run between her legs, but yet the witch changed her into a sheep. Then she made herself look exactly like the woman, and called out to the good man, "Ho, old man, halloa! I have found the sheep already!"

The man thought the witch was really his wife, and he did not know that his wife was the sheep; so he went home with her, glad at heart because his sheep was found. When they were safe at home the witch said to the man, "Look here, old man, we must really kill that sheep lest it run away to the wood again."

The man, who was a peaceable quiet sort of fellow, made no objections, but simply said, "Good, let us do so."

The daughter, however, had overheard their talk, and she ran to the flock and lamented aloud, "Oh, dear little mother, they are going to slaughter you!"

"Well, then, if they do slaughter me," was the black sheep's answer, "eat you neither the meat nor the broth that is made of me, but gather all my bones, and bury them by the edge of the field."

Shortly after this they took the black sheep from the flock and slaughtered it. The witch made pease-soup of it, and set it before the daughter. But the girl remembered her mother's

warning.

She did not touch the soup, but she carried the bones to the edge of the field and buried them there; and there sprang up on the spot a birch tree -- a very lovely birch tree.

Some time had passed away -- who can tell how long they might have been living there? -- when the witch, to whom a child had been born in the meantime, began to take an ill-will to the man's daughter, and to torment her in all sorts of ways.

Now it happened that a great festival was to be held at the palace, and the king had commanded that all the people should be invited, and that this proclamation should be made:

> Come, people all!
> Poor and wretched, one and all!
> Blind and crippled though ye be,
> Mount your steeds or come by sea.

And so they drove into the king's feast all the outcasts, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind. In the good man's house, too, preparations were made to go to the palace. The witch said to the man, "Go you on in front, old man, with our youngest; I will give the elder girl work to keep her from being dull in our absence."

So the man took the child and set out. But the witch kindled a fire on the hearth, threw a potful of barleycorns among the cinders, and said to the girl, "If you have not picked the barley out of the ashes, and put it all back in the pot before nightfall, I shall eat you up!"

Then she hastened after the others, and the poor girl stayed at home and wept. She tried to be sure to pick up the grains of barley, but she soon saw how useless her labor was; and so she went in her sore trouble to the birch tree on her mother's grave, and cried and cried, because her mother lay dead beneath the sod and could help her no longer. In the midst of her grief she suddenly heard her mother's voice speak from the grave, and say to her, "Why do you weep, little daughter?"

"The witch has scattered barleycorns on the hearth, and bid me pick them out of the ashes," said the girl; "that is why I weep, dear little mother."

"Do not weep," said her mother consolingly. "Break off one of my branches, and strike the hearth with it crosswise, and all will be put right."

The girl did so. She struck the hearth with the birchen branch, and lo! the barleycorns flew into the pot, and the hearth was clean. Then she went back to the birch tree and laid the branch upon the grave. Then her mother bade her bathe on one side of the stem, dry herself on another, and dress on the third. When the girl had done all that, she had grown so lovely that no one on earth could rival her. Splendid clothing was given to her, and a horse, with hair partly of gold, partly of silver, and partly of something more precious still. The girl sprang into the saddle, and rode as swift as an arrow to the palace.

As she turned into the courtyard of the castle the king's son came out to meet her, tied her

steed to a pillar, and led her in. He never left her side as they passed through the castle rooms; and all the people gazed at her, and wondered who the lovely maiden was, and from what castle she came; but no one knew her -- no one knew anything about her. At the banquet the prince invited her to sit next him in the place of honor; but the witch's daughter gnawed the bones under the table. The prince did not see her, and thinking it was a dog, he gave her such a push with his foot that her arm was broken. Are you not sorry for the witch's daughter? It was not her fault that her mother was a witch.

Towards evening the good man's daughter thought it was time to go home; but as she went, her ring caught on the latch of the door, for the king's son had had it smeared with tar. She did not take time to pull it off, but, hastily unfastening her horse from the pillar, she rode away beyond the castle walls as swift as an arrow. Arrived at home, she took off her clothes by the birch tree, left her horse standing there, and hastened to her place behind the stove. In a short time the man and the woman came home again too, and the witch said to the girl, "Ah! you poor thing, there you are to be sure! You don't know what fine times we have had at the palace! The king's son carried my daughter about, but the poor thing fell and broke her arm."

The girl knew well how matters really stood, but she pretended to know nothing about it, and sat dumb behind the stove.

The next day they were invited again to the king's banquet.

"Hey! old man," said the witch, "get on your clothes as quick as you can; we are bidden to the feast. Take you the child; I will give the other one work, lest she weary."

She kindled the fire, threw a potful of hemp seed among the ashes, and said to the girl, "If you do not get this sorted, and all the seed back into the pot, I shall kill you!"

The girl wept bitterly; then she went to the birch tree, washed herself on one side of it and dried herself on the other; and this time still finer clothes were given to her, and a very beautiful steed. She broke off a branch of the birch tree, struck the hearth with it, so that the seeds flew into the pot, and then hastened to the castle.

Again the king's son came out to meet her, tied her horse to a pillar, and led her into the banqueting hall. At the feast the girl sat next him in the place of honor, as she had done the day before. But the witch's daughter gnawed bones under the table, and the prince gave her a push by mistake, which broke her leg -- he had never noticed her crawling about among the people's feet. She was *very* unlucky!

The good man's daughter hastened home again betimes, but the king's son had smeared the door-posts with tar, and the girl's golden circlet stuck to it. She had not time to look for it, but sprang to the saddle and rode like an arrow to the birch tree. There she left her horse and her fine clothes, and said to her mother, "I have lost my circlet at the castle; the door-post was tarred, and it stuck fast."

"And even had you lost two of them," answered her mother, "I would give you finer ones."

Then the girl hastened home, and when her father came home from the feast with the witch, she was in her usual place behind the stove. Then the witch said to her, "You poor thing! what is there to see here compared with what *we* have seen at the palace? The king's son carried my daughter from one room to another; he let her fall, 'tis true, and my child's foot was broken."

The man's daughter held her peace all the time, and busied herself about the hearth.

The night passed, and when the day began to dawn, the witch awakened her husband, crying, "Hi! get up, old man! We are bidden to the royal banquet."

So the old man got up. Then the witch gave him the child, saying, "Take you the little one; I will give the other girl work to do, else she will weary at home alone."

She did as usual. This time it was a dish of milk she poured upon the ashes, saying, "If you do not get all the milk into the dish again before I come home, you will suffer for it."

How frightened the girl was this time! She ran to the birch tree, and by its magic power her task was accomplished; and then she rode away to the palace as before. When she got to the courtyard she found the prince waiting for her. He led her into the hall, where she was highly honored; but the witch's daughter sucked the bones under the table, and crouching at the people's feet she got an eye knocked out, poor thing! Now no one knew any more than before about the good man's daughter, no one knew whence she came; but the prince had had the threshold smeared with tar, and as she fled her gold slippers stuck to it. She reached the birch tree, and laying aside her finery, she said, "Alas I dear little mother, I have lost my gold slippers!"

"Let them be," was her mother's reply; "if you need them I shall give you finer ones."

Scarcely was she in her usual place behind the stove when her father came home with the witch. Immediately the witch began to mock her, saying, "Ah! you poor thing, there is nothing for you to see here, and *we* -- ah: what great things we have seen at the palace! My little girl was carried about again, but had the ill-luck to fall and get her eye knocked out. You stupid thing, you, what do you know about anything?"

"Yes, indeed, what can I know?" replied the girl; "I had enough to do to get the hearth clean."

Now the prince had kept all the things the girl had lost, and he soon set about finding the owner of them. For this purpose a great banquet was given on the fourth day, and all the people were invited to the palace. The witch got ready to go too. She tied a wooden beetle on where her child's foot should have been, a log of wood instead of an arm, and stuck a bit of dirt in the empty socket for an eye, and took the child with her to the castle. When all the people were gathered together, the king's son stepped in among the crowd and cried, "The maiden whose finger this ring slips over, whose head this golden hoop encircles, and whose foot this shoe fits, shall be my bride."

What a great trying on there was now among them all! The things would fit no one, however.

took it from him and put it on her foot, which it fitted exactly; and then she took the other golden shoe from underneath the cinders where she had hidden it and put that on too.

Then the herald knew that she was the true bride of his master; and her took her upstairs to where the prince was; when he saw her face, he knew that she was the lady of his love. So he took her behind him upon his horse; and as they rode to the palace the little bird from the hazel tree cried out:

> Some cut their heel, and some cut their toe,
> But she sat by the fire who could wear the shoe.

And so they were married and lived happy ever afterwards.

- Source: Joseph Jacobs, *Europa's Fairy Book* (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1916), pp. 1-12.
- This version of "Cinderella" is Jacobs' "reconstruction" of the story's original form, based on his analysis of the common features of hundreds of variants collected throughout Europe.
- Joseph Jacobs was born in 1854 in Australia. He immigrated in 1872 to England, graduated from Cambridge University, and became one of the best known folklorists of his era. In 1900 he immigrated to the United States, where he died in 1916.
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Cinderella; or, The Little Glass Slipper

France (Charles Perrault)

Once there was a gentleman who married, for his second wife, the proudest and most haughty woman that was ever seen. She had, by a former husband, two daughters of her own, who were, indeed, exactly like her in all things. He had likewise, by another wife, a young daughter, but of unparalleled goodness and sweetness of temper, which she took from her mother, who was the best creature in the world.

No sooner were the ceremonies of the wedding over but the stepmother began to show herself in her true colors. She could not bear the good qualities of this pretty girl, and the less because they made her own daughters appear the more odious. She employed her in the meanest work of the house. She scoured the dishes, tables, etc., and cleaned madam's chamber, and those of misses, her daughters. She slept in a sorry garret, on a wretched straw bed, while her sisters slept in fine rooms, with floors all inlaid, on beds of the very newest fashion, and where they had looking glasses so large that they could see themselves at their full length from head to foot.

The poor girl bore it all patiently, and dared not tell her father, who would have scolded her; for his wife governed him entirely. When she had done her work, she used to go to the chimney corner, and sit down there in the cinders and ashes, which caused her to be called Cinderwench. Only the younger sister, who was not so rude and uncivil as the older one, called her Cinderella. However, Cinderella, notwithstanding her coarse apparel, was a

"The cinder wench is not here," said the prince at last; "go and fetch her, and let her try on the things."

So the girl was fetched, and the prince was just going to hand the ornaments to her, when the witch held him back, saying, "Don't give them to her; she soils everything with cinders; give them to my daughter rather."

Well, then the prince gave the witch's daughter the ring, and the woman filed and pared away at her daughter's finger till the ring fitted. It was the same with the circlet and the shoes of gold. The witch would not allow them to be handed to the cinder wench; she worked at her own daughter's head and feet till she got the things forced on. What was to be done now? The prince had to take the witch's daughter for his bride whether he would or no; he sneaked away to her father's house with her, however, for he was ashamed to hold the wedding festivities at the palace with so strange a bride. Some days passed, and at last he had to take his bride home to the palace, and he got ready to do so. Just as they were taking leave, the kitchen wench sprang down from her place by the stove, on the pretext of fetching something from the cowhouse, and in going by she whispered in the prince's ear as he stood in the yard, "Alas! dear prince, do not rob me of my silver and my gold."

Thereupon the king's son recognized the cinder wench; so he took both the girls with him, and set out. After they had gone some little way they came to the bank of a river, and the prince threw the witch's daughter across to serve as a bridge, and so got over with the cinder wench. There lay the witch's daughter then, like a bridge over the river, and could not stir, though her heart was consumed with grief. No help was near, so she cried at last in her anguish, "May there grow a golden hemlock out of my body! Perhaps my mother will know me by that token."

Scarcely had she spoken when a golden hemlock sprang up from her, and stood upon the bridge.

Now, as soon as the prince had got rid of the witch's daughter he greeted the cinder wench as his bride, and they wandered together to the birch tree which grew upon the mother's grave. There they received all sorts of treasures and riches, three sacks full of gold, and as much silver, and a splendid steed, which bore them home to the palace. There they lived a long time together, and the young wife bore a son to the prince. Immediately word was brought to the witch that her daughter had borne a son -- for they all believed the young king's wife to be the witch's daughter.

"So, so," said the witch to herself; "I had better away with my gift for the infant, then."

And so saying she set out. Thus it happened that she came to the bank of the river, and there she saw the beautiful golden hemlock growing in the middle of the bridge, and when she began to cut it down to take to her grandchild, she heard a voice moaning, "Alas! dear mother, do not cut me so!"

"Are you here?" demanded the witch.

"Indeed I am, dear little mother," answered the daughter "They threw me across the river to make a bridge of me."

In a moment the witch had the bridge shivered to atoms, and then she hastened away to the palace. Stepping up to the young Queen's bed, she began to try her magic arts upon her, saying, "Spit, you wretch, on the blade of my knife; bewitch my knife's blade for me, and I shall change you into a reindeer of the forest."

"Are you there again to bring trouble upon me?" said the young woman.

She neither spat nor did anything else, but still the witch changed her into a reindeer, and smuggled her own daughter into her place as the prince's wife. But now the child grew restless and cried, because it missed its mother's care. They took it to the court, and tried to pacify it in every conceivable way, but its crying never ceased.

"What makes the child so restless?" asked the prince, and he went to a wise widow woman to ask her advice.

"Ay, ay, your own wife is not at home," said the widow woman; "she is living like a reindeer in the wood; you have the witch's daughter for a wife now, and the witch herself for a mother-in-law."

"Is there any way of getting my own wife back from the wood again?" asked the prince.

"Give me the child," answered the widow woman. "I'll take it with me tomorrow when I go to drive the cows to the wood. I'll make a rustling among the birch leaves and a trembling among the aspens -- perhaps the boy will grow quiet when he hears it."

"Yes, take the child away, take it to the wood with you to quiet it," said the prince, and led the widow woman into the castle.

"How now? you are going to send the child away to the wood?" said the witch in a suspicious tone, and tried to interfere.

But the king's son stood firm by what he had commanded, and said, "Carry the child about the wood; perhaps that will pacify it."

So the widow woman took the child to the wood. She came to the edge of a marsh, and seeing a herd of reindeer there, she began all at once to sing:

Little Bright-eyes, little Redskin,
Come nurse the child you bore!
That bloodthirsty monster,
That man-eater grim,
Shall nurse him, shall tend him no more.
They may threaten and force as they will,
He turns from her, shrinks from her still,

and immediately the reindeer drew near, and nursed and tended the child the whole day long; but at nightfall it had to follow the herd, and said to the widow woman, "Bring me the child tomorrow, and again the following day; after that I must wander with the herd far away to other lands."

The following morning the widow woman went back to the castle to fetch the child. The witch interfered, of course, but the prince said, "Take it, and carry it about in the open air; the boy is quieter at night, to be sure, when he has been in the wood all day."

So the widow took the child in her arms, and carried it to the marsh in the forest. There she sang as on the preceding day:

> Little Bright-eyes, little Redskin,
> Come nurse the child you bore!
> That bloodthirsty monster,
> That man-eater grim,
> Shall nurse him, shall tend him no more.
> They may threaten and force as they will,
> He turns from her, shrinks from her still,

and immediately the reindeer left the herd and came to the child, and tended it as on the day before. And so it was that the child throve, till not a finer boy was to be seen anywhere. But the king's son had been pondering over all these things, and he said to the widow woman, "Is there no way of changing the reindeer into a human being again?"

"I don't rightly know," was her answer. "Come to the wood with me, however; when the woman puts off her reindeer skin I shall comb her head for her; whilst I am doing so you must burn the skin."

Thereupon they both went to the wood with the child; scarcely were they there when the reindeer appeared and nursed the child as before. Then the widow woman said to the reindeer, "Since you are going far away tomorrow, and I shall not see you again, let me comb your head for the last time, as a remembrance of you."

Good; the young woman stripped off the reindeer skin, and let the widow woman do as she wished. In the meantime the king's son threw the reindeer skin into the fire unobserved.

"What smells of singeing here?" asked the young woman, and looking round she saw her own husband. "Woe is me! you have burnt my skin. Why did you do that?"

"To give you back your human form again."

"Alack-a-day! I have nothing to cover me now, poor creature that I am!" cried the young woman, and transformed herself first into a distaff, then into a wooden beetle, then into a spindle, and into all imaginable shapes. But all these shapes the king's son went on destroying till she stood before him in human form again.

"Alas! wherefore take me home with you again," cried the young woman, "since the witch is

sure to eat me up?"

"She will not eat you up," answered her husband; and they started for home with the child.

But when the witch wife saw them she ran away with her daughter, and if she has not stopped she is running still, though at a great age. And the prince, and his wife, and the baby lived happy ever afterwards.

- Source: Andrew Lang, *The Red Fairy Book*, 5th ed. (London: Longmans, Green, and Company, 1890), pp. 123-32.
- Lang's source: "From the Russo-Karelian."
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The Baba Yaga

Russia (Aleksandr Afanasyev)

Once upon a time there was an old couple. The husband lost his wife and married again. But he had a daughter by the first marriage, a young girl, and she found no favor in the eyes of her evil stepmother, who used to beat her, and consider how she could get her killed outright. One day the father went away somewhere or other, so the stepmother said to the girl, "Go to your aunt, my sister, and ask her for a needle and thread to make you a shift."

Now that aunt was a Baba Yaga. Well, the girl was no fool, so she went to a real aunt of hers first, and says she, "Good morning, auntie!"

"Good morning, my dear! What have you come for?"

"Mother has sent me to her sister, to ask for a needle and thread to make me a shift."

Then her aunt instructed her what to do. "There is a birch tree there, niece, which would hit you in the eye -- you must tie a ribbon round it; there are doors which would creak and bang -- you must pour oil on their hinges; there are dogs which would tear you in pieces -- you must throw them these rolls; there is a cat which would scratch your eyes out -- you must give it a piece of bacon."

So the girl went away, and walked and walked, till she came to the place. There stood a hut, and in it sat weaving the Baba Yaga, the bony-shanks.

"Good morning, auntie," says the girl.

"Good morning, my dear," replies the Baba Yaga.

" Mother has sent me to ask you for a needle and thread to make me a shift."

"Very well; sit down and weave a little in the meantime."

So the girl sat down behind the loom, and the Baba Yaga went outside, and said to her servant maid, "Go and heat the bath, and get my niece washed; and mind you look sharp

after her. I want to breakfast off her."

Well, the girl sat there in such a fright that she was as much dead as alive. Presently she spoke imploringly to the servant maid, saying, "Kinswoman dear, do please wet the firewood instead of making it burn; and fetch the water for the bath in a sieve." And she made her a present of a handkerchief.

The Baba Yaga waited awhile; then she came to the window and asked, "Are you weaving, niece? Are you weaving, my dear?"

"Oh yes, dear aunt, I'm weaving."

So the Baba Yaga went away again, and the girl gave the cat a piece of bacon, and asked, "Is there no way of escaping from here?"

"Here's a comb for you and a towel," said the cat; "take them, and be off. The Baba Yaga will pursue you, but you must lay your ear on the ground, and when you hear that she is close at hand, first of all, throw down the towel. It will become a wide, wide river. And if the Baba Yaga gets across the river, and tries to catch you, then you must lay your ear on the ground again, and when you hear that she is close at hand, throw down the comb. It will become a dense, dense forest; through that she won't be able to force her way anyhow."

The girl took the towel and the comb and fled. The dogs would have rent her, but she threw them the rolls, and they let her go by; the doors would have begun to bang, but she poured oil on their hinges, and they let her pass through; the birch tree would have poked her eyes out, but she tied the ribbon around it, and it let her pass on. And the cat sat down to the loom, and worked away; muddled everything about, if it didn't do much weaving.

Up came the Baba Yaga to the window, and asked, "Are you weaving, niece? Are you weaving, my dear?"

"I'm weaving, dear aunt, I'm weaving," gruffly replied the cat.

The Baba Yaga rushed into the hut, saw that the girl was gone, and took to beating the cat, and abusing it for not having scratched the girl's eyes out. "Long as I've served you," said the cat, "you've never given me so much as a bone; but she gave me bacon." Then the Baba Yaga pounced upon the dogs, on the doors, on the birch tree, and on the servant maid, and set to work to abuse them all, and to knock them about.

Then the dogs said to her, "Long as we've served you, you've never so much as pitched us a burnt crust; but she gave us rolls to eat."

And the doors said, "Long as we've served you, you've never poured even a drop of water on our hinges; but she poured oil on us."

The birch tree said, "Long as I've served you, you've never tied a single thread around me; but she fastened a ribbon around me."

And the servant maid said, "Long as I've served you, you've never given me so much as a rag; but she gave me a handkerchief."

The Baba Yaga, bony of limb, quickly jumped into her mortar, sent it flying along with the pestle, sweeping away the while all traces of its flight with a broom, and set off in pursuit of the girl. Then the girl put her ear to the ground, and when she heard that the Baba Yaga was chasing her, and was now close at hand, she flung down the towel. And it became a wide, such a wide river! Up came the Baba Yaga to the river, and gnashed her teeth with spite; then she went home for her oxen, and drove them to the river. The oxen drank up every drop of the river, and then the Baba Yaga began the pursuit anew. But the girl put her ear to the ground again, and when she heard that the Baba Yaga was near, she flung down the comb, and instantly a forest sprang up, such an awfully thick one! The Baba Yaga began gnawing away at it, but however hard she worked, she couldn't gnaw her way through it, so she had to go back again.

But by this time the girl's father had returned home, and he asked, "Where's my daughter?"

"She's gone to her aunt's," replied her stepmother.

Soon afterwards the girl herself came running home.

" Where have you been?" asked her father.

"Ah, father!" she said, "mother sent me to aunt's to ask for a needle and thread to make me a shift. But aunt's a Baba Yaga, and she wanted to eat me!"

"And how did you get away, daughter?"

"Why like this," said the girl, and explained the whole matter. As soon as her father had heard all about it, he became wroth with his wife, and shot her. But he and his daughter lived on and flourished, and everything went well with them.

- Source: W. R. S. Ralston, *Russian Folk-Tales* (London: Smith, Elder, and Company, 1873), pp. 139-42.
- Type 313H*.
- Ralston's source: Aleksandr Afanasyev.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Wicked Stepmother

Kashmir

One day a Brahman adjured his wife not to eat anything without him lest she should become a she goat. In reply the Brahman's wife begged him not to eat anything without her, lest he should be changed into a tiger. A long time passed by and neither of them broke their word, until one day the Brahman's wife, while giving food to her children, herself took a little to taste; and her husband was not present. That very moment she was changed into a goat.

When the Brahman came home and saw the she goat running about the house he was intensely grieved, because he knew that it was none other than his own beloved wife. He kept the goat tied up in the yard of his house, and tended it very carefully.

In a few years he married again, but this wife was not kind to the children. She at once took a dislike to them, and treated them unkindly and gave them little food. Their mother, the she goat, heard their complainings, and noticed that they were getting thin, and therefore called one of them to her secretly, and bade the child tell the others to strike her horns with a stick whenever they were very hungry, and some food would fall down for them. They did so, and instead of getting weaker and thinner, as their stepmother had expected, they became stronger and stronger. She was surprised to see them getting so fat and strong while she was giving them so little food.

In course of time a one-eyed daughter was born to this wicked woman. She loved the girl with all her heart, and grudged not any expense or attention that she thought the child required. One day, when the girl had grown quite big and could walk and talk well, her mother sent her to play with the other children, and ordered her to notice how and whence they obtained anything to eat. The girl promised to do so, and most rigidly stayed by them the whole day, and saw all that happened.

On hearing that the goat supplied her stepchildren with food the woman got very angry, and determined to kill the beast as soon as possible. She pretended to be very ill, and sending for the hakim, bribed him to prescribe some goat's flesh for her. The Brahman was very anxious about his wife's state, and although he grieved to have to slay the goat (for he was obliged to kill the goat, not having money to purchase another), yet he did not mind if his wife really recovered. But the little children wept when they heard this, and went to their mother, the she goat, in great distress, and told her everything.

"Do not weep, my darlings," she said. "It is much better for me to die than to live such a life as this. Do not weep. I have no fear concerning you. Food will be provided for you, if you will attend to my instructions. Be sure to gather my bones, and bury them all together in some secret place, and whenever you are very hungry go to that place and ask for food. Food will then be given you."

The poor she goat gave this advice only just in time. Scarcely had it finished these words and the children had departed than the butcher came with a knife and slew it. Its body was cut into pieces and cooked, and the stepmother had the meat, but the stepchildren got the bones. They did with them as they had been directed, and thus got food regularly and in abundance.

Some time after the death of the she goat one morning one of the stepdaughters was washing her face in the stream that ran by the house, when her nose ring unfastened and fell into the water. A fish happened to see it and swallowed it, and this fish was caught by a man and sold to the king's cook for his majesty's dinner. Great was the surprise of the cook when, on opening the fish to clean it, he found the nose ring. He took it to the king, who was so interested in it that he issued a proclamation and set it to every town and village in his dominions, that whosoever had missed a nose ring should apply to him. Within a few days the brother of the girl reported to the king that the nose ring belonged to his sister, who had

lost it one day while bathing her face in the river. The king ordered the girl to appear before him, and was so fascinated by her pretty face and nice manner that he married her, and provided amply for the support of her family.

- Source: J. Hinton Knowles, *Folk-Tales of Kashmir* (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Company, 1893), pp. 127-29.
- Type 511.
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Maria and the Golden Slipper

Philippines

Once there lived a couple who had an only daughter, Maria. When Maria was a little girl, her mother died. A few years later Maria's father fell in love with a widow named Juana, who had two daughters. The elder of these daughters was Rosa, and the younger was Damiana. When Maria was grown to be a young woman, her father married the woman Juana. Maria continued to live with her father and stepmother. But Juana and her two daughters treated Maria as a servant. She had to do all the work in the house: cook the food, wash the clothes, clean the floors. The only clothes she herself had to wear were ragged and dirty.

One day Prince Malecadel wanted to get married, so he gave a ball, to which he invited all the ladies in his kingdom. He said that the most beautiful of all was to be his wife.

When Damiana and Rosa knew that all the ladies were invited, they began to discuss what clothes they would wear to the ball; but poor Maria was in the river, washing the clothes. Maria was very sad and was weeping, for she had no clothes at all in which she could appear at the prince's fête.

While she was washing, a crab approached her, and said, "Why are you crying, Maria? Tell me the reason, for I am your mother."

Then Maria said to the crab, "I am treated by my aunt (*sic!*) and sisters as a servant; and there will be a ball tonight, but I have no clothes to wear."

While she was talking to the crab, Juana came up. The stepmother was very angry with Maria, and ordered her to catch the crab and cook it for their dinner. Maria seized the crab and carried it to the house. At first she did not want to cook it, for she knew that it was her mother; but Juana whipped her so hard, that at last she was forced to obey.

Before it was put in the earthen pot to be cooked, the crab said to Maria, "Maria, don't eat my flesh, but collect all my shell after I am eaten, and bury the pieces in the garden near the house. They will grow into a tree, and you can have what you want if you will only ask the tree for it."

After her parents had eaten the flesh of the crab, Maria collected all its shell and buried it in the garden. At twilight she saw a tree standing on the very spot where she had buried the shell.

When night came, Rosa and Damiana went to the ball, and Juana retired for the night as soon as her daughters were gone. When Maria saw that her aunt was sleeping, she went into the garden and asked the tree for what she wanted. The tree changed her clothes into very beautiful ones, and furnished her with a fine coach drawn by four fine horses, and a pair of golden slippers.

Before she left, the tree said to her, "You must be in your house before twelve o'clock. If you are not, your clothes will be changed into ragged, dirty ones again, and your coach will disappear."

After promising to remember the warning of the tree, Maria went to the ball, where she was received by the prince very graciously. All the ladies were astonished when they saw her; she was the most beautiful of all. Then she sat between her two sisters, but neither Rosa nor Damiana recognized her. The prince danced with her all the time. When Maria saw that it was half-past eleven, she bade farewell to the prince and all the ladies present, and went home. When she reached the garden, the tree changed her beautiful clothes back into her old ones, and the coach disappeared. Then she went to bed and to sleep. When her sisters came home, they told her of everything that had happened at the ball.

The next night the prince gave another ball. After Rosa and Damiana had dressed themselves in their best clothes and gone, Maria again went to the garden to ask for beautiful clothes. This time she was given a coach drawn by five (?) horses, and again the tree warned her to return before twelve. The prince was delighted to see her, and danced with her the whole evening. Maria was so enchanted that she forgot to notice the time. While she was dancing, she heard the clock striking twelve. She ran as fast as she could down stairs and out the palace door, but in her haste she dropped one of her golden slippers. This night she had to walk home, and in her old ragged clothes, too. One of her golden slippers she had with her; but the other, which she had dropped at the door, was found by one of the guards, who gave it to the prince. The guard said that the slipper had been lost by the beautiful lady who ran out of the palace when the clock was striking twelve.

Then the prince said to all the people present, "The lady whom this slipper fits is to be my wife."

The next morning the prince ordered one of his guards to carry the slipper to every house in the city to see if its owner could be found. The first house visited was the one in which Maria lived. Rosa tried to put the slipper on her foot, but her foot was much too big. Then Damiana put it on her foot, but her foot was too small. The two sisters tried and tried again to make the slipper fit, but in vain.

Then Maria told them that she would try, and see if the slipper would fit her foot; but her sisters said to her, "Your feet are very dirty. This golden slipper will not go on your foot, for your feet are larger than ours." And they laughed at her.

But the guard who had brought the slipper said, "Let her try. It is the prince's order that all shall try."

So he gave it to Maria. Then Maria put it on, and it fitted her foot exactly. She then drew the other slipper from underneath her dress, and put it on her other foot. When the two sisters saw the two slippers on Maria's feet, they almost fainted with astonishment.

So Maria became the wife of the prince, and from that time on she was very dear to her sisters and aunt.

- Source: Dean S. Fansler, *Filipino Popular Tales* (Lancaster, PA, and New York: American Folk-Lore Society, 1921), no. 45B, pp. 314-16.
- Fansler's source: "Narrated by Dolores Zafra, a Tagalog from Pagsanjan, Laguna. She says that this is a Tagalog story, and was told to her when she was a little girl."
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The Turkey Herd

Native American (Zuni)

Long ago at Kyakima lived a girl who spent all her time herding turkeys. She never did anything for her sisters. Nobody would comb her hair. It was all in a snarl. Her sisters would tell her to cook. They would say, "Why do you so love the turkeys?" She did not answer. After her sisters had cooked, she would take the bread and go out and tend the turkeys.

At Matsaki they were dancing *lapalehakya (lapa>lapapoawe,* "parrots;" *lahakya,* "tell").

They were dancing for the third time, when the turkey girl said, "Younger sisters [*ahani*]!"

The turkeys said, "What?"

The girl said, "I want to go and see the dance."

The turkeys said, "You are too dirty to go."

She repeated, "I want to go." The turkeys said, "Let us eat the lice out of her hair!"

Then each ate lice from her hair.

Then an elder-sister (*kyauu*) turkey clapped her wings, and down from the air fell women's moccasins (*mokwawe*). Then her younger sister (*ikina*) clapped her wings, and down from the air fell a blanket dress (*yatone*). Then another elder sister clapped her wings, and down from the air fell a belt (*ehnina*). A younger sister clapped her wings, and a *pitone* fell down. An elder sister clapped, and a blanket (*eha*) fell down. The little younger sister (*an hani tsanna*) clapped, and a hair belt (*tsutokehnina*) fell down.

An kyauu said, "Is this all you want?"

The girl said, "Yes." She put on the moccasins and the *ehayatonana.*

The turkeys put up her hair in a queue.

hundred times more beautiful than her sisters, although they were always dressed very richly.

It happened that the king's son gave a ball, and invited all persons of fashion to it. Our young misses were also invited, for they cut a very grand figure among those of quality. They were mightily delighted at this invitation, and wonderfully busy in selecting the gowns, petticoats, and hair dressing that would best become them. This was a new difficulty for Cinderella; for it was she who ironed her sister's linen and pleated their ruffles. They talked all day long of nothing but how they should be dressed.

"For my part," said the eldest, "I will wear my red velvet suit with French trimming."

"And I," said the youngest, "shall have my usual petticoat; but then, to make amends for that, I will put on my gold-flowered cloak, and my diamond stomacher, which is far from being the most ordinary one in the world."

They sent for the best hairdresser they could get to make up their headpieces and adjust their hairdos, and they had their red brushes and patches from Mademoiselle de la Poche.

They also consulted Cinderella in all these matters, for she had excellent ideas, and her advice was always good. Indeed, she even offered her services to fix their hair, which they very willingly accepted. As she was doing this, they said to her, "Cinderella, would you not like to go to the ball?"

"Alas!" said she, "you only jeer me; it is not for such as I am to go to such a place."

"You are quite right," they replied. "It would make the people laugh to see a Cinderwench at a ball."

Anyone but Cinderella would have fixed their hair awry, but she was very good, and dressed them perfectly well. They were so excited that they hadn't eaten a thing for almost two days. Then they broke more than a dozen laces trying to have themselves laced up tightly enough to give them a fine slender shape. They were continually in front of their looking glass. At last the happy day came. They went to court, and Cinderella followed them with her eyes as long as she could. When she lost sight of them, she started to cry.

Her godmother, who saw her all in tears, asked her what was the matter.

"I wish I could. I wish I could." She was not able to speak the rest, being interrupted by her tears and sobbing.

This godmother of hers, who was a fairy, said to her, "You wish that you could go to the ball; is it not so?"

"Yes," cried Cinderella, with a great sigh.

"Well," said her godmother, "be but a good girl, and I will contrive that you shall go." Then she took her into her chamber, and said to her, "Run into the garden, and bring me a pumpkin."

She said to the turkeys, "I will come back before sundown."

She went to her house, and made a little cloth bag, and filled it with meal. Then she went on to Matsaki.

Her sisters said, "Has she gone to the dance?"

One said, "Yes."

-- "She is too dirty to go."

After she reached Matsaki, as she stood there, the dance director (*otakya mosi*) asked if she would dance.

She said, "Yes." She danced all day. When the sun set, she finished dancing, and ran back to the turkeys.

The turkeys had said, when she did not come, "We must not go on living here. Our sister does not love us."

When she arrived, they were not there. They were on top of a little hill, singing:

Kyana to to
kyana to to
kyana to to ye
uli uli uli to to to to.

They flew down to Kyakima. They went on as fast as they could until they came to turkey tracks (*tonateanawa*). There they drank at the spring. Their tracks were from north, south, east, west. After they drank, they flew to Shoakoskwikwi. They reached a high rock. They sat on it, and sang:

Kyana to to
kyana to to
kyana to to ye
uli uli uli to to to to.

When *awan kyauu* arrived, the turkeys were not there. She saw their tracks. She followed the tracks on a run. At Tonateanawa she saw where they had drunk. She ran on. Then she lost their tracks. She went back to her house. The turkeys had flown to Shoakoskwikwi, to the spring there. That is why at Shoakoskwikwi you see wild turkeys. The girl came back to her house crying.

Her sisters said, "Don't cry! You did not return on time. You did not love them."

The girl stayed and cooked for her sisters. Thus it was long ago.

- Source: Elsie Clews Parsons, "Pueblo-Indian Folk-Tales, Probably of Spanish

Provenience," *Journal of American Folklore* vol. 31, no. 120 (April - June 1918), pp. 234-35.

- Parsons' source: "Tsatiselu of Zuni."
- Note by Parsons: "This is, I suggest, a Cinderella tale, the pattern in regard to the sisters being confused."
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The Indian Cinderella

Native American On the shores of a wide bay on the Atlantic coast there dwelt in old times a great Indian warrior. It was said that he had been one of Glooskap's best helpers and friends, and that he had done for him many wonderful deeds. But that, no man knows. He had, however, a very wonderful and strange power; he could make himself invisible; he could thus mingle unseen with his enemies and listen to their plots. He was known among the people as Strong Wind, the Invisible. He dwelt with his sister in a tent near the sea, and his sister helped him greatly in his work. Many maidens would have been glad to marry him, and he was much sought after because of his mighty deeds; and it was known that Strong Wind would marry the first maiden who could see him as he came home at night. Many made the trial, but it was a long time before one succeeded.

Strong Wind used a clever trick to test the truthfulness of all who sought to win him. Each evening as the day went down, his sister walked on the beach with any girl who wished to make the trial. His sister could always see him, but no one else could see him. And as he came home from work in the twilight, his sister as she saw him drawing near would ask the girl who sought him, "Do you see him?"

And each girl would falsely answer "Yes."

And his sister would ask, "With what does he draw his sled?"

And each girl would answer, "With the hide of a moose," or "With a pole," or "With a great cord."

And then his sister would know that they all had lied, for their answers were mere guesses. And many tried and lied and failed, for Strong Wind would not marry any who were untruthful.

There lived in the village a great chief who had three daughters. Their mother had long been dead. One of these was much younger than the others. She was very beautiful and gentle and well beloved by all, and for that reason her older sisters were very jealous of her charms and treated her very cruelly. They clothed her in rags that she might be ugly; and they cut off her long black hair; and they burned her face with coals from the fire that she might be scarred and disfigured. And they lied to their father, telling him that she had done these things herself. But the young girl was patient and kept her gentle heart and went gladly about her work.

Like other girls, the chief's two eldest daughters tried to win Strong Wind. One evening, as the day went down, they walked on the shore with Strong Wind's sister and waited for his coming.

Soon he came home from his day's work, drawing his sled. And his sister asked as usual, "Do you see him?"

And each one, lying, answered "Yes."

And she asked, "Of what is his shoulder strap made?"

And each, guessing, said "Of rawhide."

Then they entered the tent where they hoped to see Strong Wind eating his supper; and when he took off his coat and his moccasins they could see them, but more than these they saw nothing. And Strong Wind knew that they had lied, and he kept himself from their sight, and they went home dismayed.

One day the chief's youngest daughter with her rags and her burnt face resolved to seek Strong Wind. She patched her clothes with bits of birch bark from the trees, and put on the few little ornaments she possessed, and went forth to try to see the Invisible One as all the other girls of the village had done before. And her sisters laughed at her and called her "fool"; and as she passed along the road all the people laughed at her because of her tattered frock and her burnt face, but silently she went her way.

Strong Wind's sister received the little girl kindly, and at twilight she took her to the beach. Soon Strong Wind came home drawing his sled. And his sister asked, "Do you see him?"

And the girl answered "No," and his sister wondered greatly because she spoke the truth.

And again she asked, "Do you see him now?"

And the girl answered, "Yes, and he is very wonderful."

And she asked, "With what does he draw his sled?"

And the girl answered, "With the Rainbow," and she was much afraid.

And she asked further, "Of what is his bowstring?"

And the girl answered, "His bowstring is the Milky Way."

Then Strong Wind's sister knew that because the girl had spoken the truth at first her brother had made himself visible to her. And she said, "Truly, you have seen him." And she took her home and bathed her, and all the scars disappeared from her face and body; and her hair grew long and black again like the raven's wing; and she gave her fine clothes to wear and many rich ornaments. Then she bade her take the wife's seat in the tent.

Soon Strong Wind entered and sat beside her, and called her his bride. The very next day she became his wife, and ever afterwards she helped him to do great deeds.

The girl's two elder sisters were very cross and they wondered greatly at what had taken place. But Strong Wind, who knew of their cruelty, resolved to punish them. Using his great

power, he changed them both into aspen trees and rooted them in the earth. And since that day the leaves of the aspen have always trembled, and they shiver in fear at the approach of Strong Wind, it matters not how softly he comes, for they are still mindful of his great power and anger because of their lies and their cruelty to their sister long ago.

- Source: Cyrus Macmillan, *Canadian Wonder Tales* (London: John Lane, 1920), pp. 116-19.
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Links to related sites

- Marian Roalfe Cox, *Cinderella: Three Hundred and Forty-Five Variants of Cinderella, Catskin, and Cap o' Rushes*, with an introduction by Andrew Lang (London: Published for the Folk-Lore Society by David Nutt, 1893).
- Cinderella, from *Wikipedia*, the free encyclopedia.
- Cinderella Bibliography. A thorough and scholarly annotated bibliography of texts, analogues, criticism, modern versions, parodies -- ranging from ancient folklore through recent popular culture, and modern scholarship. Organized by Russell A. Peck, University of Rochester.
- The Annotated Cinderella, from the SurLaLune Fairy Tales by Heidi Anne Heiner.
- The Father Who Wanted to Marry His Daughter, folktales of type 510B. These stories resemble the "Cinderella" tales (type 510A), but they also include an episode depicting attempted incest.

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- D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

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Cinderella went immediately to gather the finest she could get, and brought it to her godmother, not being able to imagine how this pumpkin could help her go to the ball. Her godmother scooped out all the inside of it, leaving nothing but the rind. Having done this, she struck the pumpkin with her wand, and it was instantly turned into a fine coach, gilded all over with gold.

She then went to look into her mousetrap, where she found six mice, all alive, and ordered Cinderella to lift up a little the trapdoor. She gave each mouse, as it went out, a little tap with her wand, and the mouse was that moment turned into a fine horse, which altogether made a very fine set of six horses of a beautiful mouse colored dapple gray.

Being at a loss for a coachman, Cinderella said, "I will go and see if there is not a rat in the rat trap that we can turn into a coachman."

"You are right," replied her godmother, "Go and look."

Cinderella brought the trap to her, and in it there were three huge rats. The fairy chose the one which had the largest beard, touched him with her wand, and turned him into a fat, jolly coachman, who had the smartest whiskers that eyes ever beheld.

After that, she said to her, "Go again into the garden, and you will find six lizards behind the watering pot. Bring them to me."

She had no sooner done so but her godmother turned them into six footmen, who skipped up immediately behind the coach, with their liveries all bedaubed with gold and silver, and clung as close behind each other as if they had done nothing else their whole lives. The fairy then said to Cinderella, "Well, you see here an equipage fit to go to the ball with; are you not pleased with it?"

"Oh, yes," she cried; "but must I go in these nasty rags?"

Her godmother then touched her with her wand, and, at the same instant, her clothes turned into cloth of gold and silver, all beset with jewels. This done, she gave her a pair of glass slippers, the prettiest in the whole world. Being thus decked out, she got up into her coach; but her godmother, above all things, commanded her not to stay past midnight, telling her, at the same time, that if she stayed one moment longer, the coach would be a pumpkin again, her horses mice, her coachman a rat, her footmen lizards, and that her clothes would become just as they were before.

She promised her godmother to leave the ball before midnight; and then drove away, scarcely able to contain herself for joy. The king's son, who was told that a great princess, whom nobody knew, had arrived, ran out to receive her. He gave her his hand as she alighted from the coach, and led her into the hall, among all the company. There was immediately a profound silence. Everyone stopped dancing, and the violins ceased to play, so entranced was everyone with the singular beauties of the unknown newcomer.

Nothing was then heard but a confused noise of, "How beautiful she is! How beautiful she is!"

The king himself, old as he was, could not help watching her, and telling the queen softly that it was a long time since he had seen so beautiful and lovely a creature.

All the ladies were busied in considering her clothes and headdress, hoping to have some made next day after the same pattern, provided they could find such fine materials and as able hands to make them.

The king's son led her to the most honorable seat, and afterwards took her out to dance with him. She danced so very gracefully that they all more and more admired her. A fine meal was served up, but the young prince ate not a morsel, so intently was he busied in gazing on her.

She went and sat down by her sisters, showing them a thousand civilities, giving them part of the oranges and citrons which the prince had presented her with, which very much surprised them, for they did not know her. While Cinderella was thus amusing her sisters, she heard the clock strike eleven and three-quarters, whereupon she immediately made a courtesy to the company and hurried away as fast as she could.

Arriving home, she ran to seek out her godmother, and, after having thanked her, she said she could not but heartily wish she might go to the ball the next day as well, because the king's son had invited her.

As she was eagerly telling her godmother everything that had happened at the ball, her two sisters knocked at the door, which Cinderella ran and opened.

"You stayed such a long time!" she cried, gaping, rubbing her eyes and stretching herself as if she had been sleeping; she had not, however, had any manner of inclination to sleep while they were away from home.

"If you had been at the ball," said one of her sisters, "you would not have been tired with it. The finest princess was there, the most beautiful that mortal eyes have ever seen. She showed us a thousand civilities, and gave us oranges and citrons."

Cinderella seemed very indifferent in the matter. Indeed, she asked them the name of that princess; but they told her they did not know it, and that the king's son was very uneasy on her account and would give all the world to know who she was. At this Cinderella, smiling, replied, "She must, then, be very beautiful indeed; how happy you have been! Could not I see her? Ah, dear Charlotte, do lend me your yellow dress which you wear every day."

"Yes, to be sure!" cried Charlotte; "lend my clothes to such a dirty Cinderwench as you are! I should be such a fool."

Cinderella, indeed, well expected such an answer, and was very glad of the refusal; for she would have been sadly put to it, if her sister had lent her what she asked for jestingly.

The next day the two sisters were at the ball, and so was Cinderella, but dressed even more magnificently than before. The king's son was always by her, and never ceased his compliments and kind speeches to her. All this was so far from being tiresome to her, and, indeed, she quite forgot what her godmother had told her. She thought that it was no later

Clothes Make the Man

folktales of Aarne-Thompson type 1558
selected and edited by

D. L. Ashliman
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The Brahman's Clothes

India

There was once a Brahman who had two wives. Like many Brahmans he lived by begging and was very clever at wheedling money out of people. One day the fancy took him to go to the marketplace dressed only in a small loincloth such as the poorest laborers wear and see how people treated him. So he set out, but on the road and in the marketplace and in the village no one salaamed to him or made way for him, and when he begged no one gave him alms.

He soon got tired of this and hastened home and, putting on his best *pagri* [turban] and coat and *dhoti* [waistcloth], went back to the marketplace. This time everyone who met him on the road salaamed low to him and made way for him, and every shopkeeper to whom he went gave him alms; and the people in the village who had refused before gladly made offerings to him.

The Brahman went home smiling to himself and took off his clothes and put them in a heap and prostrated himself before them three or four times, saying each time, "O source of wealth! O source of wealth! It is clothes that are honored in this world and nothing else."

- Source: Cecil Henry Bompas, *Folklore of the Santal Parganas*, (London: David Nutt, 1909), no. 146, pp. 372-73.
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Nasreddin Hodja at a Bridal Festival

Turkey

One day Nasreddin Hodja went to a bridal festival. The master of the feast observing his old and wretched garments, paid him no consideration whatever. The Hodja saw that he had no chance of notice; so going out he hurried to his house, and putting on a splendid pelisse, returned to the place of festival.

No sooner did he enter the door than the master advanced to meet him, and saying, "Welcome, Nasreddin Hodja," with all imaginable honor and reverence placed him at the head of the table, and said, "Please to eat, Lord Hodja."

Forthwith the Hodja taking hold of one of the furs of his pelisse, said, "Welcome, my pelisse, please to eat, my lord."

The master, looking at the Hodja with great suprise, said, "What are you about?"

Whereupon the Hodja replied, "It is quite evident that all the honor paid is paid to my pelisse, so let it have some food too."

- Source: George Borrow, *The Turkish Jester; or, The Pleasantries of Cogia Nasr Eddin Effendi* (Ipswich: W. Webber, 1884), p. 20.
- There are numerous variants of the name of Turkish jester featured in this story. Borrow uses the full name *Cogia Nasr Eddin Effendi*, which I have changed to the more usual *Nasreddin Hodja*.
- Link to additional tales about Nasreddin Hodja.
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Eat, My Clothes!

Italy

As Giufà was half a simpleton no one showed him any kindness, such as to invite him to his house or give him anything to eat. Once Giufà went to a farmhouse for something, and the farmers, when they saw him looking so ragged and poor, came near setting the dogs on him, and made him leave in a hurry.

When his mother heard it she procured for him a fine coat, a pair of breeches, and a velvet vest.

Giufà dressed up like an overseer, went to the same farmhouse, and then you should see what great ceremonies they made! They invited him to dine with them. While at the table all were very attentive to him. Giufà, on the one hand, filled his stomach, and on the other, put into the pockets, coat, and hat whatever was left over, saying: "Eat, my clothes, for you were invited!"

- Source: Thomas Frederick Crane, *Italian Popular Tales* (London: Macmillan and Company, 1885), no. 102. p. 296.
- The trickster Giufà, who is described elsewhere as "stupid, lazy, and cunning" (can

one be both stupid and cunning?), is featured in many Italian folktales. His exploits compare to those of Germany's Till Eulenspiegel and Turkey's Nasreddin Hodja, to mention but two of his many counterparts in other nations.

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Heroes They Seemed When Once They Were Clothed

Iceland

My garments once I gave in the field
to two land-marks made as men;
heroes they seemed when once they were clothed;
'tis the naked who suffer shame!

- Source: *The Hávámal: The Words of Odin the High One*, verse 49.
- Link to the entire text of the above work.

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For a literary treatment (in the German language) of the folklore motif featured above, see the novella Kleider machen Leute by the Swiss novelist and poet Gottfried Keller (1819-90).

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Revised August 14, 2013.

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Creation Myths from the Philippines

edited by

D. L. Ashliman
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How the World Was Made

This is the ancient Filipino account of the creation.

Thousands of years ago there was no land nor sun nor moon nor stars, and the world was only a great sea of water, above which stretched the sky. The water was the kingdom of the god Maguayan, and the sky was ruled by the great god Captan.

Maguayan had a daughter called Lidagat, the sea, and Captan had a son known as Lihangin, the wind. The gods agreed to the marriage of their children, so the sea became the bride of the wind.

Three sons and a daughter were born to them. The sons were called Licalibutan, Liadlao, and Libulan; and the daughter received the name of Lisuga.

Licalibutan had a body of rock and was strong and brave; Liadlao was formed of gold and was always happy; Libulan was made of copper and was weak and timid; and the beautiful Lisuga had a body of pure silver and was sweet and gentle. Their parents were very fond of them, and nothing was wanting to make them happy.

After a time Lihangin died and left the control of the winds to his eldest son Licalibutan. The faithful wife Lidagat soon followed her husband, and the children, now grown up, were left without father or mother. However, their grandfathers, Captan and Maguayan, took care of

After a while the parents grew very tired of having so many idle and useless children around, and they wished to be rid of them, but they knew of no place to send them to. Time went on and the children became so numerous that the parents enjoyed no peace. One day, in desperation, the father seized a stick and began beating them on all sides.

This so frightened the children that they fled in different directions, seeking hidden rooms in the house -- some concealed themselves in the walls, some ran outside, while others hid in the fireplace, and several fled to the sea.

Now it happened that those who went into the hidden rooms of the house later became the chiefs of the islands; and those who concealed themselves in the walls became slaves. Those who ran outside were free men; and those who hid in the fireplace became negroes; while those who fled to the sea were gone many years, and when their children came back they were the white people.

- Source: Mabel Cook Cole, *Philippine Folk Tales* (Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company, 1916), pp. 187-188.
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Links to related sites

- Flood Myths from the Philippines.
- D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

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them and guarded them from all evil.

After a time, Licalibutan, proud of his power over the winds, resolved to gain more power, and asked his brothers to join him in an attack on Captan in the sky above. At first they refused; but when Licalibutan became angry with them, the amiable Liadlao, not wishing to offend his brother, agreed to help. Then together they induced the timid Libulan to join in the plan.

When all was ready the three brothers rushed at the sky, but they could not beat down the gates of steel that guarded the entrance. Then Licalibutan let loose the strongest winds and blew the bars in every direction. The brothers rushed into the opening, but were met by the angry god Captan. So terrible did he look that they turned and ran in terror; but Captan, furious at the destruction of his gates, sent three bolts of lightning after them.

The first struck the copper Libulan and melted him into a ball. The second struck the golden Liadlao, and he too was melted. The third bolt struck Licalibutan, and his rocky body broke into many pieces and fell into the sea. So huge was he that parts of his body stuck out above the water and became what is known as land.

In the meantime the gentle Lisuga had missed her brothers and started to look for them. She went toward the sky, but as she approached the broken gates, Captan, blind with anger, struck her too with lightning, and her silver body broke into thousands of pieces.

Captan then came down from the sky and tore the sea apart, calling on Maguayan to come to him and accusing him of ordering the attack on the sky. Soon Maguayan appeared and answered that he knew nothing of the plot as he had been asleep far down in the sea.

After a time he succeeded in calming the angry Captan. Together they wept at the loss of their grandchildren, especially the gentle and beautiful Lisuga; but with all their power they could not restore the dead to life. However, they gave to each body a beautiful light that will shine forever.

And so it was that golden Liadlao became the sun, and copper Libulan the moon, while the thousands of pieces of silver Lisuga shine as the stars of heaven. To wicked Licalibutan the gods gave no light, but resolved to make his body support a new race of people. So Captan gave Maguayan a seed, and he planted it on the land, which, as you will remember, was part of Licalibutan's huge body.

Soon a bamboo tree grew up, and from the hollow of one of its branches a man and a woman came out. The man's name was Sicalac, and the woman was called Sicabay. They were the parents of the human race. Their first child was a son whom they called Libo; afterwards they had a daughter who was known as Saman. Pandaguan was a younger son and he had a son called Arion.

Pandaguan was very clever and invented a trap to catch fish. The very first thing he caught was a huge shark. When he brought it to land, it looked so great and fierce that he thought it was surely a god, and he at once ordered his people to worship it. Soon all gathered around and began to sing and pray to the shark. Suddenly the sky and sea opened, and the gods

came out and ordered Pandaguan to throw the shark back into the sea and to worship none but them.

All were afraid except Pandaguan. He grew very bold and answered that the shark was as big as the gods, and that since he had been able to overpower it he would also be able to conquer the gods. Then Captan, hearing this, struck Pandaguan with a small thunderbolt, for he did not wish to kill him but merely to teach him a lesson. Then he and Maguayan decided to punish these people by scattering them over the earth, so they carried some to one land and some to another. Many children were afterwards born, and thus the earth became inhabited in all parts.

Pandaguan did not die. After lying on the ground for thirty days he regained his strength, but his body was blackened from the lightning, and all his descendants ever since that day have been black.

His first son, Arion, was taken north, but as he had been born before his father's punishment he did not lose his color, and all his people therefore are white.

Libo and Saman were carried south, where the hot sun scorched their bodies and caused all their descendants to be of a brown color.

A son of Saman and a daughter of Sicalac were carried east, where the land at first was so lacking in food that they were compelled to eat clay. On this account their children and their children's children have always been yellow in color.

And so the world came to be made and peopled. The sun and moon shine in the sky, and the beautiful stars light up the night. All over the land, on the body of the envious Licalibutan, the children of' Sicalac and Sicabay have grown great in numbers. May they live forever in peace and brotherly love!

- Source: John Maurice Miller, *Philippine Folklore Stories* (Boston: Ginn and Company, 1904), pp. 57-64.
- Preface by John Maurice Miller (or his editor): As these stories are only legends that have been handed down from remote times, the teacher must impress upon the minds of the children that they are myths and are not to be given credence; otherwise the imaginative minds of the native children would accept them as truth, and trouble would be caused that might be hard to remedy. Explain then the fiction and show the children the folly of belief in such fanciful tales. (page 5)
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The Creation

Igorot

In the beginning there were no people on the earth.

Lumawig, the Great Spirit, came down from the sky and cut many reeds. He divided these into pairs which he placed in different parts of the world, and then he said to them, "You must

speak."

Immediately the reeds became people, and in each place was a man and a woman who could talk, but the language of each couple differed from that of the others.

Then Lumawig commanded each man and woman to marry, which they did. By and by there were many children, all speaking the same language as their parents. These, in turn, married and had many children. In this way there came to be many people on the earth.

Now Lumawig saw that there were several things which the people on the earth needed to use, so he set to work to supply them. He created salt, and told the inhabitants of one place to boil it down and sell it to their neighbors. But these people could not understand the directions of the Great Spirit, and the next time he visited them, they had not touched the salt.

Then he took it away from them and gave it to the people of a place called Mayinit. These did as he directed, and because of this he told them that they should always be owners of the salt, and that the other peoples must buy of them.

Then Lumawig went to the people of Bontoc and told them to get clay and make pots. They got the clay, but they did not understand the molding, and the jars were not well shaped. Because of their failure, Lumawig told them that they would always have to buy their jars, and he removed the pottery to Samoki. When he told the people there what to do, they did just as he said, and their jars were well shaped and beautiful. Then the Great Spirit saw that they were fit owners of the pottery, and he told them that they should always make many jars to sell.

In this way Lumawig taught the people and brought to them all the things which they now have.

- Source: Mabel Cook Cole, *Philippine Folk Tales* (Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company, 1916), pp. 99-101.
- Notes by Mabel Cook Cole:

  1. Lumawig is the greatest of all spirits and now lives in the sky, though for a time his home was in the Igorot village of Bontoc. He married a Bontoc girl, and the stones of their house are still to be seen in the village. It was Lumawig who created the Igorot, and ever since he has taken a great interest in them, teaching them how to overcome the forces of nature, how to plant, to reap and, in fact, everything that they know. Once each month a ceremony is held in his honor in a sacred grove, whose trees are believed to have sprung from the graves of his children. Here prayers are offered for health, good crops, and success in battle. A close resemblance exists between Lumawig of the Igorot and Kaboniyan of the Tinguian, the former being sometimes called Kambun'yan.
  2. The Bukidnon of Mindanao have the following story: During a great drought Mampolompon could grow nothing on his clearing except one bamboo, and during a high wind this was broken. From this bamboo came a dog and a woman, who were the ancestors of the Moro.
  3. At the north end of the village of Mayinit are a number of brackish hot springs,

and from these the people secure the salt which has made the spot famous for miles around. Stones are placed in the shallow streams flowing from these springs, and when they have become encrusted with salt (about once a month) they are washed and the water is evaporated by boiling. The salt, which is then a thick paste, is formed into cakes and baked near the fire for about half an hour, when it is ready for use. It is the only salt in this section, and is in great demand. Even hostile tribes come to a hill overlooking the town and call down, then deposit whatever they have for trade and withdraw, while the Igorot take up the salt and leave it in place of the trade articles.

4. The women of Samoki are known as excellent potters, and their ware is used over a wide area. From a pit on a hillside to the north of the village they dig a reddish-brown clay, which they mix with a bluish mineral gathered on another hillside. When thoroughly mixed, this clay is placed on a board on the ground, and the potter, kneeling before it, begins her molding. Great patience and skill are required to bring the vessel to the desired shape. When it is completed it is set in the sun to dry for two or three days, after which it is ready for the baking. The new pots are piled tier above tier on the ground and blanketed with grass tied into bundles. Then pine bark is burned beneath and around the pile for about an hour, when the ware is sufficiently fired. It is then glazed with resin and is ready to market.

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How the Moon and the Stars Came to Be

Bukidnon (Mindanao)

One day in the times when the sky was close to the ground a spinster went out to pound rice. Before she began her work, she took off the beads from around her neck and the comb from her hair, and hung them on the sky, which at that time looked like coral rock.

Then she began working, and each time that she raised her pestle into the air it struck the sky. For some time she pounded the rice, and then she raised the pestle so high that it struck the sky very hard.

Immediately the sky began to rise, and it went up so far that she lost her ornaments. Never did they come down, for the comb became the moon and the beads are the stars that are scattered about.

- Source: Mabel Cook Cole, *Philippine Folk Tales* (Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company, 1916), p. 124.
- Notes by Mabel Cook Cole:

1. The common way to pound rice is to place a bundle of the grain on the ground on a dried carabao hide and pound it with a pestle to loosen the heads from the straw. When they are free they are poured into a mortar and again pounded with the pestle until the grain is separated from the chaff, after which it is winnowed.
2. According to the Klemantin myth (Borneo), the sky was raised when a giant named Usai accidentally struck it with his mallet while pounding rice. See Hose

and McDougall, *Pagan Tribes of Borneo*, p. 142.

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Origin

Bagobo (Mindanao)

In the beginning there lived one man and one woman, Toglai and Toglibon. Their first children were a boy and a girl. When they were old enough, the boy and the girl went far away across the waters seeking a good place to live in. Nothing more was heard of them until their children, the Spaniards and Americans, came back. After the first boy and girl left, other children were born to the couple; but they all remained at Cibolan on Mount Apo with their parents, until Toglai and Toglibon died and became spirits. Soon after that there came a great drought which lasted for three years. All the waters dried up, so that there were no rivers, and no plants could live.

"Surely," said the people, "Manama is punishing us, and we must go elsewhere to find food and a place to dwell in."

So they started out. Two went in the direction of the sunset, carrying with them stones from Cibolan River. After a long journey they reached a place where were broad fields of cogon grass and an abundance of water, and there they made their home. Their children still live in that place and are called Magindanau, because of the stones which the couple carried when they left Cibolan.

Two children of Toglai and Toglibon went to the south, seeking a home, and they carried with them women's baskets (baraan). When they found a good spot, they settled down. Their descendants, still dwelling at that place, are called Baraan or Bilaan, because of the women's baskets.

So two by two the children of the first couple left the land of their birth. In the place where each settled a new people developed, and thus it came about that all the tribes in the world received their names from things that the people carried out of Cibolan, or from the places where they settled.

All the children left Mount Apo save two (a boy and a girl), whom hunger and thirst had made too weak to travel. One day when they were about to die the boy crawled out to the field to see if there was one living thing, and to his surprise he found a stalk of sugarcane growing lustily. He eagerly cut it, and enough water came out to refresh him and his sister until the rains came. Because of this, their children are called Bagobo.

- Source: Mabel Cook Cole, *Philippine Folk Tales* (Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company, 1916), pp. 133-134.
- Note by Mabel Cook Cole:
    - This is a good example of the way in which people at a certain stage try to account for their surroundings. Nearly all consider themselves the original people. We find the Bagobo no exception to this. In this tale, which is evidently very old,

they account for themselves and their neighbors, and then, to meet present needs, they adapt the story to include the white people whom they have known for not more than two hundred years.

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The Story of the Creation

Bilaan (Mindanao)

In the very beginning there lived a being so large that he cannot be compared with any known thing. His name was Melu, and when he sat on the clouds, which were his home, he occupied all the space above. His teeth were pure gold, and because he was very cleanly and continually rubbed himself with his hands, his skin became pure white. The dead skin which he rubbed off his body was placed on one side in a pile, and by and by this pile became so large that he was annoyed and set himself to consider what he could do with it.

Finally Melu decided to make the earth; so he worked very hard in putting the dead skin into shape, and when it was finished he was so pleased with it that he determined to make two beings like himself, though smaller, to live on it.

Taking the remnants of the material left after making the earth he fashioned two men, but just as they were all finished except their noses, Tau Tana from below the earth appeared and wanted to help him.

Melu did not wish any assistance, and a great argument ensued. Tau Tana finally won his point and made the noses which he placed on the people upside down. When all was finished, Melu and Tau Tana whipped the forms until they moved. Then Melu went to his home above the clouds, and Tau Tana returned to his place below the earth.

All went well until one day a great rain came, and the people on the earth nearly drowned from the water which ran off their heads into their noses. Melu, from his place on the clouds, saw their danger, and he came quickly to earth and saved their lives by turning their noses the other side up.

The people were very grateful to him, and promised to do anything he should ask of them. Before he left for the sky, they told him that they were very unhappy living on the great earth all alone, so he told them to save all the hair from their heads and the dry skin from their bodies and the next time he came he would make them some companions. And in this way there came to be a great many people on the earth.

- Source: Mabel Cook Cole, *Philippine Folk Tales* (Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company, 1916), pp. 139-140.
- Notes by Mabel Cook Cole:

1. This story is well known among the Bilaan, who are one of the tribes least influenced by the Spaniards, and yet it bears so many incidents similar to biblical accounts that there is a strong suggestion of Christian influence. It is possible that these ideas came through the Mohammedan Moro.

2. Melu is the most powerful of the spirits and the one to whom the people resort in times of danger.
3. A similar story is found in British North Borneo. See Evans, *Journal of Royal Anthropological Institute*, 1913, p. 423.

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In the Beginning

Bilaan (Mindanao)

In the beginning there were four beings (Melu, Fiuweigh, Diwata, and Saweigh), and they lived on an island no larger than a hat. On this island there were no trees or grass or any other living thing besides these four people and one bird (Buswit). One day they sent this bird out across the waters to see what he could find, and when he returned he brought some earth, a piece of rattan, and some fruit.

Melu, the greatest of the four, took the soil and shaped it and beat it with a paddle in the same manner in which a woman shapes pots of clay, and when he finished he had made the earth. Then he planted the seeds from the fruit, and they grew until there was much rattan and many trees bearing fruit.

The four beings watched the growth for a long time and were well pleased with the work, but finally Melu said, "Of what use is this earth and all the rattan and fruit if there are no people?"

And the others replied, "Let us make some people out of wax."

So they took some wax and worked long, fashioning it into forms, but when they brought them to the fire the wax melted, and they saw that men could not be made in that way.

Next they decided to try to use dirt in making people, and Melu and one of his companions began working on that. All went well till they were ready to make the noses. The companion, who was working on that part, put them on upside down. Melu told him that the people would drown if he left them that way, but he refused to change them.

When his back was turned, however, Melu seized the noses, one by one, and turned them as they now are. But he was in such a hurry that he pressed his finger at the root, and it left a mark in the soft clay which you can still see on the faces of people.

- Source: Mabel Cook Cole, *Philippine Folk Tales* (Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company, 1916), pp. 141-142.
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The Children of the Limokon

Mandaya (Mindanao)

In the very early days before there were any people on the earth, the limokon (a kind of dove) were very powerful and could talk like men though they looked like birds. One limokon laid

two eggs, one at the mouth of the Mayo River and one farther up its course. After some time these eggs hatched, and the one at the mouth of the river became a man, while the other became a woman.

The man lived alone on the bank of the river for a long time, but he was very lonely and wished many times for a companion. One day when he was crossing the river something was swept against his legs with such force that it nearly caused him to drown. On examining it, he found that it was a hair, and he determined to go up the river and find whence it came. He traveled up the stream, looking on both banks, until finally he found the woman, and he was very happy to think that at last he could have a companion.

They were married and had many children, who are the Mandaya still living along the Mayo River.

- Source: Mabel Cook Cole, *Philippine Folk Tales* (Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company, 1916), pp. 143-144.
- Notes by Mabel Cook Cole:
    1. This origin story is of a very different type from those of the Bukidnon and Bagobo. While the others show foreign influence, this appears to be typically primitive.
    2. The limokon is the omen bird of the Mandaya. It is believed to be a messenger from the spirit world which, by its calls, warns the people of danger or promises them success. If the coo of this bird comes from the right side, it is a good sign, but if it is on the left, in back, or in front, it is a bad sign, and the Mandaya knows that he must change his plans.
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The Creation Story

Tagalog

When the world first began there was no land, but only the sea and the sky, and between them was a kite (a bird something like a hawk). One day the bird which had nowhere to light grew tired of flying about, so she stirred up the sea until it threw its waters against the sky. The sky, in order to restrain the sea, showered upon it many islands until it could no longer rise, but ran back and forth. Then the sky ordered the kite to light on one of the islands to build her nest, and to leave the sea and the sky in peace.

Now at this time the land breeze and the sea breeze were married, and they had a child which was a bamboo. One day when this bamboo was floating about on the water, it struck the feet of the kite which was on the beach. The bird, angry that anything should strike it, pecked at the bamboo, and out of one section came a man and from the other a woman.

Then the earthquake called on all the birds and fish to see what should be done with these two, and it was decided that they should marry. Many children were born to the couple, and from them came all the different races of people.

Folktales of Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 1030

selected and edited by

D. L. Ashliman
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France, François Rabelais

The Fourth Book of Pantagruel.

Pantagruel ... was told that for the last three years there had raged in the island a pestilence so horrible, that the half or more of the country had remained desolate, and the lands without occupiers. When the pestilence had gone by, this man ... was plowing a large and fertile piece of ground and sowing it with wheat at the very day and hour that a small devil (one who did not know how to thunder or hail except only on parsley and cabbages, and moreover could not yet read or write) had obtained leave from Lucifer to go for a holiday and recreation in this Island of the Popefigs, wherein the devils were very familiar with the men and women, and often went there to pass their time.

This devil, having got to the place, addressed himself to the laborer, and asked him what he was doing. The poor man answered him that he was sowing this field with wheat, to help him to live the following year.

"Nay, but this field is none of thine," said the devil. "It is mine, and belongs to me; for ... all

and forth in order to untangle it, and he was only half finished when Saint John had completed his work.

The devil was very angry at having lost this first wager. He then pointed to a field and said, "Let us take what is growing there and share it, each of us to receive half. Do you want the top or the bottom?"

Saint John looked and saw that it was a field of turnips. He chose the bottom half. The devil was happy to get the top half, thinking that it was the best part, the bottom part being only thin, bitter roots.

The two returned when the turnips had grown and were ready to harvest. Then the devil received only a little pile of half-withered, wormy leaves, whereas Saint John received a large pile of the most beautiful and juiciest turnips.

When the devil became angry again, Saint John pointed to another field and asked, "Do you want to wager once again?"

"Yes indeed," replied the devil, "but this time I'll take the bottom half."

"Then I'll take the top part," said John.

However, this field was planted with wheat, and when harvest time came, Saint John received the beautiful heads, heavy with grain, while the devil was left with the naked stubble.

The devil did not enter into any new wagers, but instead, filled with anger and rage, returned to hell.

- Source: Christian Schneller, "St. Johannes und der Teufel," *Märchen und Sagen aus Wälschtirol: Ein Beitrag zur deutschen Sagenkunde* (Innsbruck: Verlag der Wagnerschen Universitäts-Buchhandlung, 1867), no. 2, pp. 5-6.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2008.
- The beginning episode in this story is a variant of type 1096. Such tales most often depict a sewing contest between the devil (or other ogre) and a tailor, with the devil losing because he begins by threading his needle with an entire spool of thread.
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The Peasant and the Bear

Russia

Once upon a time a certain peasant lost his wife, then he lost his other relations, and then he was left alone with no one to help him in his home or his fields.

So he went to Bruin and said, "Look here, Bruin, let's keep house and plant our garden and sow our corn together."

And Bruin asked, "But how shall we divide it afterwards?"

"How shall we divide it?" said the peasant, "Well, you take all the tops and let me have all the roots."

"All right," answered Bruin.

So they sowed some turnips, and they grew beautifully. And Bruin worked hard, and gathered in all the turnips, and then they began to divide them.

And the peasant said, "The tops are yours, aren't they, Bruin?"

"Yes," he answered.

So the peasant cut off all the turnip tops and gave them to Bruin, and then sat down to count the roots. And Bruin saw that the peasant had done him down. And he got huffy, lay down in his den, and started sucking his paws.

The next spring the peasant again came to see him, and said, "Look here, Bruin, let's work together again, shall we?"

And Bruin answered, "Right-ho! Only this time mind! you can have the tops, but I'm going to have the roots!"

"Very, well," said the peasant.

And they sowed some wheat, and when the ears grew up and ripened, you never saw such a sight. Then they began to divide it, and the peasant took all the tops with the grain, and gave Bruin the straw and the roots. So he didn't get anything that time either.

And Bruin said to the peasant, "Well, good-bye! I'm not going to work with you any more, you're too crafty!"

And with that he went off into the forest.

- Source: Valery Carrick [Valerian Karrik], *More Russian Picture Tales*, translated by Nevill Forbes (New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company, 1920), pp. 39-44.
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Mercury and the Traveller

Aesop

One that was just entring upon a long journey took up a fancy of putting a trick upon Mercury. He say'd him a short prayer for the *bon-voyage*, with a promise that the god should go half with him in whatever he found.

Somebody had lost a bag of dates and almonds, it seems, and it was his fortune to find it. He fell to work upon 'em immediately, and when he had eaten up the kernels, and all that was good of them himself, he laid the stones and the shells upon an altar; and desir'd Mercury to to take notice that he had permorm'd his vow.

"For," says he, "here are the outsides of the one ande the insides of the other, and there's the moiety [division] I promis'd ye."

The Moral

Men talk as if they believed in God, but they live as if they thought there were none; but their very prayers are mockeries, and their vows and promises are no more than words, of course, which they never intended to make good.

- Source: *The Fables of Æsop and other Eminent Mythologists. With morals and reflections*. By Sir Roger L'Estrange (London: Printed for R. Sare et al., 1692), no. 97, p. 91.
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this country was adjudged, proscribed and given up to us. To sow corn, however, is not my province; wherefore I leave thee the field, but on condition that we share the profit."

"I am willing," answered the laborer.

"I mean," said the devil, "that we are to make two lots of the profit that results. One shall be that which grows above the earth, the other that which shall be covered by the earth. The right of choosing belongs to me, for I am a devil, born of a noble and ancient race; thou art but a clown. I make choice of that which shall be in the earth. Thou shall have that which is above. At what time shall be the in-gathering?"

"About the middle of July," answered the laborer.

"Very well," said the devil, "I will not fail to be here. Meantime do as is thy duty to do. Work, villain, work. I am off to tempt to the gallant sin of luxury, the noble nuns of Pette-sec, also the cowled hypocrites and gluttons. Of their desires I am more than assured. They have but to meet, and the combat takes place."

When mid July had come, the devil presented himself at the place, accompanied by a troop of little devilkins of the choir. There, finding the laborer, he said, "Now, villain, how hast thou done since my departure? It is fitting now that we should make out our shares."

"It is but reason," answered the laborer. Then the laborer and his men began to reap the corn. The devilkins likewise pulled up the stubble from the earth. The laborer threshed his corn on the threshing floor, winnowed it, put it in sacks and carried it to market to sell. The imps did the same, and set themselves down at the marketplace, near the laborer, to sell their stubble.

The laborer sold his corn very well, and with the money filled an old half-buskin, which he carried at his girdle. The devils sold nothing. Nay, on the contrary, the peasants jeered at them in open market.

When the market was over, the devil said to the laborer, "Villain, thou hast cheated me this time. Next time thou shall not do so."

"Master Devil," said the laborer, "how could I have cheated you, when you had the first choice? The truth is, that in this choice you thought to cheat me, expecting that nothing would come out of the earth for my share, and that you would find below the whole of the grain which I had sown, intending therewith to tempt the poor and needy, the hypocrites, or the misers, and by temptation to make them fall into your snares. But you are mighty young at your trade. The grain which you see in the earth is dead and rotten. The corruption of that has caused the generation of the other, which you saw me sell. So you do choose the worse. That is why you are cursed in the Gospel."

"Let us leave this subject," said the devil. "What canst thou sow our field with next year? "

"To make a profit like a good husbandman," said the laborer, "the proper thing would be to sow turnips."

"Well," said the devil, "thou art an honest clown. Sow turnips in abundance. I will guard them from the storm, and will not hail upon them. But understand thoroughly: I retain for my share that which shall be above ground. Thou shall have all that is below. Work, villain, work. I am off to tempt the heretics. Their souls are dainty morsels when broiled on the coals. My lord Lucifer has the colic; they will make a tid-bit for him."

When the time of gathering was come, the devil appeared on the ground with a squadron of waiting devilkins. There, finding the laborer and his men, he began to cut and gather the leaves of the turnips. After him the laborer dug and pulled up the big turnips, and put them into sacks. So they all go off together to market. The laborer sold his turnips very well. The devil sold nothing, and, what was worse, they jeered at him publicly.

"I see very well, villain," said the devil, "that I have been cheated by thee. I will make an end of the business between thee and me.

- Source: François Rabelais, *The Life of Gargantua and of Pantagruel*, book 4, in: *Rabelais: The Five Books and Minor Writings*, vol. 2 (London: Alexander P. Watt, 1893), book 4, ch. 45-47, pp. 189-197.
- In Rabelais' account, the conflict continues when the devil challenges the farmer to a "scratching contest," which the latter handily wins with the help of his wife. This humorous episode, too racy for inclusion in some texts, is classified as a type 1095 folktale and is related under the title How the Devil Was Deceived by an Old Woman in *Pantagruel*, book 4, ch. 47.
- Book 4 of *The Life of Gargantua and of Pantagruel* was written in 1552.
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The Troll Outwitted

Denmark

A husbandman, who had a little mount on his field, resolved not to let it lie waste, and began to plow it up. At this the troll, who dwelt in the mount, came out and demanded who it was that dared to plow on his roof. The husbandman said that he did not know it was his roof, and at the same time represented to him that it was disadvantageous for both to let such a piece of land lie uncultivated; that he was willing to plow, sow and reap every year, and that the troll should alternately have that which in one year grew on the earth, and the man that which grew beneath, and the next year the reverse. To this the troll agreed, and the man in the first year sowed carrots, and in the year following, corn [grain], and gave the troll the tops of the carrots and the roots of the corn. From that time there was a good understanding between them.

- Source: Benjamin Thorpe, *Northern Mythology: Comprising the Principal Popular Traditions and Superstitions of Scandinavia, North Germany, and the Netherlands*, vol. 2 (London: Edward Lumley, 1851), pp. 149-50.
- Thorpe's Source: J. M. Thiele, "En bonde narrer en trold," *Danmarks Folkesagn*, vol. 2 (Copenhagen: C. A. Reitzels Forlag, 1843), pp. 240-41.
- This legend is also recorded in Thomas Keightley, *The Fairy Mythology, Illustrative of*

the Romance and Superstition of Various Countries, vol. 1 (London: Whittaker, Treacher, and Company, 1833), p. 186.
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The Bear and the Fox Go into Partnership

Norway

Once the fox and the bear made up their minds to have a field in common. They found a small clearing far away in the forest, where they sowed rye the first year.

"Now we must share and share alike," said Reynard. "If you will have the roots I will have the tops," he said.

Yes, Bruin was quite willing. But when they had threshed the crop, the fox got all the grain, while the bear got nothing but the roots and tares.

Bruin didn't like this, but the fox said it was only as they had agreed. "This year I am the gainer," said the fox. "Another year it will be your turn. You can then have the tops, and I will be satisfied with the roots."

Next spring the fox asked the bear if he didn't think turnips would be the right thing for that year.

"Yes, that better food than grain," said the bear, and the fox thought the same.

When the autumn came the fox took the turnips, but the bear only got the tops.

The bear then became so angry that he parted company then and there with Reynard.

- Source: P. C. Asbjørnsen, *Fairy Tales from the Far North*, translated from the Norwegian by H. L. Brækstad. Authorised edition (London: David Nutt, 1897), pp. 176-79.
- Translation slightly revised by D. L. Ashliman.
- Link to the Norwegian text of the tale: Bjørnen og reven: 3. De skulle ha åker i sameie. This link leads to a collection of four short tales about the bear and the fox. Scroll down until you come to number three.
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The Fox and the Wolf Plant Oats and Potatoes

Scotland

[The fox and the wolf together came into possession of a piece of land.] It was oats that they set that year, and they reaped it, and they began to divide it.

"Well, then," said the fox, "wouldst thou rather have the root or the tip? Thou shalt have thy choice."

"I'd rather the root," said the wolf.

Then the fox had fine oaten bread all the year, and the other one had fodder.

On the next year they set a crop; and it was potatoes that they set, and they grew well.

"Which wouldst thou like best, the root or the crop this year?" said the fox.

"Indeed, thou shalt not take the twist out of me anymore. I will have the top this year," quoth the wolf.

"Good enough, my hero," said the fox.

Thus the wolf had the potato tops, and the fox the potatoes. But the wolf used to keep stealing the potatoes from the fox.

- Source: Joseph Jacobs, *More Celtic Fairy Tales* (London: David Nutt, 1894), pp. 132-33. This episode is extracted from a longer story (pp. 125-34) entitled "The Russet Dog" (a nickname for the fox).
- Jacobs source: J. F. Campbell, *Popular Tales of the West Highlands: Orally Collected*, new edition, vol. 3 (London: Alexander Gardner, 1892). p. 110. Campbell titles the larger piece, from which this episode is extracted, The Keg of Butter.
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The Farmer and the Boggart

England

T' boggart, a squat hairy man, strong as a six-year-old horse, and with arms almost as long as tackle poles, comes to a farmer who has just taken a bit of land, and declares that he is the proper owner, and the farmer must quit. The farmer proposes an appeal to the law, but boggart will have naught to do wi' law, which has never yet done him justice, and suggests that they should share the produce equally.

"Very well," says the farmer, "wilt thou tek what grows above ground, or what grows beneath ground? Only, moind, thou mun stick to what thou sattles; oi doant want no back-reckunnings after."

He arranges to take what grows above ground, and the farmer promptly sets potatoes. Of course, when the boggart comes at harvest time to claim his share he gets nothing but the haulms and twitch, and is in a sore taking. At last, however, he agrees to take all that grows beneath ground for next season, whereupon the farmer sows wheat, and when boggart comes round at t' backend, the man gets corn and straw, and naught is left for boggart but the stubble.

Boggart then insists that next year wheat should be sown again, and that they should mow together, each taking what he mows. The farmer consults the local wise man, and studs boggart's "falls" with thin iron rods, which wear down boggart's strength in cutting and take all

the edge of his scythe. So boggart stops to whet, and boggart stops to rest, but the farmer mows steadily on till at last the boggart throws down his scythe in despair and says, "Ye may tek t' mucky owd land an' all 'ats on it; I wean't hev no more to do wi' it."

And off he goes and nivver comes back no more, leastways not after no land, but awms aboot t' delves, an' skears loane foaks o' noights; an' if thou leaves thy dinner or thy tools about, ofttimes he meks off wi' 'em.

- Source: *County Folk-Lore*, vol. 5, Printed Extracts, no. 7: Examples of Printed Folk-Lore concerning Lincolnshire, collected by Mrs. Gutch and Mabel Peacock (London: Folk-Lore Society, 1908), pp. 326-27.
- This story comes from Mumby, near Alford.
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The Bogie and the Farmer

England

The following legend, very commonly narrated in Northamptonshire, places this [the Bogies lack of cunning] in a strong light:

One of these spirits [a Bogie] once asserted a claim to a field hitherto possessed by a farmer, and, after much disputing, they came to an arrangement by agreeing to divide its produce between them. At seed-time the farmer asks the Bogie what part of the crop he will have, "tops or bottoms."

"Bottoms," said the spirit. Upon hearing which his crafty antagonist sows the field with wheat, so that when harvest arrived the corn [grain] falls to his share, while the poor Bogie is obliged to content himself with the stubble.

Next year the Bogie, finding he had made such an unfortunate selection in the bottoms, chose the "tops," whereupon the crafty farmer sets the field with turnips -- thus, again, outwitting the simple claimant.

Tired of this unprofitable farming, the Bogie agrees to hazard his claims on a mowing match, the land in question to be the stake for which they played. Before the day of meeting the canny earth-tiller procures a number of iron bars, which he strews among the grass to be mown by his opponent; and when the trial commences, the unsuspecting goblin finds his progress retarded by his scythe continually coming into contact with these obstacles, which he takes to be some hard species of dock.

"Mortal hard docks these!" said he. "Nation hard docks!"

His blunted blade soon brings him to a standstill; and as, in such cases, it is not allowable for one to sharpen without the other, he turns to his antagonist, now far ahead, and in a tone of despair inquires, "When dye wiffle waffle (whet), mate?"

"Waffle!" said the farmer, with a well-feigned stare of amazement, "oh, about noon, mebby."

"Then," said the despairing Bogie, "I've lost my land!"

So saying, he disappeared, and the farmer reaped the reward of his artifice by ever afterwards continuing the undisputed possessor of the soil.

- Source: Thomas Sternberg, *The Dialect and Folk-lore of Northamptonshire* (London: John Russell Smith, 1851), pp. 140-41.
- The "mowing contest" episode is classified as a type 1090 folktale.
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Jack o' Kent and the Devil: The Tops and the Butts

England

One day Jack took the devil into a field of wheat, when it was springing up. He said, "Which will you have, the tops or the butts?"

There was not much top to be seen, so the devil said he's have the butts.

At harvest time Jack accordingly had the wheat, the devil the straw. Naturally he grumbled a good deal over such a bad bargain.

Next year the field was sown with turnip seed, and Jack said, "You shall have tops this time."

The devil agreed to this, and in due time Jack had the turnips, leaving his partner the green tops.

After that they went to mow a field of grass, each one to have all the hay he could cut. They were to begin together in the morning. Jack got up in the night and put harrow tines in the grass on the side of the meadow where the devil was to mow.

In the morning these notched and blunted the scythe, which was continually catching in them; but the "Old 'Un," thinking they were only burdocks, kept muttering, "Burdock, Jack! Burdock Jack!"

Jack took no notice, and, mowing away diligently, secured nearly all the crop for himself once more.

Then they went to threshing. Jack was to have bottoms this time, so he got the barn floor, and the devil went on top. He put up a hurdle [gate] for the devil to thresh on, and as he battered away Jack collected the corn [grain] on the floor.

- Source: Ella Mary Leather, *The Folk-Lore of Herefordshire* (London: Sidgwick and Jackson, 1912), pp. 165-66).
- The final two episodes in this tale are classified as type 1090 "Mowing Contest" and 1089 "Theshing Contest."
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Above the Ground and under the Ground

USA (North Carolina)

Devil an' a prospec' went to farmin'. Devil said he would take everything grown in the groun'; an' Prospec', out of de groun'. Plant a crop o' corn. Prospec' got all de crop, Devil didn't get nothin'.

Devil said, "We'll try it again. I'll take what grows out de groun', you take what grows in de groun'."

"All right."

Planted a crop of potatoes. Prospec' he got dat crop.

Devil said, "You can't whip me."

Prospec' said, "All right, try dat. What you want me to fight with?"

Devil say, "I'm going to take de foot ad [adze?], you take de peg-an'-awl."

"All right, we'll have to fight dis battle in a hogshead."

- Source: Elsie Clews Parsons, "Tales from Guilford County, North Carolina," *The Journal of American Folklore*, vol. 30, no. 116, (April-June, 1917), p. 175. Parson's informant: Sam Cruse, about 30.
- Notes by Parsons:
    1. Variant: Rabbit agreed with Fox that he, Fox, would "take all what grows on top of de groun' an' I take all what grows under de groun'." That's a bargain. "I take all de 'taters an' gi' you all de vines."
    2. It was explained that the "foot ad" was a tool that had to be drawn inward, whereas the peg-an'-awl could be struck outwards.
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The Peasant and the Devil

Germany

Once upon a time there was a clever, wily peasant, whose tricks could be much talked about. The best story, however, is how he once got the best of the devil and made a fool of him. One day the peasant had been working in his field, and just as it was getting dark he was getting ready to go home when in the middle of his field he saw a pile of burning coals. Filled with amazement he walked toward it, and sitting on the top of the glowing coals there was a little black devil.

"You must be sitting on a treasure," said the peasant.

"Yes indeed," replied the devil, "on a treasure that contains more gold and silver than you

have ever seen in your life."

"The treasure is in my field and belongs to me," said the peasant.

"It is yours," answered the devil, "if for two years you will give me one half of everything your field produces. I have enough money, but I have a desire for the fruits of the earth."

The peasant entered into the bargain, saying, "To prevent any dispute from arising about the division, everything above the ground shall belong to you, and everything beneath the ground to me."

The devil was quite satisfied with that, but the cunning peasant had planted turnips.

Now when harvest time came the devil appeared and wanted to take away his crop, but he found nothing except the yellow withered leaves, and the happy peasant dug up his turnips.

"You got the best of me this time," said the devil, "but it won't happen again. Next time what grows above ground shall be yours, and what is under it shall be mine."

"That is all right with me," answered the peasant. When planting time came the peasant did not plant turnips again, but wheat. The crop ripened, and the peasant went into the field and cut the full stalks off at ground level. When the devil came he found nothing but the stubble, and he angrily disappeared into a chasm in a cliff.

"That's the way one has to deal with foxes," said the peasant, then carried away the treasure.

- Source: Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, "Der Bauer und der Teufel," *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*, (Children's and Household Tales -- Grimms' Fairy Tales), 7th edition, vol. 2 (Göttingen: Verlag der Dieterichschen Buchhandlung, 1857), no. 189, pp. 411-12.
- The Grimms added this tale to their *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* with the fifth edition (1843).
- The Grimms' source: Ludwig Aurbacher, "Der Teufel und der Bauer," *Ein Büchlein für die Jugend* (Stuttgart and Tübingen: J. G. Cotta, 1834), pp. 249-52.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman, © 2002.
- Link to a file containing only this tale: The Peasant and the Devil.
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Saint John and the Devil

Italy/Austria

Saint John and the devil were sitting together on the roof of a house. They made a wager as to who would first be able to string together a certain number of small wooden shingles. Saint John took only short pieces of string, pulled them through the nail holes, then tied all the strings together, and thus he had all the shingles strung together.

On the other hand, the devil clumsily took hold of a very long string and worked feverishly away. Because his string was always getting tangled up, the devil had to keep running back

Lucius Apuleius

A certain king and queen had three daughters. The charms of the two elder were more than common, but the beauty of the youngest was so wonderful that the poverty of language is unable to express its due praise. The fame of her beauty was so great that strangers from neighboring countries came in crowds to enjoy the sight, and looked on her with amazement, paying her that homage which is due only to Venus herself. In fact Venus found her altars deserted, while men turned their devotion to this young virgin. As she passed along, the people sang her praises, and strewed her way with chaplets and flowers.

This homage to the exaltation of a mortal gave great offense to the real Venus. Shaking her ambrosial locks with indignation, she exclaimed, "Am I then to be eclipsed in my honors by a mortal girl? In vain then did that royal shepherd, whose judgment was approved by Jove himself, give me the palm of beauty over my illustrious rivals, Pallas and Juno. But she shall not so quietly usurp my honors. I will give her cause to repent of so unlawful a beauty."

Thereupon she calls her winged son Cupid, mischievous enough in his own nature, and rouses and provokes him yet more by her complaints. She points out Psyche to him and says, "My dear son, punish that contumacious beauty; give your mother a revenge as sweet as her injuries are great; infuse into the bosom of that haughty girl a passion for some low, mean, unworthy being, so that she may reap a mortification as great as her present exultation and triumph."

Cupid prepared to obey the commands of his mother. There are two fountains in Venus's garden, one of sweet waters, the other of bitter. Cupid filled two amber vases, one from each fountain, and suspending them from the top of his quiver, hastened to the chamber of Psyche, whom he found asleep. He shed a few drops from the bitter fountain over her lips, though the sight of her almost moved him to pity; then touched her side with the point of his arrow. At the touch she awoke, and opened eyes upon Cupid (himself invisible), which so startled him that in his confusion he wounded himself with his own arrow. Heedless of his wound, his whole thought now was to repair the mischief he had done, and he poured the balmy drops of joy over all her silken ringlets.

Psyche, henceforth frowned upon by Venus, derived no benefit from all her charms. True, all eyes were cast eagerly upon her, and every mouth spoke her praises; but neither king, royal youth, nor plebeian presented himself to demand her in marriage. Her two elder sisters of moderate charms had now long been married to two royal princes; but Psyche, in her lonely apartment, deplored her solitude, sick of that beauty which, while it procured abundance of flattery, had failed to awaken love.

Her parents, afraid that they had unwittingly incurred the anger of the gods, consulted the oracle of Apollo, and received this answer, "The virgin is destined for the bride of no mortal lover. Her future husband awaits her on the top of the mountain. He is a monster whom neither gods nor men can resist."

This dreadful decree of the oracle filled all the people with dismay, and her parents abandoned themselves to grief. But Psyche said, "Why, my dear parents, do you now lament me? You should rather have grieved when the people showered upon me undeserved honors, and with one voice called me a Venus. I now perceive that I am a victim to that name. I submit. Lead me to that rock to which my unhappy fate has destined me."

Accordingly, all things being prepared, the royal maid took her place in the procession, which more resembled a funeral than a nuptial pomp, and with her parents, amid the lamentations of the people, ascended the mountain, on the summit of which they left her alone, and with sorrowful hearts returned home.

While Psyche stood on the ridge of the mountain, panting with fear and with eyes full of tears, the gentle Zephyr raised her from the earth and bore her with an easy motion into a flowery dale. By degrees her mind became composed, and she laid herself down on the grassy bank to sleep.

When she awoke refreshed with sleep, she looked round and beheld near a pleasant grove of tall and stately trees. She entered it, and in the midst discovered a fountain, sending forth clear and crystal waters, and fast by, a magnificent palace whose august front impressed the spectator that it was not the work of mortal hands, but the happy retreat of some god. Drawn by admiration and wonder, she approached the building and ventured to enter.

Every object she met filled her with pleasure and amazement. Golden pillars supported the vaulted roof, and the walls were enriched with carvings and paintings representing beasts of the chase and rural scenes, adapted to delight the eye of the beholder. Proceeding onward, she perceived that besides the apartments of state there were others filled with all manner of treasures, and beautiful and precious productions of nature and art.

While her eyes were thus occupied, a voice addressed her, though she saw no one, uttering these words, "Sovereign lady, all that you see is yours. We whose voices you hear are your servants and shall obey all your commands with our utmost care and diligence. Retire, therefore, to your chamber and repose on your bed of down, and when you see fit, repair to the bath. Supper awaits you in the adjoining alcove when it pleases you to take your seat there."

Psyche gave ear to the admonitions of her vocal attendants, and after repose and the refreshment of the bath, seated herself in the alcove, where a table immediately presented itself, without any visible aid from waiters or servants, and covered with the greatest delicacies of food and the most nectareous wines. Her ears too were feasted with music from invisible performers; of whom one sang, another played on the lute, and all closed in the wonderful harmony of a full chorus.

She had not yet seen her destined husband. He came only in the hours of darkness and fled before the dawn of morning, but his accents were full of love, and inspired a like passion in her. She often begged him to stay and let her behold him, but he would not consent. On the contrary he charged her to make no attempt to see him, for it was his pleasure, for the best of reasons, to keep concealed.

"Why should you wish to behold me?" he said. "Have you any doubt of my love? Have you any wish ungratified? If you saw me, perhaps you would fear me, perhaps adore me, but all I ask of you is to love me. I would rather you would love me as an equal than adore me as a god."

This reasoning somewhat quieted Psyche for a time, and while the novelty lasted she felt quite happy. But at length the thought of her parents, left in ignorance of her fate, and of her sisters, precluded from sharing with her the delights of her situation, preyed on her mind and made her begin to feel her palace as but a splendid prison. When her husband came one night, she told him her distress, and at last drew from him an unwilling consent that her sisters should be brought to see her.

So, calling Zephyr, she acquainted him with her husband's commands, and he, promptly obedient, soon brought them across the mountain down to their sister's valley. They embraced her and she returned their caresses.

"Come," said Psyche, "enter with me my house and refresh yourselves with whatever your sister has to offer."

Then taking their hands she led them into her golden palace, and committed them to the care of her numerous train of attendant voices, to refresh them in her baths and at her table, and to show them all her treasures. The view of these celestial delights caused envy to enter their bosoms, at seeing their young sister possessed of such state and splendor, so much exceeding their own.

They asked her numberless questions, among others what sort of a person her husband was. Psyche replied that he was a beautiful youth, who generally spent the daytime in hunting upon the mountains.

The sisters, not satisfied with this reply, soon made her confess that she had never seen him. Then they proceeded to fill her bosom with dark suspicions. "Call to mind," they said, "the Pythian oracle that declared you destined to marry a direful and tremendous monster. The inhabitants of this valley say that your husband is a terrible and monstrous serpent, who nourishes you for a while with dainties that he may by and by devour you. Take our advice. Provide yourself with a lamp and a sharp knife; put them in concealment that your husband may not discover them, and when he is sound asleep, slip out of bed, bring forth your lamp, and see for yourself whether what they say is true or not. If it is, hesitate not to cut off the monster's head, and thereby recover your liberty."

Psyche resisted these persuasions as well as she could, but they did not fail to have their effect on her mind, and when her sisters were gone, their words and her own curiosity were too strong for her to resist. So she prepared her lamp and a sharp knife, and hid them out of sight of her husband. When he had fallen into his first sleep, she silently rose and uncovering her lamp beheld not a hideous monster, but the most beautiful and charming of the gods, with his golden ringlets wandering over his snowy neck and crimson cheek, with two dewy wings on his shoulders, whiter than snow, and with shining feathers like the tender blossoms of spring.

As she leaned the lamp over to have a better view of his face, a drop of burning oil fell on the shoulder of the god. Startled, he opened his eyes and fixed them upon her. Then, without saying a word, he spread his white wings and flew out of the window. Psyche, in vain endeavoring to follow him, fell from the window to the ground.

Cupid, beholding her as she lay in the dust, stopped his flight for an instant and said, "Oh foolish Psyche, is it thus you repay my love? After I disobeyed my mother's commands and made you my wife, will you think me a monster and cut off my head? But go; return to your sisters, whose advice you seem to think preferable to mine. I inflict no other punishment on you than to leave you for ever. Love cannot dwell with suspicion." So saying, he fled away, leaving poor Psyche prostrate on the ground, filling the place with mournful lamentations.

When she had recovered some degree of composure she looked around her, but the palace and gardens had vanished, and she found herself in the open field not far from the city where her sisters dwelt. She repaired thither and told them the whole story of her misfortunes, at which, pretending to grieve, those spiteful creatures inwardly rejoiced.

"For now," said they, "he will perhaps choose one of us." With this idea, without saying a word of her intentions, each of them rose early the next morning and ascended the mountain, and having reached the top, called upon Zephyr to receive her and bear her to his lord; then leaping up, and not being sustained by Zephyr, fell down the precipice and was dashed to pieces.

Psyche meanwhile wandered day and night, without food or repose, in search of her husband. Casting her eyes on a lofty mountain having on its brow a magnificent temple, she sighed and said to herself, "Perhaps my love, my lord, inhabits there," and directed her steps thither.

She had no sooner entered than she saw heaps of corn, some in loose ears and some in sheaves, with mingled ears of barley. Scattered about, lay sickles and rakes, and all the instruments of harvest, without order, as if thrown carelessly out of the weary reapers' hands in the sultry hours of the day.

This unseemly confusion the pious Psyche put an end to, by separating and sorting everything to its proper place and kind, believing that she ought to neglect none of the gods, but endeavor by her piety to engage them all in her behalf. The holy Ceres, whose temple it was, finding her so religiously employed, thus spoke to her, "Oh Psyche, truly worthy of our pity, though I cannot shield you from the frowns of Venus, yet I can teach you how best to allay her displeasure. Go, then, and voluntarily surrender yourself to your lady and sovereign, and try by modesty and submission to win her forgiveness, and perhaps her favor will restore you the husband you have lost."

Psyche obeyed the commands of Ceres and took her way to the temple of Venus, endeavoring to fortify her mind and ruminating on what she should say and how best propitiate the angry goddess, feeling that the issue was doubtful and perhaps fatal.

Venus received her with angry countenance. "Most undutiful and faithless of servants," said

she, "do you at last remember that you really have a mistress? Or have you rather come to see your sick husband, yet laid up of the wound given him by his loving wife? You are so ill favored and disagreeable that the only way you can merit your lover must be by dint of industry and diligence. I will make trial of your housewifery." Then she ordered Psyche to be led to the storehouse of her temple, where was laid up a great quantity of wheat, barley, millet, vetches, beans, and lentils prepared for food for her pigeons, and said, "Take and separate all these grains, putting all of the same kind in a parcel by themselves, and see that you get it done before evening." Then Venus departed and left her to her task.

But Psyche, in a perfect consternation at the enormous work, sat stupid and silent, without moving a finger to the inextricable heap.

While she sat despairing, Cupid stirred up the little ant, a native of the fields, to take compassion on her. The leader of the anthill, followed by whole hosts of his six-legged subjects, approached the heap, and with the utmost diligence taking grain by grain, they separated the pile, sorting each kind to its parcel; and when it was all done, they vanished out of sight in a moment.

Venus at the approach of twilight returned from the banquet of the gods, breathing odors and crowned with roses. Seeing the task done, she exclaimed, "This is no work of yours, wicked one, but his, whom to your own and his misfortune you have enticed." So saying, she threw her a piece of black bread for her supper and went away.

Next morning Venus ordered Psyche to be called and said to her, "Behold yonder grove which stretches along the margin of the water. There you will find sheep feeding without a shepherd, with golden-shining fleeces on their backs. Go, fetch me a sample of that precious wool gathered from every one of their fleeces."

Psyche obediently went to the riverside, prepared to do her best to execute the command. But the river god inspired the reeds with harmonious murmurs, which seemed to say, "Oh maiden, severely tried, tempt not the dangerous flood, nor venture among the formidable rams on the other side, for as long as they are under the influence of the rising sun, they burn with a cruel rage to destroy mortals with their sharp horns or rude teeth. But when the noontide sun has driven the cattle to the shade, and the serene spirit of the flood has lulled them to rest, you may then cross in safety, and you will find the woolly gold sticking to the bushes and the trunks of the trees."

Thus the compassionate river god gave Psyche instructions how to accomplish her task, and by observing his directions she soon returned to Venus with her arms full of the golden fleece; but she received not the approbation of her implacable mistress, who said, "I know very well it is by none of your own doings that you have succeeded in this task, and I am not satisfied yet that you have any capacity to make yourself useful. But I have another task for you. Here, take this box and go your way to the infernal shades, and give this box to Proserpine and say, 'My mistress Venus desires you to send her a little of your beauty, for in tending her sick son she has lost some of her own.' Be not too long on your errand, for I must paint myself with it to appear at the circle of the gods and goddesses this evening."

Psyche was now satisfied that her destruction was at hand, being obliged to go with her own feet directly down to Erebus. Wherefore, to make no delay of what was not to be avoided, she goes to the top of a high tower to precipitate herself headlong, thus to descend the shortest way to the shades below. But a voice from the tower said to her, "Why, poor unlucky girl, do you design to put an end to your days in so dreadful a manner? And what cowardice makes you sink under this last danger who have been so miraculously supported in all your former?" Then the voice told her how by a certain cave she might reach the realms of Pluto, and how to avoid all the dangers of the road, to pass by Cerberus, the three-headed dog, and prevail on Charon, the ferryman, to take her across the black river and bring her back again. But the voice added, "When Proserpine has given you the box filled with her beauty, of all things this is chiefly to be observed by you, that you never once open or look into the box nor allow your curiosity to pry into the treasure of the beauty of the goddesses."

Psyche, encouraged by this advice, obeyed it in all things, and taking heed to her ways traveled safely to the kingdom of Pluto. She was admitted to the palace of Proserpine, and without accepting the delicate seat or delicious banquet that was offered her, but contented with coarse bread for her food, she delivered her message from Venus. Presently the box was returned to her, shut and filled with the precious commodity. Then she returned the way she came, and glad was she to come out once more into the light of day.

But having got so far successfully through her dangerous task a longing desire seized her to examine the contents of the box. "What," said she, "shall I, the carrier of this divine beauty, not take the least bit to put on my cheeks to appear to more advantage in the eyes of my beloved husband!" So she carefully opened the box, but found nothing there of any beauty at all, but an infernal and truly Stygian sleep, which being thus set free from its prison, took possession of her, and she fell down in the midst of the road, a sleepy corpse without sense or motion.

But Cupid, being now recovered from his wound, and not able longer to bear the absence of his beloved Psyche, slipping through the smallest crack of the window of his chamber which happened to be left open, flew to the spot where Psyche lay, and gathering up the sleep from her body closed it again in the box, and waked Psyche with a light touch of one of his arrows. "Again," said he, "have you almost perished by the same curiosity. But now perform exactly the task imposed on you by my mother, and I will take care of the rest."

Then Cupid, as swift as lightning penetrating the heights of heaven, presented himself before Jupiter with his supplication. Jupiter lent a favoring ear, and pleaded the cause of the lovers so earnestly with Venus that he won her consent. On this he sent Mercury to bring Psyche up to the heavenly assembly, and when she arrived, handing her a cup of ambrosia, he said, "Drink this, Psyche, and be immortal; nor shall Cupid ever break away from the knot in which he is tied, but these nuptials shall be perpetual."

Thus Psyche became at last united to Cupid, and in due time they had a daughter born to them whose name was Pleasure.

- Source: Thomas Bulfinch, *The Age of Fable; or, Stories of Gods and Heroes* (1855). Bulfinch's source is *The Golden Ass* (books 4-6) by the Roman writer Lucius Apuleius.

- Lucius Apuleius was born about 124 in northern Africa and was educated in Carthage and Athens. The account of Cupid and Psyche is presented in his novel *The Golden Ass* (also titled The *Metamorphoses*) as an "old wive's tale" told by an old woman to comfort a young woman who has been abducted by a band of robbers and is being held for ransome.
- In the main Bulfinch retells Apuleius' story with accuracy and sensitivity, but he does omit a few important details, for example:
    1. Psyche is pregnant with Cupid's child throughout her search for her lost husband, a fact emphasized by Apuleius.
    2. The cruel treatment meted out to Psyche by her mother-in-law Venus is substantially understated in Bulfinch's account.
- Aarne-Thompson type 425A.

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The Death of a Child

folktales about excessive mourning
translated and/or edited by

D. L. Ashliman
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A Buddhist Parable

Kisagotami [Kisa Gotami] is the name of a young girl, whose marriage with the only son of a wealthy man was brought about in true fairy-tale fashion. She had one child, but when the beautiful boy could run alone, it died. The young girl, in her love for it, carried the dead child clasped to her bosom, and went from house to house of her pitying friends asking them to give her medicine for it.

But a Buddhist mendicant, thinking "She does not understand," said to her, "My good girl, I myself have no such medicine as you ask for, but I think I know of one who has."

"O tell me who that is," said Kisagotami.

"The Buddha can give you medicine. Go to him," was the answer.

She went to Gautama, and doing homage to him said, "Lord and master, do you know any medicine that will be good for my child?"

"Yes, I know of some," said the teacher.

Now it was the custom for patients or their friends to provide the herbs which the doctors

required, so she asked what herbs he would want.

"I want some mustard seed," he said; and when the poor girl eagerly promised to bring some of so common a drug, he added, "You must get it from some house where no son, or husband, or parent, or slave has died."

"Very good," she said, and went to ask for it, still carrying her dead child with her.

The people said, "Here is mustard seed, take it."

But when she asked, "In my friend's house has any son died, or husband, or a parent or slave?" they answered, "Lady, what is this that you say? The living are few, but the dead are many."

Then she went to other houses, but one said, "I have lost a son"; another, "We have lost our parents"; another, "I have lost my slave."

At last, not being able to find a single house where no one had died, her mind began to clear, and summoning up resolution, she left the dead body of her child in a forest, and returning to the Buddha paid him homage.

He said to her, "Have you the mustard seed?"

"My lord," she replied, "I have not. The people tell me that the living are few, but the dead are many."

Then he talked to her on that essential part of his system -- the impermanence of all things, till her doubts were cleared away, and, accepting her lot, she became a disciple and entered the first path.

- Source: T. W. Rhys Davids, *Buddhism: Being a Sketch of the Life and Teachings of Gautama, the Buddha*, 23rd thousand (London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 1912), pp. 133-34.
- Link to a different translation of the above parable: "Kisa Gotami: There Is No Cure for Death," *Buddhist Parables*, translated from the original Pali by Eugene Watson Burlingame (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1922), pp. 92-94.
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The Death of a Dearly Loved Grandson

The Udana

Thus have I heard.

On a certain occasion the Blessed One dwelt at Savatthi, in the eastern monastery, in the pavilion of Visakha-Migaramata.

Now at that time, the dearly loved grandson of Visakha-Migaramata died. And Visakha-

Migaramata went at unseasonable hours, with hands and hair wet (with tears), to where the Blessed One was, and drawing near she saluted the Blessed One and sat down apart.

And the Blessed One said to Visakha-Migaramata, as he sat there: "Wherefore, O Visakha, do you come here at unseasonable hours, with hands and hair wet (with tears)?"

"Sire, my dearly loved grandson is dead; that is why I come here, at unseasonable hours, with hands and hair wet (with tears)."

"Do you find, O Visakha, that there are sons and grandsons in proportion to the number of men in Savatthi?"

"I find, Blessed One, that there are sons and grandsons in proportion to the number of men."

"And how many men of Savatthi, Visakha, die daily?"

"Sometimes, Sire, ten men of Savatthi die daily, some times nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two; some times, Sire, only one man dies in the day. Of men dying in Savatthi, there is no lack, Sire."

"What think you, Visakha; have you found at anytime or anywhere, men whose garments have been unwetted (by tears), whose hair has been unwetted (by tears)?"

"Not so, Sire; how is that possible with so many sons and grandsons?"

"Those, Visakha, who have a hundred dear ones, have a hundred sorrows. These who have ninety dear ones, have ninety sorrows. These who have eighty dear ones, have eighty sorrows etc. Those who have one dear one, have one sorrow. Those who have no dear one, for them there is no sorrow. These, I declare, are the griefless ones, free from human passion, without despair."

> Whatsoever of sorrow, lamentation and pain is in the world,
> All this arises from clinging, where clinging is not, these are not.
> Therefore happy and sorrowless are those who cling not to anything in the world.
> Set not your affections on things on earth.

- Source: *The Udama; or, The Solemn Utterances of the Buddha*, translated from the Pali by D. M. Strong (London: Luzac and Company, 1902), chapter 3, section 8, pp. 126-27.
- Link to a different translation of the above parable: "Visakha's Sorrow: So Many Dear Ones, So Many Sorrows," *Buddhist Parables*, translated from the original Pali by Eugene Watson Burlingame (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1922), pp. 107-108. Note: In this translation the deceased child is identified as a granddaughter, not a grandson.
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Ubbiri: Why Weep for Eighty-Four Thousand Daughters

A Buddhist Parable

Ubbiri was reborn in the dispensation of the present Buddha at Savatthi, in the family of a wealthy householder, and she was exceedingly beautiful and fair to see. When she reached womanhood, she was conducted to the house of the king of Kosala, and after a few years had passed, obtained an only daughter. To the latter they gave the name Jivanti, or Living. The king, seeing her daughter, was pleased at heart, and conferred upon Ubbiri the ceremonial sprinkling of a queen.

But when her daughter was old enough to walk and to run hither and yon, she died. Every day the mother went to the burning-ground where her body was laid, and wept. One day she went to the Teacher, saluted him, sat down for a short while, and then departed. Standing on the bank of the river Aciravati, she wept for her daughter.

Seeing her, the Teacher, just as he sat in the Perfumed Chamber, manifested himself to her, and asked her: "Why do you lament?"

"I lament for my daughter, Exalted One."

"In this burning-ground have been burned eighty-four thousand daughters of yours. For which one of these do you lament?" And pointing out the spot where this one had been burned, where that, he uttered the first half of a stanza:

> You cry in the wood: "O Jiva dear!"
> Come to yourself, O Ubbiri!
> In all, eighty-four thousand
> Daughters of yours named Jiva.
> Have been burned in this burning-ground.
> For which one of these do you lament?

After the Teacher had taught her this lesson, she extended her knowledge in conformity with the lesson, laid hold on insight, and both by the charm of the Teacher's lesson and by her own accumulation of causes in previous states of existence, became established in the highest of the fruits, sainthood.

And having attained sainthood, she made known the specific attainment she had attained by uttering the second half of the stanza:

> Ah! he has drawn out the arrow,
> So hard to find, that was in my heart.
> For when I was overcome with sorrow,
> He banished my sorrow for my daughter.
>
> I here today am one from whom an arrow has been drawn,
> I am cut off from the world, I am gone to Nibbana.
> I seek refuge in the Sage, -- the Buddha,
> And in the Doctrine, and in the Order.

- Source: *Buddhist Parables*, translated from the original Pali by Eugene Watson Burlingame (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1922), pp. 106-107.
- Burlingame's source: *Theri-Gatha Commentary*, no. 33.
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The Burial Shirt

Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm

A mother had a little boy of seven years who was so attractive and good natured that no one could look at him without liking him, and he was dearer to her than anything else in the world. He suddenly died, and the mother could find no solace. She cried day and night. However, soon after his burial, the child began to appear every night at those places where he had sat and played while still alive. When the mother cried, he cried as well, but when morning came he had disappeared.

The mother did not cease crying, and one night he appeared with the white shirt in which he had been laid into his coffin, and with the little wreath on his head. He sat down on the bed at her feet and said, "Oh, mother, please stop crying, or I will not be able to fall asleep in my coffin, because my burial shirt will not dry out from your tears that keep falling on it." This startled the mother, and she stopped crying.

The next night the child came once again. He had a little light in his hand and said, "See, my shirt is almost dry, and I will be able to rest in my grave." Then the mother surrendered her grief to God and bore it with patience and peace, and the child did not come again, but slept in his little bed beneath the earth.

- Source: Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, "Das Totenhemdchen," *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*, 7th edition, vol. 2 (Göttingen: Verlag der Dieterichschen Buchhandlung, 1857), no. 109, p. 120.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2000.
- Translation based on the Grimms' final version (1857). The tale underwent relatively minor alterations between its introduction as no. 23 of vol. 2 of the 1st edition (1815) and the final edition (1857). It has been no. 109 since the 2nd edition (1819).
- This tale is also translated under the titles "The Shroud" or "The Little Shroud."
- Link to a separate text of the Grimms' The Burial Shirt.
- Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 769.
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A Mother's Tears

Northern Europe

Thomas of Cantimpré's grandmother had a son, the firstborn of her marriage. He was beautiful and loveable in every way, but he did not live long. Afterward she bore another son who excelled in weaponry, but at the same time was a lazy wastrel. The poor mother could not look at him without thinking of her firstborn son and breaking into tears.

One day, after crying for him, she experienced the following vision:

She saw a number of boys joyfully walking down a street. At once she thought of her son and looked to see if he might be one of them, but to no avail. Broken hearted she began crying bitterly, but soon afterward she saw her lost son creeping slowly along the street.

Deeply grieved, the good woman called out, "Son, why are walking by yourself and not with the others? What is holding you back and slowing your pace?"

Then the departed one pointed to his clothing, which was heavy with wetness, and said, "See, mother, these are the tears that you are shedding, unnecessarily and against my will. Their weight is pressing down on me so much that I cannot possibly keep up with the others. Please desist with them, and offer them instead to God, so that I can be freed of this burden."

The woman did just that and cried no more for the dead boy .

- Source: Johann Wilhelm Wolf, "Mutterthränen," *Deutsche Märchen und Sagen* (Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus, 1845), no. 42, pp. 162-63.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2014.
- Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 769.
- Thomas of Cantimpré (1201-1272) was a Roman Catholic teacher and theologian, active in the Netherlands, Belgium, France, and Germany. Wolf's source for this account is a text written by Thomas.
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Let the Dead Rest

Germany

A wealthy widow in Karlsruhe had an only daughter whom she loved beyond measure because she was as beautiful as she was virtuous. At the prime of her life the girl died, and her mother could not be consoled. She spent several hours every day in the churchyard crying and mourning at her child's grave. Early one day as she was again sitting there lamenting, her daughter's voice called to her from out of the grave, "Mother, please let me rest!"

Shaken, the woman left the cemetery and, to pacify the dead girl, sought to master her grief.

- Source: Bernhard Baader, "Laß die Todten ruhen," *Neugesammelte Volkssagen aus dem Lande Baden und den angrenzenden Gegenden* (Karlsruhe: A. Geßner'sche Buchhandlung, 1859), no. 116, p. 85.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2000.
- Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 769.
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Grief-Stricken Mothers

Germany

1. In Guben a child of Frau P. died, and she cried excessively. Then the child came to her and said, "Mother, do not cry so much. I am deep in water. If you cry any more, I will drown."
2. One evening another woman from the same town who had also cried excessively for her child placed the water cans upside down in the hallway of her house. The next morning she found them right side up behind the door. Then she thought, "That must mean something. I had better not cry so much, or the water cans will soon be filled with tears."

- Source: Karl Gander, "Untröstliche Mütter," *Niederlausitzer Volkssagen, vornehmlich aus dem Stadt- und Landkreise Guben* (Berlin: Deutsche Schriftsteller-Genossenschaft, 1894), no. 208, pp. 81-82.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2000.
- Gander received these two accounts from an oral source in Guben.
- Guben is southeast of Berlin on the Neisse River.
- Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 769.
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The Sad Little Angel

Germany

Once upon a time there was a mother whose only child died. She cried for it unceasingly. Once she was out in the field and crying again. Suddenly she saw an entire band of lovely angels flying above her, all of them young and beautiful, all of them happy and cheerful. Then the mother thought, "Oh, if only my child were also such a little angel!" And she looked to see if she could not find her child in the band. But she could not see it.

Then from behind there came a little angel. It was very sad and was carrying a heavy black jug in its little hands. It was the mother's child.

The mother asked, "My child, why are you not with the happy little angels?"

"Mother," it said, "as long as you are crying I must collect your tears and cannot be happy like the others."

From that hour forth the mother cried no more.

- Source: Karl Gander, "Das traurige Engelchen," *Niederlausitzer Volkssagen, vornehmlich aus dem Stadt- und Landkreise Guben* (Berlin: Deutsche Schriftsteller-Genossenschaft, 1894), no. 209, p. 82.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2000.
- Gander received this account in writing from a teacher by the name of Becker from Luckau, whose source was a Frau Becker from Jetzschko, who in turn heard the legend from her grandmother in Schenkendorf. These places are near Guben, a town southeast of Berlin on the Neisse River.
- Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 769.

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Excessive Grief for the Dead

England

An old woman still living (1854) in Piersebridge, who mourned with inordinate grief for a length of time the loss of a favorite daughter, asserts that she was visited by the spirit of her departed child, and earnestly exhorted not to disturb her peaceful repose by unnecessary lamentations and repinings at the will of God; and from that time she never grieved more. Events of this kind were common a century ago.

- Source: Michael Aislabie Denham, *The Denham Tracts*, a collection of folklore by Michael Aislabie Denham, and reprinted from the original tracts and pamphlets printed by Mr. Denham between 1846 and 1859, edited by James Hardy, vol. 2 (London: Folklore Society, 1895), pp. 58-59.
- Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 769.
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Links to related sites

- Mourning the Death of a Spouse. Chain tales of Aarne-Thompson type 2022.
- D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

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Death of an Underground Person

migratory legends of type 6070B
(also classified as Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 113A folktales)
translated and/or edited by

D. L. Ashliman
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Torke's Child Is Dead / Kilian's Child Is Dead

Germany

1.

Near Westerhausen there are dwarf caves. Ages ago dwarfs lived there, and they were very active in the region.

Once a peasant was driving from Halberstadt to Börneke, which lies about a half hour from Westerhausen. As he was approaching Mount Tekenberg, someone shouted to him, "Wedgehead, tell Torke to come home. His child is dead!"

He looked around, but peering far and wide he could not see anyone who could have called out. So he drove home, and after his arrival there, while seated at his table, it kept going

Dildrum, King of the Cats

England

The following tradition is often heard in South Lancashire:

A gentleman was one evening sitting cosily in his parlor, reading or meditating, when he was interrupted by the appearance of a cat, which came down the chimney, and called out, "Tell Dildrum, Doldrum's dead!"

He was naturally startled by the occurrence; and when, shortly afterwards, his wife entered, he related to her what had happened, and their own cat, which had accompanied her, exclaimed, "Is Doldrum dead?" and immediately rushed up the chimney, and was heard of no more.

Of course there were numberless conjectures upon such a remarkable event, but the general opinion appears to be that Doldrum had been king of cat-land, and that Dildrum was the next heir.

- Source: John Harland and T. T. Wilkinson, *Lancashire Legends, Traditions, Pageants, Sports, etc.* (Manchester and London: John Heywood, 1882), pp. 12-13.
- Return to the table of contents.

Mally Dixon

England

Stories of fairies appearing in the shape of cats are common in the North of England. Mr. Longstaffe relates that a farmer of Staindrop, in Durham, was one night crossing a bridge, when a cat jumped out, stood before him, and looking him full in the face, said:

> Johnny Reed! Johnny Reed!
> Tell Madam Momfort
> That Mally Dixon's dead.

The farmer returned home, and in mickle wonder recited this awfu' stanza to his wife, when up started their black cat, saying, "Is she?" and disappeared for ever. It was supposed she was a fairy in disguise, who thus went to attend a sister's funeral, for in the North fairies do die, and green shady spots are pointed out by the country folks as the cemeteries of the tiny people.

- Source: James Orchard Halliwell-Phillipps, *Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales: A Sequel to the Nursery Rhymes of England* (London: John Russell Smith, 1849), p. 51.
- This legend is sometimes titled "Johnny Reed! Johnny Reed!"
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Johnny Reed's Cat

England

Yes, cats are queer folk, sure enough, and often know more than a simple beast ought to by knowledge that's rightly come by. There's that cat there, you've been looking at, will stand at a door on its hind legs with its front paws on the handle trying like a Christian to open the door, and mewling in a manner that's almost like talking. He's a London cat, he is, being brought me by a cousin who lives there, and is called Gilpin, after, I 'm told, a mayor who was christened the same. He's a knowing cat, sure enough; but it's not the London cats that are cleverer than the country ones. Who knows, he may be a relative of Johnny Reed's own tom-cat himself.

And who was Johnny Reed? And what was there remarkable about his cat?

Have you never heard tell of Johnny Reed's cat? It's an old tale they have in the north country, and it's true enough, though folk may not believe it in these days when the Bible's not gospel enough for some of them.

I've heard my father often tell the story, and he came from Newcastle way, which is the very part where Johnny Reed used to live, being a parish sexton in a village not far away.

Well, Johnny Reed was the sexton, as I've already said, and he and his wife kept a cat, a well enough behaved creature, sure enough, and a beast as he had no fault to set on, saving a few of the tricks which all cats play at times, and which seem born in the blood of the creatures. It was all black except one white paw, and seemed as honest and decent a beast as could be, and Tom would as soon have suspected it of being any more than it really seemed to be as he would one of his own children themselves, like many other folk, perhaps, who, may be, have cats of the same kind, little thinking it.

Well, the cat had been with him some years when a strange thing occurred.

One night Johnny was going home late from the churchyard, where he had been digging a grave for a person who had died on a sudden, throwing the grave on Johnny's hands unexpectedly, so that he had to stop working at it by the light of a lantern to have it ready for the next day's burying. Well, having finished his work, and having put his tools in the shed in a corner of the yard, and having locked them up safe, he began to walk home pretty brisk, thinking would his wife be up and have a bit of fire for him, for the night was cold, a keen wind blowing over the fields.

He hadn't gone far before he comes to a gate at the roadside, and there seemed to be a strange shadow about it, in which Johnny saw, as it might be, a lot of little gleaming fires dancing about, while some stood steady, just like flashes of light from little windows in buildings all on fire inside.

Says Johnny to himself, for he was not a man to be easily frightened, being accustomed by his calling to face things which might upset other folk, "'Hullo! What's here? Here's a thing I never saw before."

And with that he walks straight up to the gate, while the shadow got deeper and the fires brighter the nearer he came to it. Well, when he came right up to the gate he finds that the shadow was just none at all, but nine black cats, some sitting and some dancing about, and the lights were the flashes from their eyes.

When he came nearer he thought to scare them off, and he calls out, "Sh -- sh -- sh," but never a cat stirs for all of it.

"I'll soon scatter you, you ugly varmin," says Johnny, looking about him for a stone, which was not to be found, the night being dark and preventing him seeing one.

Just then he hears a voice calling, "'Johnny Reed!"

"Hullo!" says he, "Who's that wants me?"

"Johnny Reed," says the voice again.

"Well," says Johnny, "I'm here," and looking round and seeing no one, for no one was about 'tis true. "Was it one of you," says he, joking like, to the cats, "as was calling me?"

"Yes, of course," answers one of them, as plain as ever Christian spoke. "It's me as has called you these three times."

Well, with that, you may be sure, Johnny begins to feel curious, for 'twas the first time he had ever been spoken to by a cat, and he didn't know what it might lead to exactly. So he takes off his hat to the cat, thinking that it was, perhaps, best to show it respect, and, seeing that he was unable to guess with whom he was dealing, hoping to come off all the better for a little civility.

"Well, sir," says he, "what can I do for you?"

"It's not much as I want with you," says the cat, "but it's better it'll be with you if you do what I tell you. Tell Dan Ratcliffe that Peggy Poyson's dead."

"I will, sir," says Johnny, wondering at the same time how he was to do it, for who Dan Ratcliffe was he knew no more than the dead.

Well, with that all the cats vanished, and Johnny, running the rest of the way home, rushes into his house, smoking hot from the fright and the distance he had to go over.

"Nan," says he to his wife, the first words he spoke, "who's Dan Ratcliffe?"

"Dan Ratcliffe," says she. "I never heard of him, and don't know there's any one such living about here."

"No more do I," says he, "'but I must find him wherever he is."

Then he tells his wife all about how he had met the cats, and how they had stopped him and given him the message.

Well, his cat sits there in front of the fire looking as snug and comfortable as a cat could be, and nearly half asleep, but when Johnny comes to telling his wife the message the cats had given him, then it jumped up on its feet, and looks at Johnny, and says, "What! Is Peggy Poyson dead? Then it's no time for me to be here."

And with that it springs through the door and vanishes, nor was ever seen again from that day to this.

"And did the sexton ever find Dan Ratcliffe," I asked.

Never. He searched high and low for him about, but no one could tell him of such a person, though Johnny looked long enough, thinking it might be the worse for him if he didn't do his best to please the cats. At last, however, he gave the matter up.

Then, what was the meaning of the cat's message?

It's hard to tell; but many folk thought, and I'm inclined to agree with them, that Dan Ratcliffe was Johnny's own cat, and no one else, looking at the way he acted, and no other of the name being known. Who Peggy Poyson was no one could tell, but likely enough it was some relative of the cat, or may be someone it was interested in, for it's little we know concerning the creatures and their ways, and with whom and what they're mixed up.

- Source: [Charles John Tibbits], *Folk-Lore and Legends: English* (London: W. W. Gibbings, 1890), pp. 150-55.
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Le Petit Colin

Guernsey

Fairies have sometimes been known to enter into the service of mankind, but by what motives they were actuated in so doing is not clear. A certain "Mess" [Monsieur] Dumaresq, of "Les Grands Moulins," once engaged as a farm servant a boy who offered himself. No one knew whence he came, nor did he appear to have any relations. He was extremely lively, active, and attentive to his duties, but so small that he acquired and was known by no other name than that of "P'tit Colin."

One morning as Dumaresq was returning from St. Saviour's, he was astonished, on passing the haunted hill known as "La Roque où le Coq Chante," to hear himself called by name. He stopped his horse and looked round, but could see no one. Thinking that his imagination must have deceived him, he began to move on, but was again arrested by the voice. A second time he stopped and looked round, but with no more success than the first. Beginning to feel alarmed, he pushed his horse forward, but was a third time stopped by the voice. He now summoned up all his courage and asked who it was that called, and what was required of him.

The voice immediately answered, "Go home directly and tell P'tit Colin that Grand Colin is dead."

Wondering what could be the meaning of this, he made the best of his way home, and, on his arrival, sent for Le Petit Colin, to whom he communicated what had befallen him.

The boy replied, "What! Is Le Grand Colin dead? Then I must leave you," and immediately turned round to depart.

"Stop," said Mess Dumaresq, "I must pay you your wages."

"Wages!" said Colin, with a laugh, "I am far richer now than you. Goodbye."

Saying this he left the room and was never afterwards seen or heard of.

This story is still related by Dumaresq's descendants.

- Source: Edgar MacCulloch, *Guernsey Folk Lore: A Collection of Popular Superstitions, Legendary Tales, Peculiar Customs, Proverbs, Weather Sayings, etc., of the People of that Island*, edited by Edith F. Carey (London: Elliot Stock, 1903), pp. 213-14.
- MacCulloch's source: "From Miss Lane and John de Garis, Esq."
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Notes and Bibliography

Migratory legend type 6070B; Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 113A.

In many versions of this tale the deceased is a cat, usually the "king of the cats," while the mysterious person who runs off after hearing of the death is the family housecat. Many folklore traditions, of course, connect cats with elves, fairies, and other supernatural beings.

"Death of an elf (or cat)" tales are classified as type 113A tales in the Aarne-Thompson-Uther folktale classification system, or as a migratory legend type 6070B in the Christiansen system.

For more information about folktale types see:

- Aarne, Antti, and Thompson, Stith. *The Types of the Folktale: A Classification and Bibliography*. FF Communications, no. 184. Helsinki: Suomalainen Tiedeakatemia, 1961.
- Ashliman, D. L. *A Guide to Folktales in the English Language*. New York; Westport Connecticut; and London: Greenwood Press, 1987.
- Christiansen, Reidar Th. *The Migratory Legends*. FF Communications, no. 175. Helsinki: Suomalainen Tiedeakatemia, 1958.
- Uther, Hans-Jörg. *The Types of International Folktales: A Classification and Bibliography*. 3 vols. FF Communications, no. 284-86. Helsinki: Suomalainen Tiedeakatemia, 2004.

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around in his head that someone had shouted to him and that he had seen no one. So he said to his wife, "Just think, as I was approaching Mount Tekenberg, someone shouted to me, Wedgehead, tell Torke to come home. His child is dead!'"

He had scarcely said this when someone called out from the best room, "Is that so? Then I must go there at once!"

Then they heard something fall. They went into the room and found there a bag. It was filled with dough from their baking trough.

2.

There were also many dwarfs in Mount Kuckuksberg near Westerhausen and in Mount Steinberg near Börneke. They were thick-headed people with black faces. They wore three-cornered hats. They sometimes helped humans and sometimes harmed them. When Old Fritz [Frederick the Great of Prussia] came to power, he did not want them in his country any more, and he exiled them to the other side of the Black Sea. Thus they all emigrated, and nothing more has been heard about them since then. Formerly, however, there were many stories about them.

For example, once a peasant was driving past Mount Kuckuksberg when someone shouted to him, "Leave your wagon and your horses here, and run home quickly, and tell Kilian he should come here. His child is dead!"

The peasant did that. Arriving at home, he gave the message, and suddenly the bread dough fell down from above, and someone said that in the future they should make three crosses on the bread when they leave the dough overnight, and then the dwarfs would not be able to take it away.

For this reason, to this very day three crosses are made on bread.

- Source: A. Kuhn and W. Schwartz, *Norddeutsche Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg [Mecklenburg], Pommern, der Mark, Sachsen, Thüringen, Braunschweig, Hannover, Oldenburg und Westfalen* (Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus, 1848), pp. 162-64.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 1999.
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Hübel and Habel

Germany

A dwarf appeared to the owner of the Halbhufe farm near Mount Dittersberg, while he was working in his field. He asked him to tell Hübel (a female dwarf) that Habel (a male dwarf) had died. The farmer related this unusual incident at the dinner table, and even as he spoke, a small woman, previously unseen, came into view in a corner of the room. She ran crying from the room, and was never seen again.

- Source: Karl Haupt, *Sagenbuch der Lausitz*, vol. 1 (Leipzig: Verlag von Wilhelm Engelmann, 1862), p. 36.
- Haupt's source: Johann Georg Theodor Grässe, *Sagenschatz des Königreichs Sachsen* (Dresden: Verlag von G. Schönfeld's Buchhandlung, 1855), pp. 552-53.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 1999.
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Prilling and Pralling Is Dead

Germany

The servant of Landholder Gireck (whose residence in Plau was on Elden Street where Master Mason Büttner's house now stands) was once hauling a load of manure to a field abutting Gall Mountain. He had just unloaded the manure and was about to put the sideboards back onto the wagon when he heard his name being called from the mountain, together with the words, "When you get home say that Prilling and Pralling is dead." Back at home, he had scarcely related this experience and repeated the words, when they heard groaning and crying coming from the house's cellar. They investigated, but found nothing but a pewter mug, of a kind that had never before been seen in Plau. The master of the house kept the mug, and when he later moved to Hamburg he took it with him. About seventy years ago someone from Plau saw it there.

- Source: Karl Bartsch, *Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg [Mecklenburg]*, vol. 1 (Vienna: Wilhelm Braumüller, 1879), pp. 42-43.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 1999.
- Link to additional stories about drinking vessels abandoned by or stolen from the underground people: Fairy Cup Legends.
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Pingel Is Dead!

Germany

In Jagel, near Schleswig, there was once a host who observed with vexation that his beer always ran out too fast, without his knowing how. But one day, when on his way from the city, where he had been to fetch a fresh supply, he heard, on passing the Jagelberg, where there is a giant-grave, a voice crying in a tone of lamentation, "Pingel is dead! Pingel is dead!"

On his return home he related what he had heard to his wife, and had scarcely uttered the words when a little underground man came rushing out of the cellar, and crying:

Ach, is Pingel tot, is Pingel tot,	Ah, if Pingel's dead, if Pingel's dead,
So hab ich hier Bier genug geholt,	Then have I fetched beer enough,

and then ran off. A jug was afterwards found in the cellar standing by the beer-cask, which the little man had left behind; for it was for the sick Pingel that he had stolen the beer.

- Source: Benjamin Thorpe, *Northern Mythology: Comprising the Principal Popular Traditions and Superstitions of Scandinavia, North Germany, and the Netherlands*, vol. 3 (London: Edward Lumley, 1852), p. 37.
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The Unknown Girl

Germany

A peasant in Holl had a servant girl whom no one knew. She was very industrious and well behaved, but she would not say what her name was.

One day the man was carrying a yoke home from the field when the voice of an unseen person called out to him several times, "You, the man carrying the yoke, tell Gloria that the chancellor has died."

The man did not think about this occurance until suppertime, and then he related it to the girl, adding that he now knew that her name was Gloria. The girl immediately jumped head over heels and fled. And no one has seen her since then.

- Source: Bernard Baader, *Volkssagen aus dem Lande Baden und den angrenzenden Gegenden* (Karlsruhe: Verlag der Herder'schen Buchhandlung, 1852), no. 26, p. 20.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 1999.
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King Pippe Is Dead!

Denmark

Between Nordborg and Sønderborg, on the isle of Als, there is a mount called Stakkelhøi, which in former days was inhabited by a multitude of the subterranean folk, who were noted for their diligent researches in the neighboring pantries.

One evening late, as a man was passing over Stakkelhoi to Hagenbierg, he heard some one in the mount exclaim, "Now King Pippe is dead!"

These words he retained in his memory. At the same time, one of the mount-people of Stakkelhøi was paying a visit at a peasant's in Hagenbierg, for the purpose of letting some of his beer flow into a silver jug that he had brought with him.

The troll was just sitting cheek by jowl with the cask, when the aforesaid man entered the house and told the peasant how, as he was passing over Stakkelhøi, he heard a voice in the mount saying, "Now King Pippe is dead!"

At this the troll in a fright exclaimed, "Is King Pippe dead?" and rushed out of the house with such haste that he forgot to take his silver jug with him.

- Source: Benjamin Thorpe, Northern Mythology, Comprising the Principal Popular

Traditions and Superstitions of Scandinavia, North Germany, and the Netherlands, vol. 2 (London: Edward Lumley, 1851), pp. 132-33.

- Link to additional stories about drinking vessels abandoned by or stolen from the underground people: Fairy Cup Legends.
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The Troll Turned Cat

Denmark

About a quarter of a mile from Soröe lies Pedersborg, and a little farther on is the town of Lyng. Just between these towns is a hill called Bröndhöi (*Spring-hill*), said to be inhabited by the troll-people.

There goes a story that there was once among these troll-people of Bröndhöi an old cross-grained curmudgeon of a troll, whom the rest nick-named Knurremurre (*Rumble-grumble*), because he was evermore the cause of noise and uproar within the hill. The Knurremurre having discovered what he thought to be too great a degree of intimacy between his young wife and a young troll of the society, took this in such ill part, that he vowed vengeance, swearing he would have the life of the young one. The latter, accordingly, thought it would be his best course to be off out of the hill till better times; so, turning himself into a noble tortoise-shell tom-cat, he one fine morning quitted his old residence, and journeyed down to the neighboring town of Lyng, where he established himself in the house of an honest poor man named Plat.

Here he lived for a long time comfortable and easy, with nothing to annoy him, and was as happy as any tom-cat or troll crossed in love well could be. He got every day plenty of milk and good grout to eat, and lay the whole day long at his ease in a warm arm-chair behind the stove.

Plat happened one evening to come home rather late, and as he entered the room the cat was sitting in his usual place, scraping meal-grout out of a pot, and licking the pot itself carefully. "Harkye, dame," said Plat, as he came in at the door, "till I tell you what happened to me on the road. Just as I was coming past Bröndhöi, there came out a troll, and he called out to me, and said,

> Harkye Plat
> Tell your cat,
> That Knurremurre is dead.

The moment the cat heard these words, he tumbled the pot down on the floor, sprang out of the chair, and stood up on his hind-legs. Then, as he hurried out of the door, he cried out with exultation, "What! is Knurremurre dead? Then I may go home as fast as I please." And so saying he scampered off to the hill, to the amazement of honest Plat; and it is likely lost no time in making his advances to the young widow.

- Source: Thomas Keightley, *The Fairy Mythology: Illustrative of the Romance and*

Superstition of various Countries (London: H. G. Bohn, 1850), pp. 120-21
- Keightley's source: J. M. Thiele, "Brøndøi [Knurremurre er død!]," *Danmarks Folkesagn*, vol. 2 (Copenhagen: C. A. Reitzels Forlag, 1843), pp. 187-88.
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The Cat of the Carman's Stage

Ireland

A carman was leaving Bunclody one morning for Dublin, when what should he see but a neighbor's cat galloping along the side of the road, and crying out every moment, "Tell Moll Browne, Tom Dunne is dead. Tell Moll Browne, Tom Dunne is dead."

At last he got tired of this ditty, and took up a stone and flung it at the cat, bidding himself, and Tom Browne, and Moll Dunne, to go to Halifax, and not be botherin' him.

When he got to Luke Byrne's in Francis Street, where all the Wicklow and Wexford carmen used to stop, he was taking a pot of beer in the taproom, and began to tell the quare thing that happened on the road. There was a comfortable-looking gray cat sitting by the fire, and the moment he mentioned what the Bunclody cat was saying, she cried out, "That's my husband!" That's my husband!"

She made only one leap out through the door, and no one ever saw her at Luke Byrne's again.

- Source: Patrick Kennedy, *Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts* (London: Macmillan and Co., 1866), pp. 157-58.
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The King of the Cats

Ireland

A most important personage in feline history is the King of the Cats. He may be in your house a common looking fellow enough, with no distinguishing mark of exalted rank about him, so that it is very difficult to verify his genuine claims to royalty. Therefore the best way is to cut off a tiny little bit of his ear. If he is really the royal personage, he will immediately speak out and declare who he is ; and perhaps, at the same time, tell you some very disagreeable truths about yourself, not at all pleasant to have discussed by the house cat.

A man once, in a fit of passion, cut off the head of the domestic pussy, and threw it on the fire. On which the head exclaimed, in a fierce voice, "Go tell your wife that you have cut off the head of the King of the Cats; but wait! I shall come back and be avenged for this insult," and the eyes of the cat glared at him horribly from the fire.

And so it happened; for that day year, while the master of the house was playing with a pet kitten, it suddenly flew at his throat and bit him so severely that he died soon after.

A story is current also, that one night an old woman was sitting up very late spinning, when a knocking came to the door. "Who is there?" she asked. No answer; but still the knocking went on. "Who is there?" she asked a second time. No answer; and the knocking continued. "Who is there?" she asked the third time, in a very angry passion.

Then there came a small voice, "Ah, Judy, agrah, let me in, for I am cold and hungry; open the door, Judy, agrah, and let me sit by the fire, for the night is cold out here. Judy, agrah, let me in, let me in!"

The heart of Judy was touched, for she thought it was some small child that had lost its way, and she rose up from her spinning, and went and opened the door -- when in walked a large black cat with a white breast, and two white kittens after her.

They all made over to the fire and began to warm and dry themselves, purring all the time very loudly; but Judy said never a word, only went on spinning.

Then the black cat spoke at last, "Judy, agrah, don't stay up so late again, for the fairies wanted to hold a council here tonight, and to have some supper, but you have prevented them; so they were very angry and determined to kill you, and only for myself and my two daughters here you would be dead by this time. So take my advice, don't interfere with the fairy hours again, for the night is theirs, and they hate to look on the face of a mortal when they are out for pleasure or business. So I ran on to tell you, and now give me a drink of milk, for I must be off."

And after the milk was finished the cat stood up, and called her daughters to come away.

"Good-night, Judy, agrah," she said. "You have been very civil to me, and I'll not forget it to you. Good-night, goodnight."

With that the black cat and the two kittens whisked up the chimney; but Judy looking down saw something glittering on the hearth, and taking it up she found it was a piece of silver, more than she ever could make in a month by her spinning, and she was glad in her heart, and never again sat up so late to interfere with the fairy hours, but the black cat and her daughters came no more again to the house.

- Source: Lady [Jane Francesca Elgee] Wilde, *Ancient Legends, Mystic Charms, and Superstitions of Ireland* (Boston: Ticknor and Company, 1888), pp. 153-54.
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The King of the Cats

Scotland

Many years ago, long before shooting in Scotland was a fashion as it is now, two young men spent the autumn in the very far north, living in a lodge far from other houses, with an old woman to cook for them. Her cat and their own dogs formed all the rest of the household.

One afternoon the elder of the two young men said he would not go out, and the younger one

went alone, to follow the path of the previous day's sport looking for missing birds, and intending to return home before the early sunset. However, he did not do so, and the elder man became very uneasy as he watched and waited in vain till long after their usual supper-time. At last the young man returned, wet and exhausted, nor did he explain his unusual lateness until, after supper, they were seated by the fire with their pipes, the dogs lying at their feet, and the old woman's black cat sitting gravely with half-shut eyes on the hearth between them. Then the young man began as follows:--

"You must be wondering what made me so late. I have had a curious adventure to-day. I hardly know what to say about it. I went, as I told you I should, along our yesterday's route. A mountain fog came on just as I was about to turn homewards, and I completely lost my way. I wandered about for a long time, not knowing where I was, till at last I saw a light, and made for it, hoping to get help. As I came near it, it disappeared, and I found myself close to a large old oak-tree. I climbed into the branches the better to look for the light, and, behold! it was beneath me, inside the hollow trunk of the tree. I seemed to be looking down into a church, where a funeral was in the act of taking place. I heard singing, and saw a coffin, surrounded by torches, all carried by ---- But I know you won't believe me if I tell you!"

His friend eagerly begged him to go on, and laid down his pipe to listen. The dogs were sleeping quietly, but the cat was sitting up apparently listening as attentively as the man, and both young men involuntarily turned their eyes towards him. "Yes," proceeded the absentee," it is perfectly true. The coffin and the torches were both borne by cats, and upon the coffin were marked a crown and scepter!" He got no further; the cat started up shrieking, "By Jove! old Peter's dead! and I'm the King o' the Cats!" rushed up the chimney and was seen no more.

- Source: Charlotte S. Burne, "Two Folk-Tales from Herefordshire," *Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. 2, part 1 (London: Published for the Folk-Lore Society by Elliot Stock, 1884), pp. 22-23.
- Note in original: References to parallel stories in *Shropshire Folk-Lore*, p. 52, note.
- Return to the table of contents.

The King o' the Cats

England

One winter's evening the sexton's wife was sitting by the fireside with her big black cat, Old Tom, on the other side, both half asleep and waiting for the master to come home. They waited and they waited, but still he didn't come, till at last he came rushing in, calling out, "Who's Tommy Tildrum?" in such a wild way that both his wife and his cat stared at him to know what was the matter.

"Why, what's the matter?" said his wife. "And why do you want to know who Tommy Tildrum is?"

"Oh, I've had such an adventure. I was digging away at old Mr. Fordyce's grave when I suppose I must have dropped asleep, and only woke up by hearing a cat's meow."

"Meow!" said Old Tom in answer.

"Yes, just like that! So I looked over the edge of the grave, and what do you think I saw?"

"Now, how can I tell?" said the sexton's wife.

"Why, nine black cats all like our friend Tom here, all with a white spot on their chestesses. And what do you think they were carrying? Why, a small coffin covered with a black velvet pall, and on the pall was a small coronet all of gold, and at every third step they took they cried all together, 'Meow --'"

"Meow!" said Old Tom again.

"Yes, just like that!" said the sexton. "And as they came nearer and nearer to me I could see them more distinctly, because their eyes shone out with a sort of green light. Well, they all came towards me, eight of them carrying the coffin and the biggest cat of all walking in front for all the world like -- but look at our Tom, how he's looking at me. You'd think he knew all I was saying."

"Go on, go on," said his wife. "Never mind Old Tom."

"Well, as I was a-saying, they came towards me slowly and solemnly, and at every third step crying all together, 'Meow --'"

"Meow!" said Old Tom again.

"Yes, just like that, till they came and stood right opposite Mr. Fordyce's grave, where I was, when they all stood still and looked straight at me. I did feel queer, that I did! But look at Old Tom. He's looking at me just like they did."

"Go on, go on," said his wife. "Never mind Old Tom."

"Where was I? Oh, they all stood still looking at me, when the one that wasn't carrying the coffin came forward and, staring straight at me, *said* to me -- yes, I tell 'ee, said to me -- with a squeaky voice, 'Tell Tom Tildrum that Tim Toldrum's dead,' and that's why I asked you if you knew who Tom Tildrum was, for how can I tell Tom Tildrum Tim Toldrum's dead if I don't know who Tom Tildrum is?"

"Look at Old Tom! Look at Old Tom!" screamed his wife.

And well he might look, for Tom was swelling, and Tom was staring, and at last Tom shrieked out, "What -- old Tim dead! Then I'm the King o' the Cats!" and rushed up the chimney and was never more seen.

- Source: Joseph Jacobs, *More English Fairy Tales* (London: David Nutt, 1894), pp. 156-58.
- Jacobs reconstructed this version using various English sources.
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Death of the Seven Dwarfs

A Legend from Switzerland

translated by

D. L. Ashliman

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On one of the high plains between Brugg and Waldshut, near the Black Forest, seven dwarfs lived together in a small house. Late one evening an attractive young peasant girl, who was lost and hungry, approached them and requested shelter for the night. The dwarfs had only seven beds, and they fell to arguing with one another, for each one wanted to give up his bed for the girl. Finally the oldest one took the girl into his bed.

Before they could fall asleep a peasant woman appeared before their house, knocked on the door, and asked to be let inside. The girl got up immediately and told the woman that the dwarfs had only seven beds, and that there was no room there for anyone else. With this the woman became very angry and accused the girl of being a slut, thinking that she was cohabiting with all seven men. Threatening to make a quick end to such evil business, she went away in a rage.

That same night she returned with two men, whom she had brought up from the bank of the Rhine. They immediately broke into the house and killed the seven dwarfs. They buried the bodies outside in the garden and burned the house to the ground. No one knows what became of the girl.

Tod der sieben Zwerge

Auf einer der Hochebenen zwischen Brugg und Waldshut am Schwarzwalde wohnten sieben Zwerge zusammen in einem kleinen Häuschen. Da kam einmal spät Abends ein junges nettes Bauernmädchen verirrt und hungrig des Weges und bat um ein Nachtlager. Die Zwerge hatten nur sieben Betten, dennoch stritten sie sich, denn jeder wollte dem Mädchen sein Bett abtreten; endlich nahm sie der Älteste von ihnen zu sich in seines, kaum aber ging's ans Einschlafen, so kam noch eine Bauernfrau vors Häuschen, klopfte und begehrte Einlass. Das Mädchen stand gleich auf und sagte ihr, wie die sieben Zwerge hier selber nur sieben Betten und sonst keine Platz mehr für jemand übrig hätten.

Darüber wurde die Frau sehr zornig und schalt in ihrem Argwohn das Mädchen, in welcher sie die Beihälterin von sieben Männern vermutete, ein Lumpenmaitschi. Unter Drohungen, dass man einer solchen Wirtschaft bald ein Ende gemacht

haben werde, ging sie grimmig davon; noch in derselben Nacht aber erschien sie mit zwei Männern, die sie vom Rheinufer her geholt hatte, und diese brachen sogleich ins Haus ein, und erschlugen die Zwerge. Man verscharrte die Leichen draußen in dem Gärtchen und verbrannte das Haus. Das Mädchen war darüber den Leuten aus den Augen gekommen.

- Source: Ernst Ludwig Rochholz, *Schweizersagen aus dem Aargau,* vol. 1 (Aarau: Druck und Verlag von H. R. Sauerländer, 1856), no. 222, p. 312.
- Aargau is a canton in northeast Switzerland.

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- The top of this document.
- D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.
- Snow White and other tales of type 709.

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Der Froschkönig
oder
Der eiserne Heinrich

Ein Vergleich der Fassungen von 1812 und 1857
zusammengestellt von

D. L. Ashliman

- Folklore and Mythology Electronic Texts.
- The Frogking by the brothers Grimm. A comparison of the versions of 1812 and 1857, in English translation.
- Grimm Brothers Home Page.

	In den alten Zeiten, wo das Wünschen noch geholfen hat, lebte ein König, dessen Töchter waren alle schön, aber die jüngste war so schön, daß die Sonne selber, die doch so vieles gesehen hat, sich verwunderte, sooft sie ihr ins Gesicht schien. Nahe hei dem Schlosse des Königs lag ein großer dunkler Wald, und in dem Walde unter einer alten Linde war ein Brunnen; wenn nun der Tag recht heiß war, so ging das Königskind hinaus in den Wald und setzte sich an den Rand des kühlen Brunnens;
Es war einmal eine Königstochter, die ging hinaus in den Wald und setzte sich an einen kühlen Brunnen.	
Sie hatte eine goldene Kugel, die war ihr liebstes Spielwerk, die warf sie in die Höhe und fing sie wieder in der Luft und hatte ihre Lust daran.	und wenn sie Langeweile hatte, so nahm sie eine goldene Kugel, warf sie in die Höhe und fing sie wieder; und das war ihr liebstes Spielwerk.
Einmal war die Kugel gar hoch geflogen, sie hatte die Hand schon ausgestreckt und die Finger gekrümmt, um sie wieder zu fangen, da schlug sie neben vorbei auf die Erde, rollte und rollte und geradezu in das Wasser hinein.	Nun trug es sich einmal zu, daß die goldene Kugel der Königstochter nicht in ihr Händchen fiel, das sie in die Höhe gehalten hatte, sondern vorbei auf die Erde schlug und geradezu ins Wasser hineinrollte.
Die Königstochter blickte ihr erschrocken nach, der Brunnen war aber so tief, daß kein Grund zu sehen war.	Die Königstochter folgte ihr mit den Augen nach, aber die Kugel verschwand, und der Brunnen war tief, so tief, daß man keinen Grund sah.

Da fing sie an jämmerlich zu weinen und zu klagen: "ach! wenn ich meine Kugel wieder hätte, da wollt' ich alles darum geben, meine Kleider, meine Edelgesteine, meine Perlen und was es auf der Welt nur wär'."

Da fing sie an zu weinen und weinte immer lauter und konnte sich gar nicht trösten.

Wie sie so klagte, steckte ein Frosch seinen Kopf aus dem Wasser und sprach: "Königstochter, was jammerst du so erbärmlich?" --

Und wie sie so klagte, rief ihr jemand zu: "Was hast du vor, Königstochter, du schreist ja, daß sich ein Stein erbarmen möchte."

"Ach", sagte sie, "du garstiger Frosch, was kannst du mir helfen! meine goldne Kugel ist mir in den Brunnen gefallen." --

Sie sah sich um, woher die Stimme käme, da erblickte sie einen Frosch, der seinen dicken häßlichen Kopf aus dem Wasser streckte. "Ach, du bist's, alter Wasserpatscher", sagte sie, "ich weine über meine goldene Kugel, die mir in den Brunnen hinabgefallen ist."

Der Frosch sprach: "deine Perlen, deine Edelgesteine und deine Kleider, die verlang ich nicht, aber wenn du mich zum Gesellen annehmen willst, und ich soll neben dir sitzen und von deinem goldnen Tellerlein essen und in deinem Bettlein schlafen und du willst mich werth und lieb haben, so will ich dir deine Kugel wiederbringen."

"Sei still und weine nicht", antwortete der Frosch, "ich kann wohl Rat schaffen, aber was gibst du mir, wenn ich dein Spielwerk wieder heraufhole?" "Was du haben willst, lieber Frosch", sagte sie, "meine Kleider, meine Perlen und Edelsteine, auch noch die goldene Krone, die ich trage." Der Frosch antwortete: "Deine Kleider, deine Perlen und Edelsteine, und deine goldene Krone, die mag ich nicht; aber wenn du mich liebhaben willst, und ich soll dein Geselle und Spielkamerad sein, an deinem Tischlein neben dir sitzen, von deinem goldenen Tellerlein essen, aus deinem Becherlein trinken, in deinem Bettlein schlafen: wenn du mir das versprichst, so will ich hinuntersteigen und dir die goldene Kugel wieder heraufholen."

Die Königstochter dachte, was schwätzt der einfältige Frosch wohl, der muß doch in seinem Wasser bleiben, vielleicht aber kann er mir meine Kugel holen, da will ich nur ja sagen; und sagte: "ja meinetwegen, schaff mir nur erst die goldne Kugel wieder, es soll dir alles versprochen seyn."

"Ach ja", sagte sie, "ich verspreche dir alles, was du willst, wenn du mir nur die Kugel wiederbringst." Sie dachte aber: Was der einfältige Frosch schwätzt, der sitzt im Wasser bei seinesgleichen und quakt und kann keines Menschen Geselle sein.

Der Frosch steckte seinen Kopf unter das Wasser und

tauchte hinab, es dauerte auch nicht lange, so kam er wieder in die Höhe, hatte die Kugel im Maul und warf sie ans Land.

Der Frosch, als er die Zusage erhalten hatte, tauchte seinen Kopf unter, sank hinab, und über ein Weilchen kam er wieder heraufgerudert, hatte die Kugel im Maul und warf sie ins Gras.

Wie die Königstochter ihre Kugel wieder erblickte, lief sie geschwind darauf zu, hob sie auf und war so froh, sie wieder in ihrer Hand zu halten, daß sie an nichts weiter gedachte, sondern damit nach Hause eilte.

Die Königstochter war voll Freude, als sie ihr schönes Spielwerk wieder erblickte, hob es auf und sprang damit fort.

Der Frosch rief ihr nach: "warte, Königstochter, und nimm mich mit, wie du versprochen hast"; aber sie hörte nicht darauf.

"Warte, warte", rief der Frosch, "nimm mich mit, ich kann nicht so laufen wie du." Aber was half ihm, daß er ihr sein quak, quak so laut nachschrie, als er konnte! Sie hörte nicht darauf, eilte nach Haus und hatte bald den armen Frosch vergessen, der wieder in seinen Brunnen hinabsteigen mußte.

Am andern Tage saß die Königstochter an der Tafel, da hörte sie etwas die Marmortreppe heraufkommen, plitsch, platsch! bald darauf klopfte es auch an der Thüre und rief: "Königstochter, jüngste, mach mir auf!"

Am andern Tage, als sie mit dem König und allen Hofleuten sich zur Tafel gesetzt hatte und von ihrem goldenen Tellerlein aß, da kam, plitsch, platsch, plitsch platsch, etwas die Marmortreppe heraufgekrochen, und als es oben angelangt war, klopfte es an der Tür und rief: "Königstochter, jüngste, mach mir auf."

Sie lief hin und machte die Thüre auf, da war es der Frosch, an den sie nicht mehr gedacht hatte; ganz erschrocken warf sie die Thüre hastig zu und setzte sich wieder an die Tafel.

Sie lief und wollte sehen, wer draußen wäre, als sie aber aufmachte, so saß der Frosch davor. Da warf sie die Tür hastig zu, setzte sich wieder an den Tisch, und war ihr ganz angst.

Der König aber sah, daß ihr das Herz klopfte, und sagte: "warum fürchtest du dich?" --

Der König sah wohl, daß ihr das Herz gewaltig klopfte, und sprach: "Mein Kind, was fürchtest du dich, steht etwa ein Riese vor der Tür und will dich holen?"

"Draußen ist ein garstiger Frosch", sagte sie, "der hat mir meine goldne Kugel aus dem Wasser geholt, ich versprach ihm dafür, er sollte mein Geselle werden, ich glaubte aber nimmermehr, daß er aus seinem Wasser

"Ach nein", antwortete sie, "es ist kein Riese, sondern ein garstiger Frosch." "Was will der Frosch von dir?" "Ach lieber Vater, als ich gestern im Wald bei dem Brunnen saß und spielte, da fiel meine goldene Kugel ins Wasser. Und weil ich so weinte, hat sie der Frosch wieder heraufgeholt, und weil er es durchaus verlangte, so versprach ich ihm, er sollte mein Geselle werden, ich dachte aber nimmermehr, daß er aus seinem

heraus könnte, nun ist er draußen vor der Thür und will herein."

Wasser heraus könnte. Nun ist er draußen und will zu mir herein."

Indem klopfte es zum zweitenmal und rief:
"Königstochter, jüngste,
mach mir auf,
weißt du nicht, was gestern
du zu mir gesagt
bei dem kühlen
Brunnenwasser?
Königstochter, jüngste,
mach mir auf."

Indem klopfte es zum zweitenmal und rief:

"Königstochter, jüngste,
mach mir auf,
weißt du nicht, was gestern
du zu mir gesagt
bei dem kühlen Brunnenwasser?
Königstochter, jüngste,
mach mir auf."

Der König sagte: "was du versprochen hast, mußt du halten, geh und mach dem Frosch die Thüre auf."

Da sagte der König: "Was du versprochen hast, das mußt du auch halten; geh nur und mach ihm auf."

Sie gehorchte und der Frosch hüpfte herein, und ihr auf dem Fuße immer nach, bis zu ihrem Stuhl,

Sie ging und öffnete die Türe, da hüpfte der Frosch herein, ihr immer auf dem Fuße nach, bis zu ihrem Stuhl.

und als sie sich wieder gesetzt hatte, da rief er: "heb mich herauf auf einen Stuhl neben dich."

Da saß er und rief: "Heb mich herauf zu dir."

Die Königstochter wollte nicht, aber der König befahl es ihr.

Sie zauderte, bis es endlich der König befahl.

Wie der Frosch oben war, sprach er: "nun schieb dein goldenes Tellerlein näher, ich will mit dir davon essen."

Als der Frosch erst auf dem Stuhl war, wollte er auf den Tisch, und als er da saß, sprach er: "Nun schieb mir dein goldenes Tellerlein näher, damit wir zusammen essen."

Das mußte sie auch thun.

Das tat sie zwar, aber man sah wohl, daß sie's nicht gerne tat.

Wie er sich satt gegessen hatte, sagte er: "nun bin ich müd' und will schlafen, bring mich hinauf in dein Kämmerlein, mach dein Bettlein zurecht, da wollen wir uns hineinlegen."

Der Frosch ließ sich's gut schmecken, aber ihr blieb fast jedes Bißlein im Halse. Endlich sprach er: "Ich habe mich satt gegessen und bin müde, nun trag mich in dein Kämmerlein und mach dein seiden Bettlein zurecht, da wollen wir uns schlafen legen."

Die Königstochter erschrack, wie sie das hörte, sie fürchtete sich vor dem kalten Frosch, sie getraute sich nicht ihn anzurühren und

Die Königstochter fing an zu weinen und fürchtete sich vor dem kalten Frosch, den sie nicht anzurühren getraute und der nun in

nun sollte er bei ihr in ihrem Bett liegen, sie fing an zu weinen und wollte durchaus nicht.

ihrem schönen reinen Bettlein schlafen sollte.

Da ward der König zornig und befahl ihr bei seiner Ungnade, zu thun, was sie versprochen habe.

Der König aber ward zornig und sprach: "Wer dir geholfen hat, als du in der Not warst, den sollst du hernach nicht verachten."

Es half nichts, sie mußte thun, wie ihr Vater wollte, aber sie war bitterböse in ihrem Herzen. Sie packte den Frosch mit zwei Fingern und trug ihn hinauf in ihre Kammer, legte sich ins Bett und statt ihn neben sich zu legen, warf sie ihn bratsch! an die Wand;

Da packte sie ihn mit zwei Fingern, trug ihn hinauf und setzte ihn in eine Ecke. Als sie aber im Bett lag, kam er gekrochen und sprach: "Ich bin müde, ich will schlafen so gut wie du: heb mich herauf, oder ich sag's deinem Vater." Da ward sie erst bitterböse, holte ihn herauf und warf ihn aus allen Kräften wider die Wand.

"da nun wirst du mich in Ruh lassen, du garstiger Frosch!"

"Nun wirst du Ruhe haben, du garstiger Frosch."

Aber der Frosch fiel nicht todt herunter, sondern wie er herab auf das Bett kam, da wars ein schöner junger Prinz. Der was nun ihr lieber Geselle, und sie hielt ihn werth wie sie versprochen hatte, und sie schliefen vergnügt zusammen ein.

Als er aber herabfiel, war er kein Frosch, sondern ein Königssohn mit schönen und freundlichen Augen. Der war nun nach ihres Vaters Willen ihr lieber Geselle und Gemahl. Da erzählte er ihr, er wäre von einer bösen Hexe verwünscht worden, und niemand hätte ihn aus dem Brunnen erlösen können als sie allein, und morgen wollten sie zusammen in sein Reich gehen. Dann schliefen sie ein,

Am Morgen aber kam ein prächtiger Wagen mit acht Pferden bespannt, mit Federn geputzt und goldschimmernd, dabei war der treue Heinrich des Prinzen,

und am andern Morgen, als die Sonne sie aufweckte, kam ein Wagen herangefahren, mit acht weißen Pferden bespannt, die hatten weiße Straußfedern auf dem Kopf und gingen in goldenen Ketten, und hinten stand der Diener des jungen Königs, das war der treue Heinrich.

der hatte sich so betrübt über die Verwandlung desselben, daß er drei eiserne Bande um sein Herz legen mußte, damit es vor Traurigkeit nicht zerspringe.

Der treue Heinrich hatte sich so betrübt, als sein Herr war in einen Frosch verwandelt worden, daß er drei eiserne Bande hatte um sein Herz legen lassen, damit es ihm nicht vor Weh und Traurigkeit zerspränge.

Der Prinz setzte sich mit der Königstochter in den Wagen, der treue Dieber aber stand

Der Wagen aber sollte den jungen König in sein Reich abholen; der treue Heinrich hob beide hinein, stellte sich wieder hinten

hinten uaf, so wollten sie in sein Reich fahren.	auf und war voller Freude über die Erlösung.
Und wie sie ein Stück Weges gefahren waren, hörte der Prinz hinter sich ein lautes Krachen, da drehte er sich um und rief: "Heinrich, der Wagen bricht!"	Und als sie ein Stück Wegs gefahren waren, hörte der Königssohn, daß es hinter ihm krachte, als wäre etwas zerbrochen. Da drehte er sich um und rief:
"Nein, Herr, der Wagen nicht, es ist ein Band von meinem Herzen, das da lag in großen Schmerzen, als Ihr in dem Brunnen saßt, als Ihr eine Fretsche (Frosch) was't (wart)."	"Heinrich, der Wagen bricht." "Nein, Herr, der Wagen nicht, es ist ein Band von meinem Herzen, das da lag in großen Schmerzen, als Ihr in dem Brunnen saßt, als Ihr eine Fretsche (Frosch) wast (wart)."
Noch einmal und noch einmal hörte es der Prinz krachen, und meinte: der Wagen bräche, aber es waren nur die Bande, die vom Herzen des treuen Heinrich absprangen, weil sein Herr erlöst und glücklich war.	Noch einmal und noch einmal krachte es auf dem Weg, und der Königssohn meinte immer, der Wagen bräche, und es waren doch nur die Bande, die vom Herzen des treuen Heinrich absprangen, weil sein Herr erlöst und glücklich war.

- Folklore and Mythology Electronic Texts.
- The Frog King by the brothers Grimm. A comparison of the versions of 1812 and 1857, in English translation.

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folktales of Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 1191

translated and/or edited by

D. L. Ashliman
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1. The Sachsenhäuser Bridge at Frankfurt (Germany).
2. The Bamberg Cathedral and Bridge (Germany).
3. The Devil's Bridge in Lake Galenbeck (Germany).
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Germany

There are two arches in the middle of the Sachsenhäuser Bridge. At the top they are closed partially only with wood which, in time of war, can easily be removed so that the connection can be destroyed without blasting. The following legend is told about this bridge:

The builder had agreed to complete the bridge by a certain date. As the date approached he saw that it would be impossible to meet the deadline. With only two days remaining, in his fear he called upon the devil and asked him for help.

The devil appeared to him and offered to complete the bridge during the last night if the builder would deliver to him the first living being that crossed the bridge. The contract was settled, and during the last night the devil completed the bridge. In the darkness no human eye saw how he did it.

At the break of day the builder came and drove a rooster across the bridge ahead of himself, thus delivering it to the devil. However, the latter had expected a human soul, and when he saw that he had been deceived he angrily grabbed the rooster, ripped it apart, and threw it through the bridge, thus causing the two holes that to the present day cannot be mortared

the abbey lands, named Ralph Calvert, resided at Thorp-sub-Montem, and journeyed twice a year along this road to pay his rent to the abbot, dispose of the fruits of his six months' handiwork, and return the shoes entrusted to him on his previous visit for repair, and bring back with him, on his return, a bag well filled with others that needed his attention.

The night before setting out on one of these occasions, he had a fearful dream, in which he struggled with the devil, who, in this wild, rocky ravine, amid unpleasant surroundings, endeavored to thrust Ralph into a bag, similar to the one in which he carried his stock-in-trade. This he and his wife feared boded no good. In the morning, however, he started on his journey, and duly reached the abbey, assisted at the service, did his business with the abbot and brethren, and then started, with his well filled bag, on his return homewards.

When he arrived near home, in the deep ravine, where on previous occasions he had found but a small brook which he could easily ford, he now found a mountain torrent, through which he only with difficulty and some danger made his way. Having accomplished the passage, he sat down to rest and to dry his wetted garments. As he sat and contemplated the place, he could not but recall how exactly it corresponded with the spot seen in his dream, and at which the author of evil had tried to bag him. Dwelling on this brought anything but pleasant thoughts, and to drive them away, and to divert his mind, he struck up a familiar song, in which the name of the enemy finds frequent mention, and the refrain of which was:

> Sing luck-a-down, heigh down,
> Ho, down derry.

He was unaware of any presence but his own. But, to his alarm, another voice than his added a further line:

> Tol lol derol, darel dol, dolde derry.

Ralph thought of his dream. Then he fancied he saw the shadow of a man on the road. Then from a projecting corner of a rock he heard a voice reading over a list of delinquents in the neighborhood, with whom he must remonstrate -- Ralph's own name among the rest. Not to be caught eavesdropping, Ralph feigned sleep. But after a time was aroused by the stranger, and a long conversation ensued, the upshot of which was, after they had entered into a compact of friendship, that Satan informed the shoemaker who he was and inquired of the alarmed man if there was anything that he could do for him.

Ralph looked at the swollen torrent and thought of the danger he had lately incurred in crossing it, and of his future journeys that way to the abbey. And then he said, "I have heard that you are an able architect. I should wish you to build a bridge across this stream. I know you can do it."

At nightfall Ralph reached his home at Thorpe, and related his adventure to his wife, and added, "In spite of all that is said against him, the Evil One is an honest gentleman, and I have made him promise to build a bridge at the Gill Ford on the road to Pateley. If he fulfils his promise, St. Crispin bless him."

The news of Ralph's adventure and of the promise soon spread among the neighbors, and he had no small amount of village chaff and ridicule to meet before the eventful Saturday -- the fourth day -- arrived. At last it came.

Accompanied by thirty or forty of the villagers, Ralph made his way to the dell, where, on arrival, picture their astonishment at the sight! Lo, a beautiful and substantial bridge spanned the abyss! Surveyor, and mason, and priest pronounced it to be perfect. The latter sprinkled it with holy water, caused a cross to be placed at each approach to it, and then declared it to be safe for all Christian people to use. So it remained until the Puritan Minister of Pateley, in the time of the Commonwealth, discerning the story to be a Popish legend, caused the protecting crosses to be removed as idolatrous.

After that time, neither the original builder nor any other person seems to have thought fit to keep the bridge in "good and tenantable" repair, and in time it fell into so disreputable and dangerous a condition, that the liberal and almost magic-working native of the parish -- Sir William Craven, Lord Mayor of London in the reign of the 1st James -- took the matter in hand and built upon the old foundations a more terrestrial, but not less substantial and enduring, structure.

Still men call it the Devil's Bridge.

- Source: Thomas Parkinson, *Yorkshire Legends and Traditions, as Told by Her Ancient Chroniclers, Her Poets, and Journalists* (London: Elliot Stock, 1888), pp. 121-24.
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Kilgrim Bridge

England

Regarding the building of this [Kilgrim] bridge is the following curious legend:

Many bridges having been built on this site by the inhabitants, none had been able to withstand the fury of the floods until his "Satanic Majesty" promised to build a bridge which would defy the fury of the elements, on condition that the first living creature who passed over should fall a sacrifice to his "Sable Majesty."

Long did the inhabitants consider, when the bridge was complete, as to who should be the victim. A shepherd, more wise than his neighbors, owned a dog called Grim. This man having first swum the river, whistled for the dog to follow. Poor Grim unwittingly bounded across the bridge and thus fell a victim to his "Sable Majesty."

Tradition says, from this circumstance the spot has ever since been known as Kill Grim Bridge.

- Source: Gutch, Mrs.[Eliza], *Examples of Printed Folk-Lore Concerning the North Riding of Yorkshire, York and the Ainsty = County Folk-Lore*, vol. 2, *Printed Extracts*, no. 4 (London: Published for the Folk-Lore Society by David Nutt, 1901), p. 19.

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Links to related sites

1. Faust Legends, stories about mortals who enter into contracts with the demonic powers.
2. Master Builder Legends, in which a mortal tricks a supernatural being (typically a troll or a giant) into helping him build a grand edifice.
3. Straightening a Curly Hair. Folktales of Aarne-Thompson type 1175, in which a demon helper is defeated because he cannot straighten a curly hair.

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Revised February 19, 2013.

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shut. Any repair work that is completed during the day just falls apart the next night.

A golden rooster on an iron bar still stands as the bridge's emblem.

- Source: Jacob and Wilelm Grimm, *Deutsche Sagen* (1816), vol. 1, no. 186.
- Link to the German text: Die Sachsenhäuser Brücke zu Frankfurt.
- Link to a German-language encyclopedia article about Die Alte Brücke in Frankfurt am Main.
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The Bamberg Cathedral and Bridge

Germany

A famous master builder and his journeyman, while building the Bamberg Cathedral's tower and the Bamberg Bridge, entered into a wager which could finish first. When the master was almost finished, the journeyman was still far behind, so the latter made a pact with the devil, that he should quickly build the bridge. In return, the devil would receive the first living being to cross the bridge.

The devil quickly went to work and was finished within a short time. Then the journeyman fetched a rooster and chased it across the bridge. The devil angrily departed with it.

The master builder of the tower was so irritated with the early completion of the bridge that in his dismay he threw himself from the tower.

- Source: Adalbert Kuhn, "Dom und Brücke zu Bamberg," *Sagen, Gebräuche und Märchen aus Westfalen und einigen andern, besonders den angrenzenden Gegenden Norddeutschlands*, vol. 1 (Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus, 1859), no. 418, pp. 372-73.
- Link to the German text: Dom und Brücke zu Bamberg.
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The Devil's Bridge in Lake Galenbeck

Germany

In Lake Galenbeck (in the vicinity of Friedland) there is a tongue of land, probably artificial, that stretches about to the middle of the lake. It is called the devil's bridge, and is said to be the remains of a bridge started, but never completed, by the devil.

A shepherd had to drive his herd completely around the lake in order to reach his pasture. This annoyed him, and one day he wished with a curse that a bridge went across the lake. He had scarcely uttered this wish when a man appeared before him. The man promised to build a bridge in one night, before the rooster crowed three times, under the condition that the shepherd would then belong to him. The shepherd entered into this agreement.

That evening when he arrived home, he told his wife what had happened. She said nothing, but at midnight she went to the chicken coop and awakened the rooster, who thought that it

was already morning, and crowed three times.

The devil heard this. He was not finished with his work, and angrily flew off through the air without completing the bridge.

- Source: Karl Bartsch, "Die Teufelsbrücke im Gahlenbeker See," *Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg [Mecklenburg]*, vol. 1 (Vienna: Wilhelm Braumüller, 1879), no. 555, p. 400.
- Bartsch's source: Fräulein W. Zimmermann from Neustrelitz.
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The Devil's Bridge

Austria

Almost every country possesses some legend of a "Devil's Bridge," and how the Evil One has been ultimately cheated by his own handiwork, and the Tyrol, which is alive with legends and superstitions, is not behind any other in this respect.

In the valley of Montafon, the bridge of the village broke down, or rather the swollen torrent carried it away; and as the parish was anxious to restore it as soon as possible, the villagers of course being unable to pass to and from Schruns, on the other side of the river, for all their daily wants, they applied to the village carpenter, and offered him a large sum of money if he would rebuild the bridge in three days' time. This puzzled the poor fellow beyond description; he had a large family and now his fortune would be made at once; but he saw the impossibility of finishing the work in so short a time, and therefore he begged one day for reflection.

Then he set to work to study all day, up to midnight, to find out how he could manage to do the work within the specified time; and as he could find out nothing, he thumped the table with his fist, and called out, "To the devil with it! I can find out nothing."

In his anger and annoyance he was on the point of going to bed, when all at once a little man wearing a green hat entered the room, and asked, "Carpenter, wherefore so sad?" and then the carpenter told him all his troubles.

The little fellow replied, "It is very easy to help you. I will build your bridge, and in three days it shall be finished, but only on the condition that the first soul out of your house who passes over the bridge shall be mine."

On hearing this, the carpenter, who then knew with whom he had to do, shuddered with horror, though the large sum of money enticed him, and he thought to himself, "After all, I will cheat the devil," and so he agreed to the contract.

Three days afterwards the bridge was complete, and the devil stood in the middle, awaiting his prey. After having remained there for many days, the carpenter at last appeared himself, and at that sight the devil jumped with joy; but the carpenter was driving one of his goats, and as he approached the bridge, he pushed her on before him, and called out, "There you have

the first soul out of my house," and the devil seized upon the goat.

But, oh, grief and shame! First disappointed, and then enraged, he dragged the poor goat so hard by her tail that it came out, and then off he flew, laughed at and mocked by all who saw him.

Since that time it is that goats have such short tails.

- Source: Marie Alker Günther, *Tales and Legends of the Tyrol* (London: Chapman and Hall, 1874), pp. 179-81.
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The Devil's Bridge

Switzerland

A Swiss herdsman who often visited his girlfriend had either to make his way across the Reuss River with great difficulty or to take a long detour in order to see her.

It happened that once he was standing on a very high precipice when he spoke out angrily, "I wish that the devil were here to make me a bridge to the other side!"

In an instant the devil was standing beside him, and said, "If you will promise me the first living thing that walks across it, I will build a bridge for you that you can use from now on to go across and back. The herdsman agreed, and in a few moments the bridge was finished. However, the herdsman drove a chamois across the bridge ahead of himself, and he followed along behind.

The deceived devil ripped the animal apart and threw the pieces from the precipice.

- Source: Jacob and Wilelm Grimm, *Deutsche Sagen* (1816), vol. 1, no. 337.
- The Reuss River flows from the high Alps near the Saint Gotthard Pass into Lake Urn near the Swiss city of Altdorf.
- Link to the German text: Teufelsbrücke.
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The Devil's Bridge

Switzerland/France

There is a curious legend connected with a bridge which spans some tributary of the Rhine forming the boundary between Alsace and Switzerland. When this bridge was being built, an almost insurmountable difficulty arose. Beelzebub, always willing to win a human soul, offered to aid the builders on condition that the first living being that crossed the bridge should be his, and he sent one of his imps to help.

The bridge builder, being aware of the extreme gullibility of the fiend, consented, but outwitted him, for as soon as the bridge was completed, he brought a black goat, and placing it before

him, pushed it across the bridge. Beelzebub's imp, in his rage at being outwitted, grasped the goat by the horns, and hurled it through the floor of the bridge.

Every old Alsatian who comes from this part of Alsace will solemnly aver that the hole is still there, because all efforts at repairing the breach are frustrated by Beelzebub's imps.

- Source: W. J. Wintemberg, "German Folk-Tales Collected in Canada," *The Journal of American Folklore*, vol. 19, no. 74 (July - September 1906), p. 242.
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The Devil's Bridge in Cardiganshire

Wales

Best known among the natural objects in various parts of Wales which are connected with the devil in popular lore, is the Devil's Bridge, in Cardiganshire. Associated with this bridge are several legends, which derive their greatest interest from their intrinsic evidences of an antiquity in common with the same legends in other lands. The guidebooks of the region, like guidebooks everywhere, in their effort to avoid being led into unwarranted statement, usually indulge in playfully sarcastic references to these ancient tales. They are much older, however, than the bridge itself can possibly be. The devil's activity in bridge-building is a myth more ancient than the medieval devil of our acquaintance.

The building story of the Devil's Bridge in Cardiganshire runs briefly thus: An old woman who had lost her cow spied it on the other side of the ravine, and was in great trouble about it, not knowing how to get over where the animal was. The devil, taking advantage of her distress, offered to throw a bridge over the ravine, so that she might cross and get her cow; but he stipulated that the first living creature to cross the bridge should be his.

The old woman agreed; the bridge was built; and the devil waited to see her cross. She drew a crust of bread from her pocket, threw it over, and her little black dog flew after it.

"The dog's yours, sir," said the dame; and Satan was discomfited.

In the story told of the old bridge over the Main at Frankfort, a bridge-contractor and his troubles are substituted for the old woman and her cow; instead of a black dog a live rooster appears, driven in front of him by the contractor. The Welsh Satan seems to have received his discomfiture good-naturedly enough; in the German tale he tears the fowl to pieces in his rage.

In Switzerland, every reader knows the story told of the devil's bridge in the St. Gotthard pass. A new bridge has taken the place, for public use, of the old bridge on the road to Andermatt, and to the dangers of the crumbling masonry are added superstitious terrors concerning the devil's power to catch any one crossing after dark. The old Welsh bridge has been in like manner superseded by a modern structure; but I think no superstition like the last noted is found at Hafod.

- Source: Wirt Sikes, *British Goblins: Welsh Folk-Lore, Fairy Mythology, Legends, and*

Traditions, 2nd edition (London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington, 1880), pp. 205-206.
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The Devil's Bridge

Wales

The Devil's Bridge is twelve miles from Aberystwyth; it is over the Afon Mynach just before its junction with the Rheidol. The Mynach cataract consists of four leaps, making a total descent of 210 feet. The bridge has been thrown across a chasm 114 feet above the first fall and 324 feet above the bottom of the cataract. The original bridge was constructed by the monks of Strata Florida, at what time is unknown, but legend says it was built by the devil.

> Old Megan Llandunach, of Pont-y-Mynach,
> Had lost her only cow;
> Across the ravine the cow was seen.
> But to get it she could not tell how.

In this dilemma the Evil One appeared to her cowled as a monk, and with a rosary at his belt, and offered to cast a bridge across the chasm if she would promise him the first living being that should pass over it when complete. To this she gladly consented. The bridge was thrown across the ravine, and the Evil One stood beyond bowing and beckoning to the old woman to come over and try it. But she was too clever to do that She had noticed his left leg as he was engaged on the construction, and saw that the knee was behind in place of in front, and for a foot he had a hoof.

> In her pocket she fumbled, a crust out tumbled,
> She called her little black cur;
> The crust over she threw, the dog after it flew,
> Says she, "The dog's yours, crafty sir!"

- Source: Sabine Baring-Gould, *A Book of South Wales*, (London: Methuen and Company, 1905), pp. 266-67.
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The Devil's Bridge

Wales

One day in the olden time, old Megan of Llandunach stood by the side of the river Mynach feeling very sorry for herself.

The Mynach was in flood, and roared down the wooded dingle in five successive falls, tumbling over three hundred feet in less than no time. Just below the place where Megan was standing, there was a great cauldron in which the water whirled, boiled, and hissed as if troubled by some evil spirit. From the cauldron the river rushed and swirled down a narrow, deep ravine, and if the old woman had had an eye for the beauties of nature, the sight of the

seething pot and the long shadowy cleft would have made her feel joyous rather than sorrowful.

But Megan at this time cared for none of these things, because her one and only cow was on the wrong side of the ravine, and her thoughts were centered on the horned beast which was cropping the green grass carelessly just as if it made no difference what side of the river it was on. How the wrong-headed animal had got there Megan could not guess, and still less did she know how to get it back.

As there was no one else to talk to, she talked to herself. "Oh dear, what shall I do?" she said.

"What is the matter, Megan?" said a voice behind her.

She turned round and saw a man cowled like a monk and with a rosary at his belt. She had not heard anyone coming, but the noise of the waters boiling over and through the rocks, she reflected, might easily have drowned the sound of any footsteps. And in any case, she was so troubled about her cow that she could not stop to wonder how the stranger had come up.

"I am ruined," said Megan. "There is my one and only cow, the sole support of my old age, on the other side of the river, and I don't know how to get her back again. Oh dear, oh dear, I am ruined."

"Don't you worry about that," said the monk. "I'll get her back for you."

"How can you?" asked Megan, greatly surprised.

"I'll tell you," answered the stranger. "It is one of my amusements to build bridges, and if you like, I'll throw a bridge across this chasm for you."

"Well, indeed," said the old woman, "nothing would please me better. But how am I to pay you? I am sure you will want a great deal for a job like this, and I am so poor that I have no money to spare, look you, no indeed."

"I am very easily satisfied," said the monk. "Just let me have the first living thing that crosses the bridge after I have finished it, and I shall be content."

Megan agreed to this, and the monk told her to go back to her cottage and wait there until he should call for her.

Now, Megan was not half such a fool as she looked, and she had noticed, while talking to the kind and obliging stranger, that there was something rather peculiar about his foot. She had a suspicion, too, that his knees were behind instead of being in front, and while she was waiting for the summons, she thought so hard that it made her head ache.

By the time she was halloed for, she had hit upon a plan. She threw some crusts to her little dog to make him follow her, and took a loaf of bread under her shawl to the riverside.

"There's a bridge for you," said the monk, pointing proudly to a fine span bestriding the yawning chasm. And it really was something to be proud of.

"H'm, yes," said Megan, looking doubtfully at it. "Yes, it is a bridge. But is it strong?"

"Strong?" said the builder, indignantly. "Of course it is strong."

"Will it hold the weight of this loaf?" asked Megan, bringing the bread out for underneath her shawl.

The monk laughed scornfully. "Hold the weight of this loaf? Throw it on and see. Ha, ha!"

So Megan rolled the loaf right across the bridge, and the little black cur scampered after it.

"Yes, it will do," said Megan. "And, kind sir, my little dog is the first live thing to cross the bridge. You are welcome to him, and I thank you very much for all the trouble you have taken."

"Tut, the silly dog is no good to me," said the stranger, very crossly, and with that he vanished into space.

From the smell of brimstone which he had left behind him, Megan knew that, as she had suspected, it was the devil whom she had outwitted.

And this is how the Bad Man's Bridge came to be built.

- Source: W. Jenkyn Thomas, *The Welsh Fairy Book* (London: T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd., [1908], pp. 286-290.
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The Devil's Bridge at Kirkby

England

The Devil's Bridge, a remarkable structure, composed of three beautifully fluted arches, and so named from having, it is said, been built by his Satanic majesty; if so it is certainly inconsistent and in direct contradiction to his general character, and the good that has come out of evil in this instance is most remarkable. Respecting the building, the legend which nearly all Kirkby people will tell you, is as follows:

A cow belonging to a poor woman had strayed across the river at some convenient wading place, and not having returned with the town herd at milking time, the woman went forth to seek her. In the meantime the water had risen considerably, and, not being able to cross the river, the woman was in a dilemma, for her good man, a laborer, and her cow, were on the opposite side. At this juncture the devil, in human form, appeared on the other bank, no doubt assuming the soft guile of the tempter, promised to build a bridge, on condition that the first living thing which passed over should become his lawful prize; to this the woman gladly assented.

Darkness deepened rapidly -- necessary for diabolical thought and deed, which in this instance was frustrated by the forethought of the woman, whose husband or herself had been singled out for the victim which was to propitiate the building of the bridge. At the appointed hour she returned, bringing with her a dog, and a delicious morsel wherewith to tempt it. The bridge was complete, and there stood his sable majesty, anxiously awaiting his victim.

Suddenly, across the bridge, she threw the tempting morsel, and after it sprang the dog. The devil, seeing how cleverly he had been outwitted, gave forth a terrific howl, which aroused all the inhabitants in the old town, who at once rushed down to the river to ascertain the cause, thinking there had been an earthquake, instead of which they were agreeably astonished to find a substantial bridge, across which the woman, accompanied by her husband and dog, were driving the cow.

And there still stands the remarkable structure to witness or attest the truth, as story says, if I lie, and as a further proof, below the bridge is still to be seen the Devil's Neck Collar -- a rock with a large perforation, which he lost from his neck in that wild unearthly plunge from the bridge, on finding his hellish scheme thwarted.

- Source: Edmund Bogg, *A Thousand Miles of Wandering along the Roman Wall, the Old Border Region, Lakeland, and Ribblesdale* (Leeds: Edmund Bogg, 1898), pp. 229-30.
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The Bridge at Kentchurch

Herefordshire, England

Jack [o' Kent] and the devil built the bridge over the Monnow between Kentchurch and Grosmont in a single night. What they built by night fell down by day as long as the bridge remained incomplete, hence the need for haste. The first passenger to pass over the bridge was to belong to the devil, so Jack threw a bone across, and a poor dog ran after it. That dog was all the devil had for his pains.

- Source: Ella Mary Leather, *The Folk-Lore of Herefordshire* (Hereford: Jakeman and Carver; London: Sidgwick and Jackson, 1912), p. 164.
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The Devil's Bridge

Yorkshire, England

The highway between Pateley Bridge and Grassington crosses, in the parish of Burnsall, the deep dell in which runs the small river Dibb, or Dibble, by a bridge known in legend as the Devil's Bridge. It might reasonably be supposed that Deep-Dell Bridge, or Dibble Bridge, was the correct and desirable designation, but legend and local tradition will by no means have it so, and account for the less pleasant name in the following manner.

In the days when Fountain's Abbey was in its prime, a shoemaker and small tenant of part of

The Fisherman and His Wife

and other folktales
about dissatisfaction and greed
translated and/or edited by

D. L. Ashliman
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The Fisherman and His Wife

Germany

There was once upon a time a fisherman and his wife who lived together in a piss pot near the sea. Every day the fisherman went out fishing, and he fished a long time. Once he was sitting there fishing and looking into the clear water when his hook went to the bottom, deep down, and when he pulled it out, he had caught a large flounder. Then the flounder said to him, "I beg you to let me live. I am not an ordinary flounder, but an enchanted prince. Put me back into the water, and let me swim."

"Well," said the man, "there's no need to say more. I can certainly let a fish swim away who knows how to talk." Then he put it back into the water, and the flounder quickly disappeared to the bottom, leaving a long trail of blood behind him.

The man then went home to his wife in the piss pot and told her that he had caught a flounder that had told him he was an enchanted prince, and that he had let it swim away. "Didn't you ask for anything first?" said the woman. "No," said the man. What should I have asked for?"

"Oh," said the woman. "It is terrible living in this piss pot. It is filled with stench and filth. Go back and ask for a little hut for us."

The man did not want to, but he went back to the sea, and when he arrived it was all yellow and green, and he stood next to the water and said:

shall show them! And yet you want to be so simple as to accept all this?" And thus she scolded forth, until he promised to make her queen.

Consequently he went out to the sea, repeated once again his little verse, and the little fish again appeared and again asked, "What do you want, Count Dudeldee?"

He presented the request, that he would like to be king. The little fish said, "You are!"

Returning home, he found that his palace had changed magnificently. It was now much larger. Marshals and ministers with a golden star and golden keys received him with deep bows. His head suddenly became very heavy. He wanted to take off his hat, but behold! Instead of a hat he had a heavy golden crown on his head. And when he saw his wife, he hardly recognized her, so much did her gown glisten with gold and jewels.

When he asked her if she was now satisfied, she said, "Yes, until I once again come to know something better. I would be a fool if I could be better off, and did not do so."

Thus they lived contentedly for a time, and Dudeldee's wife did not wish for anything further, for she had everything that she possibly could want. She had even taken revenge on the countesses who had called her Countess Fish. But finally she came to lack something. She read in the newspaper about the luxury and the expenditures at other kings' courts, and heard that there were other kings and emperors who ruled over many more people and over much more powerful kingdoms than did Dudeldee. Consequently she again approached him, and tormented him until he promised her to become the most powerful king on earth.

Once again he threw out his net, and called out:

"Little fish, little fish, in the sea!"

"What do you want, King Dudeldee?"

asked the little fish, and Dudeldee said, "Just make me the most powerful king or emperor on earth." And immediately that is what he was.

When he arrived home ambassadors and deputies from all the kingdoms and all the parts of the earth were there. Poor poets with poems to Atlas awaited him. Schoolmasters who needed better salaries were there with their petitions. Chamberlains, with their hats under their arms, walked back and forth. Peasants engaged in lawsuits wanted an audience. Guards walked up and down. A coach with ten horses, twenty cavaliers, and six couriers was standing there, ready to depart. In an adjacent courtyard there were peacocks and guinea fowls. In short, everything was there that would please such a great emperor. There were even two court jesters who were always near him.

The new Emperor Dudeldee was of course angry that these two foolish people were always following him about wherever he might go, and he complained to his wife about them, for after all, he would rather be in the company of reasonable people than of fools. But she told him that he did not understand. It just had to be that way. All important gentlemen preferred to be with fools. Now he was not going to be a fool himself and make an exception.

Finally he gave in, and was happy that his wife was satisfied, but their happiness did not last long. One day he came to her and found her very sad.

"What is wrong?" he asked her.

"Oh," she said, "I am unhappy about the rainy weather. It has lasted four days now, and I would like to have some sunshine. In fact, I wish that I could do everything that God can do, so that I could have spring and summer and fall and winter exactly when I wanted them."

Thus she spoke to him, and he liked her idea as well. "Why," he thought, "then I could go out in the rain and come home in the sunshine that my wife had made. I could even get rid of the fools." Thinking this to himself, he immediately took his fishing net and slipped out a back entrance into the rain. He went to the sea, threw in his net, and again said, as before:

"Little fish, little fish, in the sea!"

"What do you want, Emperor Dudeldee?"

the little fish asked.

"Oh," he said, "only that my wife would like to be able to do whatever God can do: make rain and sunshine, and have spring and summer and fall and winter exactly when she wants them."

"So! Is that all?" asked the little fish. "No, no, Emperor Dudeldee, I see that nothing is good enough for you and your wife. Therefore become the old fisherman Dudeldee once again, for then you were not as proud and unsatisfied as you are now.

Then the little fish disappeared. Hanns Dudeldee called out repeatedly:

"Little fish, little fish, in the sea!"

But no little fish asked:

"What do you want, Hanns Dudeldee?"

And there he stood, as before, without a jacket, wearing only his dirty leather trousers. And when he returned home, the palace was gone. His little board hut was standing there again, with his wife inside in her dirty clothing and looking out through a knothole, as before, and once again she was the wife of Fisherman Dudeldee.

- Source: Albert Ludewig Grimm, "Hanns Dudeldee: ein Mährchen," *Kindermährchen* (Heidelberg: Mohr und Zimmer, [1809], pp. 77-92.
- Albert Ludewig Grimm was not related to the famous Grimm brothers, Jacob and Wilhelm. Although Albert Ludewig's collection of "children's fairy tales" was published three years before Jacob's and Wilhelm's pioneering collection, it had but little impact and is today virtually unknown.
- Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 555.

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The Old Man, His Wife, and the Fish

Russia

There once lived in a hut on the shores of the Isle of Buyan an old man and his wife. They were very poor. The old man used to go to the sea daily to fish, and they only just managed to live on what he caught. One day he let down his net and drew it in. It seemed to be very heavy. He dragged and dragged, and at last got it to shore. There he found that he had caught one little fish of a kind he had never before seen, a golden fish.

The fish spoke to him in a man's voice. "Do not keep me, old man," it said; "let me go once more free in the sea and I will reward you for it, for whatever you wish I will do."

The old man thought for a while. Then he said, "Well, I don't want you. Go into the sea again," and he threw the fish into the water and went home.

"Well," said his wife, when he got home, "what have you caught today?"

"Only one little fish," said the man, "a golden fish, and that I let go again, it begged so hard. 'Put me in the blue sea again,' it said, ' and I will reward you, for whatever you wish I will do.' So I let it go, and did not ask anything."

"Ah, you old fool!" said the wife in a great rage, "what an opportunity you have lost. You might, at least, have asked the fish to give us some bread. We have scarce a crust in the house."

The old woman grumbled so much that her husband could have no quiet, so to please her off he went to the seashore, and there he cried out:

> Little fish, little fish, come now to me,
> Your tail in the water, your head out of sea!

The fish came to the shore. "Well, what do you want, old man?" it asked.

"My wife," said the man, "is in a great passion, and has sent me to ask for bread."

"Very well," said the fish, "go home and you shall have it."

The old man went back, and when he entered the hut he found bread in plenty.

"Well," said he to his wife, "we have enough bread now."

"Oh yes!" said she, "but I have had such a misfortune while you were away. I have broken the bucket. What shall I do the washing in now? Go to the fish, and ask it to give us a new bucket."

Away went the man. Standing on the shore he called out:

Little fish, little fish, come now to me,
Your tail in the water, your head out of sea!

The fish soon made its appearance. "Well, old man," it said, "what do you want?"

"My wife," said the man, " has had a misfortune, and has broken our bucket. So I have come to ask for a new one."

"Very well," said the fish, "you shall find one at home."

The old man went back. As soon as he got home his wife said to him, "Be off to the golden fish again, and ask it to give us a new hut. Ours is all coming to pieces. We have scarcely a roof over our heads."

The old man once more came to the shore, and cried:

Little fish, little fish, come now to me,
Your tail in the water, your head out of sea!

The fish came. "Well, what is it?" asked the fish.

"My wife," said the man, "is in a very bad temper, and has sent me to ask you to build us a new cottage. She says she cannot live any longer in our present one."

"Oh, do not be troubled about that," said the fish. "Go home. You shall have what you want."

The old man went back again, and in the place of his miserable hovel he found a new hut built of oak and nicely ornamented.

The old man was delighted, but as soon as he went in his wife set on him, saying, "What an idiot you are! You do not know how to take good fortune when it is offered to you. You think you have done a great thing just because you have got a new hut. Be off again to the golden fish, and tell it I will not be a mere peasant's wife any longer, I will be an archduchess, with plenty of servants, and set the fashion."

The old man went to the golden fish.

"What is it?" asked the fish.

"My wife will not let me rest," replied the man; "she wants now to be an archduchess, and is not content with being my wife."

"Well, it shall be as she wishes. Go home again," said the fish.

Away went the man. How astonished was he, when, on coming to where his house had stood, he now found a fine mansion, three stories high. Servants crowded the hall, and cooks were busy in the kitchens. On a seat in a fine room sat the man's wife, dressed in robes shining with gold and silver, and giving orders.

"Good day, wife!" said the man.

"Who are you, man?" said his wife. "What have you to do with me, a fine lady? Take the clown away," said she to her servants. "Take him to the stable, and whip some of the impudence out of him."

The servants seized the old man, took him off to the stable, and when they had him there beat him so that he hardly knew whether he was alive or not. After that the wife made him the doorkeeper of the house. She gave him a besom, and put him to keep the yard in order. As for his meals, he got them in the kitchen. He had a hard life of it. If the yard was not swept clean, he had to look out.

"Who would have thought she had been such a hag?" said the old man to himself. "Here she has all such good fortune, and will not even own me for her husband!"

After a time the wife got tired of being merely an archduchess, so she said to her husband, "Go off to the golden fish, and tell it I will be a czarina."

The old man went down to the shore. He cried:

> Little fish, little fish, come now to me,
> Your tail in the water, your head out of sea!

The fish came swimming to the shore. "Well, old man!" it said, "what do you want?"

"My wife is not yet satisfied," said the man; "she wants now to be a czarina,"

"Do not let that trouble you," said the fish, "but go to your house. "What you ask shall be done."

The man went back. In place of the fine house he found a palace with a roof of gold. Soldiers were on guard around it. In front of the palace was a garden, and at the back a fine park, in which some troops were parading. On a balcony stood the czarina surrounded by officers and nobles. The troops presented arms, the drums beat, the trumpets blew, and the people shouted.

In a short time the woman got tired of being czarina, and she commanded that her husband should be found and brought to her presence. The palace was all in confusion, for who knew what had become of the old man? Officers and noblemen hurried here and there to search for him. At length he was found in a hut behind the palace.

"Listen, you old idiot!" said his wife. "Go to the golden fish, and tell it that I am tired of being czarina. I want to rule over all the ocean, to have dominion over every sea and all the fish."

The old man hesitated to go to the fish with such a request.

"Be off!" said his wife, "or your head shall be cut off."

The man went to the seashore and said:

> Little fish, little fish, come now to me,
> Your tail in the water, your head out of sea!

The fish did not come. The man waited, but it was not to be seen. Then he said the words a second time. The waves roared. A short while before it had been bright and calm, now dark clouds covered the sky, the wind howled, and the water seemed of an inky blackness. At length the fish came.

"What do you want, old man?" it asked.

"My old wife," answered he, "is not satisfied even now. She says she will be czarina no longer, but will rule over all the waters and all the fish."

The fish made no reply, but dived down and disappeared in the sea. The man went back. What had become of the palace? He looked around, but could not see it. He rubbed his eyes in wonder. On the spot where the palace had stood was the old hut, and at the door stood the old woman in her old rags.

So they commenced to live again in their old style. The man often went a-fishing, but he never more caught the golden fish.

- Source: *Folk-Lore and Legends: Russian and Polish* (London: W. W. Gibbings, 1890), pp. 35-41.
- The introductory note is signed by C. J. T. [Charles John Tibbits].
- Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 555.
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The Stonecutter

Japan

Once upon a time there lived a stonecutter, who went every day to a great rock in the side of a big mountain and cut out slabs for gravestones or for houses. He understood very well the kinds of stones wanted for the different purposes, and as he was a careful workman he had plenty of customers. For a long time he was quite happy and contented, and asked for nothing better than what he had.

Now in the mountain dwelt a spirit which now and then appeared to men, and helped them in many ways to become rich and prosperous. The stonecutter, however, had never seen this spirit, and only shook his head, with an unbelieving air, when anyone spoke of it. But a time was coming when he learned to change his opinion.

One day the stonecutter carried a gravestone to the house of a rich man, and saw there all sorts of beautiful things, of which he had never even dreamed. Suddenly his daily work seemed to grow harder and heavier, and he said to himself: "Oh, if only I were a rich man, and could sleep in a bed with silken curtains and golden tassels, how happy I should be!"

And a voice answered him: "Your wish is heard; a rich man you shall be!"

At the sound of the voice the stonecutter looked around, but could see nobody. He thought it was all his fancy, and picked up his tools and went home, for he did not feel inclined to do any more work that day. But when he reached the little house where he lived, he stood still with amazement, for instead of his wooden hut was a stately palace filled with splendid furniture, and most splendid of all was the bed, in every respect like the one he had envied. He was nearly beside himself with joy, and in his new life the old one was soon forgotten.

It was now the beginning of summer, and each day the sun blazed more fiercely. One morning the heat was so great that the stonecutter could scarcely breathe, and he determined he would stop at home till the evening. He was rather dull, for he had never learned how to amuse himself, and was peeping through the closed blinds to see what was going on in the street, when a little carriage passed by, drawn by servants dressed in blue and silver. In the carriage sat a prince, and over his head a golden umbrella was held, to protect him from the sun's rays.

"Oh, if I were only a prince!" said the stonecutter to himself, as the carriage vanished around the corner. "Oh, if I were only a prince, and could go in such a carriage and have a golden umbrella held over me, how happy I should be!"

And a prince he was. Before his carriage rode one company of men and another behind it; servants dressed in scarlet and gold bore him along, the coveted umbrella was held over his head, everything his heart could desire was his. But yet it was not enough. He looked around still for something to wish for, and when he saw that in spite of the water he poured on the grass the rays of the sun scorched it, and that in spite of the umbrella held over his head each day his face grew browner and browner, he cried in his anger: "The sun is mightier than I; oh, if I were only the sun!"

And the mountain spirit answered: "Your wish is heard; the sun you shall be."

And the sun he was, and felt himself proud in his power. He shot his beams above and below, on earth and in heaven; he burnt up the grass in the fields and scorched the faces of princes as well as of poorer folk. but in a short time he began to grow tired of his might, for there seemed nothing left for him to do. Discontent once more filled his soul, and when a cloud covered his face, and hid the earth from him, he cried in his anger: "Does the cloud hold captive my rays, and is it mightier than I? Oh, that I were a cloud, and mightier than any!"

And the mountain spirit answered: "Your wish is heard; a cloud you shall be!"

And a cloud he was, and lay between the sun and the earth. He caught the sun's beams and held them, and to his joy the earth grew green again and flowers blossomed. But that was not enough for him, and for days and week he poured forth rain till the rivers overflowed their banks, and the crops of rice stood in water. Towns and villages were destroyed by the power of the rain, only the great rock on the mountainside remained unmoved. The cloud was amazed at the sight, and cried in wonder: "Is the rock, then, mightier than I? Oh, if I were only the rock!"

And the mountain spirit answered; "Your wish is heard; the rock you shall be!"

And the rock he was, and gloried in his power. Proudly he stood, and neither the heat of the sun nor the force of the rain could move him. "This is better than all!" he said to himself. But one day he heard a strange noise at his feet, and when he looked down to see what it could be, he saw a stonecutter driving tools into his surface. Even while he looked a trembling feeling ran all through him, and a great block broke off and fell upon the ground. Then he cried in his wrath: "Is a mere child of earth mightier than a rock? Oh, if I were only a man!"

And the mountain spirit answered: "Your wish is heard. A man once more you shall be!"

And a man he was, and in the sweat of his brow he toiled again at his trade of stone cutting. His bed was hard and his food scanty, but he had learned to be satisfied with it, and did not long to be something or somebody else. And as he never asked for things he did not have, or desired to be greater and mightier than other people, he was happy at last, and never again heard the voice of the mountain spirit.

- Source: Andrew Lang, *The Crimson Fairy Book* (London: Longmans, Green, and Company, 1903), pp. 192-97.
- Lang's source: David Brauns, *Japanische Märchen und Sagen* (Leipzig: Verlag von Wilhelm Friedrich, 1885), pp. 87-90.
- This story is similar to type 555 folktales.
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The Bullock's Balls

India

In a certain place there lived a large bullock by the name of Tîkschnabrischana, which means "having substantial balls." Because of his excessive pride, he left his herd and wandered about in the forest, tearing up the banks as he pleased and devouring the emerald-colored grass.

In this same forest there lived a jackal by the name of Pralobhaka, which means "the greedy one." One day he was sitting pleasantly with his wife on an island in the river. Tîkschnabrischana came up to this island to have a drink of water. When the jackal's wife saw the balls, she said to her husband, "Master, just look! This bullock has two pieces of meat hanging down. They will be falling off immediately, at the least in a few hours. Take heed of this, and follow him."

The jackal answered, "Loved one, there is nothing certain about their falling off. Why do you ask me to set forth on such a futile task? Let me stay here with you, and together we can eat the mice that come here to drink. This is their pathway. If I leave you to follow the bullock, then someone else will come here and take over this spot. It is not a good idea, for it is said: *He who gives up a sure thing for an uncertainty will lose the sure thing, and the uncertainty will remain just that.*"

The jackal's wife said, "Oh, you are a low-spirited creature. You are satisfied with the worst things that you can find. They also say: *It is easy to fill a little brook and also the paws of a little mouse. Ordinary people are easily satisfied. They are pleased with the smallest things.* For this reason a good man must always be active. They also say: *With every beginning there is a will to act. Avoid idleness, and join the community of the intelligent and the powerful. Think not that fate alone rules. Cease not to work. Without effort the sesame seed will not give up its oil.* And further: *A foolish man is happy with little. His heart is satisfied just thinking of wealth.* It is thus not appropriate for you to say, 'It is uncertain, whether or not they will fall off.' It is also said: *Active people deserve praise. Those with pride will be praised. What sort of scoundrel will wait until Indra brings him water?* Furthermore, I am mightily tired of eating mouse meat. These two pieces of meat look as though they will soon fall off. You must follow him. Nothing else will do!"

After hearing all this, the jackal left his mouse catching, and followed after Tîkschnabrischana. They rightly say: *A man is master in all things, until he lets his will be turned by a woman's words.* And further: *The impossible seems possible, the unachievable easily achieved, and the inedible edible to the man who is spurred on by a woman's words.*

Thus, together with his wife, he followed the bullock a long time, but the two balls did not fall off.

In the fifteenth year, the jackal finally said wearily to his wife, "Fifteen years, my love, I have kept my eyes on those hanging things to see whether or not they are going to fall off, but they still hold fast. Nor will they fall off in the future. Let us return to catching mice!"

- Source: *Pantschatantra: Fünf Bücher indischer Fabeln, Märchen und Erzählungen*, translated from the Sanskrit into German by Theodor Benfey, vol. 2 (Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus, 1859), book 2, story 6, pp. 194-96.
- Translated from German into English by D. L. Ashliman. © 2001.
- Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 115.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

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Mandje! Mandje! Timpe Te!
Flounder, flounder, in the sea!
My wife, my wife Ilsebill,
Wants not, wants not, what I will

The flounder swam up and said, "What does she want then?"

"Oh," said the man, "I did catch you, and my wife says that I really should have asked for something. She doesn't want to live in a piss pot any longer. She would like to have a hut."

"Go home," said the flounder. "She already has it."

The man went home, and his wife was standing in the door of a hut, and she said to him, "Come in. See, now isn't this much better." And there was a parlor and a bedroom and a kitchen; and outside there was a little garden with all kinds of vegetables, and a yard with hens and ducks.

"Oh," said the man. "Now we can live well."

"Yes," said the woman, "we'll give it a try."

Everything went well for a week or two, and then the woman said, "Husband. This hut is too small. The yard and the garden are too little. I want to live in a large stone castle. Go back to the flounder and tell him to get a castle for us."

"Oh, wife," said the man. The flounder has just given us the hut. I don't want to go back so soon. It may make the flounder angry."

"I know he can do it," said the woman, "and he won't mind. Just go!"

So, with a heavy heart, the man went back, and when he came to the sea, the water was quite purple and gray and dark blue, but it was still, and he stood there and said:

Mandje! Mandje! Timpe Te!
Flounder, flounder, in the sea!
My wife, my wife Ilsebill,
Wants not, wants not, what I will.

"What does she want then?" said the flounder.

"Oh," said the man sadly, "my wife wants to live in a stone castle."

"Go home. She's already standing before the door," said the flounder.

So the man went home, and his wife was standing in front of a large palace.

"See, husband," she said. "Isn't this beautiful?" And with that they went inside together. There were many servants inside, and the walls were all white, and there were golden chairs and tables in the parlor, and outside the castle there was a garden and a forest a half mile long,

and there were elk and deer and rabbits, and there were cow and horse stalls in the yard.

"Oh," said the man, "now we can stay in this beautiful castle and be satisfied."

"We'll think about it," said the woman. "Let's sleep on it." And with that they went to bed.

The next morning the woman awoke. It was daylight. She poked her husband in the side with her elbow and said, "Husband, get up. We should be king over all this land."

"Oh, wife," said the man, "why do you want to be king? I don't want to be king."

"Well, I want to be king."

"Oh, wife," said the man, "how can you be king? The flounder won't want to do that."

"Husband," said the woman, "Go there immediately. I want to be king."

So the man, saddened because his wife wanted to be king, went back. And when he arrived at the sea it was dark gray, and the water heaved up from below. He stood there and said:

> Mandje! Mandje! Timpe Te!
> Flounder, flounder, in the sea!
> My wife, my wife Ilsebill,
> Wants not, wants not, what I will.

"What does she want then," said the flounder.

"Oh," said the man, "my wife wants to be king."

"Go home. She's already king," said the flounder.

Then the man went home, and when he arrived at the palace, there were so many soldiers, and drums, and trumpets, and his wife was sitting on a high throne of gold and diamonds, and she was wearing a large golden crown and on either side of her there stood a line of maidens-in-waiting, each one a head shorter than the other.

"Oh," said the man, "are you king now?"

"Yes," she said, "I am king."

And after he had looked at her awhile, he said, "It is nice that you are king. Now we don't have to wish for anything else."

"No, husband," she said, "I have been king too long. I can't stand it any longer. I am king, but now I would like to become emperor."

"Oh," said the man, "why do you want to become emperor?"

"Husband," she said, "go to the flounder. I want to be emperor."

"Oh, wife," said the man, "he can't make you emperor. I can't tell him to do that."

"I am king," said the woman, "and you are my husband. Now go there immediately!"

So the man went, and on his way he thought, "This is not going to end well. To ask to be emperor is shameful. The flounder is going to get tired of this." With that he arrived at the sea. The water was entirely black and dense, and a strong wind blew over him that curdled the water. He stood there and said:

> Mandje! Mandje! Timpe Te!
> Flounder, flounder, in the sea!
> My wife, my wife Ilsebill,
> Wants not, wants not, what I will.

"What does she want then," said the flounder.

"Oh," he said, "my wife wants to become emperor."

"Go home," said the flounder. "She's already emperor."

Then the man went home, and when he arrived, his wife was sitting on a very high throne made of one piece of gold, and she was wearing a large golden crown that was two yards high, and guards were standing at her side, each one smaller than the other, beginning with the largest giant and ending with the littlest dwarf, who was no larger than my little finger. Many princes and counts were standing in front of her. The man went and stood among them and said, "Wife, are you emperor now?"

"Yes," she said, "I am emperor."

"Oh," said the man, taking a good look at her. "Wife, it's good that you are emperor."

"Husband," she said. "Why are you standing there? I'm emperor now, and I want to become pope as well."

"Oh, wife!" said the man. "Why do you want to become pope. There is only one pope in all Christendom."

"Husband," she said, "I want to become pope before the day is done."

"No, wife," he said, "the flounder cannot make you pope. It's not good."

"Husband, what nonsense! If he can make me emperor, then he can make me pope as well. Now go there immediately!"

Then the man went, and he felt sick all over, and his knees and legs were shaking, and the wind was blowing, and the water looked like it was boiling, and ships, tossing and turning on the waves, were firing their guns in distress. There was a little blue in the middle of the sky, but on all sides it had turned red, as in a terrible lightning storm. Full of despair he stood there

and said:

> Mandje! Mandje! Timpe Te!
> Flounder, flounder, in the sea!
> My wife, my wife Ilsebill,
> Wants not, wants not, what I will.

"What does she want then?" said the flounder.

"Oh," said the man, "my wife wants to become pope."

"Go home," said the flounder. "She's already pope."

Then he went home, and when he arrived there, his wife was sitting on a throne that was two miles high, and she was wearing three large crowns. She was surrounded with church-like splendor, and at her sides there were two banks of candles. The largest was as thick and as tall as the largest tower, down to the smallest kitchen candle. "Wife," said the man, giving her a good look, "are you pope now?"

"Yes," she said, "I am pope."

"Oh," said the man. "It is good that you are pope. Wife, we can be satisfied, now that you are pope. There's nothing else that you can become."

"I have to think about that," said the woman. Then they both went to bed, but she was not satisfied. Her desires would not let her sleep. She kept thinking what she wanted to become next. Then the sun came up. "Aha," she thought, as she watched the sunrise through her window. "Couldn't I cause the sun to rise?" Then she became very grim and said to her husband, "Husband, go back to the flounder. I want to become like God."

The man, who was still mostly asleep, was so startled that he fell out of bed. "Oh, wife," he said, "go on as you are and remain pope."

"No," said the woman, tearing open her bodice. "I will not be quiet. I can't stand it when I see the sun and the moon coming up, and I can't cause them to rise. I want to become like God!"

"Oh, wife," said the man. "The flounder can't do that. He can make you emperor and pope, but he can't do that."

"Husband," she said, looking very gruesome, "I want to become like God. Go to the flounder right now!"

The man trembled with fear at every joint. Outside there was a terrible storm. Trees and mountains were shaking. The heaven was completely black, and there was thunder and lightning. In the sea he could see black waves as high as mountains, and they were capped with white crowns of foam. He said:

> Mandje! Mandje! Timpe Te!

Flounder, flounder, in the sea!
My wife, my wife Ilsebill,
Wants not, wants not, what I will.

"What does she want then," said the flounder.

"Oh," he said, "she wants to become like God."

"Go home. She is sitting in her piss pot again."

And they are sitting there even today.

- Source: Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, "Von den Fischer und siiner Fru," *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*, 1st ed. (Berlin: Realschulbuchhandlung, 1812), v. 1, no. 19.
- The Grimms' source for this tale, recorded in wonderfully simple, but poetic Low German, was the romantic painter Philipp Otto Runge (1777-1810). In 1806 Runge sent a manuscript of this tale to the publisher of Achim von Arnim's and Clemens Brentano's collection of folk poetry *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*. In 1809 the manuscript was made available to the Grimm brothers, and they included the tale in the first edition (and -- with stylistic and dialect variations -- all succeeding editions) of their *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*. A somewhat different version of Runge's manuscript also found its way to Johann Gustav Büsching, who published the tale as no. 58 in his *Volks-Sagen, Märchen und Legenden* (Leipzig: Carl Heinrich Reclam, 1812), pp. 258-66. This work appeared before the Grimm's collection, which was also published in 1812.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2000.
- Translator's notes:
    1. The couple's place of residence, in the Grimms' Low German, is called a "Pisputt." (Büsching was more cautious, using the truncated spelling "P--pot.") Most translators give this unambiguously earthy word a figurative meaning in English. Thus, one sees "shack," "pigsty," "miserable little hovel," "dirty hovel," and "chamber pot" in various English translations. I have chosen to keep with the low road, and call a Pisputt a piss pot.
    2. I have left untranslated the formulaic introduction to the fisherman's oft-repeated call to the fish, "Mandje! Mandje! Timpe Te!" From other sources it is evident that "Mandje" is a dialect word for "Little Man," as in High German "Männchen." "Timpe Te" appears to be the fisherman's name -- elsewhere he is called "Domine" or "Dudeldee." Thus the verse, as recorded by Philipp Otto Runge and immortalized by the Grimm brothers, appears to be a corruption of a more logical version (not unusual in folklore). Logically the fish, not the fisherman, would call out the greeting, "Mandje! Mandje! Timpe Te!"
- Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 555.
- Link to the Grimms' final version (1857) of this tale Von dem Fischer un syner Fru, in Low German.
- Return to the table of contents.

Hanns Dudeldee

Germany, Albert Ludewig Grimm

A long time ago, many hundreds of years ago, there lived a fisherman with his wife. His name was Dudeldee. They were so poor that they did not have a real house, but lived in a hut made of boards without any windows. They looked out through the knot holes. In spite all this, Dudeldee was satisfied, but not his wife. She wished for this or that and constantly tormented her husband because he could not give it to her.

Dudeldee usually said nothing, thinking only to himself, "If only I were rich," or "If only I could have everything I wished for."

One evening he was standing with his wife before their front door looking around their neighborhood. There were a number of handsome farmhouses nearby. Then his wife said to him, "If we only had a hut as good as the worst of our neighbors' houses. We could have such a one, but you are too lazy. You can't work the way other people work."

Dudeldee asked, "What? Don't I work as hard as other people? Don't I stand there fishing the entire day?"

"No!" answered his wife. "You could get up earlier and catch as many fish before daybreak as you now get during the whole day. But you are too lazy. You don't want to do anything." And thus she scolded him on and on.

So the next morning he got up early and went out to the lake to fish. By the time he saw people going to their fields to work he still had caught nothing. Noon came, and the mowers sat in the shade and ate their noon meals, and still he had caught nothing. Sadly he sat down and pulled his moldy bread from his pocket and ate it. Then he went back to fishing. The sun moved downward, and the mowers went home, the shepherds drove their herds into their enclosures, the cow herds returned home, and the fields grew quiet. But Dudeldee still stood there, and still he had not even one little fish.

It was almost dark when he thought about going home. He would throw out his net just one more time and try to catch something. He threw it out, and as if were trying to lure the fish into it, he called out:

"Little fish, little fish, in the sea!"

"What do you want, Hanns Dudeldee?"

asked a little fish that had swum up, sticking his head a little above the water.

Poor Hanns Dudeldee was startled to see the little fish, but he collected himself and thought, "If all I have to do is to want something, you will not have to ask me again."

He looked around to see what he might wish for. On the other side of the lake there stood a handsome palace from which he could hear the beautiful music of horns resounding. At the same time he thought of his wife's wish to have a better house, so he said, "I would like a country house like that one over there. I would like such a palace instead of my little board

hut."

"Just go home," said the little fish. "Your board hut is now such a palace."

More running than walking, Hanns Dudeldee returned home. Already at some distance, he saw that at the place where his house formerly stood there was now a splendid palace with brightly illuminated rooms. Entering, he saw that everything was so splendid that he did not know how to behave. The entryway was paved with marble. The living-room floor was of inlaid wood, and polished with wax. The walls were covered with wallpaper. Magnificent chandeliers hung in the high halls. In short, everything was so beautiful that Hans Dudeldee did not dare to walk around inside. He could not believe that this was his property. He thought he had entered the wrong house and would have left, if his wife had not met him on the steps. He had scarcely seen her when he asked her, "Now are you satisfied with the house?" and he told her what had happened.

"What?" she answered. "Do you think that what we have here is a miracle? I saw much better houses in the city when I was in service there. It is passable, but how could you be so stupid? You forgot the best things. Just look at our clothes against this nice house! See how they stand out! At the same time you should have wished for beautiful clothes for me and for you. But you are too stupid and lazy. You don't even make use of the little bit of intelligence that you have." And thus she continued to scold and bicker until she fell asleep.

The next morning at daybreak Hanns Dudeldee went back to the same place, once again threw out his net, and once again called out:

"Little fish, little fish, in the sea!"

"What do you want, Hanns Dudeldee?"

Thus replied the little fish once again, and Dudeldee did not have to think long before saying that he wanted beautiful clothing for his wife and for himself, clothing that was appropriate for their new house.

"You have it," said the little fish, and Dudeldee stood there wearing a cloth jacket with gold braid, silk stockings and shoes, and an embroidered vest, everything in keeping with the fashion of the time.

Returning home, he would have scarcely recognized his wife in her silk clothing, but she looked out the window and asked, "Hanns, is that you?"

"Yes," he answered. "Are you satisfied now?"

"We'll see!" she answered.

Thus they lived peacefully for a time. But one day, when her husband wanted to go out fishing again, she said, "Why do you need to go fishing? Give that up and instead wish for yourself a chest filled with gold."

"Hmm, that is true!" thought Dudeldee, and he went out to the lake, once again threw out his net and called out:

"Little fish, little fish, in the sea!"

"What do you want, Hanns Dudeldee?"

asked the little fish once again.

"Oh, a chest filled with gold," he said.

"Just go home," said the little fish

And when he arrived home, standing in his bedroom was a chest filled with gold pieces.

Thus they lived high and well. She bought herself a coach and horses, and a riding horse for her husband. They often drove into the cities, and they engaged a cook and servants.

The neighbors always called her the arrogant fishwife. This annoyed her greatly, so she told her husband to make her the ruler over all the neighbors. Once again he went out with his net, threw it into the water, and called out:

"Little fish, little fish, in the sea!"

"What do you want, Hanns Dudeldee?"

asked the little fish.

"I would like to be a nobleman or a count and to rule over all my neighbors."

"Just go home. It is so."

When he arrived home the neighbors were paying homage to his wife. She already had had a few of the neighbor women locked up who previously had called her the arrogant fishwife.

Now they often drove to the capital city where the king resided, wanting to join company with other counts. But they did not know how to conduct themselves with the manners of nobility, and everyone ridiculed them. Some countesses would refer to her only as Fish Countess and him as Fish Count Dudeldee.

So she again spoke to her husband, "Go out and have yourself made king. I do not want to be called Fish Countess any longer. I want to be queen."

However, Hanns Dudeldee advised her against this, saying, "Just remember how it was when we were poor, and we wished for a little hut as good as the worst of our neighbors' houses. Now we have a surplus of everything. Let us call it enough."

But his wife did not want to call it enough, and she said, "What? I am to put up with being called Fish Countess? I am to bear the city women's pride? No! They must know who I am. I

Dividing Souls in the Graveyard

Folktales of Aarne-Thompson-Uther Type 1791
edited by

D. L. Ashliman
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The Miller and the Tailor

England

> The subjoined story is from the same source as "John Adroyns" and the " Maltman of Colebrook," and is at once more elaborate and more dramatic. It is in our estimation one of the drollest and best-sustained narrations of the kind in our language. The plot is slightly involved, but it is managed and developed with rare skill and felicity. The treatment of this and other narrations and pleasantries in the "Hundred Merry Tales" (1526), tends to corroborate the notion which we broached in 1887, that Sir Thomas More had a share in compiling the volume, which combines with unusual literary merit a singular freedom from grossness, and was evidently under the inspiration of some masculine intellect with a precocious sense of humour and a descriptive faculty at that time almost unique. Like the preceding relation, the particulars here found were by no means improbably derived from an actual fact, although the writer doubtless permitted himself more or less license in the way of romantic embellishment. [Note by Hazlitt]

There was a certain rich farmer in a village, who marvellously loved nuts, and planted trees of filberts and other nuts in his orchard, which through his whole life he cared for well; and when he died it appeared that his executors were to engage to bury with him in the grave a bag of nuts under pain of losing their executorship. So these executors did as they were bidden.

It so happened that on the very night after the burial a miller in a white coat came to the dead man's garden to steal a bag of nuts; and as he went along he met with a tailor in a black coat, an unthrifty fellow, and discovered to him his scheme. The tailor confessed in his turn that that same night he planned stealing a sheep. It was determined between them that each should effect his purpose, and that they should meet, later on, in the church porch, the one who came first to tarry for the other.

The miller gathered his nuts, and was the first to reach the porch; and while he waited for the tailor, he sat down and cracked nuts. It being about nine o'clock, the sexton came to ring the curfew; and when he looked, and saw a man in the porch dressed in white and cracking nuts, he weened that it was the farmer risen from his grave, cracking the nuts that had been buried along with him, and sped home in all haste and told a cripple, who lived in the same house what he had beheld. This cripple, when he heard the sexton so speak, reproved him, and said that, were it in his power to go to the place, he would conjure the spirit.

"By my faith, if thou art not afraid, I will carry thee on my back," said the sexton.

And the sexton took the cripple on his back, and brought him to the churchyard; whereupon the miller in the porch, seeing one approach with something on his back, and weening it had been the tailor with the sheep, rose up, and came toward them, saying, "Is he fat? Is he fat?"

The sexton, hearing these words, cast down the cripple, and said, "Fat or lean, take him as he is," and vanished; and the cripple by miracle was made whole, and ran as fast as the sexton, or faster.

The miller, perceiving that there were two, and that one ran from the other, thought that one was the owner of the sheep and had espied the tailor stealing it; and lest somebody might have seen him steal the nuts out of the orchard, he left the shells behind him, and hied home to his mill.

Presently came the tailor with the sheep on his back to seek him, as it had been arranged; and when he saw nought but nutshells, he concluded, as was indeed the truth, that the miller had gone home. So, throwing his sheep once more over his shoulder, he walked toward the mill.

Meanwhile the sexton, when he ran away, went not to his own house, but to the parish priest, to whom he shewed how the spirit of the dead man was seated in the church porch eating nuts; and they both proceeded back together to the place, that the priest might conjure the spirit.

The priest put on his stole and surplice, and took holy water with him; and as they went along, the tailor with the white sheep on his back met them, and in the dusk, taking the priest in his white surplice to be the miller in his white coat, shouted to him, "By God! I have him! I have him!" meaning the sheep which he had stolen.

But the priest, seeing the tailor all in black and a white thing on his shoulder, imagined it to be the devil bearing away the spirit of the man that had just been buried, and ran away at full

speed, the sexton following at his heels. The tailor judged that the two had been following him to take him for stealing the sheep, and thought that the miller might have got into trouble for stealing the nuts. So he went on toward the mill, to see if he could be of any use to the miller, and to hear what news.

When he rapped at the mill-door, the miller called out, "Who is there?"

The tailor answered and said, "By God! I have caught one of them, and made him sure, and tied him fast by the legs."

Then the miller feared that the tailor had been taken and secured by the constable, and that he had now come to fetch him away for stealing the nuts; wherefore he ran out at a backdoor as fast as ever he could. The tailor heard the door open, and going to the other side of the mill saw the miller posting off; and for a few moments he stood musing there with his sheep on his back.

The parish priest and the sexton, who had been hiding near the mill for fear of the spirit of the dead man, presently caught sight of the black tailor and the white sheep again, and fled in dismay, and the priest, not knowing the ground, leapt into a ditch, where the mud almost reached his chin. Then the tailor, perceiving that the miller ran one way and the sexton another, and that the priest cried for assistance, and supposing that it was the constable, who had come at last to arrest him, cast down the sheep, and also disappeared.

Thus each man suffered misfortune, because some had done what was wrong and others what was foolish, and all were afraid without cause; and a good deal was owing to the time when it happened, for it was in the night that all this strange game of errors was played.

- Source: W. Carew Hazlitt, *Tales and Legends of National Origin or Widely Current in England from Early Times* (London: Swan, Sonnenschein, and Company, 1899), pp. 454-58.
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The Bag of Nuts

England (Derbyshire)

It happened once that two young men met in a churchyard, about eight o'clock in the evening.

One of them said to the other, "Where are you going?"

The other answered, "I'm going to get a bag of nuts that lies underneath my mother's head in this churchyard. But tell me, where are you going?"

He said, "I'm going to steal a fat sheep out of this field. Wait here till I come back."

Then the other man got the nuts that were under his dead mother's head, and stood in the church porch cracking them.

In those days it was the custom to ring a bell at a certain time in the evening, and just as the man was cracking the nuts the sexton came into the churchyard to ring it. But when he heard the cracking of the nuts in the porch he was afraid, and ran to tell the parson, who only laughed at him, and said, "Go and ring, fool."

However, the sexton was so afraid, that he said he would not go back unless the parson would go with him. After much persuasion the parson agreed to go, but he had the gout very badly, and the sexton had to carry him on his back. When the man in the porch who was cracking the nuts saw the sexton coming into the churchyard with the parson on his back he thought it was the man who had just gone out to steal the sheep, and had returned with a sheep on his back. So he bawled out, "Is it a fat one?"

When the sexton heard this he was so frightened that he threw the parson down and said, "Aye, and thou canst take it if thou lik'st."

So the sexton ran away as fast as he could, and left the parson to shift for himself.

But the parson ran home as fast as the sexton.

- Source: Sidney Oldall Addy, *Household Tales with Other Traditional Remains: Collected in the Counties of York, Lincoln, Derby, and Nottingham* (London: David Nutt, 1895), no. 2, pp. 4-5.
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Mother Elston's Bag of Nuts

England (Devonshire)

Mother Elston used to go from place to place selling nuts, and before she died she begged that a bag of them might be put in her coffin. Her wishes were fulfilled, and she was buried, and then it began to be said her ghost used to sit on her grave and crack the nuts. Many people heard it, and the clergyman of the parish was told. He said that, if at any time it was made known to him that the ghost was there, to be seen or heard, he would come at once and lay it.

One fine night, after a neighbouring "revel," three men rather the worse for drink came by, and saw some sheep in a field close to the churchyard. The thought struck them that here was a good opportunity for helping themselves, and while one man went into the church porch to keep watch, the others went to steal the sheep.

Now, the man in the porch had brought a lot of nuts from the revel, and while waiting he began to eat them. Just then the sexton came by and heard nuts being cracked, sure enough. So off he ran to the vicarage to fetch the parson, who agreed to come at once. Unfortunately he was afflicted with St. Vitus' dance and could not walk, being obliged to go in a perambulator.

"Have you my perambulator?" said the parson.

"No, sir; I don't naw where he's to," replied the sexton.

"Never mind; this little way you can carry me on your back," said the parson.

So off they set, and just inside the churchyard they heard the nuts still being cracked. The sexton stopped.

"Go a little nearer," urged the parson. The sexton went a little nearer.

"Go a little nearer still"; and the sexton still went a little nearer.

Then the parson began saying something to lay the ghost. But the man in the porch thought they were one of his mates with a sheep. "Is he fat?" he called.

And the sexton was so frightened that he dropped the parson and ran away as fast as he could. But St. Vitus' dance comes with a fright and goes with a fright, they say, and the parson was quite cured from that minute, and could walk as well as ever he could after.

- Source: P. F. S. Amery, ed., "Seventeenth Report of the Committee on Devonshire Folk-Lore," *Report and Transactions of the Devonshire Association for the Advancement of Science, Literature, and Art*, vol. 32 (Plymouth: W. Brendon and Son, 1900), pp. 87-88.
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Tom Daly and the Nut-Eating Ghost

Ireland

> The value of the next story (which was told by the blind man), apart from the comic in its form and con tents, is the fact that nuts are buried for the godfather to eat after death. This is an interesting survival of primitive Gaelic belief. [Note by Curtin]

Tom Daly lived between Kenmare and Skneem, but nearer to Kenmare, and had an only son, who was called Tom, after the father. When the son was eighteen years old Tom Daly died, leaving a widow and this son. The wife was paralysed two years before Tom's death, and could rise out of the bed only as she was taken out, but as the fire was near the bed she could push a piece of turf into it if the turf was left at hand.

Tom Daly while alive was in the employ of a gentleman living at Drummond Castle. Young Tom got the father's place, and he looked on his godfather as he would on his own father, for the father and godfather had been great friends always, and Tom's mother was as fond of the godfather as she was of her own husband.

Four years after old Tom died the godfather followed him. He was very fond of chestnuts, and when he came to die he asked his friends to put a big wooden dish of them in his coffin, so he might come at the nuts in the next world.

They carried out the man's wishes. The godfather was buried, and the bedridden widow mourned for him as much as for her own husband. The young man continued to work for the gentleman at Drummond Castle, and in the winter it was often late in the evening before he could come home.

There was a shortcut from the gentleman's place through a grove and past the graveyard. Young Tom was going home one winter night, the moon was shining very brightly. While passing the graveyard he saw a man on a big tomb that was in it, and he cracking nuts. Young Daly saw that it was on his godfather's tomb the man was, and when he remembered the nuts that were buried with him he believed in one minute that it was the godfather who was before him. He was greatly in dread then, and ran off as fast as ever his legs could carry him. When he reached home he was out of breath and panting.

"What is on you," asked the mother, "and to be choking for breath?"

"Sure I saw my godfather sitting on the tomb and he eating the nuts that were buried with him."

"Bad luck to you," said the mother; "don't be belying the dead, for it is as great a sin to tell one lie on the dead as ten on the living."

"God knows," said Tom, "that I'd not belie my godfather, and 'tis he that is in it; and hadn't I enough time to know him before he died?"

"Do you say in truth, Tom, that 'tis your godfather?"

"As sure as you are my mother there before me 'tis my godfather that's in the graveyard cracking nuts."

"Bring me to him, for the mercy of God, till I ask him about your own father in the other world."

"I'll not do that," said Tom. "What a queer thing it would be to bring you to the dead."

"Isn't it better to go, Tom dear, and speak to him? Ask about your father, and know is he suffering in the other world. If he is, we can relieve him with masses for his soul."

Tom agreed at last, and, as the mother was a cripple, all he could do was to put a sheet around her and take her on his back. He went then towards the graveyard.

There was a great thief living not far from Kenmare, and he came that night towards the estate of the gentleman where Tom was working. The gentleman had a couple of hundred fat sheep that were grazing. The thief made up his mind to have one of the sheep, and he sent an apprentice boy that he had to catch one, and said that he'd keep watch on the top of the tomb. As he had some nuts in his pockets, the thief began to crack them. The boy went for the sheep, but before he came back the thief saw Tom Daly, with his mother on his back.

Thinking that it was his apprentice with the sheep, he called out, "Is she fat?"

Tom Daly, thinking it was the ghost asking about the mother, dropped her and said, "Begor, then, she is, and heavy!"

Away with him, then, as fast as ever his two legs could carry him, leaving the mother behind. She, forgetting her husband and thinking the ghost would kill and eat her, jumped up, ran home like a deer, and was there as soon as her son.

"God spare you, mother, how could you come!" cried Tom, "and be here as soon as myself?"

"Sure I moved like a blast of March wind," said the old woman; "'tis the luckiest ride I had in my life, for out of the fright the good Lord gave me my legs again."

- Source: Jeremiah Curtin, *Tales of the Fairies and of the Ghost World: Collected from Oral Tradition in South-West Munster* (Boston: Little, Brown, and Company, 1895), pp. 54-57.
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Dividing the Souls

Virginia, USA

Once there were two men, an' they were out one afternoon fishin'. They caught a large basket of fish. It was growin' towards evening.

One of the men says, "Where shall we go to count the fish?"

The other man says, "Oh, we'll find a place."

So they went on till they come to a graveyard. So they stopped. They went in an' started a-countin', "One for me, an' one for you." They had dropped two fish on the road. They kept on saying, "One for me an' one for you, two for me an' two for you."

One of the preacher's friends come along. He stopped an' listened, an' they were in their fifties. He thought the Devil and the Lord was in the graveyard dividin' up people.

So he goes to the preacher's house. And he said, "Reverend John, your preachin's true, but the Devil an' the Lord's in the graveyard dividin' up people."

Says, "How do you know? I don't believe you."

Says, "Well, get your hat and come an' see."

When they had got to the graveyard, they heard the two fishermen say, "Let us go after the other two!"

So they both ran home as fast as they could go.

- Source: Elsie Clews Parsons, "Tales from Maryland and Pennsylvania," *The Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. 30, (Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and New York: American

Folk-Lore Society, 1917), no. 8, p. 215.

- Parsons' source: Ruth Holmes, who heard the story from her grandmother from Charlotteville, Virginia.
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Dividing the Souls

North Carolina, USA

One time a colored man an' a white man out hick'ry-nut huntin'. Found big hick'ry nut an' small walnut. Lay 'em up on de gatepost.

Go into de graveyard. Say, "We'll divide what we got. You take this one, an' I'll take the other."

They divided all dey had in de graveyard. Then said, "We'll go up to de gate-pos' an' divide. You take the black, an' I'll take the white."

Man on outside goin' along, an' he heard 'em talkin'. An' he become frighten. An' he went back to his neighbor's house where there was an ol' man had the rheumatism. An' he said, "You go with me. I'll tote you."

Goes on with him, an' he says, "Jesus Christ an' the Devil is up there dividin' up the dead."

An' when they got along near the gate-post says, "You take the black one, an' I'll take the white one."

So he throws this white man down, an' he run off. An' the ol' man beat him back home.

- Source: Elsie Clews Parsons, "Tales from Guilford County, North Carolina," *The Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. 30, (Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and New York: American Folk-Lore Society, 1917), no. 12, p. 177.
- Parsons' source: Sam Cruse, about 30.
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Revised February 27, 2013.

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and other folktales of Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 1641
about
being in the right place
at the right time

selected and edited by

D. L. Ashliman
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1. Harisarman (India).
2. The Stolen Treasure (India).
3. Crab (Italy).
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5. Doctor and Detective (Denmark).
6. The Charcoal Burner (Norway).
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India

There was a certain Brahman in a certain village, named Harisarman. He was poor and foolish and in evil case for want of employment, and he had very many children, that he might reap the fruit of his misdeeds in a former life. He wandered about begging with his family, and at last he reached a certain city, and entered the service of a rich householder called Sthuladatta. His sons became keepers of Sthuladatta's cows and other property, and his wife a servant to him, and he himself lived near his house, performing the duty of an attendant. One day there was a feast on account of the marriage of the daughter of Sthuladatta, largely attended by many friends of the bridegroom, and merrymakers. Harisarman hoped that he would be able to fill himself up to the throat with ghee and flesh and other dainties, and get the same for his family, in the house of his patron. While he was anxiously expecting to be fed, no one thought of him.

Then he was distressed at getting nothing to eat, and he said to his wife at night, "It is owing to my poverty and stupidity that I am treated with such disrespect here; so I will pretend by means of an artifice to possess a knowledge of magic, so that I may become an object of respect to this Sthuladatta; so, when you get an opportunity, tell him that I possess magical knowledge." He said this to her, and after turning the matter over in his mind, while people were asleep he took away from the house of Sthuladatta a horse on which his master's son-in-law rode. He placed it in concealment at some distance, and in the morning the friends of the bridegroom could not find the horse, though they searched in every direction. Then, while

jumped into the yard, crept into the stable, and at once found the stolen horses, which he immediately untied. A few hours later he stood before the king, who did not know how to praise and reward the wisdom of the Great Detective before whom nothing was, of course, concealed. He lost no time in sending him two hundred dollars as a token of his high esteem and his gratitude.

When the doctor received the money he said to his wife that a doctor's trade seemed to be a very easy one, and she answered that his bargain, which had seemed to her a foolish one, was, after all, quite satisfactory so far.

Some time passed, when one day a beautiful gold ring belonging to the princess was stolen. A diligent search was made, but it seemed to have vanished altogether, with the thief. At length the Great Detective was named to the king as the right man to be consulted in this difficult affair. His majesty lost no time in sending a beautiful carriage and a messenger, with an invitation to the great man. Would he kindly assist in finding the gold ring which had been stolen?

"Yes, I know it all," said he to the messenger who stood before him, bowing politely, "and I am willing to come."

So he entered the carriage in his complete doctor's outfit, followed by his wife, whereupon they drove to the royal palace. The king himself stepped forward and opened the carriage door to the worthy couple, bowing and scraping and making himself agreeable.

He invited them to partake of a dinner. The following day they would begin the search for the ring. The wise man assented to this, and they proceeded to the dinner table, which was, of course, laid in a splendid and gorgeous manner. The doctor whispered to his wife that she must remember how many dishes they had. When all had been seated, the door was opened and in came the servant with the first dish.

The wise man looked at his wife, nodded, and said, "This is the first one." He did not see -- in fact no one did -- that the servant turned as pale as a sheet, but busied himself with doing justice to the excellent things before him.

The servant, however, was fearfully frightened, and before returning to the kitchen he stopped behind the chair of the Great Detective, plucking him by the sleeve in order to attract his attention, but without apparent result. The dismayed man had nothing to do but return to the kitchen.

He was one of the thieves, and, with two other servants, had stolen the ring and buried it in the royal gardens under a large apple tree. Pale and trembling from fear, he told his two friends how the Great Detective had said to his wife, "This is the first one" -- meaning of course, the first thief.

As the second servant was to carry in the next dish, his two comrades told him to do his best and ask the wise man to step into the kitchen. Perhaps he could be induced to spare their lives. As the servant entered the dining hall, the doctor said to his wife, "This is the second

one." She nodded.

The servant grew white from fear and pulled him from behind by the sleeve. The great man thought, however, of nothing but the dishes, and did not feel the servant's endeavor to attract his attention. Thus the poor fellow was obliged to return to the kitchen without having accomplished his errand.

When the third servant entered, the doctor said to his wife, "This is the third one."

The servant pulled him, however, so violently by the sleeve that he turned in his chair, asking what he wanted. "Would he," whispered the unfortunate man, "go with him into the kitchen?" So he arose and followed him.

When he entered the kitchen the three servants implored him to spare them. He was right. They had stolen the ring. The wise man looked keenly at the three culprits, bit his lips, and said that of course he had know it all the time. They were great rascals who deserved a severe punishment. He did not know whether he could really save them from the gallows.

They now fell upon their knees and implored him to show mercy. They would be willing to give back the ring and pay him two hundred dollars if he would agree to keep their secret. This he promised, and before leaving them he told them to put the ring into a cake and serve it to the king's dog the next morning. They promised to do as he bid them.

Next morning the king began to speak of the lost ring. The Great Detective assumed his most important air, looked around him, and finally fixed his glance upon the big dog which was walking about on the floor. They were just eating breakfast, and when one of the servants carried around the dishes he stole a glance at the doctor and nodded, thus assuring him that the dog had eaten the cake. "Can you tell me where to find the thief and the ring?" pursued the king.

"Both are in this room!" answered he.

The king looked around in great astonishment. "Both in this room?" repeated he.

"There is the thief," continued the doctor, pointing to the dog.

Now the king was thoroughly amazed, and even angry. He thought the wise man made fun of him. "Kill the thief," said the doctor, sternly, "and you will be sure to find the ring." They did so at once, and, indeed, found the ring in the stomach of the animal.

The wise man received a great sum of money from the king, and afterward the three servants paid him the two hundred dollars which they had promised him for keeping their secret.

But from this day the doctor became so famous that no one dared to steal. His very name frightened the thieves and made them control their evil instincts. Although he was no more called upon to detect stolen goods, he had already earned money enough for the rest of his lifetime. He lived happily many years, honored by everyone in the land.

- Source: J. Christian Bay, *Danish Folk Tales* (New York and London: Harper and Brothers Publishers, 1899), pp. 111-18.
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The Charcoal Burner

Norway

There was once upon a time a charcoal burner who had a son, and he was also a charcoal burner. When the father died, the son got married, but he would not do any work, and he neglected also to look after his kilns, and very soon no one would have him to burn charcoal any more for them.

But one day he had got a kiln of charcoal ready burnt, and he set out for town with some loads of it and sold them. When he had done his business, he loitered down some of the streets and looked about him. On his way home he fell in with some neighbors and other people from the same parish, and he talked and bragged to them about all that he had seen in town.

The most remarkable thing he saw, he said, was the great number of parsons he met, and all the people in the streets took off their hats to them. "I wish I was a parson," he said, "perhaps the people would take off their hats to me too; now, they don't appear to see me at all."

"Well, your clothes are black enough, anyhow," said his neighbors; "but now that we are on the way, we may as well call in at the sale at the old parson's, and get a glass with the others, and you can buy yourself a gown and ruff at the same time."

Yes, he did so, and when he came home he hadn't a penny left.

"I suppose you have brought both money and good manners home with you from town this time?" said his wife.

"Good manners! yes, I should think so," said the charcoal burner. "Just look here! I am a parson now. Here is both the gown and the ruff!"

"Yes, very likely!" said his wife; "strong beer makes big words, it appears! You don't care how things go!"

"You shouldn't boast or bother about the coals you are burning, till they are ready," answered the husband.

But one day a great many people, dressed like parsons, passed the charcoal burner's house on their way to the palace, and it was plain to see that something was going to take place there, so the charcoal burner thought he would go as well, and put on the old parson's clothes. His wife thought it would be wiser of him to stay at home, for even if he got the chance to hold a horse for some grand person, she was afraid the sixpence he got for it would vanish down his throat, which usually was the case.

"Yes, everybody talks about the drink, but no one about the thirst, do they, mother?" said the husband; "the more one drinks, the more one thirsts," and with that he started for the palace. All the strangers were invited to come into the presence of the king, and the charcoal burner entered with the others.

The king then told them that he had lost his most costly ring, and he felt sure it had been stolen. He had therefore called together all the learned clergy in the country, to hear if any of them could tell him who the thief was. And the king promised that he would handsomely reward the one who could tell him about it; if he was a curate, he should get a living; if he was a rector, he should be made a dean; if he was a dean, he should be made a bishop; and if he was a bishop, he should be the first man after the king. So the king went from one to the other, and asked them all if they could tell him who the thief was, and when he came to the charcoal burner, he said, "Who are you?"

"I am the wise parson and the true prophet," said the charcoal burner.

"Then you can tell me who has taken my ring?" said the king.

"Well, it isn't beyond sense and reason, that what has happened in the dark might be brought to light," said the charcoal burner; "but it isn't every year that the salmon plays in the fir-tops. I have now been studying and working for seven years to get bread for myself and my family, but I haven't got a living yet, so if the thief is to be found, I must have plenty of time and paper, for I must write and reckon early and late."

Yes, he should have as much time and paper as he wished, if he only could find the thief.

So he got a room to himself in the palace, and before long they found out that he must know something more than writing a sermon, for he used so much paper that it lay about in heaps; but there wasn't one who could make out a word of all he had written, for it was only pothooks and marks like a crow's toes. But the time wore on, and he could not find any trace of the thief.

So the king got tired of waiting, and told him that if he couldn't find the thief in three days, he should lose his life.

"Ah, but he that rules must not be hasty, but wait till his temper cools," said the charcoal burner. "One can't begin and rake out the coals, till they are thoroughly burnt and the fire has gone out."

But the king stuck to what he said, and the charcoal burner felt his life wasn't worth much. Now it so happened, that it was three of the king's servants who waited upon him day by day in turn that had stolen the ring between them.

So one day, when one of the servants came into his room and cleared away the table after supper, and was just about leaving the room, the charcoal burner heaved a deep sigh and looked after him and said, "There goes the first of them." But he only meant the first of the three days he still had to live.

"This parson knows all about it," said the servant, when he got his comrades by themselves, and told them that the parson had said, "that he was the first of them."

The second servant, who was to wait upon him the next day, was to notice what he would say then, and sure enough, as he was going out after having cleared the table, the charcoal burner gazed steadily at him, sighed and said, "There goes the second of them."

So the third servant was to observe what happened the third day; it got worse and worse he thought, for when the servant came to the door and was going out with all the plates and dishes, the charcoal burner folded his hands and said, "There goes the third of them," and then he sighed as if his heart would break.

The servant came breathlessly out to his comrades and told them it was clear enough that the parson knew all about it, and so they went into his room and fell on their knees before him, and prayed and begged of him, that he would not tell it was they who had taken the ring; they would give him a hundred dollars each, if he only would not bring them into trouble.

He promised faithfully, that no one should get into trouble if he got the money, the ring, and a lump of porridge. He put the ring into the porridge, and told one of them to give it to the biggest pig belonging to the king.

Next morning the king came; it was easy to see he would not be played with; he would know all about the thief.

"Well, I have written and reckoned far and wide," said the charcoal burner, "but I find it's not a man who has stolen the ring."

"Pooh! Who is it then?" said the king. "Oh, it's that big pig which belongs to your majesty," said the charcoal burner.

Well, they brought out the pig and killed it, and, sure enough, the ring was found inside it. So the charcoal burner got a living, and the king was so pleased that he gave him a farm and horse and a hundred dollars in the bargain.

It did not take the charcoal burner long to move, and the first Sunday after he had settled in his parish he was going to church to read his first sermon. But before he started he had to get some breakfast, and so he put the sermon on the bread plate; but he made a mistake and took the sermon instead of the bread, and dipped it into the soup, and when he felt it was so tough to chew, he gave it all to his dog, and the dog made short work of it and swallowed it all.

When he found out his mistake, he was at a loss what to do. But he had to go to church, for his congregation was waiting for him; and when he came there, he went straight up into the pulpit He put on such a grand air while he was getting ready for the sermon, that all thought he must be a very fine preacher. But when he did begin, it wasn't so very fine after all.

"The words, my dear brethren, which you were going to hear this day, have gone to the dogs; but come again, some other Sunday, my dear parishioners, and you shall hear something

else! And thus endeth this sermon!"

Well, all the people thought he was a queer parson, for they had never heard such a sermon; but then they thought he might improve, and if not -- why, they would know how to deal with him.

Next Sunday the church was so crowded by people who wanted to hear the new parson, that there was scarcely room for them all in the church. As soon as the parson arrived, he went straight up into the pulpit, and then he stood for some time without saying a word, but all at once he made a start and cried out, "I say, old mother Berit, why do you sit so far back in the church?"

"Oh, my boots are in such a bad state, your reverence!" said she.

"But you could have got an old pig's skin and made yourself a new pair of boots, and then you could have come to the front like other decent people. Besides, I wish you would all consider which way you are going, for I see that some of you, when you are coming to church, come from the north, and others come from the south, and the same when you leave church; but I suppose you stop and gossip on the way, and then they wonder at home what has become of you. Yea! who knows what will become of us all? And then I have to give notice, that the old parson's widow has lost her black mare. She had fetlocks round her hoofs, and a long mane, and more of this kind which I shan't mention in this place. And then I have a big hole in my old breeches pocket, which I know, but you don't! But whether any of you have a piece of some stuff, which would suit the hole, neither you nor I know."

Some of the people were well satisfied with the sermon, and believed that he in time would make a good parson, but most of them thought it was really too bad; and when the dean came round on one of his visits, they complained to him of the parson and said that such sermons were never heard before, and one of them happened to recollect the last one about the old widow's mare and repeated it all to the dean.

"That was a very good sermon," said the dean. "He spoke very likely in parables and impressed upon you to seek the light and to shun the darkness and its deeds, when he spoke about those who were walking on the broad or the narrow road; and particularly do I consider his notice about the old widow's mare a splendid parable as to how it will fare with us all in the end. The breeches pocket with the hole in it referred to his wants, and the piece of stuff was the offerings and gifts he expected from his congregation," said the dean.

"Yes, we thought as much," they said. "It was all about his offerings, sure enough!"

And so the dean said that he thought the parish had got such a good, sensible parson, that they should not complain of him, and the end was, that they got no other parson; but as time wore on he got worse instead of better, and so they complained to the bishop.

Well, after a long time the bishop came round on a visitation, but the charcoal burner had been in the church the day before without anybody knowing of it, and had sawed the pulpit in several places, so it only hung together when one walked up the steps carefully.

So when the congregation had assembled, and the parson was to preach before the bishop, he stole quietly up the steps and began his sermon in his usual style, but after having gone on for some time he spoke up, threw up his arms, and cried out, "If there is any one here, who has any evil deed or thought in his mind, it were better he left this place, for today, this very day, there will be a fall, the like of which has not taken place since the creation of the world." And with that he struck the pulpit with his hands, and down tumbled both pulpit and parson with such a crash, that the congregation took to their heels and ran out of the church, as if the day of judgment had come.

So the bishop told the people that he wondered that the congregation could complain of a parson, who was so gifted and had such wisdom, that he could prophesy things that were to come. He thought he ought at least to be dean, and it was not long before he was made one. There was no help for it; they had to put up with him.

Now it so happened, that the king and queen in that country had no children, but when the king heard that he was to have one he was curious to know whether he was to get a son and heir to his broad lands and acres, or if he only would get a princess. So all the learned men in the land were called to the palace to say which it would be. But as none of them were able to do this, both the king and the bishop happened to think of the new dean, and it did not take long till they had him brought before them and began questioning him. No, he could not tell, he said, for it wasn't easy to guess what no one could know anything about.

"Well, well!" said the king, "I don't care whether you know it or not; but you are the wise parson and the true prophet, who can foretell things to come, and if you won't tell me, you'll lose both your gown and your ruff! But never mind, I'll give you a trial first," and so he took the biggest silver tankard he had and went down to the sea shore with the parson. "Can you tell me now, what I have got in this tankard?" said the king; "and if so, you can tell me the other thing I asked you as well," and he held the lid of the tankard tight.

The charcoal burner wrung his hands in despair and cried, "Oh, you unfortunate crawling crab of this earth, what have you now in return for all your toil and trouble!"

"Ah, there you see! You did know it after all!" said the king, for he had put a crab in the tankard.

So the charcoal burner had to go back to the palace, where he was shown, into the queen's drawing room. He took a chair and sat down in the middle of the room, while the queen walked up and down the floor.

"One should never make a stall for the unborn calf, and never quarrel about the baby's name before it is born," said the charcoal burner, "but I never saw anything like this before; when the queen comes towards me, I fancy it will be a prince, and when she walks away from me, it seems to me as if it will be a princess."

It turned out in time to be twins, and so the charcoal burner had made a lucky hit that time also. And thus for telling what no one could know anything about he got loads of money, and he became next man to the king.

Snip, snap, snout, that man knew what he was about.

- Source: Peter Christen Asbjørnsen, *Round the Yule Log: Norwegian Folk and Fairy Tales*, translated by H. L. Brækstad (London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington, 1881), pp. 308-316.
- Link to this tale in the original Norwegian: Kullbrenneren.
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Black Robin

Wales

There was once an old man in North Wales called Robin Ddu, or Black Robin. He pretended to be a wizard, and though he had no magical power, he was so cunning that he made people believe he had, and his fame spread over the whole of Wales.

A lady in the Vale of Towy lost three precious gems. They had been given to her by a dead sister, and she valued them all the more on that account. Every search was made for them, but they could not be found.

The lady had not heard of the Well of Llanbedrog. (By means of that it is quite easy to discover who has stolen your property. All you have to do is to kneel by it, and after throwing in a bit of bread, name all whom you suspect. When the thief's name is mentioned, the bread sinks.)

But she had heard of Black Robin, and at last she decided to send for him. She dispatched a servant to North Wales to offer him fifty pounds if he would restore her lost diamonds to her, and Robin traveled south with the messenger. When he arrived, he said he would not begin his work unless fifty pounds were given to him beforehand.

"Fifty pounds is a lot of money," said the lady. "I should like to test your power before giving it you."

To this Robin reluctantly agreed. The lady put a tame robin redbreast under a dish on the table. Sending for the supposed magician, she asked him to say what was under the vessel. He did not know what to say or do, and thought the best thing he could do was to confess his ignorance.

"Robin is caught," he said.

Thinking he referred to the bird and not to himself, the lady was astounded at what she regarded as a wonderful display of power, and Robin was too cunning to confess. The money was paid over, and the process of finding the gems began.

First of all he inquired carefully into all the circumstances of the disappearance of the gems, cross-examining all the inmates of the house minutely. This investigation convinced him that one of the servants had stolen them, but for some time he could not find out the actual thief.

One day, as he was taking the air with one of the menservants, he happened to enter the churchyard. The sexton in digging a grave had come across a quantity of old bones, among them being a skull. Robin took the skull back with him to his room, and his startled companion told the servants' hall about it.

Then Robin called all the servants to him, and looking very stern, "Tomorrow night," said he, "I will summon a legion of devils, and they will punish the guilty with all the tortures of hell. But the innocent shall not suffer with the guilty. Take these," and with this he handed to each a tooth which he had wrenched from the skull. "By Friday morning" (it was then Wednesday) "the guilty, after suffering unspeakable anguish and pain, will be as dead as the body from which these teeth have been taken. But I will not invoke my devils if the gems are brought to me before midnight, nor will I disclose to any living soul who took them."

Sure enough, before midnight on Thursday a trembling maidservant brought the diamonds to his room. The next thing to devise was how to restore them to their owner without disclosing the manner in which hey had been recovered, and at the same time in such a way as to reflect credit on himself as a magician.

Looking out of his window in the morning he saw a flock of geese feeding in a field not far from the mansion. Going out he took with him a small piece of bread, in which he placed the stones. He threw the piece of bread to the gander, which at once greedily swallowed it.

Some time after, summoning the lady, "Kill that gander," he said, "and you will find inside him your lost treasure."

This was done and the diamonds were found.

"They were dropped on the floor and accidentally swept out with the dust," he explained, "and this greedy bird swallowed them. By means of the skull which the sexton dug out of the grave on Wednesday I was able to divine the mystery."

- Source: W. Jenkyn Thomas, *The Welsh Fairy Book* (London: T. Fisher Unwin, [1908], pp. 296-98.
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Links to related sites

1. W. A. Clouston, "The Lucky Imposter," *Popular Tales: Their Migrations and Transformations*, vol. 2 (Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons, 1887), pp. 413-31.
2. Twigmuntus, Cowbelliantus, Perchnosius, the tale (type 1641C) of a simple lad who confounds a group of scholars by pretending to know Latin.
3. The Emperor's New Clothes and other folktales of type 1620.

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- D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Sthuladatta was distressed at the evil omen, and searching for the thieves who had carried off the horse, the wife of Harisarman came and said to him, "My husband is a wise man, skilled in astrology and magical sciences. He can get the horse back for you. Why do you not ask him?"

When Sthuladatta heard that, he called Harisarman, who said, "Yesterday I was forgotten, but today, now the horse is stolen, I am called to mind," and Sthuladatta then propitiated the Brahman with these words, "I forgot you, forgive me," and asked him to tell him who had taken away their horse. Then Harisarman drew all kinds of pretended diagrams, and said, "The horse has been placed by thieves on the boundary line south from this place. It is concealed there, and before it is carried off to a distance, as it will be at close of day, go quickly and bring it." When they heard that, many men ran and brought the horse quickly, praising the discernment of Harisarman. Then Harisarman was honored by all men as a sage, and dwelt there in happiness, honored by Sthuladatta.

Now, as days went on, much treasure, both of gold and jewels, had been stolen by a thief from the palace of the king. As the thief was not known, the king quickly summoned Harisarman on account of his reputation for knowledge of magic. And he, when summoned, tried to gain time, and said, "I will tell you tomorrow," and then he was placed in a chamber by the king, and carefully guarded. And he was sad because he had pretended to have knowledge. Now in that palace there was a maid named Jihva (which means tongue), who, with the assistance of her brother, had stolen that treasure from the interior of the palace. She, being alarmed at Harisarman's knowledge, went at night and applied her ear to the door of that chamber in order to find out what he was about. And Harisarman, who was alone inside, was at that very moment blaming his own tongue, that had made a vain assumption of knowledge. He said, "Oh tongue, what is this that you have done through your greediness? Wicked one, you will soon receive punishment in full." When Jihva heard this, she thought, in her terror, that she had been discovered by this wise man, and she managed to get in where he was, and falling at his feet, she said to the supposed wizard, "Brahman, here I am, that Jihva whom you have discovered to be the thief of the treasure, and after I took it I buried it in the earth in a garden behind the palace, under a pomegranate tree. So spare me, and receive the small quantity of gold which is in my possession."

When Harisarman heard that, he said to her proudly, "Depart, I know all this; I know the past, present and future; but I will not denounce you, being a miserable creature that has implored my protection. But whatever gold is in your possession you must give back to me." When he said this to the maid, she consented, and departed quickly. But Harisarman reflected in his astonishment, "Fate brings about, as if in sport, things impossible, for when calamity was so near, who would have thought chance would have brought us success? While I was blaming my jihva, the thief Jihva suddenly flung herself at my feet. Secret crimes manifest themselves by means of fear." Thus thinking, he passed the night happily in the chamber. And in the morning he brought the king, by some skillful parade of pretended knowledge into the garden, and led him up to the treasure, which was buried under the pomegranate tree, and said that the thief had escaped with a part of it. Then the king was pleased, and gave him the revenue of many villages.

But the minister, named Devajnanin, whispered in the king's ear, "How can a man possess such knowledge unattainable by men, without having studied the books of magic. You may be certain that this is a specimen of the way he makes a dishonest livelihood, by having a secret intelligence with thieves. It will be much better to test him by some new artifice."

Then the king of his own accord brought a covered pitcher into which he had thrown a frog, and said to Harisarman, "Brahman, if you can guess what there is in this pitcher, I will do you great honor today." When the Brahman Harisarman heard that, he thought that his last hour had come, and he called to mind the pet name of "Froggie" which his father had given him in his childhood in sport, and, impelled by luck, he called to himself by his pet name, lamenting his hard fate, and suddenly called out, "This is a fine pitcher for you, Froggie; it will soon become the swift destroyer of your helpless self." The people there, when they heard him say that, raised a shout of applause, because his speech chimed in so well with the object presented to him, and murmured, "Ah! a great sage, he knows even about the frog!" Then the king, thinking that this was all due to knowledge of divination, was highly delighted, and gave Harisarman the revenue of more villages, with gold, an umbrella, and state carriages of all kinds. So Harisarman prospered in the world.

- Source: Jacobs, *Indian Fairy Tales* (London: David Nutt, 1892), no. 11, pp. 85-89.
- Jacobs' source: Somadeva, <<i="">Kathá Sarit Ságara; or, Ocean of the Streams of Story. Translated from the original Sanskrit by C. H. Tawney. Vol. 1 (Calcutta: Printed by J. W. Thomas at the Baptist Mission Press, 1880), pp. 272-74. This volume contains additional information in a note on the story of Harisárman.
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The Stolen Treasure

India

Once upon a time three jars full of money were stolen from a raja's palace. As all search was fruitless the raja at last gave notice that whoever could find them should receive one half of the money. The offer brought all the *jans* [witch-finders] and *ojhas* in the country to try their hand, but not one of them could find the treasure.

The fact was that the money had been stolen by two of the raja's own servants, and it fell to the duty of these same two men to entertain the *ojhas* who came to try and find the money. Thus they were able to keep watch and see whether any of them got on the right track.

Not far from the raja's city lived a certain tricky fellow. From his boyhood he had always been up to strange pranks, and he had married the daughter of a rich village headman. At the time that the raja's money was stolen his wife was on a visit to her father, and after she had been some time away, he went to fetch her home. However, on his way, he stopped to have a flirtation with a girl he knew in the village, and the result was that he did not get to his father-in-law's house till long after dark. As he stood outside he heard his wife's relations talking inside, and from their conversation he learned that they had killed a capon for supper, and that there was enough for each of them to have three slices of capon and five pieces of the vegetable which was cooked with it.

Having learned this he opened the door and went in. The household was amazed at his arriving so late at night, but he explained that he had dreamed that they had killed a capon and were having a feast, and that there was enough for them each to have three slices of capon and five pieces of vegetable, so he had come to have a share. At this his father-in-law could do nothing but have another fowl killed and give him supper. He was naturally astonished at the trickster's powers of dreaming and insisted that he must certainly go and try his luck at finding the raja's stolen money.

The trickster was taken aback at this, but there was no getting out of it. So the next morning he set out with his father-in-law to the raja's palace. When they arrived they were placed in charge of the two guilty servants, who offered them refreshments of curds and parched rice. As he was washing his hands after eating, the trickster ejaculated, "Find or fail, I have at any rate had a square meal."

Now the two servants were named Find and Fail, and when they heard what the trickster said, they thought he was speaking of them, and had by some magic already found out that they were the thieves.

This threw them into consternation, and they took the trickster aside and begged him not to tell the raja that they were the thieves. He asked where they had put the money, and they told him that they had hidden it in the sand by the river. Then he promised not to reveal their guilt, if they would show him where to find the money when the time came. They gladly promised and took him the raja.

The trickster pretended to read an incantation over some mustard see, and then taking a bamboo went along tapping the ground with it. He refused to have a crowd with him ,because they would spoil the spell, but Find and Fail followed behind him and showed him where to go. So he soon found the jars of money and took them to the raja, who according to his promise gave him half their contents.

- Source: Cecil Henry Bompas, *Folklore of the Santal Parganas*(London: David Nutt, 1909), no. 68, pp. 206-208.
- Note from Bompas's preface: "The Santal Parganas is a district 4800 square miles in area, lying about 150 miles north of Calcutta."
- From Bompas's glossary:
    - ***Jan* or *jan guru***. A witch finder. When a man is ill the *jan* is consulted as to what witch is responsible. The *jan* usually divines by gazing at an oiled leaf.
    - ***Ojha***. An exorcist, a charm doctor, one who counteracts the effects of witchcraft.
- Return to the table of contents.

Crab

Italy

There was once a king who had lost a valuable ring. He looked for it everywhere, but could not find it. So he issued a proclamation that if any astrologer could tell him where it was he would be richly rewarded.

A poor peasant by the name of Crab heard of the proclamation. He could neither read nor write, but took it into his head that he wanted to be the astrologer to find the king's ring. So he went and presented himself to the king, to whom he said, "Your majesty must know that I am an astrologer, although you see me so poorly dressed. I know that you have lost a ring and I will try by study to find out where it is."

"Very well," said the king, "and when you have found it, what reward must I give you?"

"That is at your discretion, your majesty."

"Go, then, study, and we shall see what kind of an astrologer you turn out to be."

He was conducted to a room, in which he was to be shut up to study. It contained only a bed and a table on which were a large book and writing materials. Crab seated himself at the table and did nothing but turn over the leaves of the book and scribble the paper so that the servants who brought him his food thought him a great man. They were the ones who had stolen the ring, and from the severe glances that the peasant cast at them whenever they entered, they began to fear that they would be found out. They made him endless bows and never opened their mouths without calling him "Mr. Astrologer."

Crab, who, although illiterate, was, as a peasant, cunning, all at once imagined that the servants must know about the ring, and this is the way his suspicions were confirmed. He had been shut up in his room turning over his big book and scribbling his paper for a month, when his wife came to visit him. He said to her, "Hide yourself under the bed, and when a servant enters, say, 'That is one.' When another comes, say, 'That is two,' and so on."

The woman hid herself. The servants came with the dinner, and hardly had the first on entered when a voice from under the bed said, "That is one." The second one entered; the voice said, "That is two," and so on.

The servants were frightened at hearing that voice, for they did not know where it came from, and held a consultation. One of them said, "We are discovered. If the astrologer denounces us to the king as thieves, we are lost."

"Do you know what we must do?" said another.

"Let us hear."

"We must go to the astrologer and tell him frankly that we stole the ring, and ask him not to betray us, and present him with a purse of money. Are you willing?"

"Perfectly."

So they went in harmony to the astrologer, and making him a lower bow than usual, one of them began, "Mr. Astrologer, you have discovered that we stole the ring. We are poor people and if you reveal it to the king, we are undone. So we beg you not to betray us, and accept this purse of money."

Crab took the purse and then added, "I will not betray you, but you must do what I tell you, if you wish to save your lives. Take the ring and make that turkey in the courtyard swallow it, and leave the rest to me."

The servants were satisfied to do so and departed with a low bow. The next day Crab went to the king and said to him, "Your majesty must know that after having toiled over a month I have succeeded in discovering where the ring has gone to."

"Where is it, then?" asked the king.

"A turkey has swallowed it."

"A turkey? Very well, let us see."

They went for the turkey, opened it, and found the ring inside. The king, amazed, presented the astrologer with a large purse of money and invited him to a banquet. Among the other dishes, there was brought on the table a plate of crabs. Crabs must then have been very rare, because only the king and a few others knew their name. Turning to the peasant the king said, "You, who are an astrologer, must be able to tell me the name of these things which are in this dish."

The poor astrologer was very much puzzled, and, as if speaking to himself, but in such a way that the others heard him, he muttered, "Ah! Crab, Crab, what a plight you are in!" All who did not know that his name was Crab rose and proclaimed him the greatest astrologer in the world.

- Source: Thomas Frederick Crane, *Italian Popular Tales* (London: Macmillan and Company, 1885), no. 109, pp. 314-16.
- Return to the table of contents.

Doctor Know-All

Germany

Once upon a time there was a poor peasant by the name of Crab who drove two oxen with a load of wood into town where he sold it to a doctor for two thalers. He received his money just as the doctor was sitting down to eat. When the peasant saw how well the doctor ate and drank, his heart took a longing for the same things, and he decided that he would like to have been a doctor. He stood there for a while, and then asked if he too could not become a doctor.

"Certainly," said the doctor, "in no time at all."

"What do I have to do?" asked the peasant.

First of all, buy yourself an ABC-book, one that has a picture of a rooster up front. Second, sell your wagon and your two oxen and buy yourself some clothing and other things that doctors use. Third, have yourself a sign painted with the words 'I am Doctor Know-All' and

nail it above the door to your house."

The peasant did everything he was told to do. After he had doctored a little -- but not very much -- some money was stolen from a great and wealthy nobleman. Someone told him about the Doctor Know-All who lived in such and such a village, and who must know where the money had gone. So the nobleman had his carriage hitched up, rode out to the village, and asked him if he were Doctor Know-All.

"Yes, that I am."

"Then you must come with me and recover my stolen money."

"Yes, but my wife Grete must come along too."

The nobleman agreed and had them take their places in his carriage. They rode away together.

They arrived at the nobleman's court just at mealtime, and the nobleman invited him to eat.

"Yes, but include my wife Grete," he replied, and the two of them sat down behind the table.

When the first servant brought out a platter of fine food the peasant nudged his wife and said, "Grete, that's the first one," meaning the meal's first course.

However, the servant thought that he meant, "That's the first thief," and because that is indeed what he was, he took fright, and outside he said to his comrades, "The doctor knows everything. It's going to go badly for us. He said that I'm the first one."

The second one did not want to go inside at all, but finally he had to, and when he entered, the peasant nudged his wife and said, "Grete, that's the second one."

This servant took fright as well, and went outside. It did not go any better for the third one. Once again the peasant said, "Grete, that's the third one."

The fourth one brought in a covered platter, and the nobleman told the doctor that he should demonstrate his art by guessing what it contained. It was crabs. The peasant looked at the platter, and seeing no way out of his dilemma, he said to himself, "Oh, poor Crab!"

Hearing this, the nobleman called out, "If he knows that then he must know who has the money as well!"

The servant grew very fearful and motioned to the doctor to go outside. There all four of them confessed to him that they had stolen the money. They offered to give it all to him and a handsome sum in addition, if he would not turn them in. Otherwise they would all hang. They showed him where the money was hidden. The doctor was satisfied with this, and he went back inside and sat down again at the table.

"My lord," he said, "Now I will look in my book to see where the money is hidden.

However, the fifth servant climbed into the stove in order to hear if the doctor knew anything else. The doctor leafed back and forth in his book looking for the picture of the rooster. Not finding it, he said, "I know that you are in there. Come on out."

The man in the stove thought that the doctor was talking to him, and terrified, he jumped out, saying, "The man knows everything!"

Then Doctor Know-All showed the nobleman where the money was, but he did not tell who had stolen it. Thus he received a large reward from each side and became a famous man.

- Source: Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, "Doktor Allwissend," *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*, vol. 2 (Göttingen: Verlag der Dieterichschen Buchhandlung, 1857), no. 98, pp. 69-71.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 1999.
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Doctor and Detective

Denmark

There was once an old farmer who had a great deal of turf, which he sold to customers in town. One day, when he drove to town with a large wagonload, he chanced to meet a doctor. This worthy man came walking along in a stately manner, with a long pipe in his mouth, a cane in his hand, and a doctor's hat on his head. Under his arm he had a thick doctor-book. He was wrapped in a long, loose mantle.

The farmer tipped his hat reverently, whereupon the doctor addressed him and said that he would like to buy the turf. They talked back and forth for some time, and finally came to an agreement in regard to the price. The farmer was to have the long mantle, the pipe and the cane, the doctor's hat and the book, and the doctor was to receive the turf. The bargain was closed. The farmer secured the doctor's articles and the doctor the farmer's turf, and then each went his own way.

It was late before the farmer returned home to his wife. She asked him at once if he had made a good bargain. When he produced the entire doctor's outfit she was not at all pleased, but wept, and asked, plaintively, how they would now obtain their bread and butter, since he had received no money for the turf.

Her husband did his best to comfort her, saying that in a little while they would have all that they needed, for now he had decided to take up a doctor's profession. He put on the mantle and the doctor's hat, and with the long pipe dangling from between his teeth he sat from morning to night reading diligently in the large doctor-book. He looked exactly like a real doctor. No one would notice the slightest difference. But, nevertheless, no one came to consult him.

Thinking the reason might be that no one knew of him, he at length decided to place a sign above his door stating, "Here Lives the Greatest Doctor in the World," as he was sure this would at once turn the general attention towards him. He began to paint these letters on an

old board. But as he had a very faint idea of writing -- in fact, this was the first time he had ever tried the art -- he wrote instead, "Here Lives the Greatest Detective in the World."

A few days afterwards the king happened to pass the house of the "Greatest Detective."

"What in all the world is written on that sign?" said he, dispatching one of his servants over to examine it closely. The servant reported that the sign advertised the greatest detective in the world. "Well," said the king, "I shall remember him and employ his services some day."

Some time after, it happened that a thief entered the royal stables and stole two of the king's best horses. A thorough search was made throughout the land, both for the thief and the horses, but without success. At length someone reminded the king of the detective whose house they had passed.

"Exactly so!" cried the king. "Now we shall find both thief and horses." He at once bid one of his men go and seek the wise man's advice in the difficult problem. The man rode back, found the house, knocked at the door, and walked in. Here he saw the detective sitting in front of the table, reading in the large doctor-book. He took off his hat, bowed politely, and presented the king's compliments. "I have come," he said, "to ask --"

"That is all very well," interrupted the doctor. "I know it already."

"Oh yes, of course you do," answered the messenger. "Will you kindly direct me where to go and find them?"

"Ye-es," replied the wise man, turning the leaves in the large book before him. "I will tell you what to do. Wait a moment." Now he took out a slip of paper which he had found among the leaves in the book, folded it, and handed it to the messenger, directing him to go to the drugstore and have this prescription filled. "Take the medicine promptly," he concluded, "then you will find them!" He looked just as wise and important as any doctor in the land and waved his hand graciously at the messenger as a sign that the audience was at an end.

The messenger lost no time in having the prescription filled, and as soon as the medicine was in his hand he took a drink from the bottle, and rode along as rapidly as he could, anxious to return to the king and relate his interview with the extraordinary man who seemed to know all beforehand.

He had not gone very far, however, before the medicine began to act. Of a sudden he was seized with a terrible headache, and was obliged to seek refuge in a house near the road, where he was very kindly received. Thinking that a little rest would do him good, he lay down on a sofa in a room facing the yard. The headache became more and more severe, however, and the poor fellow cursed the wise man and his medicine with all his heart. But just as he complained of his evil fate, he heard the neighing of a horse in the stable across the yard.

He arose quietly and approached the window, listening attentively, as the neighing seemed familiar to him. Now the horse neighed once more. His doubts vanished, and as the same moment his headache seemed to also completely vanish. Silently he opened the window,

Dragon Slayers

an index page assembled by

D. L. Ashliman

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- The Blood Brothers. A type 303 folktale, told throughout Europe.
- Fridleif the Dragon Slayer. An account of a Danish hero from the *Gesta Danorum* by Saxo Grammaticus.
- The Lambton Worm. A legend from England.
- The Nibelungenlied. A summary in English prose. An account of Siegfried the dragon slayer.
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Dream Bread

folktales of type 1626
assembled and edited by

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The Three Dreams

Petrus Alphonsi

Two burghers and a simple peasant, on their way to Mecca, found themselves with no food except enough flour to make a single small loaf of bread. The two burghers took counsel together how they might cheat their companion of his share, and proposed that whichever of the three should have the most wonderful dream while the bread was baking should have the loaf all to himself. Thinking thus to deceive the peasant, they placed the dough in the ashes and lay down to sleep. But the peasant saw through their trick, arose and ate the loaf when it was half baked, and lay down again. Then one of the burghers, as though frightened by his dream, awoke and called the other.

"What's the matter?"

"I've had a wonderful dream. Two angels opened the gates of heaven and brought me before the Lord."

"That is a splendid dream," replied the other; "but I dreamed that two angels came, clove the earth asunder, and took me into hell."

The peasant heard all this, but nevertheless pretended to be asleep. The burghers, however, who were taken in by their own trick (*decepti et decipere volentes*), called him to wake up.

"Who is calling me?" he cried in great terror. "Have you come back?"

"Where should we come back from?"

"Why, I just had a dream in which I saw two angels take one of you and open the gates of heaven and lead him before the Lord; then two angels took the other of you, opened the earth, and led him into hell. And when I saw this, I realized that neither of you would return, so I got up and ate the bread."

- Source: Petrus Alphonsi, *Disciplina Clericalis*, as retold by Paull Franklin Baum, "The Three Dreams or 'Dream-Bread' Story," *The Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. 30 (1917), p. 378.
- Link to the *Wikipedia* article on Petrus Alphonsi.
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The *Masnavi*

A Muslim was traveling with two unbelievers, a Jew and a Christian, like wisdom linked with the flesh and the devil. God was "nigh unto his faithful servant," and when the first stage was completed he caused a present of sweetmeats to be laid before the travelers. As the Jew and the Christian had already eaten their evening meal when the sweetmeats arrived, they proposed to lay them aside till the morrow; but the Muslim, who was keeping fast, and therefore could not eat before nightfall, proposed to eat them that night. To this the other two refused to consent, alleging that the Muslim wanted to eat the whole of the sweetmeats himself.

Then the Muslim proposed to divide them into three portions, so that each might eat his own portion when he pleased; but this also was objected to by the others, who quoted the proverb, "The divider is in hell."

The Muslim explained to them that this proverb meant the man who divides his allegiance between God and lust; but they still refused to give way, and the Muslim therefore submitted, and lay down to sleep in the endurance of the pangs of hunger.

Next morning, when they awoke, it was agreed between them that each should relate his dreams, and that the sweetmeats should be awarded to him whose dream was the best.

The Jew said that he had dreamed that Moses had carried him to the top of Mount Sinai, and shown him marvelous visions of the glory of heaven and the angels.

The Christian said he had dreamed that Jesus had carried him up to the fourth heaven and shown him all the glories of the heavens.

Finally the Muslim said that the Prophet Muhammad had appeared to him in person, and after commending him for his piety in saying his prayers and keeping fast so strictly on the previous night, had commanded him to eat up those divinely provided sweetmeats as a reward, and he had accordingly done so.

The Jew and the Christian were at first annoyed with him for thus stealing a march upon them; but on his pointing out that he had no option but to obey the Prophet's commands, they

admitted that he had done right, and that his dream was the best, as he had been awake, while they were asleep.

The moral is, that the divine treasure is revealed as an immediate intuition to those who seek it with prayer and humble obedience, and not to those who seek to infer and deduce its nature and quality from the lofty abstractions of philosophy.

- Source: Jalal ad-D īn Muhammad Rumi, *Masnavi I Ma'navi: The Spiritual Couplets* (London: Trübner and Company, 1887), book 6, story 7, pp. 304-305.
- Spelling modernized by D. L. Ashliman.
- Link to the *Wikipedia* article on the *Masnavi*.
- Link to the *Wikipedia* article on Jalal ad-D īn Muhammad Rumi.
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Jesus, Peter, and Judas

The *Toledot Yeshu*

On the journey from Rome to Jerusalem, Jesus, Peter, and Judas stopped at a small inn, and the host had only one goose to offer his three guests.

Jesus then took the goose and said, "This is verily not sufficient for three persons; let us go to sleep, and the whole goose shall be his who shall have the best dream."

Whereupon they lay down to slumber. In the middle of the night Judas arose and ate the goose.

When morning came, the three met, and Peter said, "I dreamed I sat at the foot of the throne of Almighty God."

And to him Jesus answered, "I am the son of Almighty God, and I dreamed thou wert seated near me; my dream is therefore superior to thine, and the goose shall be mine to eat."

Then Judas said, "And I, while I was dreaming, ate the goose."

And Jesus sought the goose, but vainly, for Judas had devoured it.

- Source: The *Toledot Yeshu*, also spelled *Toldoth Jeschu*, summarized by Paull Franklin Baum, "The Three Dreams or 'Deam-Bread' Story," *The Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. 30 (1917), p. 382.
- Link to the *Wikipedia* article on the *Toledot Yeshu*.
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Of the Deceits of the Devil

Gesta Romanorum

There were once three friends, who agreed to make a pilgrimage together. It happened that

their provisions fell short, and having but one loaf between them, they were nearly famished.

"Should this loaf," they said to each other, "be divided amongst us, there will not be enough for any one. Let us then take counsel together, and consider how the bread is to be disposed of."

"Suppose we sleep upon the way," replied one of them; "and whosoever hath the most wonderful dream shall possess the loaf?"

The other two acquiesced, and settled themselves to sleep. But he who gave the advice arose while they were sleeping and eat up the bread, not leaving a single crumb for his companions. When he had finished he awoke them. "Get up quickly," said he, "and tell us your dreams."

"My friends," answered the first, "I have had a very marvelous vision. A golden ladder reached up to heaven, by which angels ascended and descended. They took my soul from my body, and conveyed it to that blessed place, where I beheld the Holy Trinity, and where I experienced such an overflow of joy as eye hath not seen nor ear heard. This is my dream."

"And I," said the second, "beheld the devils with iron instruments, by which they dragged my soul from the body, and plunging it into hell flames, most grievously tormented me, saying, 'As long as God reigns in heaven this will be your portion.'"

"Now then," said the third, who had eaten the bread, "hear my dream. It appeared as if an angel came and addressed me in the following manner: 'My friend, would you see what is become of your companions?' I answered, 'Yes, Lord. We have but one loaf between us, and I fear that they have run off with it.' 'You are mistaken,' he rejoined, 'it lies beside us; follow me.' He immediately led me to the gate of heaven, and by his command I put in my head and saw you; and I thought that you were snatched up into heaven and sat upon a throne of gold, while rich wines and delicate meats stood around you. Then said the angel, 'Your companion, you see, has an abundance of good things, and dwells in all pleasures. There he will remain for ever; for he has entered the celestial kingdom, and cannot return. Come now where your other associate is placed.' I followed, and he led me to hell-gates, where I beheld you in torment, as you just now said. Yet they furnished you, even there, with bread and wine in abundance. I expressed my sorrow at seeing you in misery, and you replied, 'As long as God reigns in heaven here I must remain, for I have merited it. Do you then rise up quickly and eat up all the bread, since you will see neither me nor my companion again.' I complied with your wishes, arose, and eat the bread."

APPLICATION

My beloved, the Saracens and Jews, the rich and powerful, and, finally, the perfect among men, are typified by the three companions. The bread represents the kingdom of heaven.

- Source: *Gesta Romanorum*, translated from the Latin by Charles Swan; revised and corrected by Wynnard Hooper (London: George Bell and Sons, 1906), no. 106, pp. 184-85.

- Link to the *Wikipedia* article on the *Gesta Romanorum*.
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Comical History of Three Dreamers

Spain

Three companions, of whom two were tradesmen and townsmen, and the third a villager, on the score of devotion, went on pilgrimage to a noted sanctuary; and as they went on their way, their provision began to fail them, insomuch that they had nothing to eat, but a little flour, barely sufficient to make of it a very small loaf of bread.

The tricking townsmen seeing this, said between themselves, "We have but little bread, and this companion of ours is a great eater; on which account it is necessary we should think how we may eat this little bread without him."

When they had made it and set it to bake, the tradesmen seeing in what manner to cheat the countryman, said, "Let us all sleep, and let him that shall have the most marvelous dream betwixt all three of us, eat the bread."

This bargain being agreed upon, and settled between them, they laid down to sleep. The countryman, discovering the trick of his companions, drew out the bread half baked, ate it by himself, and turned again to sleep. In a while, one of the tradesmen, as frightened by a marvelous dream, began to get up, and was asked by his companion, why he was so frightened.

He answered, "I am frightened and dreadfully surprised by a marvelous dream: it seemed to me that two angels, opening the gates of heaven, carried me before the throne of God with great joy."

His companion said, "This is a marvelous dream, but I have seen another more marvelous, for I saw two angels, who carried me over the earth to hell."

The countryman hearing this, made as if he slept; but the townsmen, desirous to finish their trick, awoke him; and the countryman, artfully as one surprised, answered, "Who are these that call me?"

They told him, "We are thy companions."

He asked them, "How did you return?"

They answered, "We never went hence; why d'ye talk of our return?"

The countryman replied, "It appeared to me that two angels, opening the gates of heaven, carried one of you before our Lord God, and dragged the other over the earth to hell, and I thought you never would return hither, as I have never heard that any had returned from paradise, nor from hell, and so I arose and eat the bread by myself.

- Source: John Aubrey, *Miscellanies upon Various Subjects*, 5th edition (London: Reeves and Turner, 1890), pp. 68-69.
- Aubrey's source: "From an old edition of *Lazarillo de Tormes*."
- Link to the *Wikipedia* article on the *Lazarillo de Tormes*.
- Link to the *Wikipedia* article on the John Aubrey.
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The "Dream-Bread" Story Once More

USA

The following verses (to the tune of "Pop goes the Weasel") were communicated to me through the mediation of Mr. Max Deutch by Mr. Frank Wolff. They were composed by the latter in conjunction with an employee of the St. Louis Post Office. He is unable to identify any part as his contribution, and knows the tale merely as a floating anecdote.

Two Irishmen and a Hebrew one day
Went out for recreation.
They took enough provisions along
To spend a week's vacation.

One night they got lost in the woods;
The night was dark and lonely.
At last the food they had gave out,
Except a piece of baloney.

As one of them took up a knife,
I said, "It's no use of carving,
For if we share this piece of baloney,
It won't keep us from starving."

So I suggested we all go to sleep,
And so did Maloney.
And the one that had the best of dreams
Wins the piece of baloney.

The following morn we all got up,
It was quarter after seven.

One of them said: "I had a dream,
I died and went to heaven;
St. Peter met me at the gate,
Riding on a pony.

I guess that dream couldn't be beat,
So that wins the piece of baloney."

The other one said: "I too had a dream;

I died and went to heaven;
St. Peter met me at the gate,
Stuck out his hand, and said, 'Hello, Maloney!'

I guess that dream couldn't be beat,
So that wins the piece of baloney."

The Hebrew said: "It's true, my friend,
That you were sleeping.
The reason why I know it is
'Cause I was peeping.

I saw you both go up in heaven;
And, believe me, I was lonely;
I thought you'd never come back again,
So I got up and ate the baloney."

- Source: Archer Taylor, " The 'Dream-Bread' Story Once More," *The Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. 34 (1921), pp. 327-28.
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Norway

Once upon a time there was a poor peasant who had so many children that he did not have enough of either food or clothing to give them. Pretty children they all were, but the prettiest was the youngest daughter, who was so lovely there was no end to her loveliness.

One day -- it was on a Thursday evening late in the fall -- the weather was wild and rough outside, and it was cruelly dark. The rain was falling and the wind blowing, until the walls of the cottage shook. They were all sitting around the fire busy with this thing and that. Then all at once something gave three taps on the window. The father went out to see what was the matter. Outside, what should he see but a great big white bear.

"Good evening to you," said the white bear.

"The same to you," said the man.

"Will you give me your youngest daughter? If you will, I'll make you as rich as you are now poor," said the bear.

Well, the man would not be at all sorry to be so rich; but still he thought he must have a bit of a talk with his daughter first; so he went in and told them how there was a great white bear waiting outside, who had given his word to make them so rich if he could only have the youngest daughter.

The girl said "No!" outright. Nothing could get her to say anything else; so the man went out and settled it with the white bear, that he should come again the next Thursday evening and get an answer. Meantime he talked to his daughter, and kept on telling her of all the riches they would get, and how well off she herself would be. At last she agreed to it, so she washed and mended her rags, and made herself as smart as she could. Soon she was ready for the trip, for she didn't have much to take along.

The next Thursday evening came the white bear to fetch her. She got on his back with her bundle, and off they went. After they had gone a good way, the white bear said, "Are you afraid?"

No, she wasn't.

"Just hold tight to my shaggy coat, and there's nothing to be afraid of," said the bear.

She rode a long, long way, until they came to a large steep cliff. The white bear knocked on it. A door opened, and they came into a castle, where there were many rooms all lit up; rooms gleaming with silver and gold. Further, there was a table set there, and it was all as grand as grand could be. Then the white bear gave her a silver bell; and when she wanted anything, she only had to ring it, and she would get it at once.

Well, after she had eaten, and it became evening, she felt sleepy from her journey, and thought she would like to go to bed, so she rang the bell. She had barely rung it before she found herself in a room, where there was a bed made as fair and white as anyone would wish to sleep in, with silken pillows and curtains, and gold fringe. All that was in the room was gold or silver. After she had gone to bed, and put out the light, a man came and laid himself alongside her. It was the white bear, who cast off his pelt at night; but she never saw him, for he always came after she had put out the light. Before the day dawned he was up and off again. Things went on happily for a while, but at last she became quiet and sad. She was alone all day long, and she became very homesick to see her father and mother and brothers and sisters. So one day, when the white bear asked what was wrong with her, she said it was so lonely there, and how she longed to go home to see her father and mother and brothers and sisters, and that was why she was so sad, because she couldn't get to them.

"Well," said the bear, "that can happen all right, but you must promise me, not to talk alone with your mother, but only when the others are around to hear. She will want to take you by the hand and lead you into a room to talk alone with her. But you must not do that, or else you'll bring bad luck on both of us."

So one Sunday the white bear came and said they could now set off to see her father and mother. Off they went, she sitting on his back; and they went far and long. At last they came to a grand house. Her bothers and sisters were outside running about and playing. Everything was so pretty, it was a joy to see.

"This is where your father and mother live now," said the white bear. "Now don't forget what I told you, else you'll make us both unhappy."

No, heaven forbid, she'd not forget. When they reached the house, the white bear turned around and left her.

She went in to see her father and mother, and there was such joy, that there was no end to it. None of them could thank her enough for all she had done for them. They now had everything they could wish for, as good as good could be. Then they wanted to know how *she* was.

Well, she said, it was very good to live where she did; she had all she wished. I don't know what else she said, but I don't think she told any of them the whole story. That afternoon, after they had eaten dinner, everything happened as the white bear had said it would. Her mother wanted to talk with her alone in her bedroom; but she remembered what the white bear had said, and wouldn't go with her.

"What we have to talk about we can talk about any time," she said, and put her mother off. But somehow or other, her mother got to her at last, and she had to tell her the whole story. She told her, how every night, after she had gone to bed, a man came and lay down beside her as soon as she had put out the light, and how she never saw him, because he was always up and away before the morning dawned; and how she was terribly sad, for she wanted so much to see him, and how she was by herself all day long, and how dreary, and lonesome it was.

"Oh dear," said her mother; "it may well be a troll you are sleeping with! But now I'll give you some good advice how to see him. I'll give you a candle stub, which you can carry home in your bosom; just light it while he is asleep, but be careful not to drop any tallow on him."

Yes, she took the candle, and hid it in her bosom, and that evening the white bear came and took her away.

But when they had gone a piece, the white bear asked if all hadn't happened as he had said.

She couldn't deny that it had.

"Take care," said he, "if you have listened to your mother's advice, you will bring bad luck on us both, and it will be finished with the two of us."

No, by no means!

So when she reached home, and had gone to bed, it was the same as before. A man came and lay down beside her; but in the middle of the night, when she heard that he was fast asleep, she got up and lit the candle. She let the light shine on him, and saw that he was the most handsome prince one ever set eyes on. She fell so deeply in love with him, that she thought she couldn't live if she didn't give him a kiss at once. And so she did, but as she kissed him she let three drops of hot tallow drip onto his shirt, and he woke up.

"What have you done?" he cried; "now you have made us both unlucky, for had you held out only this one year, I would have been free! I have a stepmother who has bewitched me, so that I am a white bear by day, and a man by night. But now all ties are broken between us. Now I must leave you for her. She lives in a castle east of the sun and west of the moon, and there, too, is a princess, one with a nose three yards long, and now I will have to marry her."

She cried and grieved, but there was no help for it; he had to go.

Then she asked if she could go with him.

No, she could not.

"Tell me the way, then" she said, "so I can look for you; surely I may do that."

Yes, she could do that, but there was no way leading to the place. It lay east of the sun and west of the moon, and she'd never find her way there.

The next morning, when she woke up, both the prince and the castle were gone, and she was lying on a little green patch, in the midst of the thick, dark forest, and by her side lay the same bundle of rags she had brought with her from her old home.

When she had rubbed the sleep out of her eyes, and cried until she was tired, she set out on her way, and walked many, many days, until she came to a high cliff. An old woman sat under it, and played with a golden apple which she tossed about. The girl asked her if she knew the way to the prince, who lived with his stepmother in the castle east of the sun and

west of the moon, and who was to marry the princess with a nose three yards long.

"How did you come to know about him?" asked the old woman. "Maybe you are the girl who should have had him?"

Yes, she was.

"So, so; it's you, is it?" said the old woman. "Well, all I know about him is, that he lives in the castle east of the sun and west of the moon, and that you'll get there too late or never; but still you may borrow my horse, and you can ride him to my next neighbor. Maybe she'll be able to tell you; and when you get there just give the horse a switch under the left ear, and beg him to be off home. And you can take this golden apple along with you."

So she got on the horse, and rode a long, long time, until she came to another cliff, under which sat another old woman, with a golden carding comb. The girl asked her if she knew the way to the castle that lay east of the sun and west of the moon, and she answered, like the first old woman, that she knew nothing about it, except that it was east of the sun and west of the moon.

"And you'll get there too late or never; but you can borrow my horse to my next neighbor; maybe she'll tell you all about it; and when you get there, just switch the horse under the left ear, and beg him to be off for home."

This old woman gave her the golden carding comb; she might find some use for it, she said. So the girl got up on the horse, and again rode a long, long way. At last she came to another great cliff, under which sat another old woman, spinning with a golden spinning wheel. She asked her, as well, if she knew the way to the prince, and where the castle was that lay east of the sun and west of the moon. But it was the same thing over again.

"Perhaps you are the one who should have had the prince?" said the old woman.

Yes, that she was.

But she didn't know the way any better than the other two. She knew it was east of the sun and west of the moon, but that was all.

"And you'll get there too late or never; but I'll lend you my horse, and then I think you'd best ride to the east wind and ask him; maybe he knows his way around those parts, and can blow you there. When you get to him, just give the horse a switch under the left ear, and he'll trot home by himself."

She too gave her her golden spinning wheel. "Maybe you'll find a use for it," said the old woman.

She rode many weary days, before she got to the east wind's house, but at last she did reach it, and she asked the east wind if he could tell her the way to the prince who lived east of the sun and west of the moon. Yes, the east wind had often heard tell of it, the prince and the castle, but he didn't know the way there, for he had never blown so far.

"But, if you want, I'll go with you to my brother the west wind. Maybe he knows, for he's much stronger. If you will just get on my back I'll carry you there."

Yes, she got on his back, and off they went in a rush.

When they arrived at the west wind's house, the east wind said the girl he had brought was the one who was supposed to have had the prince who lived in the castle east of the sun and west of the moon. She had set out to find him, and he had brought her here, and would be glad to know if the west wind knew how to get to the castle.

"No," said the west wind, "I've never blown so far; but if you want, I'll go with you to our brother the south wind, for he's much stronger than either of us, and he has flown far and wide. Maybe he'll tell you. Get on my back, and I'll carry you to him."

Yes, she got on his back, and so they traveled to the south wind, and I think it didn't take long at all.

When they got there, the west wind asked him if he could tell her the way to the castle that lay east of the sun and west of the moon, for she was the one who was supposed to have had the prince who lived there.

"Is that so?" said the south wind. "Is she the one? Well, I have visited a lot of places in my time, but I have not yet blown there. If you want, I'll take you to my brother the north wind; he is the oldest and strongest of us all, and if he doesn't know where it is, you'll never find anyone in the world to tell you. Get on my back, and I'll carry you there."

Yes, she got on his back, and away he left his house at a good clip. They were not long underway. When they reached the north wind's house he was so wild and cross, that he blew cold gusts at them from a long way off. "Blast you both, what do you want?" he roared at them from afar, so that it struck them with an icy shiver.

"Well," said the south wind, "you don't need to bluster so, for here I am, your brother, the south wind, and here is the girl who was supposed to have had the prince who lives in the castle that lies east of the sun and west of the moon, and now she wants to ask you if you ever were there, and can show her the way, for she wants so much to find him again."

"Yes, I know where it is," said the north wind; "a single time I blew an aspen leaf there, but afterward I was so tired that I couldn't blow a puff for many days. But if you really wish to go there, and aren't afraid to come along with me, I'll take you on my back and see if I can blow you there."

Yes, with all her heart; she wanted to and had to get there if it were at all possible; and she wouldn't be afraid, however madly he went.

"Very well, then," said the north wind, "but you must sleep here tonight, for we must have the whole day before us, if we're to get there at all."

Early next morning the north wind woke her, and puffed himself up, and blew himself out, and

made himself so stout and big. that he was gruesome to look at. Off they went high up through the air, as if they would not stop until they reached the end of the world.

Here on earth there was a terrible storm; acres of forest and many houses were blown down, and when it swept over the sea, ships wrecked by the hundred.

They tore on and on -- no one can believe how far they went -- and all the while they still went over the sea, and the north wind got more and more weary, and so out of breath he could barely bring out a puff, and his wings drooped and drooped, until at last he sunk so low that the tops of the waves splashed over his heels.

"Are you afraid?" said the north wind.

No, she wasn't.

They weren't very far from land by now, and the north wind had enough strength left that he managed to throw her up on the shore under the windows of the castle which lay east of the sun and west of the moon. But then he was so weak and worn out, that he had to stay there and rest many days before he could go home again.

The next morning the girl sat down under the castle window, and began to play with the golden apple. The first person she saw was the long-nosed princess who was to have the prince.

"What do you want for your golden apple, you girl?" said the long-nosed one, as she opened the window.

"It's not for sale, for gold or money," said the girl.

"If it's not for sale for gold or money, what is it that you will sell it for? You may name your own price," said the princess.

"Well, you can have it, if I may get to the prince, who lives here, and be with him tonight," said the girl whom the north wind had brought.

Yes, that could be done. So the princess took the golden apple; but when the girl came up to the prince's bedroom that night, he was fast asleep. She called him and shook him, and cried and grieved, but she could not wake him up. The next morning. as soon as day broke, the princess with the long nose came and drove her out.

That day she sat down under the castle windows and began to card with her golden carding comb, and the same thing happened. The princess asked what she wanted for it. She said it wasn't for sale for gold or money, but if she could have permission to go to the prince and be with him that night, the princess could have it. But when she went to his room she found him fast asleep again, and however much she called, and shook, and cried, and prayed, she couldn't get life into him. As soon as the first gray peep of day came, the princess with the long nose came, and chased her out again.

That day the girl sat down outside under the castle window and began to spin with her golden spinning wheel, and the princess with the long nose wanted to have it as well. She opened the window and asked what she wanted for it. The girl said, as she had said twice before, that it wasn't for sale for gold or money, but if she could go to the prince who was there, and be alone with him that night she could have it.

Yes, she would be welcome to do that. But now you must know that there were some Christians who had been taken there, and while they were sitting in their room, which was next to the prince's, they had heard how a woman had been in there, crying, praying, and calling to him for two nights in a row, and they told this to the prince.

That evening, when the princess came with a sleeping potion, the prince pretended to drink it, but threw it over his shoulder, for he could guess it was a sleeping potion. So, when the girl came in, she found the prince wide awake, and then she told him the whole story of how she had come there.

"Ah," said the prince, "you've come in the very nick of time, for tomorrow is to be our wedding day. But now I won't have the long-nose, and you are the only woman in the world who can set me free. I'll say that I want to see what my wife is fit for, and beg her to wash the shirt which has the three spots of tallow on it. She'll agree, for she doesn't know that you are the one who put them there. Only Christians, and not such a pack of trolls, can wash them out again. I'll say that I will marry only the woman who can wash them out, and ask you to try it."

So there was great joy and love between them all the night. But next day, when the wedding was planned, the prince said, "First of all, I'd like to see what my bride is fit for."

"Yes!" said the stepmother, with all her heart.

"Well," said the prince, "I've got a fine shirt which I'd like for my wedding shirt, but somehow or other it got three spots of tallow on it, which I must have washed out. I have sworn to marry only the woman who is able to do that. If she can't, then she's not worth having."

Well, that was no big thing they said, so they agreed, and the one with the long nose began to wash away as hard as she could, but the more she rubbed and scrubbed, the bigger the spots grew.

"Ah!" said the old troll woman, her mother, "you can't wash. Let me try."

But she had hardly touched the shirt, before it got far worse than before, and with all her rubbing, and wringing, and scrubbing, the spots grew bigger and blacker, and the shirt got ever darker and uglier.

Then all the other trolls began to wash, but the longer it lasted, the blacker and uglier the shirt grew, until at last it was as black all over as if it been up the chimney.

"Ah!" said the prince, "none of you is worth a straw; you can't wash. Why there, outside, sits a beggar girl, I'll bet she knows how to wash better than the whole lot of you. Come in, girl!" he shouted.

She came in.

"Can you wash this shirt clean, girl, you?" he said.

"I don't know," she said, "but I think I can."

And almost before she had taken it and dipped it into the water, it was as white as driven snow, and whiter still.

"Yes, you are the girl for me," said the prince.

At that the old troll woman flew into such a rage, she exploded on the spot, and the princess with the long nose after her, and the whole pack of trolls after her -- at least I've never heard a word about them since.

As for the prince and princess, they set free all the poor Christians who had been captured and shut up there; and they took with them all the silver and gold, and flew away as far as they could from the castle that lay east of the sun and west of the moon.

- Source: Peter Christen Asbjørnsen and Jørgen Moe, Østenfor sol og vestenfor måne, *Norske Folkeeventyr* (Christiania [Oslo], 1842-1852), translated by George Webb Dasent (1859). Translation revised by D. L. Ashliman. © 2001.
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Eat Me When I'm Fatter

folktales of Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 122F
translated and/or edited by

D. L. Ashliman
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1. The Sheep, the Lamb, the Wolf, and the Hare (Tibet).
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Tibet

Once upon a time there lived an old sheep in a low-lying valley of Tibet, and every year she, with her lamb, were in the habit of leaving the valley during the early months of summer, and going up on to the great northern plateau, where grass is plentiful, and where many sheep and goats graze throughout the summer. One spring the sheep, in accordance with her annual custom, set out for the north, and one day, as she was strolling sedately along the path, while her little lamb skipped about beside her, she suddenly came face to face with a large, fierce-looking wolf.

"Good morning, Aunty Sheep," said the wolf; "where are you going to?"

"Oh! Uncle Wolf," replied the trembling sheep, "we are doing no harm; I am just taking my lamb to graze on the rich grass of the great northern plateau."

" Well," said the wolf, " I am really very sorry for you; but the fact is, I am hungry, and it will be necessary for me to eat you both on the spot."

"Please, please, Uncle Wolf, don't do that," replied the sheep. "Please don't eat us now; but if you will wait till the autumn, when we shall both be very much fatter than we are now, you can eat us with much more benefit to yourself on our return journey."

The wolf thought this was a good idea. "Very well, Aunty Sheep," said he, "that is a bargain. I will spare your lives now, but only on condition that you meet me at this very spot on your return journey from the north in the autumn."

So saying, he galloped off, and the sheep and the lamb continued on their way towards the

north, and soon forgot all about their encounter with the wolf. All the summer they grazed about on the succulent grass of the great plateau, and when autumn was approaching both were as fat as fat could be, and the little lamb had grown into a fine young sheep.

When the time came for returning to the south, the sheep remembered her bargain with the wolf, and every day as they drew farther and farther south she grew more and more downhearted. One day, as they were approaching the place where they had met the wolf, it chanced that a hare came hopping along the road towards them.

The hare stopped to say good morning to the sheep, and noticing that she was looking very sad, he said, "Good-morning, Sister Sheep, how is it that you, who are so fat and have so fine a lamb, are looking so sad this morning?"

"Oh! Brother Hare," replied the sheep, "mine is a very sad story. The fact is that last spring, as I and my lamb were coming up this very road, we met an ugly- looking wolf, who said he was going to eat us; but I begged him to spare our lives, explaining to him that we should both be much larger and fatter in the autumn, and that he would get much better value from us if he waited till then. The wolf agreed to this, and said that we must meet him at the same spot in the autumn. We are now very near the appointed place, and I very much fear that in another day or two we shall both be killed by the wolf." So saying, the poor sheep broke down altogether and burst into tears.

"Dear me! Dear me!" replied the hare. "This is indeed a sad story; but cheer up, Sister Sheep, you may leave it to me, and I think I can answer for it that I know how to manage the wolf."

So saying, the hare made the following arrangements. He dressed himself up in his very best clothes, in a new robe of woolen cloth, with a long earring in his left ear, and a fashionable hat on his head, and strapped a small saddle on to the back of the sheep. He then prepared two small bundles, which he slung across the lamb, and tied them on with a rope. When these preparations were complete, he took a large sheet of paper in his hand, and, with a pen thrust behind his ear, he mounted upon the back of the sheep, and the little procession started off down the path.

Soon after, they arrived at the place where they were to meet the wolf, and sure enough there was the wolf waiting for them at the appointed spot.

As soon as they came within earshot of where the wolf was standing the hare called out in a sharp tone of authority, "Who are you, and what are you doing there?"

"I am the wolf," was the reply; " and I have come here to eat this sheep and its lamb, in accordance with a regular arrangement. Who may you be, pray?"

"I am Lomden, the hare," that animal replied, "and I have been deputed to India on a special mission by the Emperor of China. And, by the way, I have a commission to bring ten wolf skins as a present to the King of India. What a fortunate thing it is that I should have met you here! Your skin will do for one, anyway."

So saying, the hare produced his sheet of paper, and, taking his pen in his hand, he wrote down the figure "1" very large.

The wolf was so frightened on hearing this that he turned tail and fled away ignominiously; while the sheep and the lamb, after thanking the hare heartily for his kind offices, continued their journey safely to their own home.

- Source: W. F. O'Connor, *Folk Tales from Tibet* (London: Hurst and Blackett, 1906), pp. 56-59.
- Note by O'Connor: "This story is a satire on the assumption and arrogance of Tibetan and Chinese officials, and the timidity and submissiveness of the Tibetan peasants. It illustrates how the meanest government clerk, more especially when armed with pen and paper, can strike terror into the heart of the boldest and strongest countryman." (p. 59)
- The episode referred to in the above note exists elsewhere as an independent story and is classified as a type 126 folktale.
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The Lambikin

India

Once upon a time there was a wee wee lambikin, who frolicked about on his little tottery legs, and enjoyed himself amazingly.

Now one day he set off to visit his granny, and was jumping with joy to think of all the good things he should get from her, when who should he meet but a jackal, who looked at the tender young morsel and said, "Lambikin! Lambikin! I'll **eat YOU!**"

But Lambikin only gave a little frisk and said,

> To granny's house I go,
> Where I shall fatter grow,
> Then you can eat me so.

The jackal thought this reasonable, and let Lambikin pass.

By and by he met a vulture, and the vulture, looking hungrily at the tender morsel before him, said, "Lambikin! Lambikin! I'll **eat YOU!**"

But Lambikin only gave a little frisk, and said,

> To granny's house I go,
> Where I shall fatter grow,
> Then you can eat me so.

The vulture thought this reasonable, and let Lambikin pass.

And by and by he met a tiger, and then a wolf, and a dog, and an eagle, and all these, when they saw the tender little morsel, said, "Lambikin! Lambikin! I'll **eat YOU!**"

But to all of them Lambikin replied, with a little frisk,

> To granny's house I go,
> Where I shall fatter grow,
> Then you can eat me so.

At last he reached his granny's house, and said, all in a great hurry, "Granny, dear, I've promised to get very fat. So, as people ought to keep their promises, please put me into the corn bin *at once*."

So his granny said he was a good boy, and put him into the corn bin, and there the greedy little lambikin stayed for seven days, and ate, and ate, and ate, until he could scarcely waddle, and his granny said he was fat enough for anything, and must go home.

But cunning little Lambikin said that would never do, for some animal would be sure to eat him on the way back, he was so plump and tender. "I'll tell you what you must do," said Master Lambikin. "You must make a little drumikin out of the skin of my little brother who died, and then I can sit inside and trundle along nicely, for I'm as tight as a drum myself."

So his granny made a nice little drumikin out of his brother's skin, with the wool inside, and Lambikin curled himself up snug and warm in the middle, and trundled away gaily. Soon he met with the eagle, who called out,

> Drumikin! Drumikin!
> Have you seen Lambikin?

And Mr. Lambikin, curled up in his soft warm nest, replied,

> Fallen into the fire, and so will you
> On little Drumikin. Tum-pa, tum-too!

"How very annoying!" sighed the eagle, thinking regretfully of the tender morsel he had let slip.

Meanwhile Lambikin trundled along, laughing to himself, and singing,

> Tum-pa, tum-too;
> Tum-pa, tum-too!

Every animal and bird he met asked him the same question,

> Drumikin! Drumikin!
> Have you seen Lambikin?

And to each of them the little sly-boots replied,

Fallen into the fire, and so will you
On little Drumikin. Tum-pa, tum-too!
Tum-pa, tum-too; Tum-pa, tum-too!

Then they all sighed to think of the tender little morsel they had let slip.

At last the jackal came limping along, for all his sorry looks as sharp as a needle, and he too called out,

Drumikin! Drumikin!
Have you seen Lambikin?

And Lambikin, curled up in his snug little nest, replied gaily,

Fallen into the fire, and so will you
On little Drumikin! Tum-pa --

But he never got any further, for the jackal recognized his voice at once, and cried, "Hullo! You've turned yourself inside out, have you? Just you come out of that!" Whereupon he tore open Drumikin and gobbled up Lambikin.

- Source: Joseph Jacobs, *Indian Fairy Tales* (London: David Nutt, 1892), no. 3, pp. 17-20.
- Jacobs' source: F. A. Steel and R. C. Temple, *Wide-Awake Stories: A Collection of Tales Told by Little Children Between Sunset and Sunrise in the Panjab and Kashmir* (Bombay: Education Society's Press, 1884), pp. 69-72. The tale was originally published in *Indian Antiquary,* vol. 12.
- The episode of rolling along inside a drum is very similar to the pig's escape from the wolf by rolling down a hill in a churn in the English tale Three Little Pigs.
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The Fisher and the Little Fish

Aesop

It happened that a fisher, after fishing all day, caught only a little fish. "Pray, let me go, master," said the fish. "I am much too small for you to eat just now. If you put me back into the river I shall soon grow. Then you can make a fine meal off me."

"Nay, nay, my little fish," said the fisher. "I have you now. I may not catch you hereafter."

A little thing in hand is worth more than a great thing in prospect.

- Source: Joseph Jacobs, *The Fables of Æsop* (London: Macmillan and Company,

1902), no. 53, p. 124. First published 1894.
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The Dog and the Wolf

Bohemia

Once upon a time there was a peasant family who had a watchdog named Sultan among their household animals. The dog grew old, and, thinking that he could no longer properly attend to to his duties, the peasant chased him away. Dejected and with his head hanging low, the dog left the village, complaining to himself, "So this is my reward for loyalty at a difficult job. After using up my youthful and energetic years at work, they chase me away and grant me no rest now that I am old and weak."

He sadly went his way, wandering aimlessly about for many days without finding any tolerable shelter. Emaciated and weak from his long journey, he came to a forest. A wolf came out of the forest, ran up to the poor dog, and cried, "Stop, old fellow! Beware, you are now in my power."

Hearing the wolf speak in this manner, the frightened old Sultan said, "Dear friend, just take a good look at me, and your appetite for me will disappear. I would make the worst roast you have ever had, for I am nothing but skin and bones. But I do have some advice for you."

The wolf said, "I don't need any advice from you, you miserable creature. I know what you will say even before you speak, namely that I should let you live. No, I won't change my mind. The long and the short of it is that I am going to eat you."

To this the dog answered, "I wouldn't think of asking that of you, for I do not want to live any longer. Bite away as long as you want to. But I still have good advice for you. Wouldn't it be better to fatten me up before eating me? You wouldn't loose anything on the feed, because you would get it all back on me. Then I'd make a decent roast. What do you think, Brother Wolf?"

The wolf spoke, "I'll do it, if the feeding doesn't take too long. Follow me to my hut."

The dog did this, and together they went deeper into the woods. Arriving at the hut, Sultan crept inside, while the wolf went forth to hunt some game for the weak dog. When he returned, he threw his capture to Sultan, who ate it with relish.

The next day the wolf came and spoke to the dog, "Yesterday you ate. Today I will eat."

The dog replied, "What are you thinking of, dear wolf? I scarcely felt yesterday's food in my stomach."

To be sure, this irritated the wolf, but he had to be happy with going into the woods again to hunt game for the dog. With similar responses, our Sultan put off the wolf as long as he was not strong enough to take on the wolf. The wolf continued to hunt and to bring the dog whatever he captured, eating little or nothing himself so that Sultan would have enough. Thus

the dog grew ever stronger, while the opposite was true for the wolf.

On the sixth day the wolf came to the dog and spoke, "I believe that you are ready now."

Sultan answered, "Yes indeed. To be sure, I feel so well that I will take you on unless you set me free."

The wolf spoke, "You are joking! Just think, I have been feeding you for six days now, while eating nothing myself. Now am I to go away with nothing? That will never do!"

To this Sultan responded, "You are partially right, but does that give you the right to eat me up?"

"That is the right of the strong over the weak," answered the wolf.

"Right on!" replied the dog. "And thus you have pronounced judgment on yourself." With these words he made a daring leap, and before the wolf knew it, he was lying on the ground, overpowered by Sultan.

"Because you allowed me to live, I will not kill you immediately, but rather submit your life to fate. Choose two companions, and I will do the same. Tomorrow come to this place in the woods with them, and we will settle our dispute."

The two separated to seek out their fellow warriors. Angrily, the wolf went deeper into the woods. The dog hurried to the nearest village. After much pleading, the wolf got an ill-tempered, grumbling bear and a sly fox to be his comrades.

Our Sultan ran first to the parsonage, where he talked a large gray cat into going with him. Then he went to the town judge's barnyard where he found a brave rooster as a second fellow warrior.

It was just getting light, and the dog was already underway with his two companions. They had what they needed. He might even surprise his enemies while they were still deep in sleep.

The wolf was the first one to awaken. He woke his comrades, then said to the bear, "You can climb trees, can't you? Be so good as to climb that tall fir tree and see if you can't get a glimpse of our enemies."

The bear did this, and from the top of the tree he cried down, "Flee! Our enemies are very near, and what powerful enemies they are! One of them is riding proudly along, carrying many sharp sables. They glisten strongly in the morning sun. Another one is walking stealthily after him, pulling a long iron rod behind. Woe unto us!"

The fox was so frightened at these words, that he decided it would be advisable to make himself scarce. The bear hurriedly climbed down from the tree and crept into some thick brush, so that only the tip of his tail was showing.

The enemy was now at hand. The wolf, seeing that his friends had deserted him, tried to get away, but Sultan confronted him. One leap, and the dog had the wolf by the back of his neck, and he finished him off. Meanwhile, the cat noticed the tip of the bear's tail moving in the brush. Hoping to catch a mouse, she snapped at it. Terrified, the bear jumped from his hiding place and fled in all haste up a tree, where he thought he would be safe from the enemy.

But he was wrong, because the rooster was there as well. Seeing the bear in the tree, the rooster jumped from one branch to the next, always going higher and higher. The bear was beside himself. Terrified, he fell from the tree and lay there stone dead. And thus the battle ended.

The news of the brave deeds of Sultan and his companions spread far and wide, also to the village where Sultan had formerly served. As a consequence, the peasant family took back their loyal watchdog and cared for him.

- Source: Theodor Vernaleken, "Der Hund und der Wolf," *Österreichische Kinder- und Hausmärchen: Treu nach mündlicher Überlieferung* (Vienna and Leipzig: WilhelmBraumüller, 1896), no. 9, pp. 39-43.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2000.
- The story's final episode is classified as type 104, The War between the Village Animals and the Forest Animals.
- Link to a related fable, Old Sultan by the Grimm brothers.
- Bohemia is mostly in today's Austria and the Czech Republic.
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Mr. Hawk and Brother Rabbit

African-America (Joel Chandler Harris)

One time Brer Rabbit was going along through the bushes singing to himself, and he saw a shadow pass before him. He looked up, and there was Mr. Hawk sailing around and around. Every time he sailed around, he got a little closer, but Brer Rabbit didn't notice this, and by and by, down he dropped right slam-bang on Brer Rabbit, and there he had him. He held him in a mighty tight grip. He held him so tight that it made Brer Rabbit's breath come short like it does off a long journey.

He hollered and he begged, but that didn't do any good. He squalled and he cried, but that didn't do any good. He kicked and he groaned, but that didn't do any good. Then Brer Rabbit lay still and studied about what in the name of goodness he was going to do. By and by he up and allowed, "I don't know what you want with me, Mr. Hawk. I am scarcely a mouthful for you."

Mr. Hawk, he said, "I'll do away with you, and then I'll go catch me a couple of jay-birds."

This made Brer Rabbit shake all over, because if there was any kind of creature that he despised on the topside of the earth, it was a jay-bird. Brer Rabbit, he said, "Do pray, Mr. Hawk, go catch those jay-birds first, because I can't stand them being on top of me. I'll stay

right here until you come back," he said.

Mr. Hawk, he said, "Oh-oh, Brer Rabbit, you've been fooling too many folks. You're not fooling me," he said.

Brer Rabbit, he said, "If you can't do that, Mr. Hawk, then the best thing for you to do is to wait and let me get tame, because I am so wild now that I won't taste good."

Mr. Hawk, he said, "Oh-oh!"

Brer Rabbit, he said, "Well then, if that won't do, you had better wait and let me grow big, so I'll be a full meal of vittles."

Mr. Hawk, he said, "Now you are talking sense!"

Brer Rabbit, he said, "And I'll rush around among the bushes and drive out some partridges for you, and we'll have more fun than what you can shake a stick at."

Mr. Hawk was sort of studying about this, and Brer Rabbit, he begged, and he explained, and the long and short of it was that Brer Rabbit got loose, and he did not get any bigger, and neither did he drive out any partridges for Mr. Hawk.

- Source: Joel Chandler Harris, *Nights with Uncle Remus* (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company, 1883), no. 65, pp. 366-70.
- Dialect normalized by D. L. Ashliman. © 2000. Harris's story includes additional episodes. Here I have extracted only the episode of type 122F from his longer story.
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- Three Billy Goats Gruff and other talesof type 122E.
- Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Revised December 4, 2008.

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Fairies' Hope for Christian Salvation

Migratory Legends of Type 5050
translated and/or edited by

D. L. Ashliman
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A Redeemer for the Elves?

Sweden

If the wanderer in a summer's evening lays himself to rest by an elf-mount, he soon hears the tones of a harp with sweet singing. If he then promises them redemption, he will hear the most joyful notes resound from numerous stringed instruments; but if he says, "Ye have no redeemer," then with cries and loud lament they will dash their harps in pieces; after which all is silent in the mount.

- Source: Benjamin Thorpe, *Northern Mythology, Comprising the Principal Popular Traditions and Superstitions of Scandinavia, North Germany, and the Netherlands*, vol. 2 (London: Edward Lumley, 1851), p. 64.
- Thorpe does not give this account a title.
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gave him a penknife and he says, "Now," he says, "I want you to take the penknife and cut your finger." And the fairy cut his finger, but no blood came and the priest says, "No, there's no redemption for you, because you are not a human being, you're a spirit." And the fairy went screaming across the fields and there were no more fairies in that area after that.

- Source: Patricia Lysaght, "Fairylore from the Midlands of Ireland," p. 33. In: Peter Narváez, ed., *The Good People: New Fairylore Essays* (University Press of Kentucky, 1997), pp. 22-46.
- Lysaght's source: Mrs. Jenny McGlynn of County Laois, Ireland. This legend was recorded August 18, 1989. Lysaght does not give this account a title.
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Revised April 7, 2011.

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Salvation for the Neck

Sweden

The following story is told in all parts of Sweden:

> Two boys were one time playing near a river that ran by their father's house. The neck rose and sat on the surface of the water, and played on his harp; but one of the children said to him, "What is the use, neck, of your sitting there and playing? You will never be saved."
>
> The neck then began to weep bitterly, flung away his harp, and sank down to the bottom.
>
> The children went home, and told the whole story to their father, who was the parish priest. He said they were wrong to say so to the neck, and desired them to go immediately back to the river, and console him with the promise of salvation. They did so; and when they came down to the river the Neck was sitting on the water, weeping and lamenting.
>
> They then said to him, "Neck, do not grieve so; our father says that your redeemer liveth also."
>
> The neck then took his harp and played most sweetly, until long after the sun was gone down.

In another form of this legend, a priest says to the neck, "Sooner will this cane which I hold in my hand grow green flowers than thou shalt attain salvation."

The neck in grief flung away his harp and wept, and the priest rode on. But soon his cane began to put forth leaves and blossoms, and he then went back to communicate the glad tidings to the neck, who now joyously played on all the entire night.

- Source: Thomas Keightley, *The Fairy Mythology, Illustrative of the Romance and Superstition of Various Countries*, new edition (London: H. G. Bohn, 1850), p. 149-50.
- Keightley does not give titles to these two accounts.
- The neck (Swedish *näck*) is a nature-being associated with water. Often taking the form of a horse, he is represented (with various names) in folklore throughout northern Europe.
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The Water Nymph

Sweden

About a mile northwest from Järna Church was located, at one time, a water mill, Snöåqvarn, belonging to the parishoners of Näs.

One Sunday morning, before the church of Järna had a priest of its own, the chaplain of Näs set out for that place, and had just arrived at the mill, when he saw a water man sitting in the rapids below it, playing on a fiddle a psalm from a psalm book.

"What good do you think your playing will do you?" said the priest. "You need expect no mercy!"

Sadly the figure ceased playing, and broke his fiddle in pieces, whereupon the priest regretted his severe condemnation, and again spoke, "God knows, maybe, after all."

"Is that so?" exclaimed the man in joy, "Then I'll pick up my pieces and play better and more charmingly than before."

- Source: Herman Hofberg, *Swedish Fairy Tales*, translated by W. H. Myers (Chicago: Belford-Clarke Company, 1890), pp. 194-95.
- Footnote by Hofberg: The water nymphs are noted musicians; their music usually being in a plaintive strain and expressing a longing to be released on the day of judgment. Sometimes, but not so often, they appear in the folklore as the capricious rulers of the streams which they inhabit.
- The placed named in this legend are in the Swedish province of Dalarna.
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The Trolls Desire to Be Saved

Denmark

One night as a priest was going from Hiorlunde to Rolskilde [*sic*], he passed by a mount in which there were music, dancing and other merriment.

At this moment some Dwarfs sprang forth from the mount, stopped the priest's vehicle, and said, "Whither art thou going?"

"To Landemode," answered the priest.

They then asked him whether he thought they could be saved; to which he replied that he could not then inform them. They then appointed him to meet them with an answer in a year.

In the meantime it went ill with the coachman, who the next time he passed by the mount was overturned and killed on the spot.

When the priest came again at the end of a year, they again asked him the same question, to which he answered, "No! You are all damned!"

Scarcely had he uttered the words before the whole mount was in a blaze.

- Source: Benjamin Thorpe, *Northern Mythology, Comprising the Principal Popular Traditions and Superstitions of Scandinavia, North Germany, and the Netherlands*, vol. 2 (London: Edward Lumley, 1851), pp. 151-52.

- Thorpe's source: J. M. Thiele, "Troldene ønske at blive salige," *Danmarks Folkesagn*, vol. 2 (Copenhagen: Universitetsboghandler C. A. Reitzels Forlag, 1843), pp. 243-44.
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The Clergyman and the Dwards

Denmark

A clergyman, it is said, was journeying one night to Roeskilde [*sic*] in Zealand. His way led by a hill in which there was music and dancing and great merriment going forward. Some dwarfs jumped suddenly out of it, stopped the carriage, and asked him whither he was going. He replied to the synod of the church. They asked him if he thought they could be saved. To that, he replied, he could not give an immediate answer. They then begged that he would give them a reply by next year.

When he next passed, and they made the same demand, he replied, "No, you are all damned."

Scarcely had he spoken the word, when the whole hill appeared in flames.

- Source: Thomas Keightley, *The Fairy Mythology, Illustrative of the Romance and Superstition of Various Countries* (London: H. G. Bohn, 1850), pp. 149-50.
- Keightley does not give this account a title.
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When We Cease to Exist....

An excerpt from "The Little Mermaid" by Hans Christian Andersen

"If human beings are not drowned," asked the little mermaid, "can they live forever? Do they never die, as we do here in the sea?"

"Yes," replied the old lady [the little mermaid's grandmother], "they must also die, and their term of life is even shorter than ours. We sometimes live for three hundred years, but when we cease to exist here, we become only foam on the surface of the water and have not even a grave among those we love. We have not immortal souls, we shall never live again; like the green seaweed when once it has been cut off, we can never flourish more. Human beings, on the contrary, have souls which live forever, even after the body has been turned to dust. They rise up through the clear, pure air, beyond the glittering stars. As we rise out of the water and behold all the land of the earth, so do they rise to unknown and glorious regions which we shall never see."

"Why have not we immortal souls?" asked the little mermaid, mournfully. "I would gladly give all the hundreds of years that I have to live, to be a human being only for one day and to have the hope of knowing the happiness of that glorious world above the stars."

"You must not think that," said the old woman. "We believe that we are much happier and much better off than human beings."

"So I shall die," said the little mermaid, "and as the foam of the sea I shall be driven about, never again to hear the music of the waves or to see the pretty flowers or the red sun? Is there anything I can do to win an immortal soul?"

"No," said the old woman; "unless a man should love you so much that you were more to him than his father or his mother, and if all his thoughts and all his love were fixed upon you, and the priest placed his right hand in yours, and he promised to be true to you here and hereafter -- then his soul would glide into your body, and you would obtain a share in the future happiness of mankind. He would give to you a soul and retain his own as well; but this can never happen."

- Source: Hans Christian Andersen, *Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales*, second series, edited by J. H. Stickney (Boston: Ginn and Company, 1915), pp. 143-45. For the entire story see pp. 124-69.
- Link to "The Little Mermaid" in Danish: Den lille Havfrue (1837).
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A Ross-shire Narrative

Scotland

In a Ross-shire narrative, a beautiful green lady is represented as appearing to an old man reading the Bible, and seeking to know, if for such as her, Holy Scripture held out any hope of salvation. The old man spoke kindly to her; but said, that in these pages there was no mention of salvation for any but the sinful sons of Adam. She flung her arms over her head, screamed, and plunged into the sea.

- Source: John Francis Campbell, *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, vol. 2 (Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas, 1860), p. 64.
- Campbell does not give this account a title.
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The Priest's Supper

Ireland

It is said by those who ought to understand such things, that the good people, or the fairies, are some of the angels who were turned out of heaven, and who landed on their feet in this world, while the rest of their companions, who had more sin to sink them, went down further to a worse place. Be this as it may, there was a merry troop of the fairies, dancing and playing all manner of wild pranks on a bright moonlight evening towards the end of September. The scene of their merriment was not far distant from Inchegeela, in the west of the county Cork -- a poor village, although it had a barrack for soldiers; but great mountains and barren rocks, like those round about it, are enough to strike poverty into any place. However, as the fairies can have every thing they want for wishing, poverty does not trouble them much, and all their care is to seek out unfrequented nooks and places where it is not likely anyone will come to spoil their sport.

On a nice green sod by the river's side were the little fellows dancing in a ring as gaily as may be, with their red caps wagging about at every bound in the moonshine; and so light were these bounds, that the lobes of dew, although they trembled under their feet, were not disturbed by their capering. Thus did they carry on their gambols, spinning round and round, and twirling and bobbing, and diving and going through all manner of figures, until one of them chirped out,

> Cease, cease, with your drumming,
> Here's an end to our mumming,
> By my smell
> I can tell
> A priest this way is coming!

And away every one of the fairies scampered off as hard as they could, concealing themselves under the green leaves of the lusmore, where, if their little red caps should happen to peep out, they would only look like its crimson bells; and more hid themselves in the hollow of stones, or at the shady side of brambles, and others under the bank of the river, and in holes and crannies of one kind or another.

The fairy speaker was not mistaken; for along the road, which was within view of the river, came Father Horrigan on his pony, thinking to himself that as it was so late he would make an end of his journey at the first cabin he came to. According to this determination, he stopped at the dwelling of Dermod Leary, lifted the latch, and entered with "My blessing on all here."

I need not say that Father Horrigan was a welcome guest wherever he went, for no man was more pious or better beloved in the country. Now it was a great trouble to Dermod that he had nothing to offer his reverence for supper as a relish to the potatoes which "the old woman," for so Dermod called his wife, though she was not much past twenty, had down boiling in the pot over the fire; he thought of the net which he had set in the river, but as it had been there only a short time, the chances were against his finding a fish in it.

"No matter," thought Dermod, "there can be no harm in stepping down to try, and may be as I want the fish for the priest's supper that one will be there before me."

Down to the river side went Dermod, and he found in the net as fine a salmon as ever jumped in the bright waters of "the spreading Lee." But as he was going to take it out, the net was pulled from him, he could not tell how or by whom, and away got the salmon, and went swimming along with the current as gaily as if nothing had happened.

Dermod looked sorrowfully at the wake which the fish had left upon the water, shining like a line of silver in the moonlight, and then, with an angry motion of his right hand, and a stamp of his foot, gave vent to his feelings by muttering, "May bitter bad luck attend you night and day for a blackguard schemer of a salmon, wherever you go! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, if there's any shame in you, to give me the slip after this fashion! And I'm clear in my own mind you'll come to no good, for some kind of evil thing or other helped you -- did I not feel it pull the net against me as strong as the devil himself?"

"That's not true for you," said one of the little fairies, who had scampered off at the approach of the priest, coming up to Dermod Leary, with a whole throng of companions at his heels; "there was only a dozen and a half of us pulling against you."

Dermod gazed on the tiny speaker with wonder, who continued, "Make yourself noways uneasy about the priest's supper; for if you will go back and ask him one question from us, there will be as fine a supper as ever was put on a table spread out before him in less than no time."

"I'll have nothing at all to do with you," replied Dermod, in a tone of determination; and after a pause he added, "I'm much obliged to you for your offer, sir, but I know better than to sell myself to you or the like of you for a supper; and more than that, I know Father Horrigan has more regard for my soul than to wish me to pledge it for ever, out of regard to any thing you could put before him -- so there's an end of the matter."

The little speaker, with a pertinacity not to be repulsed by Dermod's manner, continued, "Will you ask the priest one civil question for us?"

Dermod considered for some time, and he was right in doing so, but he thought that no one could come to harm out of asking a civil question. "I see no objection to do that same, gentlemen," said Dermod; "but I will have nothing in life to do with your supper, -- mind that."

"Then," said the little speaking fairy, whilst the rest came crowding after him from all parts, "go and ask Father Horrigan to tell us whether our souls will be saved at the last day, like the souls of good Christians; and if you wish us well, bring back word what he says without delay."

Away went Dermod to his cabin, where he found the potatoes thrown out on the table, and his good woman handing the biggest of them all, a beautiful laughing red apple, smoking like a hard-ridden horse on a frosty night, over to Father Horrigan.

"Please your reverence," said Dermod, after some hesitation, "may I make bold to ask your honour one question?"

"What may that be?" said Father Horrigan.

"Why, then, begging your reverence's pardon for my freedom, it is, if the souls of the good people are to be saved at the last day?"

"Who bid you ask me that question, Leary?" said the priest, fixing his eyes upon him very sternly, which Dermod could not stand before at all.

"I'll tell no lies about the matter, and nothing in life but the truth," said Dermod. "It was the good people themselves who sent me to ask the question, and there they are in thousands down on the bank of the river waiting for me to go back with the answer."

"Go back by all means," said the priest, "and tell them, if they want to know, to come here to me themselves, and I'll answer that or any other question they are pleased to ask with the

greatest pleasure in life."

Dermod accordingly returned to the fairies, who came swarming round about him to hear what the priest had said in reply; and Dermod spoke out among them like a bold man as he was: but when they heard that they must go to the priest, away they fled, some here and more there; and some this way and more that, whisking by poor Dermod so fast and in such numbers, that he was quite bewildered.

When he came to himself, which was not for a long time, back he went to his cabin and ate his dry potatoes along with Father Horrigan, who made quite light of the thing; but Dermod could not help thinking it a mighty hard case that his reverence, whose words had the power to banish the fairies at such a rate, should have no sort of relish to his supper, and that the fine salmon he had in the net should have been got away from him in such a manner.

- Source: Thomas Crofton Croker, *Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland* (London: John Murray, 1834), pp. 22-27.
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The Belated Priest

Ireland

In one point of elvish mythology, Teuton and Celt are agreed, viz., that whether the supernatural beings of the old superstition be called fairies, elves, nixes, trolls, korigans, or duergars, they all live in fear of utter condemnation at the Day of Judgment. Their dislike of the human race arises from envy of their destiny, which they regard as the filling of the heavenly seats lost by themselves. Sometimes they experience a slight hope that their place may not be with Satan and his angels, and then they become urgent with holy and wise mortals, to give judgment on their case. This phase of fairy life will be illustrated by the local legend of --

THE BELATED PRIEST.

A very lonesome road connects the village of Ballindaggin, in the Duffrey, with the townland of Mangan, on the Bantry side of the brawling Urrin, and outside these intermediate stations it leads to Kaim and Castleboro, on one side, and the high road from Bunclody to Ross on the other. From the river to Ballindaggin, you hardly meet a house, and fallow fields extend on each side.

Father Stafford was asked, rather late in the day, to make a sick call at a cabin that stood among these fields, at a considerable distance from this road, a cabin from which no lane led either to by-road or public road. He was delayed longer than he expected, and when he was leaving the cabin it was nearly dark. This did not disturb him much. There was a path that led to the road, and he knew he had only to keep a northeasterly direction to come out on it, not far from the village already named. So he went on fearlessly for some time, but complete obscurity soon surrounded him, and he would have been sorely perplexed, had it not been that the path lay for the most part beside the fences.

At last, instead of passing in a line near the fence, it struck across the field; and, open his eyes wide as he might, he could hardly distinguish it from the dry, russet-colored grass at each side. Well, he kept his eyes steadily fixed in the due direction, and advanced till he was about the middle of the field, which happened to be a large one. There some case of conscience, or other anxious subject, crossed his mind, and he stopped and fidgeted about, walking restlessly this way and that for a few steps, totally forgetting his present circumstances. Coming at last to some solution of his difficulty, full recollection returned, and he was sensible of being thoroughly ignorant of the direction in which his proper route lay. If he could but get a glimpse of Mount Leinster, it would be all well; but, beyond a few perches, all was in the deepest darkness on every side. He then set off in a straight line, which he knew would bring him to some fence, and perhaps he might find stile or gap for his guidance. He went twice round the field, but, in the confusion of his faculties, he could find no trace of path or pass. He at last half resolved to cross the fence, and go straight on, but the dykes were, for the most part, encumbered with briers, and furze bushes crowned the tops of the steep clay mounds.

While he stood perplexed, he heard the rustle of wings or bodies passing swiftly through the air, and a musical voice was heard, "You will suffer much if you do not find your way. Give us a favorable answer to a question, and you shall be on the road in a few minutes."

The good priest was somewhat awed at the rustle and the voice, but he answered without delay, "Who are you, and what's your question?"

The same voice replied, "We are the Chlann Sighe, and wish you to declare that at the last day our lot may not be with Satan. Say that the Savior died for us as well as for you."

"I will give you a favorable answer, if you can make me a hopeful one. Do you adore and love the Son of God?"

He received no answer but weak and shrill cries, and the rushing of wings, and at once it seemed as if he had shaken off some oppression. The dark clouds had separated, a weak light was shed round where he stood, and he distinguished the path, and an opening in the bushes on the fence. He crossed into the next field, and, following the path, he was soon on the road. In fifteen minutes he was seated at his comfortable fire, and his little round table, covered with books, was at his side.

- Source: Patrick Kennedy, *Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts* (London and New York: Macmillan and Company, 1891), pp. 87-89.
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The Fairy and the Priest

Ireland

The story went that a fairy met a priest and his assistant; it was during the time of the hedge-Masses. And he was a little small man and he says he'd like to know if he could get to Heaven, himself, the fairy. So the priest asked him if he had a penknife. And he [the priest]

Fairy Cup Legends

Migratory Legends of Christiansen Type 6045
and other stories of drinking vessels
stolen from or abandoned by fairies
translated and/or edited by

D. L. Ashliman
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The Oldenburg Horn

Germany

In the time of count Otto of Oldenburg, who succeeded his father Ulrich in the year 967, a wonderful transaction occurred. For as he, being a good sportsman, and one who took great delight in the chase, had set out early one day with his nobles and attendants, and had hunted in the wood of Bernefeuer, and the count himself had put up a roe, and followed him alone from the wood of Bernefeuer to the Osenberg, and with his white horse stood on the top of the hill, and endeavoured to trace the game, he said to himself, for it was an

She was courted by a Westland man named Ring, but the wealthy Siur rejected him for a son-in-law, although his daughter was fondly attached to him.

The lover, however, was not disheartened, so while the father one St. John's Day was at matins in Öiestad Church, Ring came to the mansion and found his lass, although her father had taken the precaution of locking her up in one of the presses -- which, according to the custom of the time, were made at the foot of the bed -- a corner of her apron having protruded and betrayed her. They now fled, and Siur, the instant he was apprized of their elopement, mounted his horse and went in pursuit of them.

On the way he was stopped by a troll, who came out of a mount, and bade him welcome, at the same time presenting to him a full drinking horn. Instead of emptying it, he cast its contents behind him, but some drops that fell on the horse's loins instantly singed the hair off. Siur, who had from the first suspected mischief, put spurs to his horse, and galloped away with the horn in his hand and the troll whining after him.

He was now in a most serious dilemma, from which he was unexpectedly rescued by another troll, who was on terms of hostility with the former one, who called to him when he had just reached a large field: "Ride through the rye and not through the wheat."

Following this counsel he got the start of his pursuer, who could not proceed so rapidly through the tall rye. The danger was not, however, completely over until he came near the mansion of Bringsvær, when the cock crew and the troll vanished. Siur now continued his pursuit without further delays, and overtook the fugitives on a hill where they had stopped to take a few moments rest. When the men got sight of each other, they immediately drew their knives, and a contest ensued, the result of which was, that Siur stabbed Ring in the belly, who instantly gave up the ghost.

In expiation of this homicide, Siur was compelled to make heavy compensation. The horn, which he kept, was preserved in the family down to our times. Of the daughter's fate tradition makes no mention.

The (or rather *a*) horn, which had long been an heirloom in Siur's family, has lately been presented by Shipmaster Berge to the public library and museum of Arendal School, where it now is. It is very handsome, and has on its three silver-gilt rings the following inscription, in monkish characters: *potum servorum benedic deus alme [tuorum reliqvam unus benede le un]? caspar, melchior, baltazar.*

A similar occurrence to the above took place many years ago near Hahauger in Hallingdal, where one Christmas Eve a subterranean woman presented drink in a horn to a man named Gudbrand Goelberg, which he threw over his shoulder and rode off with the horn; but down to the ninth generation, his posterity, as a penalty, were afflicted with some bodily blemish or defect, as the troll had threatened. This horn, which was long preserved at Halsteensgaard in Aal, contained nearly three quarts, and was encircled by a strong gilt copper ring about three inches broad, on which, in monkish characters, stood *melchior, baltazar, caspar.* In the middle was a small, gilt copper plate, in which an oval crystal was set.

- Source: Benjamin Thorpe, *Northern Mythology: Comprising the Principal Popular Traditions and Superstitions of Scandinavia, North Germany, and the Netherlands*, vol. 2 (London: Edward Lumley, 1851), pp. 14-15.
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The Trolls Celebrate Christmas

Sweden

Of the manner in which the trolls celebrate Christmas Eve there are traditions throughout the whole North. At that time it is not advisable for Christian men to be out. On the heaths witches and little trolls ride, one on a wolf, another on a broom or a shovel, to their assemblies, where they dance under their stones. These stones are then raised on pillars, under which the trolls dance and drink. In the mount are then to be heard mirth and music, dancing and drinking. On Christmas morn, during the time between cock-crowing and daybreak, it is highly dangerous to be abroad.

One Christmas night in the year 1490, as Fru Cissela Ulftand was sitting in her mansion at Liungby in Scania, a great noise was heard proceeding from the trolls assembled at the Magle stone, when one of the lady's boldest servants rode out to see what was going on. He found the stone raised, and the trolls in a noisy whirl dancing under it. A beautiful female stepped forth, and presented to the guest a drinking horn and a pipe, requesting him to drink the troll-king's health and to blow in the pipe. He took the horn and pipe, but at the same instant clapped spurs to his horse, and galloped straight, over rough and smooth, to the mansion.

The trolls followed him in a body with a wild cry of threats and prayers, but the man kept the start, and delivered both horn and pipe into the hands of his mistress.

The trolls promised prosperity and riches to Fru Cissela's race, if she would restore their pipe and horn; but she persisted in keeping them, and they are still preserved at Liungby, as memorials of the wonderful event. The horn is said to be of an unknown mixture of metals with brass ornaments, and the pipe of a horse's leg-bone.

The man who stole them from the trolls died three days after, and the horse on the second day. Liungby mansion has been twice burnt, and the Ulftand family never prospered afterwards. This tradition teaches that Christians should act justly even towards trolls.

It is also related of some priests, who were riding before daybreak by a mount on a Christmas morning, while the trolls were at their sports, how a berg- or mount-woman came out and offered them drink in metal bowls; and how they cast the drink behind them, but that some drops chanced to fall on the horses' loins and burned the hair off. The bowls they carried away with them, and such are still to be found in several churches, where, it is said, they were formerly used as chalices.

This drink, which the trolls were in the habit of offering so liberally, was believed to have the property of obliterating from the memory all the past, and of rendering the guest who partook

of it contented with all he met with in the mount.

- Source: Benjamin Thorpe, *Northern Mythology: Comprising the Principal Popular Traditions and Superstitions of Scandinavia, North Germany, and the Netherlands*, vol. 2 (London: Edward Lumley, 1851), pp. 89-91.
- *Liungby* is spelled *Ljungby* in modern Swedish. Scania (Swedish *Skåne*) is a geographical region at the southernmost tip of Sweden. It has strong historical connection to Denmark.
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Origin of the Noble Name of Trolle

Sweden

On the wall of Voxtorp church in Småland there is a painting representing a knight named Herve Ulf, when one Christmas morning he received a drinking horn from a troll-wife with one hand, while with his sword he struck off her head with the other, kept the horn and rode to church. In remembrance of this deed, the king commanded him to call himself Trolle, and to take a troll without a head for his armorial bearing. Such is the origin of the noble name of Trolle.

This wonderful horn was of three hundred colours, and was first preserved in the cathedral of Wexiö; but when the Danes in 1570 burned Wexiö, the horn was carried to Denmark.

It is said that the trolls are very prolific, but that their offspring for the most part dies when it thunders; whence the saying: "Were it not for thunder, the trolls would destroy the world."

- Source: Benjamin Thorpe, *Northern Mythology: Comprising the Principal Popular Traditions and Superstitions of Scandinavia, North Germany, and the Netherlands*, vol. 2 (London: Edward Lumley, 1851), p. 91.
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The Fairy Banquet

England

In the province of the Deiri (Yorkshire), not far from my birthplace, a wonderful thing occurred, which I have known from my boyhood. There is a town a few miles distant from the Eastern Sea, near which are those celebrated waters commonly called Gipse.... A peasant of this town went once to see a friend who lived in the next town, and it was late at night when he was coming back, not very sober; when lo! from the adjoining barrow, which I have often seen, and which is not much over a quarter of a mile from the town, he heard the voices of people singing, and, as it were, joyfully feasting.

He wondered who they could be that were breaking in that place, by their merriment, the silence of the dead night, and he wished to examine into the matter more closely. Seeing a door open in the side of the barrow, he went up to it, and looked in; and there he beheld a large and luminous house, full of people, women as well as men, who were reclining as at a

solemn banquet. One of the attendants, seeing him standing at the door, offered him a cup. He took it, but would not drink; and pouring out the contents, kept the vessel.

A great tumult arose at the banquet on account of his taking away the cup, and all the guests pursued him; but he escaped by the fleetness of the beast he rode, and got into the town with his booty.

Finally, this vessel of unknown material, of unusual colour, and of extraordinary form, was presented to Henry the Elder, King of the English, as a valuable gift, and was then given to the queen's brother David, King of the Scots, and was kept for several years in the treasury of Scotland; and a few years ago (as I have heard from good authority), it was given by William, King of the Scots, to Henry the Second, who wished to see it.

- Source: Thomas Keightley, *The Fairy Mythology: Illustrative of the Romance and Superstition of Various Countries* (London: H. G. Bohn, 1850), pp. 283-84.
- Keightley's source: William of Newburgh (or Newbury), *Historia rerum Anglicarum*. William of Newburgh (erroneously named William of Newbridge by Keightley) lived between about 1136 and 1198.
- Commentary by Keightley (p. 284): "The scene of this legend, we may observe, is the very country in which the Danes settled; and it is exactly the same as some of the legends current at the present day among the Danish peasantry. It is really extraordinary to observe the manner in which popular traditions and superstitions will thus exist for centuries."
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The Fairy Horn

England

There is in the county of Gloucester, a forest abounding in boars, stags, and every species of game that England produces. In a grovy lawn of this forest there is a little mount, rising in a point to the height of a man, on which knights and other hunters are used to ascend when fatigued with heat and thirst, to seek some relief for their wants. The nature of the place, and of the business, is, however, such, that whoever ascends the mount must leave his companions, and go quite alone.

When alone, he was to say, as if speaking to some other person, "I thirst," and immediately there would appear a cup-bearer in an elegant dress, with a cheerful countenance, bearing in his stretched-out hand a large horn, adorned with gold and gems, as was the custom among the most ancient English. In the cup nectar of an unknown but most delicious flavour was presented, and when it was drunk, all heat and weariness fled from the glowing body, so that one would be thought ready to undertake toil instead of haying toiled. Moreover, when the nectar was taken, the servant presented a towel to the drinker, to wipe his mouth with, and then having performed his office, he waited neither for a recompense for his services, nor for questions and enquiry.

This frequent and daily action had for a very long period of old times taken place among the

ancient people, till one day a knight of that city, when out hunting, went thither, and having called for a drink and gotten the horn, did not, as was the custom, and as in good manners he should have done, return it to the cupbearer, but kept it for his own use. But the illustrious Earl of Gloucester, when he learned the truth of the matter, condemned the robber to death, and presented the horn to the most excellent King Henry the Elder, lest he should be thought to have approved of such wickedness, if he had added the rapine of another to the store of his private property.

- Source: Thomas Keightley, *The Fairy Mythology: Illustrative of the Romance and Superstition of Various Countries* (London: H. G. Bohn, 1850), pp. 284-85.
- Keightley's source: Gervase of Tilbury, *Otia imperialia*. Gervase of Tilbury lived between about 1150 and 1228.
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The Story of the Fairy Horn

England

Once upon a time there was a knight that had a Wyvern on his shield ; but he was none the better for that, as you shall hear.

One day as he was riding in the country beyond Gloucester, he came to a forest abounding in boars, stags, and every kind of wild beast. Now in a grovy lawn of this forest there was a little mount, rising in a point to the height of a man, on which knights and other hunters were used to ascend when fatigued with heat and thirst, to seek some relief. The nature of the place -- for it is a fairy place -- is, however, such that whoever ascends the mount must leave his companions, and go quite alone.

As the knight rode in the wood, and came nigh this fairy-knoll, he met with a wood-cutter and questioned him about it. He must go thither alone, the wood-cutter told him, and say, as if speaking to some other person, "I thirst!"

Immediately there would appear a cup-bearer in a rich crimson dress, with a shining face, bearing in his stretchedout hand a large horn, adorned with gold and gems, such as was the custom among the most ancient English. The cup was full of nectar, of an unknown but most delicious flavour, and when it was drunk, all heat and weariness fled from those who drank of it, so that they became ready to toil anew, instead of being tired from having toiled. Moreover, when the nectar was drunk, the cup-bearer offered a towel to the drinker, to wipe his mouth with, and then having done this courtesy, he waited neither for a silver penny for his services, nor for any question to be asked.

Now the knight with the Wyvern laughed to himself when he heard this. "Who," thought he, "would be fool enough, having within his grasp such a drinking-horn, ever to let it go again from him!"

Later, that very same day, as he rode back hot and tired and thirsty from his hunting, he bethought him of the fairy-knoll and the fairy-horn. Sending away his followers, he repaired

thither all alone, and did as the wood-cutter had told him. He ascended the little hill, and said in a bold voice, "I thirst!"

Instantly there appeared, as the wood-cutter had foretold, a cup-bearer in a crimson dress, bearing in his hand a drinking-horn. The horn was richly beset with precious gems; and the knight was filled with envy at sight of it. No sooner had he seized upon it, and tasted of its delicious nectar, which glowed in his veins, than he determined when he had drained it to make off with the horn. So, having gotten the horn, and drunk of it every drop, instead of returning it to the cup-bearer, as in good manners he should have done, he stepped down from the knoll, and rudely made off with it in his hand.

But, learn ye then what fate overtook this knight that bore the Wyvern on his shield, but was without true knighthood, and robbed the Fairy Horn. For the good Earl of Gloucester, who had often quenched his thirst, and restored his strength, standing on the fairy-knoll, when he heard that the wicked knight had destroyed the kind custom of the horn, attacked the robber in his stronghold, and forthright slew him, and carried off the horn.

But alas! The earl did not return it to the fairy-cupbearer, but gave it to his master and lord, King Henry the Elder.

Since then you may stand all day at the fairy-knoll, and many times cry, "I thirst!" but you may not taste of the Fairy Horn.

- Source: Ernest Rhys, *Fairy Gold: A Book of Old English Fairy Tales* (London: J. M. Dent and Company; New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, [1909]), pp. 39-40.
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The Rillaton Gold Cup

England (Cornwall)

A curious instance of the persistency of tradition may be mentioned in connection with the cairn near the Hurlers and the Cheesewring, in which a gold cup was found a few years ago.

The story long told is that a party were hunting the wild boar in Trewartha Marsh. Whenever a hunter came near the Cheesewring a prophet -- by whom an archdruid is meant -- who lived there received him, seated in the stone chair, and offered him to drink out of his golden goblet, and if there were as many as fifty hunters approach, each drank, and the goblet was not emptied. Now on this day of the boar hunt one of those hunting vowed that he would drink the cup dry. So he rode up to the rocks, and there saw the grey druid holding out his cup. The hunter took the goblet and drank till he could drink no more, and he was so incensed at his failure that he dashed what remained of the wine in the druid's face, and spurred his horse to ride away with the cup. But the steed plunged over the rocks and fell with his rider, who broke his neck, and as he still clutched the cup, he was buried with it.

Immediately outside the rampart of the stone fort above the Cheesewring is a large natural block of granite, hollowed out by the weather into a seat called the Druid's Chair.

- Source: Sabine Baring-Gould, *A Book of the West: Being an Introduction to Devon and Cornwall*, vol. 2 (London: Methuen and Company, 1899), p. 107.
- The cup described here was discovered in 1837 in a bronze-age burial tomb near the village of Rillaton in Cornwall. It is now on display in the British Museum. It is included in the museum's listing of its "top ten British treasures."
- Link to a photograph of the Rillaton Gold Cup.
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The Fairy Cup of Kirk Malew

Isle of Man

One story in particular was told me of a man who had been led by invisible musicians for several miles together; and not being able to resist the harmony, followed till it conducted him to a large common, where were a great number of little people sitting round a table, and eating and drinking in a very jovial manner. Among them were some faces whom he thought he had formerly seen, but forbore taking any notices or they of him, till the little people offering him drink, one of them, whose features seemed not unknown to him, plucked him by the coat and forbad him, whatever he did, to taste anything he saw before him; for if you do, added he, you will be as I am, and return no more to your family.

The poor man was much af frighted but resolved to obey the injunction: accordingly a large silver cup, filled with some sort of liquor, being put into his hand, he found an opportunity to throw what it contained on the ground. Soon after the musick ceasing, all the company disappeared, leaving the cup in his hand, and he returned home, tho' much wearied and fatigued. He went the next day and communicated to the minister of the parish all that had happened and asked his advice how he should dispose of the cup: to which the parson reply'd, he could not do better than devote it to the service of the church; and this very cup, they tell me, is that which is now used for the consecrated wine in Kirk Merlugh [Malew].

- Source: George Waldron, *A Description of the Isle of Man* (1731). I have used the internet version published by the Manx Society.
- This story (untitled by Waldron) has been retold by many succeeding writers, including:
    1. George Cumming, *The Isle of Man: Its History, Physical, Ecclesiastical, Civil, and Legendary* (London: John van Voorst, 1848), pp. 29-30.
    2. Arthur William Moore, *The Folk-Lore of the Isle of Man: Being an Account of Its Myths, Legends, Superstitions, Customs, and Proverbs* (London: D. Nutt, 1891), pp. 41-42.
    3. John Rhys, *Celtic Folklore: Welsh and Manx* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1901), vol. 1 p. 290.
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The Silver Cup

Isle of Man

There was once a man living in the south of the island whose name was Colcheragh. He was a farmer, and he had poultry on his street, sheep on the mountain, and cattle in the meadow land alongside the river.

His cows were the best cows in the parish. Nowhere could you see such a fine head of cattle as he had; they were the pride of his heart, and they served him well with milk and butter.

But after a time he began to think that something was amiss with the cows. He went to the cow-house the first thing every morning, and one morning he noticed the cows looking so tired they could hardly stand. When it came to milking time they found not a drop of milk. The girls, who went out to milk the cows, came back with empty cans, saying, "The milk has gone up into the cows' horns!"

Colcheragh began to think that some one had put an evil eye on his cows, so he swept up some of the dust from the cross four-roads close by, in a shovel, and sprinkled it on their backs. But the cows got no better. Then he wondered if some one was coming at night to steal the milk. He made up his mind to sit in the cow-house all night to see if he could catch the thief.

So one night after everyone had gone to bed he crept out of the house and hid himself under some straw in a corner of the cow-house. Hour after hour of the dark lonesome night crept on, and he heard nothing but the cows' breathing and their rustle in the straw. He was very cold and stiff, and he had just made up his mind to go into the house when a glimmering light showed under the door; and then he heard things laughing and talking -- queer talk. He knew that they were not right people.

The cow-house door opened, and in came a whole lot of little men, dressed in green coats and leather caps. Keeking through the straw, he saw their horns hung by their sides, their whips in their hands, and scores of little dogs of every colour -- green, blue, yellow, scarlet, and every colour you can think of -- at their heels. The cows were lying down. The little fellows loosed the yokes from the cows' necks, hopped on their backs, a dozen, maybe, on each cow, and cracked their little whips. The cows jumped to their feet, and Themselves galloped off.

Colcheragh ran to the stable, got on a horse, and made chase after his cows. The night was dark, but he could hear the whizz of the little whips through the air, the click of the cows' hoofs on stones, and the little dogs going, "Yep, yep, yep."

He heard, too, the laughing of Themselves. Then one of them would be singing out to the dogs, calling them up by name, giving a call out of him, "Ho la, ho la, la!"

Colcheragh followed these sounds, keeping close at their heels. On and on they went, helter-skelter over hedges and over ditches till they got to the Fairy Hill, and Colcheragh was still following them, though on any other night he would not have gone within a mile of the great green mound.

When the little fellows came to the hill they sounded a tan-ta-ra-ra-tan on their horns. The hill

opened, bright light streamed out, and sounds of music and great merriment. Themselves passed through, and Colcheragh slid off his horse and slipped unnoticed in after them. The hill closed behind them and he found himself in a fine room, lit up till it was brighter than the summer noonday. The whole place was crowded with little people, young and old, men and women, all decked out for a ball, that grand -- he had never looked on the like. Among them were some faces that he thought he had seen before, but he took no notice of them, nor they of him. In one part there was dancing to the music of Hom Mooar -- that was the name of the fiddler -- and when he played all men must follow him whether they would or no. The dancing was like the dancing of flowers in the wind, such dancing as he had never seen before.

In another part his cows were being killed and roasted, and after the dance there was a great feast, with scores of tables set out with silver and gold and everything of the best to eat and drink. There was roast and boiled, and sollaghan and cowree, and puddings and pies, and jough and wine -- a feast fit for the Governor himself.

When they were taking their seats one of them, whose face he thought he knew, whispered to him: "Don't thee taste nothin' here or thou will be like me, and never go back to thy ones no more."

Colcheragh made up his mind to take this advice.

When the feast was coming to an end there was a shout for the joughy-dorrys, the stirrup cup. Someone ran to fetch the cup. The one among the little people, who seemed to be their king, filled it with red wine, drank himself, and passed it on to the rest. It was going round from one to another until it came to Colcheragh, who saw, when he had it in his hands, that it was of fine carved silver, and more beautiful than anything ever seen outside that place.

He said to himself, "The little durts have stolen and killed, and eaten my cattle. This cup, if it were. mine, would pay me for all."

So standing up and grasping the silver cup tightly in his hand, he held it up and said, "Shoh Slaynt!" which is the Manx toast.

Then he dashed the cupful of wine over Themselves and the lights. In an instant the place was in black darkness, save for, a stime of grey dawn light which came through the chink of the half-closed door. Colcheragh made for it, cup in hand, slammed the door behind him, and ran for his life.

After a moment of uproar Themselves missed the cup and Colcheragh, and with yells of rage they poured out of the hill, after him, in full chase. The farmer, who had a good start, ran as he had never run before. He knew he would get small mercy at their hands if he was caught; he went splashing through the wet mire and keeping off the stepping stones; he knew they could not take him in the water. He looked over his shoulder and caught a glimpse of the whole Mob Beg behind him, close at his heels, waving their naked arms in the light of the torch each one held up. On they come, shrieking and howling in Manx:

Colcheragh, Colcheragh,

Put thy foot on the stone,
And do not put it in the wet!

But he ran in the water till he came to the churchyard, and they could not touch him there. When he went into the cowhouse the next morning the cows had all come home and they got rest after that.

He put the cup in the church at Rushen, and they are saying it was there for, many years; then it was sent to London. It is said that after this the farmer would not go out of his house of an evening after dark.

- Source: Sophia Morrison, *Manx Fairy Tales* (London: David Nutt, 1911), pp. 27-33.
- Link to additional tales about thieving fairies: Fairy Theft.
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The Trowie "Pig"

Scotland (Shetland)

Laurence Farker was a highly nervous man. He suffered from innumerable maladies, and was often unable either to go to the fishing, or lend a hand at working the croft. This annoyed his better half considerably. She did not sympathise with her husband in the least, for she believed, and perhaps not without some reason, that his ills were more imaginary than real.

One morning Laurence found that he was quite unable to go to the fishing with the other men. He lay in bed all that day, and his wife went about her manifold duties, and paid very little attention to him. At nightfall she titied up the house and went to visit a neighbour, and Laurence was left alone.

He was lying bemoaning his unhappy lot, when he perceived a number of little folks come trooping in over the floor. One of them carried a *stone pig* (earthenware bottle) in his hand. The trows, for such Laurence knew them to be, seated themselves on the hearth round the blazing peat fire. After a little, one of them spoke.

"The guidman is no weel," said he.

"No," remarked another, "but if he had somethin' oot o' wir pig, dat wid better him."

A short silence followed, and the listener waited eagerly.

"His wife is not guid til him," said the first speaker; "she'll be comin' back, so we had better go."

With this they got up in a body and made for the door, but when they were opposite the bed, Laurence cried out, "Loard surround me, an' sae da pig!"

The trows immediately vanished, but the pig was left behind.

excessively hot day, "Oh God! If one had now but a cool drink!"

No sooner had the count spoken the word than the Osenberg opened, and out of the cleft there came a beautiful maiden, fairly adorned and handsomely dressed, and with her beautiful hair divided on her shoulders, and a garland on her head. And she had a rich silver vessel, that was gilded and shaped like a hunter's horn, well and ingeniously made, granulated, and fairly ornamented. It was adorned with various kinds of arms that are now but little known, and with strange unknown inscriptions and ingenious figures, and it was soldered together and adorned in the same manner as the old antiques, and it was beautifully and ingeniously wrought. This horn the maiden held in her hand, and it was full, and she gave it into the hand of the count, and prayed that the count would drink out of it to refresh himself therewith.

When the count had received and taken this gilded silver horn from the maiden, and had opened it and looked into it, the drink, or whatever it was that was in it, when he shook it, did not please him, and he therefore refused to drink for the maiden. Whereupon the maiden said, "My dear lord, drink of it upon my faith, for it will do you no harm, but will be of advantage;" adding farther, that if the count would drink out of it, it would go well with him, count Otto, and his, and also with the whole house of Oldenburg after him, and that the whole country would improve and flourish. But if the count would place no faith in her, and would not drink of it, then for the future, in the succeeding family of Oldenburg, there would remain no unity.

But when the count gave no heed to what she said, but, as was not without reason, considered with himself a long time whether he should drink or not, he held the silver gilded horn in his hand and swung it behind him, and poured it out, and some of its contents sprinkled the white horse, and where it fell and wetted him the hair all came off.

When the maiden saw this, she desired to have her horn back again, but the count made speed down the hill with the horn, which he held in his hand, and when he looked round he observed that the maiden was gone into the hill again. And when terror seized on the count on account of this, he laid spurs to his horse, and at full speed hasted to join his attendants, and informed them of what had befallen him. He moreover showed them the silver gilded horn, and took it with him to Oldenburg, and the same horn, as it was obtained in so wonderful a manner, was preserved as a costly jewel by him, and by all the succeeding reigning princes of the house of Oldenburg.

- Source: Thomas Keightley, *The Fairy Mythology: Illustrative of the Romance and Superstition of Various Countries* (London: H. G. Bohn, 1850), pp. 237-38.
- The drinking horn featured in this legend is still extant. Although the legend begins its human provenance in the tenth century, scholars of today date its manufacture some 500 years later. The horn was mentioned in the treasury inventory of Oldenburg Castle in Lower Saxony in 1592. Through an inheritance technicality the horn later was ceded to the Danish royal family. Since 1824 it has been in the treasury of Rosenborg Castle in Copenhagen, where it is now on public view.
- Link to a photograph of the Oldenburg horn.

Laurence recollected what the trow had said. He took "somethin' oot o' da pig," and after a few doses all his ills departed. The fame of that pig went far and wide. Its contents never grew less, and proved a never-failing cure for all diseases.

- Source: John Nicolson, *Some Folk-Tales and Legends of Scotland* (Edinburgh: Thomas Allan and Sons, 1920), p. 38.
- *Trow* is a Scottish term for *troll*.
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Links to related sites

- Edwin Sidney Hartland, *The Science of Fairy Tales: An Enquiry into Fairy Mythology* (New York: Scribner and Welford, 1891), chapter 6.
- Uncanny UK: Having a Drink with the Fairies.
- Migratory legends of type 6070B ("Death of an Underground Person"), in which a mysterious being abandons a drinking vessel:
    1. Prilling and Pralling Is Dead (Germany).
    2. King Pippe Is Dead! (Denmark).
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Revised Winter Solstice, 2012.

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- Footnote by Keightley:

  Given by Büsching (*Volks-Sagen, Märchen und Legenden*. Leipzig, 1820), from Hammelmann's *Oldenburg Chronicle*, 1599. Mme. Naubert has, in the second volume of her *Volksmärchen*, wrought it up into a tale of 130 pages.

  The Oldenburg horn, or what is called such, is now in the King of Denmark's collection.

- An earlier edition of Keightley's immediate source: Johann Gustav Büsching, "Das Oldenburger Horn," *Volks-Sagen, Märchen und Legenden* (Leipzig: Carl Heinrich Reclam, 1812), pp. 380-83.
- Additional German-language versions of this legend:

  1. Friedrich Ludwig Ferdinand von Dobeneck, "Die Nymphe des Osenbergs," *Des deutschen Mittelalters Volksglauben und Heroensagen*, vol. 1 (Berlin: In der Realschulbuchhandlung, 1815), pp. 83-86.

  An English translation of this version is: Benjamin Thorpe, "The Oldenburg Horn," *Northern Mythology: Comprising the Principal Popular Traditions and Superstitions of Scandinavia, North Germany, and the Netherlands*, vol. 3 (London: Edward Lumley, 1852), pp. 128-30.

  2. Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, "Das Oldenburger Horn," *Deutsche Sagen*, vol. 2 (Berlin: In der Nicolaischen Buchhandlung, 1818), no. 541, pp. 317-19. It later editions this legend is numbered 547.
  3. Ludwig Bechstein, "Das Oldenburger Horn," *Deutsches Sagenbuch* (Leipzig: Wigand, 1853), no. 163, pp. 149-50.
  4. J. W. Wolf, "Das Oldenburger Horn," *Beiträge zur deutschen Mythologie*, vol. 2 (Göttingen: Dieterichsche Buchhandlung, 1857), p. 276.

- *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* (The Boy's Magic Horn), a pioneering collection of German folksongs edited by Achim von Arnim and Clemens Brentano (3 volumes, 1806-1808), featured as a frontispiece for volume 2 a copper engraving of the Oldenburg horn.
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The Oldenburg Horn

Germany

Once Count Anton Günther was hunting, when in the fury of the chase he rode ahead of his party, arriving at Mount Osenberg, not far from Oldenburg Castle. The fast ride had made him thirsty, and it so happened that as he approached Mount Osenberg it opened up, and a maiden stepped out. She offered him a drink from a magnificent horn. Taking hold of the horn with his right hand, with his left hand the count quickly swung himself back into his saddle. He threw out the drink backwards over his head, then hurriedly rode away.

In the distance he heard the maiding wailing. Looking back he saw the mountain open up again and the maiden disappear inside. On the place where the spilled drink had touched his

horse all the hairs had been singed away.

He took the horn with him, keeping it a long time at Oldenburg Castle as an eternal reminder of the miraculous event. Later it was removed to the Hannover Art Treasury. Especially miraculous is the fact that when the cup's point was broken off no goldsmith or silversmith was able to repair it, for it is made of a metal unknown to humans.

- Source: A. Kuhn and W. Schwartz, *Norddeutsche Sagen, Märchen und Gebräche aus Meklenburg [Mecklenburg], Pommern, der Mark, Sachsen, Thüringen, Braunschweig, Hannover, Oldenburg und Westfalen* (Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus, 1848), no. 314, pp. 280-81.
- Kuhn's and Schwartz's source: "Oral."
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2009.
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The Stolen Cup

Germany

1.

A man by the name of Klaus Fink from Tensbüttel one day rode his horse into one of the mountains named *Mannigfallige Bargen* or *Mannigfule Bargen* that stretch between Tensbüttel and Alversdorf. There the underground people were holding a cheerful feast, and they invited the peasant to participate. However, he stole a silver cup from them and hurriedly rode away with it.

When New Year's Eve arrived he took the cup from his trunk in order to drink from it. Suddenly the cattle in the barn began to cry terribly. Everyone ran outside to see what was wrong, but they found nothing. When they came back inside they discovered that the underground people had taken back their property.

From Rhode, *Antiquitäten-Remarques*, p. 77.

2.

Two small peasant boys were playing in the field one day at noon. While they were busily scraping the earth looking for colored or rounded stones, a cavern suddenly opened up before them.

"Let's crawl inside," said the one.

"No," said the other. "Underground people live in there for sure."

"Then I want to go inside," said the first one, a daring boy. "Dwarfs sleep at noontime."

Throwing himself to the ground, he crawled inside on all fours. There was indeed an entire little family of underground people there, sound asleep. They were lying near the walls on

mats. The boy became afraid, and he was about to creep away when he saw a beautiful little cup sitting on a little round table. He picked it up and took it with him.

When he arrived home his mother was very pleased with treasure that they had so easily gained. But the father scolded the boy, insisting most earnestly that he take it back to the place where he had found it.

The boy set forth, but the little people, who had discovered their loss, in order to hide their dwelling had made all the surroundings look alike, so no trace could be seen of where they had been.

Crying, the boy returned home with the cup.

His father was an innkeeper, and a merchant had just arrived there. After examining the cup, he said, "This is of the finest gold. You are not going to be so stupid as to return it to the rabble. Why should something like this be under the earth!"

"Na!" said the innkeeper. "It will be something else if they try to get it back!"

Evening came, and a young man was returning late to the village from the field when the underground people surrounded him and told him to let it be known in the village that the following night whoever took the cup from them should place it on a certain boundary stake, where they could pick it up. If that did not happen the entire village would suffer, but if an honest person returned it, he and his property would receive special protection. When the innkeeper heard this he took his son by the hand and had him take the cup to the boundary stake.

The boy never forgot this as long as he lived, and afterward he and his family always enjoyed good fortune.

From O. St. of the Stapelholm Church.

- Source: Karl Müllenhoff, "Der gestohlene Becher," *Sagen, Märchen und Lieder der Herzogthümer Schleswig, Holstein und Lauenburg* (Kiel: Schwersche Buchhandlung, 1845), no. 403, pp. 294-95.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2009.
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Church Cups

Germany/Denmark

1.

One night a man from the parish of Viöl was riding from Bredstedt to Norstedt. As he approached the village an underground person stood next to the road in front of a hill where he had lived since ancient times. He offered him a drink from a glistening golden cup. The man accepted the cup without dismounting from his horse. He was about to place it to his lips

when he was struck with fear, and instead of drinking he emptied the cup's contents behind himself, gave his horse the spurs, and rode away with his booty.

He immediately heard the little man calling his comrades or subjects. They all suddenly appeared, pelting him with stones.

Fortunately the village was not far away; otherwise he would have been lost. With his horse he jumped the gate that blocked the entrance, and was safe. The stones thrown at him now bounced off the village gate. Coming to a halt and examining his horse, he saw that all the hair had been burned off where he had spilled the drink.

To give thanks for his fortunate rescue he presented the cup to the church at Viöl, where it was used for a long time. A few years ago when the parsonage was struck by lightening, it was destroyed in the ensuing fire.

From Mr. Petersen, a teacher in Norstedt.

2.

Late one evening a peasant from Ragebøl was riding home from Satrup. As he passed by a hill called *Boehøi* he saw that it had been lifted up and was sitting on four golden pillars. Inside they were cheerfully drinking and making merry. Then the peasant shouted out that they should give him something to drink as well.

One of them came out immediately and offered him a golden cup. However, the peasant did not dare to drink from it, and he poured out its entire contents behind himself. This singed off the horse's hair and skin. Then with the cup in his hand he rode off quickly toward the village.

The one who had brought the cup to him shouted in the direction of the hill, "Come quickly, Onehorn; Goldhorn is gone!"

The two of them ran after the rider, and as he rode in at the stall door, they grabbed the horse by a leg and nearly tore it off.

After that the man did not dare to keep the cup at home, but instead presented it to the church.

From Sundewith.

3.

The church at Hjordkær received its altar cup in the same manner. Because it was used not only in the church, but also to deliver communion to the sick, it was proven that the cup possessed a miraculous healing power. Most sick people who drank from it recovered. It was also lent out at weddings for the use of the newlyweds, for it was believed that it promoted marital happiness and blessing.

After this had been the custom for many years, one day a poor man dressed in rags

appeared at a wedding in Alsleben and asked for a drink from the cup, because -- as he had been told -- it could cure him of an otherwise incurable illness. The compassionate wedding couple granted his wish, but no sooner did the beggar have the cup in his hand than he disappeared with it, before the eyes of everyone present.

From Pastor Hansen in Hjordkær.

- Source: Karl Müllenhoff, "Die Kirchenbecher," *Sagen, Märchen und Lieder der Herzogthümer Schleswig, Holstein und Lauenburg* (Kiel: Schwersche Buchhandlung, 1845), no. 402, pp. 293-94.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2009.
- Account no. 1 is set in present-day northern Germany; accounts 2 and 3 are set in southern Denmark.
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The Altar Cup in Aagerup (Ågerup)

Denmark

Between the villages of Marup and Aagerup in Zealand, there is said to have lain a great castle, the ruins of which are still to be seen near the strand. Tradition relates that a great treasure is concealed among them, and that a dragon there watches over three kings' ransoms. Here, too, people frequently happen to get a sight of the underground folk, especially about festival times, for then they have dancing and great jollity going on down on the strand.

One Christmas Eve, a farmer's servant in the village of Aagerup went to his master and asked him if he might take a horse and ride down to look at the troll meeting. The farmer not only gave him leave but desired him to take the best horse in the stable; so he mounted and rode away down to the strand. When he was come to the place he stopped his horse, and stood for some time looking at the company who were assembled in great numbers. And while he was wondering to see how well and how gaily the little dwarfs danced, up came a troll to him, and invited him to dismount, and take a share in their dancing and merriment. Another troll came jumping up, took his horse by the bridle, and held him while the man got off, and went down and danced away merrily with them the whole night long.

When it was drawing near day he returned them his very best thanks for his entertainment, and mounted his horse to return home to Aagerup. They now gave him an invitation to come again on New Year's night, as they were then to have great festivity; and a maiden who held a gold cup in her hand invited him to drink the stirrup-cup. He took the cup; but, as he had some suspicion of them, he, while he made as if he was raising the cup to his mouth, threw the drink out over his shoulder, so that it fell on the horse's back, and it immediately singed off all the hair. He then clapped spurs to his horse's sides, and rode away with the cup in his hand over a ploughed field.

The trolls instantly gave chase all in a body ; but being hard set to get over the deep furrows, they shouted out, without ceasing:

Ride on the lay,
And not on the clay.

He, however, never minded them, but kept to the ploughed field. However, when he drew near the village he was forced to ride out on the level road, and the trolls now gained on him every minute. In his distress he prayed unto God, and he made a vow that if he should be delivered he would bestow the cup on the church.

He was now riding along just by the wall of the churchyard, and he hastily flung the cup over it, that it at least might be secure. He then pushed on at full speed, and at last got into the village; and just as they were on the point of catching hold of the horse, he sprung in through the farmer's gate, and the man clapt to the wicket after him. He was now safe; but the trolls were so enraged, that, taking up a huge great stone, they flung it with such force against the gate, that it knocked four planks out of it.

There are no traces now remaining of that house, but the stone is still lying in the middle of the village of Aagerup. The cup was presented to the church, and the man got in return to best farmhouse on the lands of Eriksholm.

- Source: Thomas Keightley, *The Fairy Mythology: Illustrative of the Romance and Superstition of Various Countries* (London: H. G. Bohn, 1850), pp. 109-110.
- Keightley's source: "Oral."
- In a footnote Keightley gives the Danish-language version of the trolls' verse:

  Rid paa det Bolde,
  Og ikke paa det Knolde.

- In a second footnote Keightley provides the following additional information:

  This is an adventure common to many countries. The church of Vigersted in Zealand has a cup obtained in the same way. The man, in this case, took refuge in the church, and was there besieged by the trolls till morning. The bridge of Hagbro in Jutland got its name from a similar event. When the man rode off with the silver jug from the beautiful maiden who presented it to him, an old crone set off in pursuit of him with such velocity, that she would surely have caught him, but that providentially he came to a running water. The pursuer, however, like Nannie with Tam o' Shanter, caught the horse's hind leg, but was only able to keep one of the cocks of his shoe: hence the bridge was called Hagbro, *i. e.* Cock Bridge.

- In modern Danish *Aagerup* is spelled *Ågerup*.
- Link to information about the Ågerup Church.
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Svend Fælling and the Elle-Maid

Denmark

Svend Fælling was, while a little boy, at service in Sjeller-wood-house in Framley; and it one time happened that he had to ride of a message to Eistrup. It was evening before ho got near home, and as he came by the hill of Borum Es, he saw the Elle-maids, who were dancing without ceasing round and round his horse. Then one of the Elle- maids stepped up to him, and reached him a drinking cup, bidding him at the same time to drink. Svend took the cup, but as he was dubious of the nature of the contents, he flung it out over his shoulder, where it fell on the horse's back, and singed off all the hair. While he had the horn fast in his hand, he gave his horse the spurs and rode off full speed.

The Elle-maid pursued him till he came to Trigebrand's mill, and rode through the running water, over which she could not follow him. She then earnestly conjured Svend to give her back the horn, promising him in exchange twelve men's strength. On this condition he gave back the horn, and got what she had promised him; but it very frequently put him to great inconvenience, for he found that along with it he had gotten an appetite for twelve.

- Source: Thomas Keightley, *The Fairy Mythology: Illustrative of the Romance and Superstition of Various Countries* (London: H. G. Bohn, 1850), p. 88.
- Keightley's source: J. M. Thiele, "Svend Fælling, II," *Danmarks Folkesagn* (Copenhagen: C. A. Reitzels Forlag, 1843), vol. 2, pp. 230-31.
- Footnote by Keightley:

  > Framley is in Jutland. Svend (i. e. *Swain*) Fælling is a celebrated character in Danish tradition; he is regarded as a second Holger Danske, and he is the hero of two of the *Kjempe Viser*. In Sweden he is named Sven Färling or Fotling.
  >
  > Grimm has shown that he and Sigurd are the same person. *Deutsche Mythologie*, p. 345. In the Nibelungenlied (st. 345) Sifret (Sigurd) gets the strength of twelve men by wearing the *Tarnkappe* of the dwarf Albrich. Another tradition, presently to be mentioned, says it was from a dwarf he got his strength, for aiding him in battle against another dwarf.
  >
  > It is added, that when Svend came home in the evening, after his adventure with the Elle-maids, the people were drinking their Yule-beer, and they sent him down for a fresh supply. Svend went without saying anything, and returned with a barrel in each hand and one under each arm.

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The Öiestad (Øyestad) Horn

Norway

Near the river Nid in Nedenæs there is a mansion called Neersteen, in which there once dwelt a man named Siur, who was both powerful and rich; for besides Neersteen he owned six other mansions, and a considerable salmon fishery in the Nid; but what was more than all these, he had a daughter, who was the fairest maid of all the surrounding neighbourhood.

Fairy Gifts

folktales and legends of type 503
translated and/or edited by

D. L. Ashliman
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The Fairies and the Hump-Back

Scotland

A man who was a hump-back once met the fairies dancing, and danced with their queen; and he sang with them, "Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday," so well that they took off his hump, and he returned home a straight-bodied man.

Then a tailor went past the same place, and was also admitted by the fairies to their dance. He caught the fairy queen by the waist, and she resented his familiarity. And in singing he added "Thursday" to their song and spoilt it. To pay the tailor for his rudeness and ill manners, the dancers took up the hump they had just removed from the first man and clapped it on his back, and the conceited fellow went home a hump-back.

Notes:

- Source: W. Y. Evans-Wentz, *The Fairy Faith in Celtic Countries* (London: Henry. Frowde, Oxford University Press, 1911), p. 92.

had a delightful feel down along his body instead of the disagreeable *cruith* he was accustomed to. He felt as if he could go from that to the other side of the stream at one step, and he burned little daylight till he reached Glanamoin. He had some trouble to persuade the neighbors of the truth of what had happened; but the wonder held only nine days; and he had like to lose his health along with his hump, for if he only made his appearance in Ballycarney, Castle-Dockrell, Ballindaggin, Kilmeashil, or Bunclody, ten people would be inviting him to a share of a tumbler of punch, or a quart of mulled beer.

The news of the wonderful cure was talked of high and low, and even went as far as Ballynocrish, in Bantry, where another poor *angashore* of a humpback lived. But he was very unlike the Duffrey man in his disposition: he was as cross as a brier, and almost begrudged his right hand to help his left. His poor old aunt and a neighbor of hers set out one day, along with him, along the Bunclody road, passing by Killanne and the old place of the Colcloughs at Duffrey Hall, till they reached Temple-shambo. Then they kept along the hilly by-road till they reached the little man's house near the pass.

So they up and told their business, and he gave them a kind welcome, and explained all the ins and outs of his adventure; and the end was, the four went together in the heel of the evening to the rath, and left the little lord in his glory in the dry, brown grass of the round dyke, where the other met his good fortune. The little *ounkran* never once thanked them for all the trouble they were taking for him. He only whimpered about being left in that lonesome place, and bade them to be sure to be with him at the flight of night, because he did not know what way to take from it.

At last, the poor cross creature fell asleep; and after dreaming about falling down from rocks, and being held over the sea by his hump, and then that a lion had him by the same hump, and was running away with him, and then that it was put up for a target for soldiers to shoot at, the first volley they gave awoke him, and what was it but the music of the fairies in full career. The melody was the same as it was left them by the hivemaker, and the tune and dancing was twice as good as it was at first. This is the way it went:

Yae Luan, yae Morth --
Yae Luan, yae Morth --
Yae Luan, yae Morth,
Agus Dha Haed-yeen.

But the new visitor had neither taste nor discretion; so when they came about the third time to the last line, he croaked out:

Agus Dha Yærd-yeen
Agus Dha Haen-ya. {footnote 3}

It was the same as a cross fiddler that finds nobody going to give him anything, and makes a harsh back-screak of his bow along one of the strings. A thousand voices cried out, "Who stops our dance? Who stops our dance?" And all gathered round the poor fellow. He could do nothing but stare at them with his poor, cross, frightened face; and they screamed and laughed till he thought it was all over with him.

But it was *not* over with him.

"Bring down that hump," says the king; and before you could kiss your hand it was clapped on, as fast as the knocker of Newgate, over the other hump. The music was over now, the lights went out, and the poor creature lay till morning in a nightmare; and there the two women found him, at daybreak, more dead than alive.

It was a dismal return they had to Ballynocrish; and the moral of my story is, that you should never drive till you first try the virtue of leading.

- Source: Patrick Kennedy, *Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts* (London: Macmillan and Company, 1866), pp. 100-104.
- The following footnotes are from Kennedy's original text:
    1. Footnote 1: A small circular meadow surrounded by a mound overgrown with furze bushes, the remains of the earthen fort of one of the small chiefs of old days. They are erroneously called "Danes' forts."
    2. Footnote 2: Correctly *Dia Luain, Dia Mairt, Dia Ceodoin* -- Moon's Day, Mar's Day, Woden's Day (First Fast).
    3. Footnote 3: Correctly *Diar Daoin, Dia Aoine*, Dies Jovis, Vies Veneris -- Thursday, Friday.
    4. A final note by Kennedy: This fairy legend is certainly one of the most ancient of its kind. Dancing to the tiresome melody was a punishment inflicted on the fairies for their pristine crimes. No wonder that they should have felt grateful for the improvement effected.
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A Fairy Tale in the Ancient English Style

Thomas Parnell

In Britain's Isle and Arthur's days,
When Midnight Faeries daunc'd the Maze,
Liv'd Edwin of the Green;
Edwin, I wis, a gentle Youth,
Endow'd with Courage, Sense and Truth,
Tho' badly Shap'd he been.

His Mountain Back mote well be said
To measure heigth against his Head,
And lift it self above:
Yet spite of all that Nature did
To make his uncouth Form forbid,
This Creature dar'd to love.

He felt the Charms of Edith's Eyes,
Nor wanted Hope to gain the Prize,
Cou'd Ladies took within;

But one Sir Topaz dress'd with Art,
And, if a Shape cou'd win a Heart,
He had a Shape to win.

Edwin (if right I read my Song)
With slighted Passion pac'd along
All in the Moony Light:
'Twas near an old enchaunted Court,
Where sportive Faeries made Resort
To revel out the Night.

His Heart was drear, his Hope was cross'd,
'Twas late, 'twas farr, the Path was lost
That reach'd the Neighbour-Town;
With weary Steps he quits the Shades,
Resolv'd the darkling Dome he treads,
And drops his Limbs adown.

But scant he lays him on the Floor,
When hollow Winds remove the Door,
A trembling rocks the Ground:
And (well I ween to count aright)
At once an hundred Tapers light
On all the Walls around.

Now sounding Tongues assail his Ear,
Now sounding Feet approachen near,
And now the Sounds encrease:
And from the Corner where he lay
He sees a Train profusely gay
Come pranckling o'er the Place.

But (trust me Gentles!) never yet
Was dight a Masquing half so neat,
Or half so rich before; The Country lent the sweet Perfumes,
The Sea the Pearl, the Sky the Plumes,
The Town its silken Store.

Now whilst he gaz'd, a Gallant drest
In flaunting Robes above the rest,
With awfull Accent cry'd;
What Mortall of a wretched Mind,
Whose Sighs infect the balmy Wind,
Has here presum'd to hide?

At this the Swain whose vent'rous Soul
No Fears of Magick Art controul,

Advanc'd in open sight;
"Nor have I Cause of Dreed," he said,
"Who view by no Presumption led
Your Revels of the Night."

"'Twas Grief, for Scorn of faithful Love,
Which made my Steps unweeting rove
Amid the nightly Dew."
'Tis well, the Gallant crys again,
We Faeries never injure Men
Who dare to tell us true.

Exalt thy Love-dejected Heart,
Be mine the Task, or e'er we part,
To make thee Grief resign;
Now take the Pleasure of thy Chaunce;
Whilst I with Mab my part'ner daunce,
Be little Mable thine.

He spoke, and all a sudden there
Light Musick floats in wanton Air;
The Monarch leads the Queen:
The rest their Faerie Partners found,
And Mable trimly tript the Ground
With Edwin of the Green.

The Dauncing past, the Board was laid,
And siker such a Feast was made
As Heart and Lip desire;
Withouten Hands the Dishes fly,
The Glasses with a Wish come nigh,
And with a Wish retire.

But now to please the Faerie King,
Full ev'ry deal they laugh and sing,
And antick Feats devise;
Some wind and tumble like an Ape,
And other-some transmute their Shape
In Edwin's wond'ring Eyes.

'Till one at last that Robin hight,
(Renown'd for pinching Maids by Night)
Has hent him up aloof;
And full against the Beam he flung,
Where by the Back the Youth he hung
To spraul unneath the Roof.

From thence, "Reverse my Charm," he crys,
"And let it fairely now suffice
The Gambol has been shown."
But Oberon answers with a Smile,
Content thee Edwin for a while,
The Vantage is thine own.

Here ended all the Phantome-play;
They smelt the fresh Approach of Day,
And heard a Cock to crow;
The whirling Wind that bore the Crowd
Has clap'd the Door, and whistled loud,
To warn them all to go.

Then screaming all at once they fly,
And all at once the Tapers dy;
Poor Edwin falls to Floor;
Forlorn his State, and dark the Place,
Was never Wight in sike a Case
Through all the Land before.

But soon as Dan Apollo rose,
Full Jolly Creature home he goes,
He feels his Back the less;
His honest Tongue and steady Mind
Han rid him of the Lump behind
Which made him want Success.

With lusty livelyhed he talks,
He seems a dauncing as he walks,
His Story soon took wind;
And beautious Edith sees the Youth,
Endow'd with Courage, Sense and Truth,
Without a Bunch behind.

The Story told, Sir Topaz mov'd,
(The Youth of Edith erst approv'd)
To see the Revel Scene:
At close of Eve he leaves his home,
And wends to find the ruin'd Dome
All on the gloomy Plain.

As there he bides, it so befell,
The Wind came rustling down a Dell,
A shaking seiz'd the Wall:
Up spring the Tapers as before,
The Faeries bragly foot the Floor,

And Musick fills the Hall.

But certes sorely sunk with woe
Sir Topaz sees the Elphin show,
His Spirits in him dy:
When Oberon crys, "a Man is near,
A mortall Passion, cleeped Fear,
Hangs flagging in the Sky."

With that Sir Topaz (Hapless Youth!)
In Accents fault'ring ay for Ruth
Intreats them Pity graunt;
For als he been a mister Wight
Betray'd by wand'ring in the Night
To tread the circled Haunt;

"Ah Losell Vile, at once they roar!
And little skill'd of Faerie lore,
Thy Cause to come we know:
Now has thy Kestrell Courage fell;
And Faeries, since a Ly you tell,
Are free to work thee Woe."

Then Will, who bears the wispy Fire
To trail the Swains among the Mire,
The Caitive upward flung;
There like a Tortoise in a Shop
He dangled from the Chamber-top,
Where whilome Edwin hung.

The Revel now proceeds apace,
Deffly they frisk it o'er the Place,
They sit, they drink, and eat;
The time with frolick Mirth beguile,
And poor Sir Topaz hangs the while
'Till all the Rout retreat.

By this the Starrs began to wink,
They skriek, they fly, the Tapers sink,
And down ydrops the Knight.
For never Spell by Faerie laid
With strong Enchantment bound a Glade
Beyond the length of Night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,
'Till up the Welkin rose the Day,
Then deem'd the Dole was o'er:

But wot ye well his harder Lot?
His seely Back the Bunch has got
Which Edwin lost afore.

This Tale a Sybil-Nurse ared;
She softly strok'd my youngling Head,
And when the Tale was done,
"Thus some are born, my Son (she cries)
With base Impediments to rise,
And some are born with none.

"But Virtue can it self advance
To what the Fav'rite Fools of Chance
By Fortune seem'd design'd;
Virtue can gain the Odds of Fate,
And from it self shake off the Weight
Upon th' unworthy Mind."

- Source: University of Vermont, Spenser and the Tradition: English Poetry 1579-1830, Thomas Parnell, "A Fairy Tale in the Ancient English Style."
- Thomas Parnell, an Irish poet and clergyman, was born in 1679 and died in 1718. This poem was first published by Alexander Pope in 1722.
- Sources printed in the eighteenth century:
    - *Poems on Several Occasions*, written by Dr. Thomas Parnell, late Arch-Deacon of Clogher, and published by Mr. [Alexander Pope] (London: Bernard Lintot, 1726), pp. 32-45.
    - *The Court of Queen Mab: Containing a Select Collection of Only the Best, Most Instructive, and Entertaining Tales of the Fairies* (London: M. Cooper, 1752), pp. 359-65.
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Billy Beg, Tom Beg, and the Fairies

Isle of Man

Not far from Dalby, Billy Beg and Tom Beg, two humpback cobblers, lived together on a lonely croft. Billy Beg was sharper and cleverer than Tom Beg, who was always at his command. One day Billy Beg gave Tom a staff, and quoth he, "Tom Beg, go to the mountain and fetch home the white sheep."

Tom Beg took the staff and went to the mountain, but he could not find the white sheep. At last, when he was far from home, and dusk was coming on, he began to think that he had best go back. The night was fine, and stars and a small crescent moon were in the sky. No sound was to be heard but the curlew's sharp whistle. Tom was hastening home, and had almost reached Glen Rushen, when a grey mist gathered, and he lost his way. But it was not long before the mist cleared, and Tom Beg found himself in a green glen such as he had never seen before, though he thought he knew every glen within five miles of him, for he was

born and reared in the neighborhood. He was marveling and wondering where he could be, when he heard a far-away sound drawing nearer to him.

"Aw," said he to himself, "there's more than myself afoot on the mountains tonight; I'll have company."

The sound grew louder. First, it was like the humming of bees, then like the rushing of Glen Meay waterfall, and last it was like the marching and the murmur of a crowd. It was the fairy host. Of a sudden the glen was full of fine horses and of little people riding on them, with the lights on their red caps shining like the stars above and making the night as bright as day. There was the blowing of horns, the waving of flags, the playing of music, and the barking of many little dogs. Tom Beg thought that he had never seen anything so splendid as all he saw there. In the midst of the drilling and dancing and singing one of them spied Tom, and then Tom saw coming towards him the grandest little man he had ever set eyes upon, dressed in gold and silver, and silk shining like a raven's wing.

"It is a bad time you have chosen to come this way," said the little man, who was the king.

"Yes; but it is not here that I'm wishing to be though," said Tom.

Then said the king, "Are you one of us tonight, Tom?"

"I am surely," said Tom.

"Then," said the king, "it will be your duty to take the password. You must stand at the foot of the glen, and as each regiment goes by, you must take the password: it is 'Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday.'"

"I'll do that with a heart and a half," said Tom.

At daybreak the fiddlers took up their fiddles; the Fairy army set itself in order; the fiddlers played before them out of the glen; and sweet that music was. Each regiment gave the password to Tom as it went by, "Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday"; and last of all came the king, and he, too, gave it, "Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday."

Then he called in Manx to one of his men, "Take the hump from this fellow's back," and before the words were out of his mouth the hump was whisked off Tom Beg's back and thrown into the hedge.

How proud now was Tom, who so found himself the straightest man in the Isle of Man! He went down the mountain and came home early in the morning with light heart and eager step. Billy Beg wondered greatly when he saw Tom Beg so straight and strong, and when Tom Beg had rested and refreshed himself he told his story how he had met the Fairies who came every night to Glen Rushen to drill.

The next night Billy Beg set off along the mountain road and came at last to the green glen. About midnight he heard the trampling of horses, the lashing of whips, the barking of dogs,

and a great hullabaloo, and, behold, the Fairies and their king, their dogs and their horses, all at drill in the glen as Tom Beg had said.

When they saw the humpback they all stopped, and one came forward and very crossly asked his business.

"I am one of Yourselves for the night, and should be glad to do you some service," said Billy Beg.

So he was set to take the password, "Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday." And at daybreak the King said, "It's time for us to be off," and up came regiment after regiment giving Billy Beg the password, "Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday."

Last of all came the king with his men. and gave the password also, "Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday."

"AND SUNDAY," says Billy Beg, thinking himself clever. Then there was a great outcry.

"Get the hump that was taken off that fellow's back last night and put it on this man's back," said the king, with flashing eyes, pointing to the hump that lay under the hedge.

Before the words were well out of his mouth the hump was clapped onto Billy Beg's back.

"Now," said the King, "be off, and if ever I find you here again, I will clap another hump on to your front!"

And on that they all marched away with one great shout, and left poor Billy Beg standing where they had found him, with a hump growing on each shoulder. And he came home next day dragging one foot after another, with a wizened face and as cross as two sticks, with his two humps on his back, and if they are not off they are there still.

- Source: Sophia Morrison , *Manx Fairy Tales* (London: David Nutt, 1911), pp. 56-61.
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The Fairies and the Two Hunchbacks: A Story of Picardy

France

Once there were three fairies who used to amuse themselves by dancing round and round, and singing, "Sunday, Monday; Sunday, Monday."

One day a little hunchback surprised them at this sport, and without being afraid, he took them by the hand and began to dance with them, repeating also, "Sunday, Monday; Sunday, Monday."

He danced so prettily that the fairies were charmed, and to reward him took away his hunch. Perfectly happy, he returned home, constantly singing as he went, "Sunday, Monday;

Sunday, Monday."

On the road he met another little hunchback whom he knew. The latter was greatly astonished to see his friend relieved of his hunch, and said, "How did you manage it? Your hunch is gone."

"It is all very easy," replied the other. "You have only to go to a certain wood, when you will find some fairies. You must dance with them and sing, 'Sunday, Monday; Sunday, Monday,' and they will take away your hunch."

"I will go, I will go at once," cried the little hunchback, and started immediately for the wood to which he had been directed, where, sure enough, he found the three fairies. Without hesitating, he took them by the hand and danced with them, repeating, "Sunday, Monday." But unhappily for him, he added, "Tuesday, Wednesday."

The fairies, indignant, added to his hunch that of the first hunchback, so that he was a fright to behold, so frightful that if you had seen him you would have run away from him.

And then ? -- And then the cock crew, and it was day.

Told by Auguste Gourdin, miller, aged 63, at Warloy-Baillon (Somme).

- Source: Martha Ward Carey, *Fairy Legends of the French Provinces* (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell, 1887), pp. 6-7.
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The Tailor on the Brocken

Germany

A tailor heard that during the night between the last of April and the first of May witches gather on Glocker Mountain and there perform incredible dances. Being curious, on the preceding day he set forth and climbed Glocker Mountain. He hid himself among the branches of a willow tree and then saw how many hundred witches flew there through the air, had a lovely feast, and then danced joyfully.

One of the witches noticed him and shouted to another one, "See what a large burl that willow branch has. I'm going to drive my ax into it, so I can find it again next year." And she drove her ax into his back.

He only felt a single stab, but from that moment onward his back was very heavy, and when the sun came up he saw with terror from his shadow that he was now a hunchback.

Nevertheless, the following year when the first of May was approaching he could not restrain his desire to return to Glocker Mountain, because the dances had pleased him so much. Seated once again in the willow tree, the witch saw him, as before, and said, "I want to pull my ax out of the willow burl, so I won't lose it."

- Evans-Wentz's source was a protestant minister whose calling had taken him to the Western Hebrides. The above legend comes from the remote island of Benbecula in the Western Hebrides.
- Thursday is, of course, the day of Thor, the mortal enemy of Scandinavian underground people, which may be the reason why adding the name "Thursday" to the fairies' song was such a breach of etiquette.
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The Hunchback of Willow Brake

Scotland

Little Hunchback was but a poor, melancholy creature, an object of pity to the compassionate, and a laughing-stock to the thoughtless and foolish. He was deformed from the day of his birth, with his weak knees that bent under him, and a large lump between his shoulders.

When he reached boyhood, he was uglier and more deformed than he had been even in his childhood. He never went out of doors but a crowd of naughty children followed, laughing at him and mocking him. Their cruel conduct made him so shy and unsociable that he avoided their company, and he passed his time day after day alone in the Willow Brake, which stood at a short distance from his mother's house. His neighbors noticed where he was accustomed to go, and nicknamed him the Hunchback of the Willow Brake.

On a certain evening, after suffering much ridicule from the children of the town where he lived, he fled with a sore heart and weeping eyes to the Willow Brake for shelter. He had not gone far into the wood, when he was met by the very prettiest little babe he had ever seen. The babe was a fairy woman, but he could not afterwards give a full description of her appearance, nor had he any recollection of her attire, beyond this, that about her shoulders was a green mantle, which was bound with a golden girdle about her waist, and that on her head was a green cap, with a tuft of silver feathers waving from its crown.

"Where are you going?" said the fairy.

"I am going to pass the evening in the Willow Brake," replied Hunchback.

"Have you no companion at all with whom you can play?" said she then.

"No; none will keep company with me, since I am not like other children," said Hunchback.

At last she asked his name, and he told her it was Hunchback.

"Hunchback!" she exclaimed. "It is long since we expected to meet you. I am Play of Sunbeam, and my joy is making the world merry. Come with me, my people are expecting you, and pass the night with us, and in the morning you will have neither disability nor defect."

He went cheerfully with her, until they arrived at the back of the Big Fairy Knoll.

"Shut your eyes, and give me your hand," said the fairy.

She reached for his back, and he felt a light stab. From that time onward his hump was gone. When the witch pulled her hand back, she was holding an ax.

- Source: Emil Sommer, "Der Schneider auf dem Brocken," *Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Sachsen und Thüringen* (Halle: Eduard Anton, 1846), vol. 1, pp. 56-57.
- Sommer's source: "Oral from Halle."
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2008.
- The Brocken, also called *Glockersberg* (Glocker Mountain), or -- more commonly -- *Blocksberg* is the highest peak in the Harz Mountains of north-central Germany, and is a legendary gathering place of witches and devils, especially during the night before May Day (Walpurgis Night -- German, *Walpurgisnacht*).
- Link to another legend about the witches' sabbath on the Brocken: The Trip to the Brocken. Opens in a new window.
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The Gifts of the Mountain Spirits

Germany

A tailor and a goldsmith were journeying together, and as evening approached they heard wonderful lovely music. It was so beautiful that they forgot how tired they were and took longer and longer steps to see who the musicians were. When they listened it was at first like the wind softly blowing in the linden trees along the pathway, then it was as though the bluebells in the meadow were ringing as they nodded in the wind.

The tailor thought about his dear fiancée, whom he had left at home, and sighed because he was so poor that the musicians would not be playing at their wedding dance.

As they walked along the music sounded nearer and nearer, and at last on a hill they saw many small figures, little men and little women, holding hands and dancing in a circle around an old man. They were singing (that was the music), and one after the other they bowed before the old man.

The old man was somewhat larger than the others, had a long ice-gray beard that hung down low over his chest, had a majestic appearance, and was magnificently dressed. The tailor and the goldsmith stood there amazed and could not see enough. Then the old man motioned to them; the dancers opened their circle; and the goldsmith, who was a small hunchbacked fellow, stepped inside. The frightened tailor stayed where he was, but when he saw how the little men and women welcomed his companion, he took heart and followed him into the circle. With the circle now closed, the little people continued to dance and to sing.

The old man took a long, broad knife, whetted it until it glistened brightly, and then shaved off the hair and the beards of the tailor and the goldsmith. They shook with fear that their heads would be next, but the old man patted them friendly on their shoulders, as if to say that it was good that they had not resisted. Afterward he pointed to a pile of coal that lay nearby, indicating to them with gestures that they should fill their pockets with it. The goldsmith, who was greedy by nature, took much more than did the tailor, even though the coal had no value.

Then the two of them walked down the hill to seek shelter for the night, looking back repeatedly at the tiny dancers. The music sounded more distant and more softly. The monastery bell in the valley struck twelve, and suddenly the hill was empty. Everything had disappeared.

Once at the inn the two wanderers covered themselves with their jackets, and because they were very tired, they forgot to take the coal out of their pockets. They awakened earlier than usual, because their jackets were pushing down on them like lead.

They reached into the pockets and could not believe their eyes when they saw that they contained pure gold instead of coal. The goldsmith estimated that his was worth thirty thousand thalers, and the tailor's fifteen thousand. Furthermore, their hair and beards had been restored as well.

They praised the old man on the mountain, and the goldsmith said, "Do you know what? Let's go back this evening and fill our pockets clear full."

But the tailor did not want to do this. "I have enough," he said, "and am satisfied. Now I can become a master tailor and marry my Margaret. We will manage beautifully."

The goldsmith did not want to journey onward, and because they had traveled together for a long time, as a favor the tailor spent the day with him at the inn. As evening approached, the goldsmith hung several bags over his shoulders and went back to the hill. He heard the music, as they had before, and saw the little dancers with the old man in the middle. And the old man again motioned to him, shaved him, indicating that he should take some coal. He gathered up as much as he could carry away, hurried back to the village inn, covered himself with his jacket, and could not fall asleep in anticipation that the pockets and bags, now filled with light coal, would be getting heavier and heavier.

But on earth not everything happens the way foolish people think it will. The pockets and bags remained light. As dawn approached he went to the window and looked at each piece of coal. It was ordinary coal, and it made his fingers black. Frightened, he fetched the gold from the previous day, but it no longer glistened. Everything had turned back into coal.

Then he awakened the tailor in order to share his sorrow with him. When the tailor saw him he was horrified. Only now did the goldsmith discover his entire misfortune. His hair and his beard had been shaved off completely, and they never grew back. But the worst thing was this: he had had a hump on his back, but now he had one of the same size on his chest, and would be unable to work.

He recognized this as punishment for his greed, and began to cry bitterly. However, the tailor comforted him, saying, "Since we have been good traveling companions for so long, and since we found the treasure together, from now on you can live with me and share my treasure."

The tailor soon became a master and married his Margaret. He had many pious children and always enough work; and he is still taking care of the goldsmith with the two humps and no

hair.

- Source: Emil Sommer, "Der Berggeister Geschenke," *Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Sachsen und Thüringen* (Halle: Eduard Anton, 1846), vol. 1, pp. 82-86.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2008.
- Sommer's source: "Oral from Halle."
- This tale was rewritten under the title "The Gifts of the Little People" by the Grimm brothers for inclusion in the sixth edition (1850) of their *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* (no. 182).
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The Gifts of the Little People

Germany

A tailor and a goldsmith were journeying together when one evening, just as the sun had sunk behind the mountains, they heard the sound of distant music. It grew more and more distinct. It had a strange sound, but was so pleasing that they forgot their fatigue and walked speedily ahead. The moon had already risen when they arrived at a hill, upon which they viewed a large number of small men and women who were holding hands and dancing around and cheerfully singing with the greatest pleasure and happiness. That was the music that the wanderers had heard.

An old man, somewhat larger than the others, sat in their midst. He wore a brightly colored jacket, and his ice-gray beard hung down over his chest. Filled with amazement, the two wanderers stopped and watched the dance. The old man motioned to them that they too should join in, and the little people voluntarily opened their circle.

The goldsmith, who had a hump on his back, and -- like all hunchbacks -- was forward enough, stepped right up. The tailor was at first a little shy and held back, but as soon as he saw what fun it was, he too took heart and joined in.

They closed the circle again, and the little people sang and danced wildly forth. However, the old man took a broad knife, that had been hanging from his belt, sharpened it, and as soon as it was sufficiently sharpened, looked at the strangers. They were frightened, but they did not have to worry for long. The old man grabbed the goldsmith and with the greatest speed smoothly shaved off his beard and the hair from his head. Then the same thing happened to the tailor.

Their fear disappeared when the old man patted them friendly on their shoulders as if he wanted to say that they had done well by letting it all happen without resisting. With his finger he pointed toward a pile of coal that lay nearby, and indicated to them through gestures that they should fill their pockets with it. They both obeyed, although they did not know of what use the coal would be to them. Then they went on their way to seek out a place to spend the night.

They had just arrived in the valley when the bell from a neighboring monastery struck twelve.

The singing ceased instantly. Everyone disappeared, and the hill lay in lonely moonlight.

The two wanderers found shelter. Lying on beds of straw, they covered themselves with their jackets. They were so tired that they forgot to take the coal out of their pockets first.

They were awakened earlier than normal by a heavy weight pressing down on their limbs. They reached into their pockets, and could hardly believe their eyes when they saw that they were not filled with coal, but with pure gold. Further, their hair and their beards had also been fully restored.

Now they were rich. However, the goldsmith had twice as much as the tailor, because -- true to his greedy nature -- he had filled his pockets better. However much a greedy person has, he always wants more, so the goldsmith proposed to the tailor that they stay there another day in order to be able to gain even more wealth from the old man on the mountain that evening.

The tailor did not want to do this, and said: "I have enough and am satisfied. I am going to become a master, marry my pleasant object (as he called his sweetheart), and be a happy man."

However, to please the goldsmith, he agreed to stay one more day. That evening the goldsmith hung several bags over his shoulders in order to be able to carry everything, and set off for the hill.

As had happened the night before, he found the little people dancing and singing. The old man shaved him smooth once again, and indicated that he should take some coal. Without hesitating he packed away as much as his pockets and bags would hold, and then happily returned home. Covering himself with his jacket he said: "I can bear it, if the gold presses down on me." With the sweet premonition that he would awaken tomorrow as a very rich man, he fell asleep.

When he opened his eyes, he got up quickly in order to examine his pockets and bags. How astounded he was, that he pulled out nothing but black coal, however often he reached inside. "Anyway, I still have the gold from the night before," he thought, and reached for it. Horrified, he saw that it too had turned back into coal. He struck himself on the forehead with his grimy hand, and felt that his entire head was as bald and smooth as his beardless chin.

Nor was that the end of his misfortune. Only now did he notice that in addition the hump on his back, a second one, of the same size, had grown onto his chest. Now he recognized the punishment for his greed and began to cry aloud.

The good tailor, who had been awakened by all this, consoled the unhappy man as best he could, saying: "You were my traveling companion, and you can stay with me now and live from my treasure."

He kept his word, but the poor goldsmith had to bear two humps and cover his bald head with a cap as long as he lived.

- Source: Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, "Die Geschenke des kleinen Volkes," *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*, vol. 2 (Göttingen: Verlag der Dieterichschen Buchhandlung, 1857), no. 182, pp. 384-86.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2008.
- This tale was added to the Grimms' collection in the sixth edition (1850).
- The Grimms' source: Emil Sommer, "Der Berggeister Geschenke," *Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Sachsen und Thüringen* (Halle: Eduard Anton, 1846), pp. 82-86. This story is included in the present collection under the title The Gifts of the Mountain Spirits.
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The Two Humpbacks

Italy

There were once two companions who were humpbacks, but one more so than the other. They were both so poor that they had not a penny to their names. One of them said: "I will go out into the world, for here there is nothing to eat; we are dying of hunger. I want to see whether I can make my fortune."

"Go," said the other. "If you make your fortune, return, and I will go and see if I can make mine." So the humpback set off on his journey. Now these two humpbacks were from Parma. When the humpback had gone a long way, he came to a square where there was a fair, at which everything was sold.

There was a person selling cheese, who cried out: "Eat the little Parmesan!" The poor humpback thought he meant him, so he ran away and hid himself in a courtyard. When it was one o'clock, he heard a clanking of chains and the words "Saturday and Sunday" repeated several times.

Then he answered: "And Monday."

"Oh, heavens!" said they who were singing. "Who is this who has harmonized with our choir?"

They searched and found the poor humpback hidden. "O gentlemen!" he said, "I have not come here to do any harm, you know!"

"Well! we have come to reward you; you have harmonized our choir; come with us!" They put him on a table and removed his hump, healed him, and gave him two bags of money.

"Now," they said, "you can go." He thanked them and went away without his hump. He liked it better, you can believe! He returned to his place at Parma, and when the other humpback saw him he exclaimed: "Does not that look just like my friend? But he had a hump! It is not he! Listen! You are not my friend so and so, are you?"

"Yes, I am," he replied.

"Listen! Were you not a humpback?"

"Yes. They have removed my hump and given me two bags of money. I will tell you why. I reached," he continued, "such and such a place, and I heard them beginning to say, 'Eat the little Parmesan! Eat the little Parmesan!' I was so frightened that I hid myself." (He mentioned the place -- in a courtyard.) "At a certain hour, I heard a noise of chains and a chorus singing: 'Saturday and Sunday.' After two or three times, I said: 'And Monday.' They came and found me, saying that I had harmonized their chorus, and they wanted to reward me. They took me, removed my hump, and gave me two bags of money."

"Oh, heavens!" said the other humpback. "I want to go there, too!"

"Go, poor fellow, go! Farewell!"

The humpback reached the place, and hid himself precisely where his companion had. After a while he heard a noise of chains, and the chorus: "Saturday and Sunday!" Then another chorus: "And Monday!" After the humpback had heard them repeat: "Saturday and Sunday, and Monday!" several times, he added: "And Tuesday!"

"Where," they exclaimed, "is he who has spoiled our chorus? If we find him, we will tear him in pieces." Just think! they struck and beat this poor humpback until they were tired; then they put him on the same table on which they had placed his companion, and said: "Take that hump and put it on him in front."

So they took the other's hump and fastened it to his breast, and then drove him away with blows. He went home and found his friend, who cried: "Mercy! Is not that my friend? But it cannot be, for this one is humpbacked in front. Listen," he said, "are you not my friend?"

"The same," he answered, weeping. "I did not want to bear my own hump, and now I have to carry mine and yours! and so beaten and reduced, you see!"

"Come," said his friend, "come home with me, and we will eat a mouthful together; and don't be disheartened."

And so, every day, he dined with his friend, and afterward they died, I imagine.

- Source: Thomas Frederick Crane, *Italian Popular Tales* (London: Macmillan and Company), no. 27, pp. 103-104.
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The Elves and the Envious Neighbor

Japan

Once upon a time there was a certain man, who, being overtaken by darkness among the mountains, was driven to seek shelter in the trunk of a hollow tree. In the middle of the night, a large company of elves assembled at the place; and the man, peeping out from his hiding place, was frightened out of his wits. After a while, however, the elves began to feast and drink wine, and to amuse themselves by singing and dancing, until at last the man, caught by the infection of the fun, forgot all about his fright, and crept out of his hollow tree to join in the

revels.

When the day was about to dawn, the elves said to the man, "You're a very jolly companion, and must come out and have a dance with us again. You must make us a promise, and keep it."

So the elves, thinking to bind the man over to return, took a large wen that grew on his forehead and kept it in pawn; upon this they all left the place, and went home.

The man walked off to his own house in high glee at having passed a jovial night, and got rid of his wen into the bargain. So he told the story to all his friends, who congratulated him warmly on being cured of his wen. But there was a neighbor of his who was also troubled with a wen of long standing, and, when he heard of his friend's luck, he was smitten with envy, and went off to hunt for the hollow tree, in which, when he had found it, he passed the night.

Elves, mistaking him for their former boon-companion, were delighted to see him, and said, "You're a good fellow to recollect your promise, and we'll give you back your pledge."

So one of the elves, pulling the pawned wen out of his pocket, stuck it onto the man's forehead, on the top of the other wen which he already had. So the envious neighbor went home weeping, with two wens instead of one.

This is a good lesson to people who cannot see the good luck of others, without coveting it for themselves.

- Source: A. B. Mitford, *Tales of Old Japan*, vol. 1 (London: Macmillan and Company, 1871), pp. 276-77.
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How an Old Man Lost His Wen

Japan

There was once an old man who had a wen on his right cheek. This disfigurement caused him a good deal of annoyance, and he had spent a considerable sum of money in trying to get rid of it. He took various medicines and applied many lotions, but instead of the wen disappearing or even diminishing, it increased in size.

One night, while the old man was returning home laden with firewood, he was overtaken by a terrible thunderstorm, and was forced to seek shelter in a hollow tree. When the storm had abated, and just as he was about to proceed on his journey, he was surprised to hear a sound of merriment close at hand. On peeping out from his place of retreat, he was amazed to see a number of demons dancing and singing and drinking. Their dancing was so strange that the old man, forgetting caution, began to laugh, and eventually left the tree in order that he might see the performance better. As he stood watching, he saw that a demon was dancing by himself, and, moreover, that the chief of the company was none too pleased with his very clumsy antics. At length the leader of the demons said: "Enough! Is there no one who can dance better than this fellow?"

When the old man heard these words, it seemed that his youth returned to him again, and having at one time been an expert dancer, he offered to show his skill. So the old man danced before that strange gathering of demons, who congratulated him on his performance, offered him a cup of sak, and begged that he would give them the pleasure of several other dances.

The old man was extremely gratified by the way he had been received, and when the chief of the demons asked him to dance before them on the following night, he readily complied. "That is well," said the chief, "but you must leave some pledge behind you. I see that you have a wen on your right cheek, and that will make an excellent pledge. Allow me to take it off for you." Without inflicting any pain, the chief removed the wen, and having accomplished this extraordinary feat, he and his companions suddenly vanished.

The old man, as he walked towards his home, kept on feeling his right cheek with his hand, and could scarcely realize that after many years of disfigurement he had at last the good fortune to lose his troublesome and unsightly wen. At length he entered his humble abode, wife was none the less pleased with what had taken place.

A wicked and cantankerous old man lived next door to this good old couple. For many years he had been afflicted with a wen on his left cheek, which had failed to yield to all manner of medical treatment. When he heard of his neighbor's good fortune, he called upon him and listened to the strange adventures with the demons. The good old man told his neighbor where he might find the hollow tree, and advised him to hide in it just before sunset.

The wicked old man found the hollow tree and entered it. He had not remained concealed more than a few minutes when he rejoiced to see the demons. Presently one of the company said: "The old man is a long time coming. I made sure he would keep his promise."

At these words the old man crept out of his hiding-place, flourished his fan, and began to dance; but, unfortunately, he knew nothing about dancing, and his extraordinary antics caused the demons to express considerable dissatisfaction. "You dance extremely ill," said one of the company, "and the sooner you stop the better we shall be pleased; but before you depart we will return the pledge you left with us last night." Having uttered these words, the demon flung the wen at the right cheek of the old man, where it remained firmly fixed, and could not be removed. So the wicked old man, who had tried to deceive the demons, went away with a wen on either side of his face.

- Source: F. Hadland Davis, *Myths and Legends of Japan* (London: George G. Harrap and Company, 1912), pp. 372-74.
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The Story of Hok Lee and the Dwarfs

China

There once lived in a small town in China a man named Hok Lee. He was a steady industrious man, who not only worked hard at his trade, but did all his own housework as

well, for he had no wife to do it for him.

"What an excellent industrious man is this Hok Lee!" said his neighbors; "how hard he works: he never leaves his house to amuse himself or to take a holiday as others do!"

But Hok Lee was by no means the virtuous person his neighbors thought him. True, he worked hard enough by day, but at night, when all respectable folk were fast asleep, he used to steal out and join a dangerous band of robbers, who broke into rich people's houses and carried off all they could lay hands on. This state of things went on for some time, and, though a thief was caught now and then and punished, no suspicion ever fell on Hok Lee, he was such a very respectable, hardworking man.

Hok Lee had already amassed a good store of money as his share of the proceeds of these robberies when it happened one morning on going to market that a neighbor said to him: "Why, Hok Lee, what is the matter with your face? One side of it is all swelled up." True enough, Hok Lee's right cheek was twice the size of his left, and it soon began to feel very uncomfortable.

"I will bind up my face," said Hok Lee; "doubtless the warmth will cure the swelling." But no such thing. Next day it was worse, and day by day it grew bigger and bigger till it was nearly as large as his head and became very painful. Hok Lee was at his wits' ends what to do. Not only was his cheek unsightly and painful, but his neighbors began to jeer and make fun of him, which hurt his feelings very much indeed. One day, as luck would have it, a traveling doctor came to the town. He sold not only all kinds of medicine, but also dealt in many strange charms against witches and evil spirits.

Hok Lee determined to consult him, and asked him into his house.

After the doctor had examined him carefully, he spoke thus: "This, O Hok Lee, is no ordinary swelled face. I strongly suspect you have been doing some wrong deed which has called down the anger of the spirits on you. None of my drugs will avail to cure you, but, if you are willing to pay me handsomely, I can tell you how you may be cured."

Then Hok Lee and the doctor began to bargain together, and it was a long time before they could come to terms. However, the doctor got the better of it in the end, for he was determined not to part with his secret under a certain price, and Hok Lee had no mind to carry his huge cheek about with him to the end of his days. So he was obliged to part with the greater portion of his ill-gotten gains.

When the Doctor had pocketed the money, he told Hok Lee to go on the first night of the full moon to a certain wood and there to watch by a particular tree. After a time he would see the dwarfs and little sprites who live underground come out to dance. When they saw him they would be sure to make him dance too.

"And mind you dance your very best," added the doctor. "If you dance well and please them they will grant you a petition and you can then beg to be cured; but if you dance badly they will most likely do you some mischief out of spite." With that he took leave and departed.

Happily the first night of the full moon was near, and at the proper time Hok Lee set out for the wood. With a little trouble he found the tree the doctor had described, and, feeling nervous, he climbed up into it.

He had hardly settled himself on a branch when he saw the little dwarfs assembling in the moonlight. They came from all sides, till at length there appeared to be hundreds of them. They seemed in high glee, and danced and skipped and capered about, whilst Hok Lee grew so eager watching them that he crept further and further along his branch till at length it gave a loud crack. All the dwarfs stood still, and Hok Lee felt as if his heart stood still also.

Then one of the dwarfs called out, "Someone is up in that tree. Come down at once, whoever you are, or we must come and fetch you."

In great terror, Hok Lee proceeded to come down; but he was so nervous that he tripped near the ground and came rolling down in the most absurd manner. When he had picked himself up, he came forward with a low bow, and the dwarf who had first spoken and who appeared to be the leader, said, "Now, then, who art thou, and what brings thee here?"

So Hok Lee told him the sad story of his swelled cheek, and how he had been advised to come to the forest and beg the dwarfs to cure him.

"It is well," replied the dwarf. "We will see about that. First, however, thou must dance before us. Should thy dancing please us, perhaps we may be able to do something; but shouldst thou dance badly, we shall assuredly punish thee, so now take warning and dance away."

With that, he and all the other dwarfs sat down in a large ring, leaving Hok Lee to dance alone in the middle. He felt half frightened to death, and besides was a good deal shaken by his fall from the tree and did not feel at all inclined to dance. But the dwarfs were not to be trifled with.

"Begin!" cried their leader, and "Begin!" shouted the rest in chorus.

So in despair Hok Lee began. First he hopped on one foot and then on the other, but he was so stiff and so nervous that he made but a poor attempt, and after a time sank down on the ground and vowed he could dance no more.

The dwarfs were very angry. They crowded round Hok Lee and abused him. "Thou to come here to be cured, indeed!" they cried, "thou hast brought one big cheek with thee, but thou shalt take away two." And with that they ran off and disappeared, leaving Hok Lee to find his way home as best he might.

He hobbled away, weary and depressed, and not a little anxious on account of the dwarfs' threat.

Nor were his fears unfounded, for when he rose next morning his left cheek was swelled up as big as his right, and he could hardly see out of his eyes. Hok Lee felt in despair, and his neighbors jeered at him more than ever. The doctor, too, had disappeared, so there was nothing for it but to try the dwarfs once more.

He did as she told him, and presently they were in the very grandest mansion he had ever seen. She dragged him up through the midst of the company, singing merrily:

Silence, all ye!
Sunbeam's back hither.
Hunchback and she
Have come together.

"Success and happiness attend Play of Sunbeam!" said a handsome maiden, who was more finely dressed than the rest, and who wore on her head a gold crown full of jewels.

"What does she wish us to do for poor Hunchback?"

For pain to give him lustihead,
And, good man's wish, a thriving trade.
And Play of Sunbeam will be merry and glad.

And then away she went dancing, and without casting another look on Hunchback.

"When is Play of Sunbeam otherwise?" said the Queen, "and according to her request let it be."

The other fairies seized him, and when he thought that they had pulled him to pieces among them they let him go, and he was as straight and active as he behoved to be. Then he heard the sweetest music he had ever listened to, and joy filled his heart, and he began to dance with the little people that were on the floor, and stopped not until he fell, unable to stand with fatigue. He had not lain but a short time on the floor, till sleep crept over him, and he felt the fairies carrying him away through the air, and the soft, sad music receding further and further from him.

At length he awoke, and on looking round, he found himself lying in the Willow Brake. He rose, and returned home. He had been away a year and a day; and in that time so great a change had come over him that it was with difficulty that his own mother knew him. She rejoiced at his coming, and after that found him a great help, for now he had a hand for every trade.

Among the youngsters who used to mock at him was a boy that bore the nickname of Punchy. Punchy was a little ugly creature, with hands and feet like the paws of a frog, and a big hump between his shoulders. When he saw how Hunchback had returned, as straight as a rush and as gay as a calf-herd, he made friends with him, and rested not until Hunchback had told him everything that had happened, from the evening he went to the Willow Brake, till he came back again.

He laid a vow, however, on Punchy, not to tell it to a living being, because he himself was under a promise to the fairies to keep it secret. Punchy promised to do as was requested of him.

On that very evening Punchy went to the Willow Brake, expecting to meet one of the fairies

He waited a month till the first night of the full moon came round again, and then he trudged back to the forest, and sat down under the tree from which he had fallen. He had not long to wait. Ere long the dwarfs came trooping out till all were assembled.

"I don't feel quite easy," said one; "I feel as if some horrid human being were near us."

When Hok Lee heard this he came forward and bent down to the ground before the dwarfs, who came crowding round, and laughed heartily at his comical appearance with his two big cheeks.

"What dost thou want?" they asked; and Hok Lee proceeded to tell them of his fresh misfortunes, and begged so hard to be allowed one more trial at dancing that the dwarfs consented, for there is nothing they love so much as being amused.

Now, Hok Lee knew how much depended on his dancing well, so he plucked up a good spirit and began, first quite slowly, and faster by degrees, and he danced so well and gracefully, and made such new and wonderful steps, that the dwarfs were quite delighted with him.

They clapped their tiny hands, and shouted, "Well done, Hok Lee, well done, go on, dance more, for we are pleased."

And Hok Lee danced on and on, till he really could dance no more, and was obliged to stop.

Then the leader of the dwarfs said, "We are well pleased, Hok Lee, and as a recompense for thy dancing thy face shall be cured. Farewell."

With these words he and the other dwarfs vanished, and Hok Lee, putting his hands to his face, found to his great joy that his cheeks were reduced to their natural size. The way home seemed short and easy to him, and he went to bed happy, and resolved never to go out robbing again.

Next day the whole town was full of the news of Hok's sudden cure. His neighbors questioned him, but could get nothing from him, except the fact that he had discovered a wonderful cure for all kinds of diseases.

After a time a rich neighbor, who had been ill for some years, came, and offered to give Hok Lee a large sum of money if he would tell him how he might get cured. Hok Lee consented on condition that he swore to keep the secret. He did so, and Hok Lee told him of the dwarfs and their dances.

The neighbor went off, carefully obeyed Hok Lee's directions, and was duly cured by the dwarfs. Then another and another came to Hok Lee to beg his secret, and from each he extracted a vow of secrecy and a large sum of money. This went on for some years, so that at length Hok Lee became a very wealthy man, and ended his days in peace and prosperity.

- Source: Andrew Lang, *The Green Fairy Book* (London: Longmans, Green, and Company, 1892), pp. 229-33.
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who would heal him as Hunchback was healed; but he saw none. Evening after evening he continued going to the same place, until at last he saw a small manikin, sitting at the root of a holly bush, and gazing with a mocking smile on his countenance.

"Are you Play of Sunbeam?" said Punchy.

"I am not, but I am Never-Mind-Who," replied the manikin. "What is your business with Play of Sunbeam?"

"O, that she will take this hump off me, as she took the hunch off Hunchback," said Punchy. "Will you take me to the place where she dwells?"

"I will do that," said Never-Mind-Who, "but you will get leave to come out of it as you like."

"I do not care how I get out, if I get in, and if this ugly hump is taken off me."

The little manikin gave a loud laugh, and then went away with Punchy to the Big Fairy Knoll, and took him in, as Hunchback was taken.

"Who is this come to us without invitation or tryst?" cried the Queen, looking sternly at Punchy.

"It is a toad named Punchy whom Hunchback has sent on a chance journey, in the hope that his hump will be taken off him," replied Never-Mind-Who.

"Did Hunchback break his vow and his promise, that never of his own accord would he tell any one how it fared with him here?" said the Queen, turning towards Punchy with wrath in her countenance.

"No," replied Punchy, "for he told me nothing until I first prayed and entreated him."

"You impudent fellow," said she, "you will get your deserts," and immediately she cried to the other fairies: "Throw the hunch on the hump, and the one load will take them home."

"The hunch on the hump, the hunch on the hump," screamed all the fairies; and then they laid hold of Punchy by his hands and his feet, and tossed him up and down, to this side and that, till he lost all consciousness.

When he came to himself, he lay in the Willow Brake, the hump twice its former size, and his bones so tired and bruised that he could scarcely move. With a great effort he got to his feet, and then crept home; but to the day of his death he told no one except Hunchback what happened to him in the Big Fairy Knoll.

- Source: James MacDougall, *Folk Tales and Fairy Lore in Gaelic and English*, edited by George Calder (Edinburgh: John Grant, 1910), pp. 205-213.
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The Legend of Knockgrafton

Ireland

There was once a poor man who lived in the fertile glen of Aherlow, at the foot of the gloomy Galtee mountains, and he had a great hump on his back: he looked just as if his body had been rolled up and placed upon his shoulders; and his head was pressed down with the weight so much that his chin, when he was sitting, used to rest upon his knees for support.

The country people were rather shy of meeting him in any lonesome place, for though, poor creature, he was as harmless and as inoffensive as a new-born infant, yet his deformity was so great that he scarcely appeared to be a human creature, and some ill-minded persons had set strange stories about him afloat. He was said to have a great knowledge of herbs and charms; but certain it was that he had a mighty skillful hand in plaiting straw and rushes into hats and baskets, which was the way he made his livelihood.

Lusmore, for that was the nickname put upon him by reason of his always wearing a sprig of the fairy cap, or lusmore (the foxglove), in his little straw hat, would ever get a higher penny for his plaited work than any one else, and perhaps that was the reason why some one, out of envy, had circulated the strange stories about him. Be that as it may, it happened that he was returning one evening from the pretty town of Cahir towards Cappagh, and as little Lusmore walked very slowly, on account of the great hump upon his back, it was quite dark when he came to the old moat of Knockgrafton, which stood on the right-hand side of his road. Tired and weary was he, and noways comfortable in his own mind at thinking how much farther he had to travel, and that he should be walking all the night; so he sat down under the moat to rest himself, and began looking mournfully enough upon the moon.

Presently there rose a wild strain of unearthly melody upon the ear of little Lusmore; he listened, and he thought that he had never heard such ravishing music before. It was like the sound of many voices, each mingling and blending with the other so strangely that they seemed to be one, though all singing different strains, and the words of the song were these: "Da Luan, Da Mort, Da Luan, Da Mort, Da Luan, Da Mort"; when there would be a moment's pause, and then the round of melody went on again.

Lusmore listened attentively, scarcely drawing his breath lest he might lose the slightest note. He now plainly perceived that the singing was within the moat; and though at first it had charmed him so much, he began to get tired of hearing the same round sung over and over so often without any change; so availing himself of the pause when the "Da Luan, Da Mort" had been sung three times, he took up the tune, and raised it with the words "augus Da Cadine," and then went on singing with the voices inside of the moat, "Da Luan, Da Mort," finishing the melody, when the pause again came, with "augus Da Cadine."

The fairies within Knockgrafton, for the song was a fairy melody, when they heard this addition to the tune, were so much delighted that, with instant resolve, it was determined to bring the mortal among them, whose musical skill so far exceeded theirs, and little Lusmore was conveyed into their company with the eddying speed of a whirlwind.

Glorious to behold was the sight that burst upon him as he came down through the moat, twirling round and round, with the lightness of a straw, to the sweetest music that kept time to

his motion. The greatest honor was then paid him, for he was put above all the musicians, and he had servants tending upon him, and everything to his heart's content, and a hearty welcome to all; and, in short, he was made as much of as if he had been the first man in the land.

Presently Lusmore saw a great consultation going forward among the fairies, and, notwithstanding all their civility, he felt very much frightened, until one stepping out from the rest came up to him and said:

> Lusmore! Lusmore!
> Doubt not, nor deplore,
> For the hump which you bore
> On your back is no more;
> Look down on the floor, And view it, Lusmore!

When these words were said, poor little Lusmore felt himself so light, and so happy, that he thought he could have bounded at one jump over the moon, like the cow in the history of the cat and the fiddle; and he saw, with inexpressible pleasure, his hump tumble down upon the ground from his shoulders. He then tried to lift up his head, and he did so with becoming caution, fearing that he might knock it against the ceiling of the grand hall, where he was; he looked round and round again with greatest wonder and delight upon everything, which appeared more and more beautiful; and, overpowered at beholding such a resplendent scene, his head grew dizzy, and his eyesight became dim.

At last he fell into a sound sleep, and when he awoke he found that it was broad daylight, the sun shining brightly, and the birds singing sweetly; and that he was lying just at the foot of the moat of Knockgrafton, with the cows and sheep grazing peacefully round about him. The first thing Lusmore did, after saying his prayers, was to put his hand behind to feel for his hump, but no sign of one was there on his back, and he looked at himself with great pride, for he had now become a well-shaped dapper little fellow, and more than that, found himself in a full suit of new clothes, which he concluded the fairies had made for him.

Towards Cappagh he went, stepping out as lightly, and springing up at every step as if he had been all his life a dancing-master. Not a creature who met Lusmore knew him without his hump, and he had a great work to persuade every one that he was the same man -- in truth he was not, so far as outward appearance went.

Of course it was not long before the story of Lusmore's hump got about, and a great wonder was made of it. Through the country, for miles round, it was the talk of every one, high and low.

One morning, as Lusmore was sitting contented enough, at his cabin door, up came an old woman to him, and asked him if he could direct her to Cappagh.

"I need give you no directions, my good woman," said Lusmore, "for this is Cappagh; and whom may you want here?"

"I have come," said the woman," out of Decie's country, in the county of Waterford looking after one Lusmore, who, I have heard tell, had his hump taken off by the fairies; for there is a son of a gossip of mine who has got a hump on him that will be his death; and maybe if he could use the same charm as Lusmore, the hump may be taken off him. And now I have told you the reason of my coming so far: 'tis to find out about this charm, if I can."

Lusmore, who was ever a good-natured little fellow, told the woman all the particulars, how he had raised the tune for the fairies at Knockgrafton, how his hump had been removed from his shoulders, and how he had got a new suit of clothes into the bargain.

The woman thanked him very much, and then went away quite happy and easy in her own mind. When she came back to her gossip's house, in the county of Waterford, she told her everything that Lusmore had said, and they put the little hump-backed man, who was a peevish and cunning creature from his birth, upon a car, and took him all the way across the country. It was a long journey, but they did not care for that, so the hump was taken from off him; and they brought him, just at nightfall, and left him under the old moat of Knockgrafton.

Jack Madden, for that was the humpy man's name, had not been sitting there long when he heard the tune going on within the moat much sweeter than before; for the fairies were singing it the way Lusmore had settled their music for them, and the song was going on; "Da Luan, Da Mort, Da Luan, Da Mort, Da Luan, Da Mort, augus Da Cadine," without ever stopping.

Jack Madden, who was in a great hurry to get quit of his hump, never thought of waiting until the fairies had done, or watching for a fit opportunity to raise the tune higher again than Lusmore had; so having heard them sing it over seven times without stopping, out he bawls, never minding the time or the humor of the tune, or how he could bring his words in properly, augus Da Cadine, augus Da Hena, thinking that if one day was good, two were better; and that if Lusmore had one new suit of clothes given him, he should have two.

No sooner had the words passed his lips than he was taken up and whisked into the moat with prodigious force; and the fairies came crowding round about him with great anger, screeching, and screaming, and roaring out, "Who spoiled our tune? who spoiled our tune?" and one stepped up to him, above all the rest and said:

> Jack Madden! Jack Madden!
> Your words came so bad in
> The tune we felt glad in;
> This castle you're had in,
> That your life we may sadden;
> Here's two humps for Jack Madden!

And twenty of the strongest fairies brought Lusmore's hump and put it down upon poor Jack's back, over his own, where it became fixed as firmly as if it was nailed on with twelve-penny nails, by the best carpenter that ever drove one. Out of their castle they then kicked him; and, in the morning, when Jack Madden's mother and her gossip came to look after their little man, they found him half dead, lying at the foot of the moat, with the other hump upon his back.

Well to be sure, how they did look at each other! But they were afraid to say anything, lest a hump might be put upon their own shoulders. Home they brought the unlucky Jack Madden with them, as downcast in their hearts and their looks as ever two gossips were; and what through the weight of his other hump, and the long journey, he died soon after, leaving they say his heavy curse to anyone who would go to listen to fairy tunes again. Notes:

- Source: Joseph Jacobs, *More Celtic Fairy Tales* (London: David Nutt, 1894), pp. 156-63.
- Jacobs' source: Thomas Crofton Croker, *Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland* (London: John Murray, 1826, pp. 18-26. Croker provides additional notes to this legend on pp. 26-30.
- W. B. Yeats included this story in his *Fairy and Folk Tales of the Irish Peasantry* (London: Walter Scott, 1888), pp. 40-45.
- In his notes Yeats offers the following explanations and comments:
    1. Moat does not mean a place with water, but a tumulus or barrow [i.e., an ancient mound-grave].
    2. The words "Da Luan Da Mort augus Da Dardeen" are Gaelic for "Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday too." "Da Hena" is Thursday.
    3. Mr. Douglas Hyde has heard the story in Connaught, with the song of the fairy as "Peean Peean daw feean, Peean go leh agus leffin," which in English means, "a penny, a penny, twopence, a penny and a half, and a halfpenny."
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The Palace in the Rath

Ireland

Everyone from Bunclody to Enniscorthy knows the rath {footnote 1} between Tombrick and Munfin. Well, there was a poor, honest, quiet little creature, that lived just at the pass of Glanamoin, between the hill of Coolgarrow and Kilachdiarmid. His back was broken when he was a child, and he earned his bread by making cradles, and bosses, and chairs, and beehives, out of straw and briers. No one in the barony of Bantry of Scarawalsh could equal him at these.

Well, he was a sober little fellow enough, but the best of us may be overtaken. He was coming from the fair of Enniscorthy one fine summer evening, up along the beautiful shady road of Munfin; and when he came near the stream that bounds Tombrick, he turned into the fields to make his road short. He was singing merrily enough, but by degrees he got a little stupefied; and when he was passing the dry, grassy ditch that surrounds the rath, he felt an inclination to sit and rest himself.

It is hard to sit awhile, and have your eyes a little glassy, and the things seeming to turn round you, without falling off asleep; and asleep my poor little man of straw was in a few minutes. Things like droves of cattle, or soldiers marching, or big flakes of foam on a flooded river, were pushing on though his brain, and he thought the drums were playing a march, when up he woke, and there in the face of the steep bank that was overgrown with bushes and blackthorn, a passage was open between nice pillars, and inside was a great vaulted

room, with arches crossing each other, a hundred lamps hanging from the vault, and thousands of nice little gentlemen and ladies, with green coats and gowns, and red sugar-loaf caps, curled at the tops like old Irish *birredhs*, dancing and singing, and nice little pipers and fiddlers, perched up in a little gallery by themselves, and playing music to help out the singing.

He was a little cowed at first, but as he found no one taking notice of him, he stole in, and sat in a corner, and thought he'd never be tired looking at the fine little people figuring, and cutting capers, and singing. But at last he began to find the singing and music a little tedious. It was nothing but two short bars and four words, and this was the style:

Yae Luan, yae Morth --
Yae Luan, yae Morth.

The longer he looked on, the bolder he grew, and at last he shouted at the end of the verse:

Agus Dha Haed-yeen.

Oh, such cries of delight as rose up among the merry little gentry! They began the improved song, and shouted it till the vault rang:

Yae Luan, yae Morth --
Yae Luan, yae Morth --
Yae Luan, yae Morth,
Agus Dha Haed-yeen. {footnote 2}

After a few minutes, they all left off the dance, and gathered round the boss maker, and thanked him for improving their tune. "Now," said the chief, "if you with for anything, only say the word, and, if it is in our power, it must be done."

"I thank you, ladies and gentlemen," says he; "and if you would only remove this hump from my back, I'd be the happiest man in the Duffrey."

"Oh, easy done, easy done!" said they. "Go on again with the dance, and you come along with us." So on they went with:

Monday, Tuesday --
Monday, Tuesday --
Monday, Tuesday.
And Wednesday too.

One fairy taking their new friend by the heel, shot him in a curve to the very roof, and down he came the other side of the hall. Another gave him a shove, and up he flew back again. He felt as if he had wings; and one time when his back touched the roof, he found a sudden delightful change in himself; and just as he touched the ground, he lost all memory of everything around him.

Next morning he was awakened by the sun shining on his face from over Slieve Buie, and he

Fairy Theft

legends about thieving fairies
translated and/or edited by

D. L. Ashliman
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Of the Subterranean Inhabitants

Scotland

THESE *Siths*, or FAIRIES, they call *Sleagh Maith*, or the Good People, it would seem, to prevent the Dint of their ill Attempts, (for the Irish use to bless all they fear Harme of;) and are said to be of a midle Nature betuixt Man and Angel, as were Dæmons thought to be of old; of intelligent studious Spirits, and light changable Bodies, (lyke those called Astral), somewhat of the Nature of a condensed Cloud, and best seen in Twilight. Thes Bodies be so plyable thorough the Subtilty of the Spirits that agitate them, that they can make them appear or disappear att Pleasure. Some have Bodies or Vehicles so spungious, thin, and desecat, that they are fed by only sucking into some fine spirituous Liquors, that peirce lyke pure Air and Oyl: others feid more gross on the Foyson or substance of Corns and Liquors, or Corne it selfe that grows on the Surface of the Earth, which these Fairies steall away, partly invisible, partly preying on the Grain, as do Crowes and Mice; wherefore in this same Age, they are some times heard to bake Bread, strike Hammers, and do such lyke Services within the little Hillocks they most haunt: some whereof of old, before the Gospell dispelled Paganism, and in some barbarous Places as yet, enter Houses after all are at rest, and set the Kitchens in order, cleansing all the Vessels. Such Drags goe under the name of Brownies. When we have plenty, they have Scarcity at their Homes; and on the contrarie (for they are empowred to catch as much Prey everywhere as they please,) there Robberies notwithstanding oft tymes occassion great Rickes of Corne not to bleed so weill, (as they call it,) or prove so

copious by verie farr as wes expected by the Owner.

...

What Food they extract from us is conveyed to their Homes by secret Paths, as sume skilfull Women do the Pith and Milk from their Neighbours Cows into their own Chiese-hold thorow a Hair-tedder, at a great Distance, by Airt Magic, or by drawing a spickot fastened to a Post, which will bring milk as farr of as a Bull will be heard to roar. The Method they take to recover their Milk is a bitter chyding of the suspected Inchanters, charging them by a counter Charme to give them back their own, in God, or their Master's Name. But a little of the Mother's Dung stroakit on the Calves Mouth before it such any, does prevent this theft.

- Source: Robert Kirk, *The Secret Commonwealth of Elves, Fauns and Fairies* (Stirling: Eneas Mackay, 1933), pp. 67-68, 71. This edition is a reprint of the 1893 edition, which in turn is based on the first printed edition of 1815. Kirk's original manuscript dates from 1691.
- I have retained the archaic spelling and punctuation of my source.
- On-line texts of this book include those published by Sacred Texts and Forgotten Books.
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Fairy Theft

Scotland

The elves have got a worse name for stealing than they deserve. So far as taking things without the knowledge or consent of the owners is concerned, the accusation is well founded; they neither ask nor obtain leave, but there are important respects in which their depredations differ from the pilferings committed among men by jailbirds and other dishonest people.

The fairies do not take their booty away bodily, they only take what is called in Gaelic its *toradh, i.e.* its substance, virtue, fruit, or benefit. The outward appearance is left, but the reality is gone. Thus, when a cow is elf-taken, it appears to its owner only as suddenly smitten by some strange disease (*chaidh am beathach ud a ghonadh*).

In reality the cow is gone, and only its semblance remains, animated it may be by an Elf, who receives all the attentions paid to the sick cow, but gives nothing in return. The seeming cow lies on its side, and cannot be made to rise. It consumes the provender laid before it, but does not yield milk or grow fat. In some cases it gives plenty of milk, but milk that yields no butter. If taken up a hill, and rolled down the incline, it disappears altogether. If it dies, its flesh ought not to be eaten -- it is not beef, but a stock of alder wood, an aged elf, or some trashy substitute.

Similarly when the *toradh* of land is taken, there remains the appearance of a crop, but a crop without benefit to man or beast -- the ears are unfilled, the grain is without weight, the fodder without nourishment.

A still more important point of difference is, that the fairies only take away what men deserve

to lose. When mortals make a secret of (*cleth*), or grumble (*ceasad*) over, what they have, the fairies get the benefit, and the owner is a poor man, in the midst of his abundance. When (to use an illustration the writer has more than once heard) a farmer speaks disparagingly of his crop, and, though it be heavy, tries to conceal his good fortune, the fairies take away the benefit of his increase. The advantage goes away mysteriously "in pins and needles" (*na phrìneachan 's na shnàdun*), "in alum and madder' (*na alm 's na mhadair*), as the saying is, and the farmer gains nothing from his crop. Particularly articles of food, the possession of which men denied with oaths (*air a thiomnadh*), became fairy property.

The elves are also blamed for lifting with them articles mislaid. These are generally restored as mysteriously and unaccountably as they were taken away. Thus, a woman blamed the elves for taking her thimble. It was placed beside her, and when looked for could not be found. Some time after she was sitting alone on the hillside and found the thimble in her lap. This confirmed her belief in its being the fairies that took it away. In a like mysterious manner a person's bonnet might be whipped off his head, or the pot for supper be lifted off the fire, and left by invisible hands on the middle of the floor.

The accusation of taking milk is unjust. It is brought against the elves only in books, and never in the popular creed. The fairies take cows, sheep, goats, horses, and it may be the substance or benefit (*toradh*) of butter and cheese, but not milk.

Many devices were employed to thwart fairy inroads. A burning ember (*eibhleag*) was put into "sowens" (*cabhruich*), one of the weakest and most unsubstantial articles of human food and very liable to fairy attack. It was left there till the dish was ready for boiling, *i.e.* about three days after. A sieve should not be allowed out of the house after dark, and no meal unless it be sprinkled with salt. Otherwise, the fairies may, by means of them, take the substance out of the whole farm produce. For the same reason a hole should be put with the finger in the little cake (*bonnach beag's toll ann*), made with the remnant of the meal after a baking, and when given to children, as it usually is, a piece should be broken off it. A nail driven into a cow, killed by falling over a precipice, was supposed by the more superstitious to keep the elves away.

One of the most curious thefts ascribed to them was that of querns, or handmills (*Bra, Brathuinn*). To keep them away these handy and useful implements should be turned *deiseal, i.e.* with the right hand turn, as sunwise. What is curious in the belief is, that the handmill is said to have been originally got from the fairies themselves. Its sounds have often been heard by the belated peasant, as it was being worked inside some grassy knoll, and songs, sung by the fairy women employed at it, have been learned.

- Source: John Gregorson Campbell, *Superstitions of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland: Collected Entirely from Oral Sources* (Glasgow: James MacLehose and Sons, 1900), pp. 32-36.
- Cambell's footnote concerning handmills (p. 35):

> The use of some kind of mill, generally a hand mill, is as universal as the growth of grain, and the necessity for reducing the "solid grain into the more palatable form of meal no doubt led to its early invention. The Gaelic *meil* (or

beil), to grind, the English *mill*, the Latin *mola*, and the Greek μvλη, show that it was known to the Aryan tribes at a period long anterior to history. The handmill mentioned in scripture, worked by two women, seems the same with that still to be found in obscure corners in the West Highlands.

An instrument so useful to man in the less advanced stages of his civilization could not fail to be looked upon with much respect and good feeling. In the Hebrides it was rubbed every Saturday evening with a wisp of straw "for payment" of its benevolent labours (*sop ga shuathadh ris a bhrà ga pàigheadh*). Meal ground in it is coarser than ordinary meal,and is known as *gairbhein*.

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Fairy Control over Crops

Ireland

Fairies are believed to control crops and their ripening. A field of turnips may promise well, and its owner will count on so many tons to the acre, but if when the crop is gathered it is found to be far short of the estimate, the explanation is that the fairies have extracted so much substance from it. The same thing is the case with corn.

- Source: W. Y. Evans Wentz [also spelled Evans-Wentz], *The Fairy-Faith in Celtic Countries* (London: Oxford University Press, 1911), p. 38.
- Wentz's source: "An Irish Priest."
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Fairies on May Day

Ireland

On May Day the *good people* can steal butter if the chance is given them. If a person enters a house then, and churning is going on, he must take a hand in it, or else there will be no butter.

- Source: W. Y. Evans Wentz [also spelled Evans-Wentz], *The Fairy-Faith in Celtic Countries* (London: Oxford University Press, 1911), p. 43.
- Wentz's source: "The town clerk of Tuam, Mr. John Glynn."
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The Sidhe

Ireland

As to their food, they will use common things left for them on the hearth or outside the threshold, cold potatoes it may be, or a cup of water or of milk. But for their feasts they choose the best of all sorts, taking it from the solid world, leaving some worthless likeness in

its place; when they rob the potatoes from the ridges the diggers find but rottenness and decay; they take the strength from the meat in the pot, so that when put on the plates it does not nourish. They will not touch salt; there is danger to them in it. They will go to good cellars to bring away the wine.

- Source: Lady Gregory, *Visions and Beliefs in the West of Ireland* (New York: G. P. Putman's Sons, 1920), pp. iii-iv.
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The Three Cows

England

There was a farmer, and he had three cows, fine fat beauties they were. One was called Facey, the other Diamond, and the third Beauty. One morning he went into his cowshed, and there he found Facey so thin that the wind would have blown her away. Her skin hung loose about her, all her flesh was gone, and she stared out of her great eyes as though she'd seen a ghost; and what was more, the fireplace in the kitchen was one great pile of wood-ash. Well, he was bothered with it; he could not see how all this had come about.

Next morning his wife went out to the shed, and see! Diamond was for all the world as wisht a looking creature as Facey -- nothing but a bag of bones, all the flesh gone, and half a rick of wood was gone, too; but the fireplace was piled up three feet high with white wood ashes. The farmer determined to watch the third night; so he hid in a closet which opened out of the parlor, and he left the door just ajar, that he might see what passed.

Tick, tick went the clock, and the farmer was nearly tired of waiting; he had to bite his little finger to keep himself awake, when suddenly the door of his house flew open, and in rushed maybe a thousand pixies, laughing and dancing and dragging at Beauty's halter till they had brought the cow into the middle of the room. The farmer really thought he should have died with fright, and so perhaps he would, had not curiosity kept him alive.

Tick, tick went the clock, but he did not hear it now. He was too intent staring at the pixies and his last beautiful cow. He saw them throw her down, fall on her, and kill her; then with their knives they ripped her open, and flayed her as clean as a whistle. Then out ran some of the little people and brought in firewood and made a roaring blaze on the hearth, and there they cooked the flesh of the cow. They baked and they boiled, they stewed and they fried.

"Take care," cried one, who seemed to be the king. "Let no bone be broken."

Well, when they had all eaten, and had devoured every scrap of beef on the cow, they began playing games with the bones, tossing them one to another. One little leg bone fell close to the closet door, and the farmer was so afraid lest the pixies should come there and find him in their search for the bone, that he put out his hand and drew it in to him.

Then he saw the king stand on the table and say, "Gather the bones!"

Round and round flew the imps, picking up the bones.

"Arrange them," said the king; and they placed them all in their proper positions in the hide of the cow.

Then they folded the skin over them, and the king struck the heap of bone and skin with his rod. Whisht! Up sprang the cow and lowed dismally. It was alive again; but alas! as the pixies dragged it back to its stall, it halted in the off forefoot, for a bone was missing.

> The cock crew,
> Away they flew.

And the farmer crept trembling to bed.

- Source: William Henderson, *Notes on the Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties of England and the Borders* (London: Longmans, Green, and Company, 1866), pp. 321-22.
- Henderson's source: Sabine Baring-Gould, who collected this tale in Devonshire.
- The story is also recorded in Joseph Jacobs, *More English Fairy Tales* (London: David Nutt, 1894), pp. 82-84.
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A "Verry Volk" Feast

Wales (and Brittany)

I heard the following story many years ago:

The tenant on the Eynonsford Farm here in Gower had a dream one night, and in it thought he heard soft sweet music and the patter of dancing feet. Waking up, he beheld his cow-shed, which opened off his bedroom, filled with a multitude of little beings, about one foot high, swarming all over his fat ox, and they were preparing to slaughter the ox. He was so surprised that he could not move. In a short time the *Verry Volk* had killed, dressed, and eaten the animal.

The feast being over, they collected the hide and bones, except one very small leg-bone which they could not find, placed them in position, then stretched the hide over them; and, as the farmer looked, the ox appeared as sound and fat as ever, but when he let it out to pasture in the morning he observed that it had a slight lameness in the leg lacking the missing bone.

- Source: W. Y. Evans Wentz [also spelled Evans-Wentz], *The Fairy-Faith in Celtic Countries* (London: Oxford University Press, 1911), p. 159.
- Wentz's source: "The Rev. John David Davis, rector of Llanmadoc and Cheriton parishes, and a member of the Cambrian Archaeological Society."
- Footnote by Wentz:

> The same sort of a story as this is told in Lower Brittany, where the *corrigans* or *lutins* slaughter a farmer's fat cow or ox and invite the farmer to partake of the feast it provides. If he does so with good grace and humour, he finds his cow or ox perfectly whole in the morning, but if he refuses to join the feast or

joins it unwillingly, in the morning he is likely to find his cow or ox actually dead and eaten.

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Riechert the Smith

Germany

A cultivated field adjoins the east side of Dwarf Mountain near Dardesheim. Once a smith by the name of Riechert planted peas in this field. He noticed that frequently someone picked the peas just as they were at their best. In order to catch the thief he built a little hut on the field, then kept watch in it day and night. He did not see anything during the daytime, but every morning he discovered that in spite of his standing guard some of his crop had been stolen.

Angry at his lack of success, he decided to thresh the remaining peas right in the field. He set to work at daybreak. He had not threshed out half the peas when he heard pitiful screams. Investigating, he saw one of the dwarfs lying on the ground beneath the peas. Riechert had crushed his skull with his threshing flail, and because his fog cap had been knocked off, the dwarf was now visible. He quickly fled back into the mountain.

- Source: Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, "Schmidt Riechert," *Deutsche Sagen*, vol. 1 (Berlin: In der Nicolaischen Buchhandlung, 1816), no. 155, pp. 233-34.
- In succeeding editions of *Deutsche Sagen* this legend is numbered 156.
- The Grimms' source: Johann Karl Christoph, *Volcks-Sagen* (1800).
- Dardesheim is a village northwest of Halberstadt in central Germany. The fog cap (German *Nebelkappe* or *Tarnkappe*), with its ability to make its wearer invisible, is a common feature of German dwarf lore.
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Revised May 15, 2009.

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Folktales of Aarne-Thompson-Uther Type 510B
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23. Notes and Bibliography.
    - Type 510B folktales in the English language.
    - Type 510B folktales in the German language.

Italy, Giovanni Francesco Straparola

Tebaldo, Prince of Salerno, wishes to have his only daughter Doralice to wife, but she, through her father's persecution, flees to England, where she marries

one and that one. One had a crooked brow, another a long nose, one a large mouth, and another thick lips. This one was too tall and gaunt, that other was short and badly formed, this one was too much dressed, another was too slightly robed. He disliked the Spanish woman because of the hue of her skin; the Neapolitan was not to his taste because of the way in which she walked; the German seemed to him too cold and frozen; the French woman too light of brains; the Venetian a spinning wheel full of flax. At last, for one reason or another, he sent them all about their business with one hand in front and another behind.

Seeing so many beautiful heads of celery turned to hard roots and having resolved to marry nevertheless, he turned to his own daughter, saying, "What am I seeking about these Marys of Ravenna, if my daughter Preziosa is made from the same mould as her mother? I have this beautiful face at home, and yet I should go to the end of the world seeking it?" Thus he explained to his daughter his desire, and was severely reproved and censured by her, as Heaven knows. The king was angry at her rejection, and said to her, "Be quiet and hold your tongue. Make up your mind to tie the matrimonial knot with me this very evening; otherwise when I finish with you there will be nothing left but your ears."

Preziosa, hearing this threat, retired to her room, and wept and lamented her evil fate. And while she lay there in this plight, an old woman, who used to bring her cosmetics, came to her, and finding her in such a plight, looking like one more ready for the other world than for this one, enquired the cause of her distress. When the old woman learned what had happened, she said, "Be of good cheer, my daughter, and despair not, for every evil has a remedy. Death alone has no cure. Now listen to me: When your father comes to you this evening -- donkey that he is, wanting to act the stallion -- put this piece of wood into your mouth, and you will at once become a she-bear. Then you can make your escape, for he will be afraid of you and let you go. Go straight to the forest, for it was written in the book of fate, the day that you were born, that there you should meet your fortune. When you want to turn back into a woman as you are and will ever be, take the bit of wood out of your mouth, and you will return to your pristine form."

Preziosa embraced and thanked the old woman, told the servants to give her an apron full of flour and some slices of ham, and sent her away. When the sun began to change her quarters like a bankrupt strumpet, the king sent for his minister, and had him issue invitations to all the lords and grandees to come to the marriage feast. They all crowded in. After spending five or six hours in high revelry and unrestrained eating, the king made his way to the bed chamber, and called to the bride to come and fulfil his desire. But she put the bit of wood into her mouth, and instantly took the shape of a fierce she-bear, and stood thus before him. He, frightened at the sudden change, rolled himself up in the bedding, and did not put forth a finger or an eye until morning.

Meanwhile Preziosa made her way toward the forest, where the shadows met concocting together how they could annoy the sun. There she lay in good fellowship and at one with the other animals. When the day dawned, it happened by chance that the son of the King of Acquacorrente should come to that forest. He sighted the she-bear and was greatly frightened, but the beast came forward, and wagging her tail, walked around him, and put her head under his hand for him to caress her. He took heart at this strange sight, smoothed its

head as he would have done to a dog, and said to it, "Lie down, down, quiet, quiet, there there, good beast." Seeing that the beast was very tame, he took her home with him, commanding his servants to put her in the garden by the side of the royal palace, and there to attend to and feed her well, and treat her as they would his own person, and to take her to a particular spot so that he might see her from the windows of his palace whenever he had a mind to.

Now it so happened that one day all his people were away on some errand, and the prince being left alone, thought about the bear, and looked out of the window to see her. However, at that very moment Preziosa, believing she was utterly alone, had taken the bit of wood from her mouth, and stood combing her golden hair. The prince was amazed at this woman of great beauty, and he descended the stairs and ran to the garden. But Preziosa, perceiving the ambush, at once put the bit of wood into her mouth, and became a she-bear once more. The prince looked about, but could not see what he had sighted from above, and not finding what he came to seek, remained very disappointed, and was melancholy and sad hearted, and in a few days became grievously ill. He kept repeating, "Oh my bear, oh my bear."

His mother, hearing this continual cry, imagined that perhaps the bear had bit him or done him some evil, and therefore ordered the servants to kill her. But all the servants loved the beast because it was so very tame, even the stones in the roadway could not help liking her, so they had compassion and could not think of killing her. Therefore they led her to the forest, and returning to the queen, told her that she was dead. When this deed came to the prince's ears, he acted as a madman, and leaving his bed, ill as he was, was about to make mincemeat of the servants. They told him the truth of the affair. He mounted his steed and searched backward and forward until at length he came to a cave and found the bear.

He carried her home with him and put her in a chamber, saying, "Oh you beautiful morsel fit for kings, why do you hide your passing beauty in a bear's hide? Oh light of love, why are you closed in such an hairy lantern? Why have you acted this way toward me, is it so that you may see me die a slow death? I am dying of despair, charmed by your beautiful form, and you can see the witness of my words in my failing health and sickening form. I am become skin and bone, and the fever burns my very marrow, and consumes me with heart-sore pain. Therefore lift the veil from that stinking hide, and let me behold once more your grace and beauty; lift up the leaves from this basket's mouth, and let me take a view of the splendid fruit within; lift the tapestry, and allow my eyes to feast upon the luxury of your charms. Who has enclosed in a dreary prison such a glorious work? Who has enclosed in a leather casket such a priceless treasure? Let me behold your passing grace, and take in payment all my desires. Oh my love, only this bear's grease can cure the nervous disease of which I suffer." But perceiving that his words had no effect, and that all was time lost, he took to his bed, and his illness increased daily, until the doctors feared for his life.

The queen, his mother, who had no other love in the world, sat at his bedside, and said to him, "Oh my son, where does your heartsickness come from? What is the cause of all this sadness? You are young, you are rich, you are beloved, you are great. What do you want, my son? Speak, for only a shameful beggar carries an empty pocket. If you desire to take a wife, choose, and I will command; take, and I will pay. Can you not see that your sickness is my

sickness and that your pulse beats in unison with my heart? If you burn with fever in your blood, I burn with fever on the brain. I have no other support for my old age but you. Therefore, my son, be cheerful, and cheer my heart, and do not darken this realm, and raze to the ground this house, and bereave your mother."

The prince, hearing these words, said, "Nothing can cheer me, if I may not see the bear; therefore, if you desire to see me in good health again, let her stay in this room, and I do not wish that any other serve me, and make my bed, and cook my meals, if it be not herself, and if what I desire be done, I am sure that I shall be well in a few days." To the queen it seemed folly for her son to ask that a bear should act as cook and housemaid. She believed that the prince must be delirious; nevertheless, to please his fancy, she went for the bear, and when the beast came to the prince's bedside she lifted her paw and felt the invalid's pulse. The queen smiled at the sight, thinking that by and by the bear would scratch the prince's nose. But the prince spoke to the bear, and said, "Oh mischievous mine, will you not cook for me, and feed me, and serve me?" And the bear nodded yes with her head, showing that she would accept the charge. Then the queen sent for some chickens, and had a fire lit in the fireplace in the same chamber, and had a kettle with boiling water put on the fire. The bear took hold of a chicken, scalded it, dexterously plucked off its feathers, cleaned it, put half of it on the spit, and stewed the other half. When it was ready, the prince, who could not before eat even sugar, ate it all and licked his fingers. When he had ended his meal, the bear brought him some drink, and handed it so gracefully that the queen kissed her on the head. After this the prince arose, and went to the salon to receive the doctors, and to be directed by their judgment. The bear at once made the bed, ran to the garden and gathered a handful of roses and orange blossoms, which she scattered upon the bed. She fulfilled her various duties so well that the queen said to herself, "This bear is worth a treasure, and my son is quite right in being fond of the beast."

When the prince returned to his chambers, and saw how well the bear had fulfilled her duties, it was like adding fuel to the fire. If he had been consumed himself in a slow fire before, he was now burning with intense heat. He said to the queen "Oh my lady mother, if I cannot give a kiss to this bear, I shall give up the ghost." The queen, seeing her son nearly fainting, said to the bear, "Kiss him, kiss him, oh my beautiful bear, do not leave my poor son to die in despair." Then the bear obediently neared the prince, who took her cheeks between his fingers, could not stop kissing her on the lips.

While thus engaged, I do not know how it happened, the bit of wood fell from Preziosa's mouth, and she remained in the prince's embrace, the most beautiful and ravishing being in the world. He strained her to his bosom with tightly clasped arms, and said, "You are caught at last, and you shall not escape so easily without a reason." Preziosa, reddening with the lovely tint of modesty and of shame, the most beautiful of natural beauties, answered, "I am in your hands. I surrender my honor to your loyalty. Do with me what you will." The queen asked who this charming woman was, and what had caused her to live such a wild life. She related to them all her misfortunes, and the queen praised her as a good and honored child, and said to her son that she was well satisfied that he should marry the princess. The prince, who wanted nothing else, at once announced his betrothal to her. Kneeling before the queen, they both received her blessing, and with great feasting the marriage took place. Thus Preziosa

demonstrated the truth of the proverb: "Those who do good may expect good in return."

- Source: *Il Pentamorone; or, The Tale of Tales*, translated by Richard F. Burton, vol. 1 (London: Henry and Company, 1893), pp. 181-90 (day 2, tale 6). Translation revised by D. L. Ashliman.
- Basile's *Il Pentamerone* was first published in five installments between 1634 and 1636.
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Ass'-Skin

Basque, Wentworth Webster

Like many others in the world, there was a king and a queen. One day there came to them a young girl who wished for a situation. They asked her her name, and she said, "Faithful."

The king said to her, "Are you like your name?" and she said, "Yes."

She stopped there seven years. Her master gave her all the keys, even that of the treasure. One day, when the king and queen were out, Faithful goes to the fountain, and she sees seven robbers coming out of the house. Judge what a state this poor girl was in! She runs straight to the treasury, and sees that more than half the treasure is missing. She did not know what would become of her -- she was all of a tremble. When the king and queen came home she told them what had happened, but they would not believe her, and they put her in prison. She stays there a year. She kept saying that she was not in fault, but they would not believe her. The king condemns her to death, and sends her with four men to the forest to kill her, telling them to bring him her heart.

They go off, but these men thought it a pity to kill this young girl, for she was very pretty, and she told them that she was innocent of this robbery; and they say to her, "If you will not come any more into this land, we will spare your life."

She promises them that she will not be seen again in those parts. The men see an ass, and they tell her that they will carry its heart to the king.

The young girl said to them, "Flay this ass, I pray you; and, in order that no one may know me, I will never take this skin off me."

The men do so, and go off to the king, and the young girl goes to look for some shelter. At nightfall she finds a beautiful house. She asks if they want some one to keep the geese.

They tell her, "Yes, yes, yes."

They put her along with the geese, and tell her that she must go with them every day to such a field. She went out very early in the morning and came back late. It was the king's house, and it was the queen-mother and her son who lived there.

After some time there appeared to her one day an old woman, who called to her, "Faithful,

you have done penance enough. The son of the king is going to give some grand feasts, and you must go to them. This evening you will ask madame permission, and you will tell her that you will give her all the news of the ball if she will let you go for a little while. And, see, here is a nut. All the dresses and things you want will come out of that. You will break it as you go to the place of the festival."

That evening she asked permission of her mistress to go and see the festival which the king is going to give, for a short time only, and that she will return directly and tell her all that she has seen there.

Her mistress said, "Yes."

That evening she goes then. On her way she breaks the nut, and there comes out of it a silver robe. She puts it on, and goes there, and immediately she enters all the world looks at her. The king is bewitched, he does not quit her for an instant, and they always dance together. He pays no attention at all to the other young ladies. They enjoy the refreshments very much. Some friends of the king call him, and he has to go there; and in this interval Faithful makes her escape to the house.

She tells the queen how that a young girl had come to the ball, how she had dazzled everybody, and especially the king, who paid attention to her alone, but that she had escaped.

When the son comes to the house, his mother says to him, "She escaped from you then, your young lady? She did not care for you, doubtless."

He says to his mother, "Who told you that?"

"Ass'-Skin; she wished to go and see it."

The king goes to where Faithful was and gives her two blows with his slipper, saying to her, "If you return there again I will kill you on the spot."

The next day Ass'-Skin goes with her geese, and there appears to her again the old woman. She tells her that she ought to go to the ball again this evening -- that her mistress would give her permission. "Here is a walnut; you have there all that is necessary to dress yourself with. The king will ask you your name: Braf-le-mandoufle [Beaten with the slipper]."

In the evening she asks permission of her mistress, but she is astonished (at her asking), and says to her, "You do not know what the king has said -- that if he catches you he will kill you on the spot?"

"I am not afraid. He will be sure not to catch me."

"Go, then."

She goes off, and on the way she breaks the walnut, and there comes out of it a golden robe. She goes in. The king comes with a thousand compliments, and asks her how she had

escaped the evening before without saying anything to him, and that he had been very much hurt at it.

They amuse themselves thoroughly. The king has eyes for her alone. He asks her her name. She tells him, "Braf-le-mandoufle." They feast themselves well, and some friends having called to him he goes to them, and the young lady escapes.

Ass'-Skin goes to tell the queen that yesterday evening's young lady had come, but still more beautiful -- that she had escaped in the very middle of the ball. She goes off to her geese. The king comes to his house.

His mother says to him, "She came then, the young lady you love? But she only loves you so-so, since she has gone off in this fashion."

"Who told you that?"

"Ass'-Skin."

He goes off to her and gives her two kicks with his slipper, and says to her, "Woe to you if you go there again; I will kill you on the very spot."

She goes off to her geese, and the old woman comes to her again and tells her to ask permission again for this evening -- that she must go to the dance. She gives her a peach, and tells her that she will have there all that is necessary to dress herself with. She goes then to ask her mistress if she will give her permission, like last night, to go to the ball.

She says to her, "Yes, yes, I will give you leave. But are you not afraid lest the king should catch you? He has said that he will kill you if you go there."

"I am not afraid, because I am sure that he will not catch me. Yesterday he looked for me again, but he could not catch me."

She goes off then. On the way she opens her peach, and finds there a dress entirely of diamonds, and if she was beautiful before, judge what she is now! She shone like the sun. The king was plunged into joy when he saw her. He was in an ecstasy. He did not wish to dance, but they sat down at their ease on beautiful arm-chairs, and with their refreshments before them they passed such a long time together. The king asked her to give him her promise of marriage. The young lady gives him her word, and the king takes his diamond ring off his finger and gives it to her. His friends call him away to come quickly to see something very rare, and off he goes, leaving his lady. She takes advantage of this opportunity to escape.

She tells her mistress all that has passed -- how that this young Lady had come with a dress of diamonds, that all the world was dazzled by her beauty, that they could not even look at her she shone so brightly, that the king did not know where he was for happiness, that they had given each other their promise of marriage, and that the king had given her his diamond ring, but that the best thing of all was that today again she has escaped him.

The king comes in at that very instant.

His mother says to him, "She has not, she certainly has not, any wish for you. She has gone off with your diamond ring. Where will you go and look for her? You do not know where she lives. Where will you ask for a young lady who has such a name as 'Braf-le-mandoufle!' She has given you her promise of marriage too; but she does not wish to have you, since she has acted like that."

Our king did not even ask his mother who has told her that. He went straight to bed thoroughly ill, and so Ass'-Skin did not have her two kicks that evening.

The queen was in great trouble at seeing her son ill like that. She was continually turning over in her head who this young lady might be.

She said to her son, "Is this young lady our Ass'-Skin ? How else could she have known that you had given your promise to one another, and that you had given her the ring too? She must have been very close to you. Did you see her?"

He says, "No," but remains buried in thought.

His mother says, "She has a very pretty face under her ass'-skin."

And she says that she must send for her, and that he must have a good look at her too ; that he shall have some broth brought up by her.

She sends for Ass'-Skin to the kitchen, has the broth made for her son, and Ass'-Skin puts in the middle of the bread the ring which the king had given her. The lady had her well dressed, and she goes to the king. The king, after having seen her, was still doubtful. He drank his broth; but when he puts the bread into his mouth he finds something (hard), and is very much astonished at seeing his ring. He was ill no longer. He goes and runs to his mother to tell her his joy that he has found his lady. He wishes to marry directly, and all the kings of the neighbourhood are invited to the feast; and, while they were dining, everyone had some fine news to relate. They ask the bride, too, if she had not something to tell them.

She says, "Yes," but that she cannot tell what she knows that it would not please all at the table.

Her husband tells her to speak out boldly; he draws his sword, and says, "Whosoever shall speak a word shall be run through with this sword."

She then tells how a poor girl was servant at a king's house; how she remained there seven years; that they liked her very much, and treated her with confidence, even to giving her the keys of the treasure. One day, when the king and his wife were out, robbers entered, and stole almost all the treasure. The king would not believe that robbers had come. He puts the young girl in prison for a whole year, and at the end of that time he sends her to execution, telling the executioners to bring her heart to the house. The executioners were better than the king; they believed in her innocence, and, after having killed an ass, they carried its heart to the king; "and for the proof, it is I who was servant to this king."

The bridegroom says to her, "Who can this king be? Is it my uncle?"

The lady says, " I do not know if he is your uncle, but it is that gentleman there."

The bridegroom takes his sword and kills him on the spot, saying to his wife, "You shall not be afraid of him any more."

They lived very happily.

Some time afterwards they had two children, a boy and a girl. When the elder was seven years old he died, telling his father and mother that he was going to heaven to get a place there ready for them. At the end of a week the other child dies too, and she says to them that she, too, is going to heaven, and that she will keep their place ready; that they, too, would quickly go to them. And, as she had said, at the end of a year, at exactly the very same time, both the gentleman and lady died, and they both went to heaven.

- Source: Wentworth Webster, *Basque Legends*, 2nd edition (London: Griffith and Farran, 1879), pp. 158-65.
- Although this tale contains most motifs traditionally found in type 510B stories, it does lack the incest motif.
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All-Kinds-of-Fur

Version of 1812

Germany, Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm

Once upon a time there was a king whose wife was the most beautiful woman in the world, with hair of pure gold. Together they had a daughter, and she was as beautiful as her mother, and she had the same golden hair. The queen became ill, and when she felt that she was about to die, she called the king to her side and asked him not to marry anyone following her death, unless she was just as beautiful as she, and unless her hair was just as golden as hers. The king made this promise, and she died.

For a long time the king was so grieved that he did not think about a second wife, but finally his councilors advised him to marry again. He sent messengers to all the princesses, but none was as beautiful as the deceased queen, and such golden hair could not be found anywhere in the world.

Then one day the king's glance fell on his daughter, and he saw that she looked just like her mother, and that she had the same golden hair. He thought to himself, "You will never find anyone in the world this beautiful. You will have to marry your daughter." And in that instant he felt such a strong love for her, that he immediately announced his decision to his councilors. They tried to dissuade him, but to no avail.

The princess was horrified at his godless intentions, but because she was clever, she told the king that he should first get her three dresses: one as golden as the sun, one as white as the

moon, one that glistened like the stars. Further, he was to get her a coat made from a thousand kinds of fur. Every animal in the kingdom would have to give up a piece of its skin for it.

The king was so fervent in his desires, that he had his huntsmen capture animals from across the entire kingdom. They were skinned, and a coat was made from their pelts. Thus, it did not take long before he brought the princess everything that she had asked for.

The princess said that she would marry him the next day. That night she sought out the presents that she had received from her fiancé: a golden ring, a little golden spinning wheel, and a little golden yarn reel. She put the three dresses into a nutshell, blackened her hands and face with soot, put on the coat of all kinds of fur, and left. She walked the entire night until she came to a great forest. She would be safe there. Because she was tired, she sat down in a hollow tree and fell asleep.

She was still asleep the next day when the king, her fiancé, came to this forest to hunt. His dogs ran up to the tree and sniffed at it. The king sent his huntsmen to see what kind of animal was in the tree. They came back and said that it was a strange animal, the likes of which they had never seen before. It had every kind of fur on its skin, and it was lying there asleep. The king ordered them to capture it and to tie it onto the back of his carriage. As the huntsmen were doing this, they saw that it was a girl. They tied her onto the back of the carriage and rode home with her.

"All-Kinds-of-Fur," they said, "you are good for the kitchen. You can carry water and wood, and clean out the ashes." Then they gave her a little stall beneath the steps, where the light of day never shone, and said, "This is where you can live and sleep."

So she had to help the cook in the kitchen. She plucked chickens, tended the fire, gathered vegetables, and did all the dirty work. Because she did very well at all this, the cook was good to her, and in the evening he often invited her in and gave her something to eat from the leftovers. Before the king went to bed, she had to go upstairs and pull off his boots. When she had pulled them off, he always threw them at her head. Poor All-Kinds-of-Fur lived like this for a long time. Oh, you beautiful maiden, what will become of you?

Once there was a ball at the castle, and All-Kinds-of-Fur thought that she might see her fiancé once again, so she went to the cook and asked him if he would allow her to go upstairs a little and look in at the splendor from the doorway. "Go ahead," said the cook, "but do not stay longer than a half hour. You still have to clean out the ashes tonight."

Then All-Kinds-of-Fur took her little oil lamp and went to her stall where she washed off the soot. Her beauty came forth just like blossoms in the springtime. She took off the fur coat, opened up the nut and took out the dress that glistened like the sun. She put it on and went upstairs. Everyone made room for her, and thought that a noble princess had entered the hall. The king immediately invited her to dance, and as he danced with her, he thought how closely this unknown princess resembled his own fiancée. The longer he looked at her, the stronger the resemblance. He was almost certain that this was his fiancée, and at the end of the dance, he was going to ask her. However, when they finished dancing, she bowed, and

before the king knew what was happening, she disappeared.

He asked the watchmen, but none of them had seen the princess leave the castle. She had run quickly to her stall, taken off the dress, blackened her hands and face, and put on the fur coat once again. Then she went to the kitchen to clean out the ashes, but the cook said, "Leave them until morning. I want to go upstairs and have a look at the dance. You make some soup for the king, but don't let any hairs fall into it, or there will be nothing more to eat for you."

All-Kinds-of-Fur made some bread soup for the king, then she put the golden ring in it that he had given her. When the ball was over, the king had his bread soup brought to him. It tasted better than any he had ever eaten. When he was finished, he found the ring on the bottom of the bowl. Looking at it carefully, he saw that it was his engagement ring. Astonished, he could not understand how it had gotten there. He summoned the cook, who then became very angry with All-Kinds-of-Fur. "You must have let a hair fall into the soup," he said. "If you did, there will be blows for you."

However, when the cook went upstairs, the king asked him who had made the soup, because it had been better than usual. The king had to confess that it had been All-Kinds-of-Fur. Then the king had her sent up to him. "Who are you?" he asked upon her arrival. "What are you doing in my castle, and where did you get the ring that was lying in the soup?"

She answered, "I am only a poor child whose father and mother are dead. I have nothing, and I am good for nothing more than having boots thrown at my head. And I know nothing about the ring." With that she ran away.

Soon there was another ball. All-Kinds-of-Fur again asked the cook to allow her to go upstairs. The cook gave his permission, but only for a half hour, because by then she would have to be back in the kitchen to make the king's bread soup. All-Kinds-of-Fur went to her stall, washed herself clean, and took out the moon-dress. It was purer and brighter than newly fallen snow. When she arrived upstairs the dance had just begun. The king extended his hand to her, and danced with her, and no longer doubted that this was his fiancée, for no one else in the world had such golden hair. However, the princess immediately slipped out when the dance ended, and the king, in spite of his great effort, could not find her. Further, he had not spoken a single word with her.

She was All-Kinds-of-Fur once again, with blackened hands and face. She took her place in the kitchen and made bread soup for the king, while the cook went upstairs to have a look. When the soup was ready, she put the golden spinning wheel in it. The king ate the soup, and thought that it was even better this time. When he found the golden spinning wheel, he was even more astonished, because it had been a present from him to his fiancée some time ago. The cook was summoned again, and then All-Kinds-of-Fur, but once again she answered by saying that she knew nothing about it, and that she was there only to have boots thrown at her head.

For the third time, the king held a ball. He hoped that his fiancée would come again, and he would not let her escape this time. All-Kinds-of-Fur again asked the cook to allow her to go

Genese the king, and has by him two children. These, having been slain by Tebaldo, are avenged by their father King Genese.

I cannot think there is one amongst us who has not realized by his own experience how great is the power of love, and how sharp are the arrows he is wont to shoot into our corruptible flesh. He, like a mighty king, directs and governs his empire without a sword, simply by his individual will, as you will be able to understand from the tenor of the story which I about to tell to you.

You must know, dear ladies, that Tebaldo, Prince of Salerno, according to the story I have heard repeated many times by my elders, had to wife a modest and prudent lady of good lineage, and by her he had a daughter who in beauty and grace outshone all the other ladies of Salerno; but it would have been well for Tebaldo if she had never seen the light, for in that case the grave misadventure which befell him would never have happened.

His wife, young in years but of mature wisdom, when she lay a-dying besought her husband, whom she loved very dearly, never to take for his wife any woman whose finger would not exactly fit the ring which she herself wore; and the prince, who loved his wife no less than she loved him, swore by his head that he would observe her wish.

After the good princess had breathed her last and had been honorably buried, Tebaldo indulged in the thought of wedding again, but he bore well in mind the promise he had made to his wife, and was firmly resolved to keep her saying.

However, the report that Tebaldo, Prince of Salerno, was seeking another mate soon got noised abroad, and came to the ears of many maidens who, in worth and in estate, were no whit his inferiors; but Tebaldo, whose first care was to fulfil the wishes of his wife who was dead, made it a condition that any damsel who might be offered to him in marriage should first try on her finger his wife's ring, to see whether it fitted, and not having found one who fulfilled this condition -- the ring being always found too big for this and too small for that -- he was forced to dismiss them all without further parley.

Now it happened one day that the daughter of Tebaldo, whose name was Doralice, sat at table with her father; and she, having espied her mother's ring lying on the board, slipped it on her finger and cried out, "See my father, how well my mother's ring fits me!" And the prince, when he saw what she had done, assented.

But not long after this the soul of Tebaldo was assailed by a strange and diabolical temptation to take to wife his daughter Doralice, and for many days he lived tossed about between yea and nay. At last, overcome by the strength of this devilish intent, and fired by the beauty of the maiden, he one day called her to him and said, "Doralice, my daughter, while your mother was yet alive, but fast nearing the end of her days, she besought me never to take to wife any woman whose finger would not fit the ring she herself always wore in her lifetime, and I swore by my head that I would observe this last request of hers. Wherefore, when I felt the time was come for me to wed anew, I made trial of many maidens, but not one could I find who could wear your mother's ring, except yourself. Therefore I have decided to take you for my wife, for thus I shall satisfy my own desire without violating the promise I made to your mother."

upstairs, but he scolded her, saying, "You are a witch. You are always putting things in the soup. And you can cook better than I can." But because she begged so, and promised to behave herself, he gave her permission to go upstairs for a half hour.

She put on the dress of stars. It glistened like stars in the night. She went upstairs and danced with the king, and he thought that he had never seen her more beautiful. While dancing, he slipped a ring onto her finger. He had ordered that it should be a very long dance. He could not bring himself to speak to her, nor could he keep her from escaping. As soon as the dance ended, she jumped into the crowd and disappeared before he could turn around.

She ran to her stall. Because she had been gone more than a half hour, she quickly took off her dress, and in her rush she failed to blacken herself entirely. One finger remained white. When she returned to the kitchen, the cook had already left. She quickly made some bread soup and put the golden yarn reel into it.

The king found it, just as he had found the ring and the golden spinning wheel, and now he knew for sure that his fiancée was nearby, for no one else could have had these presents. All-Kinds-of-Fur was summoned. Once again she tried to make an excuse and then run away, but as she ran by, the king noticed a white finger on her hand, and he held her fast. He found the ring that he had slipped onto her finger, and then he ripped off her fur coat. Her golden hair flowed out, and he saw that it was his dearly beloved fiancée. The cook received a generous reward. Then they got married and lived happily until they died.

Notes:

- Source: Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, "Allerlei-Rauh," *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*, 1st ed. (Berlin: Realschulbuchhandlung, 1812/1815), vol. 1, no. 65, pp. 308-316.
- Incest, one of our strongest taboos, has, until our own era, largely escaped exposure and discussion on the printed page. Publishers of folktales dealing with incest have gotten around the taboo in various ways. One of the most disingenuous solutions was used in the following passage from a nineteenth-century English "translation" of the Grimms' "All-Kinds-of-Fur":

> Now, the King had a daughter, who was just as beautiful as her dead mother, and had just such golden hair. One day when she had grown up, her father looked at her, and saw that she was exactly like her mother, so he said to his councilors, "I will marry my daughter to one of you, and she shall be queen, for she is exactly like her dead mother, and when I die her husband shall be king." But when the Princess heard of her father's decision, she was not at all pleased, and said to him, "Before I do your bidding, I must have three dresses; one as golden as the sun, one as silver as the moon, and one as shining as the stars. Besides these, I want a cloak made of a thousand different kinds of skin; every animal in your kingdom must give a bit of his skin to it." But she thought to herself, "This will be quite impossible, and I shall not have to marry someone I do not care for." -- Andrew Lang, *The Green Fairy Book* (London: Longmans, Green and Company.1892), p. 276.

- Other versions of the story (including later Grimm editions) make it abundantly clear that the fiancé mentioned here is a different king, not her own father.
- Beginning with the edition of 1819, the Grimms omitted the episode describing how the young king threw his boots at the heroine's head. The Grimms obviously wanted to de-emphasize the abusive nature of the relationship between the two lovers. However, most versions of the tale describe how the "hero" belittles, and possibly beats the woman he will later marry.
- Link to an English translation of the version of 1857: All-Kinds-of-Fur.
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Emperor Heinrich in Sudemer Mountain

Germany

Emperor Heinrich the Fowler liked to stay at Goslar, which he often did, and many stories are told about him there. Above all they tell about how marvelously beautiful his wife was, and how he could not be consoled when she died.

After his grief had subsided somewhat, he revealed to his own daughter, who was almost more beautiful than her mother, his sinful desire to marry her. She appropriately resisted him, finally convincing him to first to travel to the courts of all the kings and counts in Europe in search of a spouse more beautiful than she. He traveled far and wide, but finally returned with the news that a more beautiful woman could not be found anywhere. But still she resisted his pleas and his advances.

Finally he set the condition that he would desist from his demands if she could create a blanket upon which all of the earths animals could be seen. She went into a small chapel in the upper city and fervently prayed to God, but she found no comfort in her prayers, so finally in despair she called upon the devil to come and help her. He appeared immediately, saying that he would bring the blanket to her, if she could remain awake in the chapel for three days and three nights.

She brought her little dog into the chapel with her and spent the time ceaselessly praying. However, during the third night, just as morning was breaking, sleep almost overcame her. At that moment the devil approached, and her little dog, seeing him, pulled at her skirt so vigorously that she jumped up.

The devil angrily dropped the blanket, furiously threw the little dog against church wall, and disappeared. She took the blanket to her father, who then was overcome by such powerful pain that he lost all will to live. He bewitched himself into the Sudemer Mountain near Goslar, whose watchtower is visible throughout the region. There he sits until the present day, and will return only when Goslar finds itself in great need, or when the Day of Judgment arrives.

Others say that the emperor is sitting in Rammel Mountain, and that before his death he had three stones mortared into the Goslars city wall, saying that he would return when these stones fall out. But no one knows which stones they are.

- Source: A. Kuhn and W. Schwartz, "Kaiser Heinrich in Sudemerberg," *Norddeutsche Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg [Mecklenburg], Pommern, der Mark, Sachsen, Thüringen, Braunschweig, Hannover, Oldenburg und Westfalen: Aus dem Munde des Volkes gesammelt* (Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus, 1848), pp. 184-85.
- Heinrich (Henry) the Fowler was born about 876 and died in 936. His wife Matilda founded many monasteries and is a saint of the Roman Catholic Church.
- Goslar in Lower Saxony is one of northern Germanys best preserved medieval cities.
- The incest motif in this legend is reminiscent of the type 510B folktales told throughout Europe. The "sleeping hero" motif (type 766) is also found in numerous folktales and legends. Link to additional Sleeping Hero Legends.
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Cinder Blower

Karl Bartsch

A rich widower had an only daughter who was developing into a beautiful and charming woman. Her father's heart became inflamed with impure love, but she withstood his advances. He threatened to force himself on her, and she responded with cunning. She promised to yield to his will if he would give her a dress made of silver. When she received such a dress, she then demanded one made from gold, and the third time, one made from jewels. After receiving that one as well, she said, "Now all I need is a crow-skin coat," and then she made one last wish: a magic wand. These too she received.

Now in another land there lived a prince who had heard of the girl's beauty. Taking the magic wand in her hand and the dresses over her shoulder, she wished herself to the vicinity of the prince's castle. She immediately found herself in the castle garden. Then she wished for herself a chest in an oak tree in the garden, put her dresses in it, put on the crow-skin coat and went to the castle kitchen where she presented herself as a poor boy looking for work.

"I can use you," said the cook. "You can be the cinder blower."

A few days later the prince came to the kitchen with some freshly killed game. She saw him and liked him beyond measure.

Soon afterward there was a wedding in a nearby castle, and the prince went to it. Many people went there to look on at the dance. Cinder Blower asked the cook for permission to observe. She ran to the oak tree, put on the silver dress, and wished herself a carriage in which she rode to the castle. The prince saw her and danced with her, but after a few dances she disappeared. Seating herself in her carriage she said,

> Darkness behind me, Before me light,
> So none can follow me into the night.

The next morning the prince was in a bad mood, for he had been awake all night thinking about his beautiful dance partner. Cinder Blower was asked to polish his boots, and this she did, but she failed to polish one small spot on one of the toes. The prince noticed this and

angrily came into the kitchen and threw the boot at her head.

The next evening there was another dance, and Cinder Blower again asked for permission to go. This time she put on the golden dress, then rode there in the carriage. The prince had been looking for her and was very happy when she arrived. While dancing with her he asked her where she lived.

"In Boot-Throw" was her answer. She remained there one hour, and then disappeared. In vain the prince asked where Boot-Throw was. No one could tell him.

Again that night the prince could not close his eyes, and the next day he was in an even worse mood than before.

Cinder Blower was asked to brush his coat, but he did not like the way she did it, and finally he threw the brush at her head.

The third evening Cinder Blower again asked for permission to look on at the dance, then put on her dress of precious stones. While dancing with her the prince asked her where she lived.

"In Brush-Throw," was her answer.

"Whoever you are," he said, "take this ring from me."

She let him put the ring onto her finger. Then she tried to sneak away, but the prince carefully watched her and followed close behind her. She climbed out of her carriage near the oak tree. However, she did not have time to take off her dress, but quickly put on the crow-skin coat over it.

The next morning when the cook was preparing the soup, Cinder Blower dropped the ring into it. The prince found it and asked the cook who had been in the kitchen.

"Only Cinder Blower and I," he answered.

The prince summoned Cinder Blower and said, "My head itches. Look and see if any vermin are there."

Cinder Blower obeyed, but when she stood before him, he saw the diamond dress glistening forth from beneath the worn-out crow-skin coat. Then he recognized her. "Now you are mine," he said, and he made her his wife and they lived happily together until they died.

- Source: Karl Bartsch, *Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg* [Mecklenburg] (Vienna: Wilhelm Braumüller, 1879, vol. 1, pp. 479-481.
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Broomthrow, Brushthrow, Combthrow

Austria, Theodor Vernaleken

In a castle there once lived a count by the name of Rudolf. His wife had a golden cross on her

forehead. Their daughter Adelheid had the same mark on her forehead. When she was twenty years old her mother suddenly died.

The count's and his daughter's sorrow and grief were endless. After the mother's burial, the father and his child locked themselves in their rooms and were seldom seen.

After a month had passed, the count had his daughter brought to his room and said to her, "Dear child, you know how much I loved your mother. I cannot live without a wife. Therefore I am going out into the world to seek a wife who -- like your blessed mother -- has a golden cross on her forehead. If I do not find such a woman within a year and a day, then I will marry you."

When Adelheid heard these words she was very upset, and she silently withdrew. The next morning Count Rudolf departed, promising to return within a year and a day.

When Adelheid was alone she considered whether or not it would be possible for her father to find a woman with such a cross. Then she remembered that her mother had once told her that except for her and Adelheid, no one on the entire earth had such a cross.

She decided to go away. She would rather earn her bread with the work of her own hands than to eat the finest tidbits at her father's table as his wife. She entrusted one of her loyal servants with her plan, and they made preparations to depart.

She secretly loaded her valuables, her jewelry, her gold, and her clothes into several large carriages. During the night she drove off with them, accompanied by her servant Gotthold and several others who were loyal to her. They came to a large city where she rented a house and moved into it with her servants.

Adelheid had often stated that she wanted to earn her bread with the work of her own hands. Therefore Gotthold sought a position for his mistress in the city. He learned that there was an opening for a kitchen maid in the castle of Prince Adolf. Thus he went to the chief cook and asked him if he would be willing to hire his niece, for that is what he called the countess. As he talked further with the chief cook, Gotthold recognized in him a friend whom he had not seen for many years. He told him that his brother had died, leaving a daughter in his care. The chief cook agreed to hire her.

The loyal servant happily returned to the countess and remained in the rented house.

Adelheid now dyed her face, neck, and hands brown; covered her golden cross and her hair with a large head-scarf; took off her magnificent robes, putting on instead old, dirty, torn clothing; and presented herself to the chief cook.

She was given a small room where she could sleep and keep her things. Slowly she grew accustomed to her job, even though she was exhausted by the hard work.

Until now she had not yet seen the prince. One day he invited all his friends and acquaintances to a great ball. On the morning of the ball, Adelheid was sweeping the staircase, when the prince, without being seen by her, walked up and tipped over the dust

pail, thus dirtying his boots. As she was fleeing he angrily ripped the broom from her hands and threw it at her.

That evening as the hall was filling with people, the young countess went to the chief cook and asked him for permission to go to the ball.

He replied, "No, I cannot allow you to do that. What if the prince were to find out!"

Adelheid continued to beg, until he finally said, "Just go. But don't stay too late, and if you get anything, bring some back for me as well."

Now she went to Gotthold's house, changed her clothes, washed away the color, and ordered up a splendid carriage in which she rode to the prince's.

When the guests saw the splendid carriage approaching in the distance they all hurried outside and said, "A foreign lady! A beautiful lady!"

The prince hurried toward her, lifted her from her carriage, and led her up the stairs. She had to dance with him the entire evening and to sit next to him at the table. After eating, he asked her what her name was and where she came from.

"My name is Adelheid, and I come from Broomthrow," replied the countess.

At twelve o'clock she left, and with her the majority of guests.

Arriving at home she quickly got undressed, colored herself brown, and took three gold pieces which she gave to the chief cook, claiming that she had stood behind a door and had received the gold from an old woman.

The next morning the prince looked for Broomthrow on his maps, but he could not find it. He wanted to ask her about her home city once again, but because he did not know where she lived he invited his friends to a second ball.

On the morning of the second ball Adelheid was brushing her clothing when the prince, without being seen, came up the stairs. She turned around and dropped the brush, which fell onto the prince's feet. Angrily Adolf picked up the brush and threw it at the embarrassed countess's head.

That evening the chief cook once again allowed her to go the ball, and she took advantage of his permission. At the ball Adolf told her that he had not been able to find Broomthrow.

"How could you be looking for Broomthrow?" she replied. "I said Brushthrow."

Once again they danced together, and as midnight approached she went home. She brought the chief cook a gold band, claiming that she had received it as a gift.

The next morning the prince looked for Brushthrow, but could not find it. He then invited his friends and acquaintances to a third ball, which was to be even more magnificent than the

first two.

On the eve of the ball, shortly before the festivities were to begin, Adelheid, contrary to custom, was combing her hair in the castle. The prince, displeased because the foreign lady had not arrived yet, walked up the stairs just as the countess dropped her comb. Prince Adolf picked it up and threw it at the kitchen servant's head. She quickly withdrew, changed her clothes, and went to the ball.

At the table the prince said that he had not been able to find Brushthrow anywhere.

"I can believe that," she said. "I called the place Combthrow." He didn't want to believe her, but she argued with him until he finally gave in. Before she left he placed a ring on her finger, without her noticing it.

The next morning the prince was not well, and he asked a chief cook to make soup for him. The latter announced this in the kitchen, and Adelheid asked for permission to make the soup. But he said, "If you put something in the soup that doesn't belong there, then I am the one who will be punished."

She replied, "I will not put anything wrong in it." She made the soup, and without being seen, she threw the prince's ring into the soup.

The prince poured the soup into a dish and heard something jingle. He felt around and fished out the ring. Amazed, he then asked who had made the soup.

"The kitchen maid" was the answer.

Adolph ordered his servant, "Bring her here."

She hurriedly put on the dress that she had worn the previous evening, and when the prince saw her, he recognized his dance partner. She now had to tell him her life story, and soon afterward he married her.

In the meantime her father had come home, and when he discovered that his daughter had already married, he had to accept his fate.

- Source: Theodor Vernaleken, *Österreichische Kinder- und Hausmärchen: Treu nach mündlicher Überlieferung* (Vienna: Wilhelm Braumüller, 1864), no. 33, pp. 172-77.
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The Emperor's Daughter in the Pig Stall

Romania

An emperor, whose wife had died, came upon the horrible idea to marry his daughter. However, she refused, and in this she was supported by her nurse with whom she confided all the secrets of her heart. When the emperor again brought his proposal to her, she declared -- following the old woman's advice -- that she would accept if she could have a

beautiful silver dress. The emperor quickly had such a dress made and brought it to his daughter himself, hoping that now she would cease hesitating. But the princess, again coached by her nurse, this time demanded a beautiful golden dress, that would have to be ten times more valuable than the silver one. The emperor immediately ordered the master goldsmiths in his capital city to make such a dress, taking as much gold as they needed from his treasury. When it was finished he joyfully took it to the princess, but found her as resistant as before. Now she demanded a beautiful diamond dress that was worth ten thousand times more than the golden one. "Such a dress," the nurse had said, "will cost more than his treasury contains, and that will be the end of his proposals."

The emperor was astonished at this monstrous requirement, but in order to achieve his goal he depleted his treasury, and what was still needed he forcefully took from his subjects. Thus he collected enough wealth to have a diamond dress made than cost ten thousand times what the golden one had cost.

The princess was startled when he brought it to her, and asked for one day to think things through. The emperor granted her this, and she discussed the situation with her nurse, who advised her to demand a dress that he certainly would not be able to have made: one made entirely of louse pelts, and trimmed with flea pelts.

When the emperor heard the princess's latest wish he became angry, but said nothing. Instead he issued the order to have such a dress made. It took an entire year to collect all the pelts and hides for this dress, and yet another year before they were all sewn together. Then emperor brought the dress to his daughter, and this time the princess -- following the old woman's advice -- let the marriage between herself and her father take place.

That evening, after entering the bridal chamber with him, she asked for permission to step outside for a moment. He refused, for he did not trust her and thought that she wanted to escape from him. She gave him a piece of string, tying one end around her own left hand, and told him that if she did not come back in time, he would only have to pull her in.

So the hateful father finally agreed, and the princess slipped out the door, where her nurse was standing ready with an old bill goat, and they quickly tied the string around its horns. Then the princess put on all her dresses -- first the one of diamonds, over that the one of gold, then the silver one, and over them all the disgusting one that the emperor had just had made. Then she fled.

Meanwhile the emperor waited impatiently, finally pulling gently on the string. Outside the billy goat pulled back. The emperor finally pulled hard, but the billy goat would not be outdone in such a tug-of-war. Finally the emperor, filled with rage, jumped up and went to the door. To his astonishment, instead of his charming daughter he found there a shaggy black billy goat, which rudely attacked him with its horns. The emperor retreated into the bridal chamber, and called for his people, who -- led by the nurse -- came to him. The emperor vented his anger with a storm of curse words. He told of his adventure and ordered that the billy goat be taken away.

The nurse began to shriek, "See here, you tyrannical father, see what you have caused? God

has punished you because of your wicked marriage. He has transformed your daughter into this terrible horned monster!"

With these and many other words, the cunning nurse convinced the deceived ruler that the just anger of God had caused this miracle. Filled with shame, he said nothing more about the matter.

Meanwhile the princess fled into a great forest, where -- since the season was right -- she lived from berries and nuts that she found in the bushes.

Now it happened that the prince of the kingdom to which these woods belonged was hunting there. Evening was approaching when the prince, accompanied by just one servant, pursued a wild boar into a deep thicket. To his great astonishment he saw there an unusual forest creature. Not knowing what to make of it, he aimed an arrow at it. When he saw that it was not moving, he climbed the tree and captured the unknown animal alive.

With great clamor the forest creature was led through the city to the palace. There, because of its disgusting fur, it was turned over to the swineherd, who locked it in his worst pig stall, above which was a chicken coop. Thus the unknown forest creature's fur became even filthier. From the scraps that they brought it to eat, it would take only berries and nuts from the forest.

Soon afterward there was a glorious festival in the city. The son of a well-known gentleman was getting married. All the beautiful and important people were gathered there: maidens, ladies, and gentlemen, whatever their names.

When evening came the princess, pulled off her disgusting garb, revealing the silver dress beneath it, left the pig stall, and went to the wedding. The prince, who was also there, saw her and danced with her; and because he found her so extraordinarily beautiful he gave her a valuable ring, after having spoken with her, and in the end having danced only with her.

Morning approached, and the unknown beauty disappeared from the hall without anyone observing where she went. The princess had put her stall garb back on and was peacefully asleep in the pig stall.

On the second evening she again appeared at the wedding, this time in her golden dress. The prince, who had been looking for her, was very happy to see her, and did not leave her side, for he wanted to know who this exceptionally wealthy gleaming beauty was. However, although he watched her carefully, trying to prevent her from escaping again, she took advantage of an opportune moment and slipped away. Before anyone noticed her absence she was again hidden beneath her filthy garb in the pig stall.

On the third evening the mysterious maiden once again appeared at the wedding. Her glorious diamond dress astonished everyone. The prince thought that a maiden wearing such an incalculably costly dress must be of high nobility, but he was a thousand times more impressed by her personal beauty. He happily conversed with her alone, but to his dismay she would not tell him who she was or where she came from.

As morning approached she again slipped away from the hall so cunningly that neither the prince nor anyone else noticed her leave.

The wedding was now over, and the prince had no hope of seeing his mysterious beloved again. This made him seriously ill. The princess sat in her pig stall, but not as calmly as earlier, for she too had fallen in love. A few days passed, and the prince, almost dying of longing, did not leave his bed. Then one of his friends came to visit him, and he ordered breakfast for the prince.

The strange forest creature appeared to be quiet and well-behaved, so they let it run about freely. On this morning it had gone to the kitchen to warm itself by the fire, for it was cold in the stall. Reluctantly the kitchen maid had allowed this, and the forest creature was cowering next to the stove. When milk was placed on the fire, the forest creature asked who it was for. Learning that it was for the prince, she secretly pulled from her finger the ring that the prince had given her at the wedding, and dropped it into the pot. After warming herself, she crept back to the pig stall, put on her diamond dress, and was once again the most beautiful princess.

Meanwhile the prince was eating breakfast with his friend, and he was shocked almost to death to discover at the bottom of the milk pot the ring that he had given to his beloved mysterious stranger. He immediately summoned the kitchen maid who had prepared his breakfast, but she swore that she did not know how the ring came to be in the pot. The prince investigated further: Who else had been in the kitchen. Finally the girl admitted, after resisting for a long time, that the ugly forest creature had been there warming itself by the fire.

The prince and his friend immediately went to the stall where the disgusting forest creature was kept. He opened the door and looked inside, then took three steps back in joyful surprise. There sat his beautiful and beloved mysterious stranger, dressed in her glorious gown.

She stepped out and said, "I am the one, my prince!"

Answering his questions as to how she had come to this horrible place, she told him her story, which astonished everyone. Then the prince tenderly took his beloved princess into his arms. Soon thereafter, to the pleasure of the entire court, a magnificent wedding brought this story to a happing end.

- Source: Arthur and Albert Schott, "Die Kaiserstochter im Schweinstall," *Walachische Maehrchen* (Stuttgart: J. G. Cotta, 1845), pp. 96-100.
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Fair Maria Wood

Italy, Thomas Frederick Crane

There was once a husband and wife who had but one child, a daughter. Now it happened that the wife fell ill and was at the point of death. Before dying she called her husband, and said to

Doralice, who was as pure as she was beautiful, when she listened to the evil designs of her wicked father, was deeply troubled in her heart; but, taking heed of his vile and abominable lust, and fearing the effects of his rage, she made no answer and went out of his presence with an untroubled face.

As there was no one whom she could trust so well as her old nurse, she repaired to her at once as the surest bulwark of her safety, to take counsel as to what she should do. The nurse, when she had heard the story of the execrable lust of this wicked father, spake words of comfort to Doralice, for she knew well the constancy and steadfast nature of the girl, and that she would be ready to endure any torment rather than accede to her father's desire, and promised to aid her in keeping her virginity unsullied by such terrible disgrace.

After this the nurse thought of nothing else than how she might best find a way for Doralice out of this strait, planning now this and now that, but finding no method which gained her entire approval. She would fain have had Doralice take to flight and put long distance betwixt her and her father, but she feared the craft of Tebaldo, and lest the girl should fall into his hands after her flight, feeling certain that in such event he would put her to death.

So while the faithful nurse was thus taking counsel with herself, she suddenly hit upon a fresh scheme, which was what I will now tell you. In the chamber of the dead lady there was a fair cassone, or clothes-chest, magnificently carved, in which Doralice kept her richest dresses and her most precious jewels, and this wardrobe the nurse alone could open. So she removed from it by stealth all the robes and the ornaments that were therein, and bestowed them elsewhere, placing in it a good store of a certain liquor which had such great virtue, that whosoever took a spoonful of it, or even less, could live for a long time without further nourishment.

Then, having called Doralice, she shut her therein, and bade her remain in hiding until such time as God should send her better fortune, and her father be delivered from the bestial mood which had come upon him.

The maiden, obedient to the good old woman's command, did all that was told her; and the father, still set upon his accursed design, and making no effort to restrain his unnatural lust, demanded every day what had become of his daughter; and, neither finding any trace of her, or knowing aught where she could be, his rage became so terrible that he threatened to have her killed as soon as he should find her.

Early one morning it chanced that Tebaldo went into the room where the chest was, and as soon as his eye fell upon it, he felt, from the associations connected with it, that he could not any longer endure the sight of it, so he gave orders that it should straightway be taken out and placed elsewhere and sold, so that its presence might not bee an offence to him. The servants were prompt to obey their master's command, and, having taken the thing on their shoulders, they bore it away to the marketplace. It chanced that there was at that time in the city a rich dealer from Genoa, who, as soon as he caught sight of the sumptuously carved cassone, admired it greatly, and settled with himself that he would not let it go from him, however much he might have to pay for it. So, having accosted the servant who was charged with the sale of it, and learnt the price demanded, he bought it forthwith, and gave orders to a

him, weeping, "I am dying; you are still young; if you ever wish to marry again, be mindful to choose a wife whom my wedding ring fits; and if you cannot find a lady whom it fits well, do not marry."

Her husband promised that he would do so. When she was dead he took off her wedding ring and kept it until he desired to marry again. Then he sought for some one to please him. He went from one to another, but the ring fitted no one. He tried so many but in vain. One day he thought of calling his daughter, and trying the ring on her to see whether it fitted her. The daughter said, "It is useless, dear father; you cannot marry me, because you are my father."

He did not heed her, put the ring on her finger, and saw that it fitted her well, and wanted to marry his daughter *nolens volens*. She did not oppose him, but consented. The day of the wedding, he asked her what she wanted. She said that she wished four silk dresses, the most beautiful that could be seen. He, who was a gentleman, gratified her wish and took her the four dresses, one handsomer than the other, and all the handsomest that had ever been seen.

"Now, what else do you want?" said he.

"I want another dress, made of wood, so that I can conceal myself in it." And at once he had this wooden dress made. She was well pleased. She waited until one day her husband was out of sight, put on the wooden dress, and under it the four silk dresses, and went away to a certain river not far off, and threw herself in it. Instead of sinking and drowning, she floated, for the wooden dress kept her up.

The water carried her a long way, when she saw on the bank a gentleman, and began to cry, "Who wants the fair Maria Wood?"

That gentleman who saw her on the water, and whom she addressed, called her and she came to the bank and saluted him.

"How is it that you are thus dressed in wood, and come floating on the water without drowning?"

She told him that she was a poor girl who had only that dress of wood, and that she wanted to go out to service.

"What can you do?"

"I can do all that is needed in a house, and if you would only take me for a servant you would be satisfied."

He took her to his house, where his mother was, and told her all that had happened, saying, "If you, dear mother, will take her as a servant, we can try her." In short, she took her and was pleased with this woman dressed in wood.

It happened that there were balls at that place which the best ladies and gentlemen attended. The gentleman who had the servant dressed in wood prepared to go to the ball, and after he

had departed, the servant said to his mother, "Do me this kindness, mistress: let me go to the ball too, for I have never seen any dancing."

"What, you wish to go to the ball so badly dressed that they would drive you away as soon as they saw you!" The servant was silent and when the mistress was in bed, dressed herself in one of her silk dresses and became the most beautiful woman that was ever seen. She went to the ball, and it seemed as if the sun had entered the room; all were dazzled. She sat down near her master, who asked her to dance, and would dance with no one but her. She pleased him so much that he fell in love with her. He asked her who she was and where she came from. She replied that she came from a distance, but told him nothing more.

At a certain hour, without anyone perceiving it, she went out and disappeared. She returned home and put on her wooden dress again. In the morning the master returned from the ball, and said to his mother, "Oh! if you had only seen what a beautiful lady there was at the ball! She appeared like the sun, she was so beautiful and well dressed. She sat down near me, and would not dance with anyone but me."

His mother then said, "Did you not ask her who she was and where she came from?"

"She would only tell me that she came from a distance; but I thought I should die; I wish to go again this evening." The servant heard all this dialogue, but kept silent, pretending that the matter did not concern her.

In the evening he prepared himself again for the ball, and the servant said to him, "Master, yesterday evening I asked your mamma to let me, too, go to the ball, for I have never seen dancing, but she would not; will you have the kindness to let me go this evening?"

"Be still, you ugly creature, the ball is no place for you!"

"Do me this favor," she said, weeping, "I will stand out of doors, or under a bench, or in a corner so no one shall see me; but let me go!"

He grew angry then, and took a stick and began to beat the poor servant. She wept and remained silent.

After he had gone, she waited until his mother was in bed, and put on a dress finer than the first, and so rich as to astonish, and away to the ball! When she arrived all began to gaze at her, for they had never seen anything more beautiful. All the handsomest young men surrounded her and asked her to dance; but she would have nothing to do with anyone but her master. He again asked her who she was, and she said she would tell him later.

They danced and danced, and all at once she disappeared. Her master ran here and there, asked one and another, but no one could tell him where she had gone. He returned home and told his mother all that had passed. She said to him, "Do you know what you must do? Take this diamond ring, and when she dances with you give it to her; and if she takes it, it is a sign that she loves you." She gave him the ring. The servant listened, saw everything, and was silent.

In the evening the master prepared for the ball and the servant again asked him to take her, and again he beat her. He went to the ball, and after midnight, as before, the beautiful lady returned more beautiful than before, and as usual would dance only with her master. At the right moment he took out the diamond ring, and asked her if she would accept it. She took it and thanked him, and he was happy and satisfied. Afterward he asked her again who she was and where from. She said that she was of that country,

> That when they speak of going to a ball
> They are beaten on the head

and said no more. At the usual hour she stopped dancing and departed. He ran after her, but she went like the wind, and reached home without his finding out where she went. But he ran so in all directions, and was in such suffering, that when he reached home he was obliged to go to bed more dead than alive. Then he fell ill and grew worse every day, so that all said he would die. He did nothing but ask his mother and everyone if they knew anything of that lady, and that he would die if he did not see her. The servant heard everything; and one day, when he was very ill, what did she think of? She waited until her mistress's eye was turned, and dropped the diamond ring in the broth her master was to eat. No one saw her, and his mother took him the broth. He began to eat it, when he felt something hard, saw something shine, and took it out. You can imagine how he looked at it and recognized the diamond ring! They thought he would go mad. He asked his mother if that was the ring and she swore that it was, and all happy, she said that now he would see her again.

Meanwhile the servant went to her room, took off her wooden dress, and put on one all of silk, so that she appeared a beauty, and went to the room of the sick man. His mother saw her and began to cry, "Here she is; here she is!" She went in and saluted him, smiling, and he was so beside himself that he became well at once. He asked her to tell him her story: who she was, where she came from, how she came, and how she knew that he was ill.

She replied, "I am the woman dressed in wood who was your servant. It is not true that I was a poor girl, but I had that dress to conceal myself in, for underneath it I was the same that I am now. I am a lady; and although you treated me so badly when I asked to go to the ball, I saw that you loved me, and now I have come to save you from death." You can believe that they stayed to hear her story. They were married and have always been happy and still are.

- Source: Thomas Frederick Crane, *Italian Popular Tales* (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company, 1885), no. 10, pp. 48-52.
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Maria Wood

Italy

They say, there was a king, whose wife, when she came to die, said to him, "When I am dead, you will want to marry again; but take my advice: marry no woman but her whose foot my shoe fits."

But this she said because the shoe was under a spell, and would fit no one whom he could marry. The king, however, caused the shoe to be tried on all manner of women; and when the answer always was that it would fit none of them, he grew quite bewildered and strange in his mind.

After some years had passed, his young daughter, having grown up to girl's estate, came to him one day, saying, "Oh, papa; only think! Mamma's shoe just fits me!"

"Does it!" replied the simple king; "then I must marry you."

"Oh, that cannot be, papa," said the girl, and ran away.

But the simple king was so possessed with the idea that he must marry the woman whom his wife's shoe fitted, that he sent for her every day and said the same thing. But the queen had not said that he should marry the woman whom her shoe fitted, but that he should not marry any whom it did not fit.

When the princess found that he persevered in his silly caprice, she said at last, "Papa, if I am to do what you say, you must do some thing for me first."

"Agreed, my child," replied the king; "you have only to speak."

"Then, before I marry," said the girl, "I want a lot of things, but I will begin with one at a time. First, I want a dress of the color of a beautiful noontide sky, but all covered with stars like the sky at midnight, and furnished with a parure to suit it."

Such a dress the king had made and brought to her.

"Next," said the princess, "I want a dress of the color of the sea, all covered with golden fishes, with a fitting parure."

Such a dress the king had made, and brought to her.

"Next," said the princess, "I want a dress of a dark blue, all covered with gold embroidery and spangled with silver bells, and with a parure to match."

Such a dress the king had made and brought to her.

"These are all very good," said the princess; "but now you must send for the most cunning artificer in your whole kingdom, and let him make me a figure of an old woman just like life, fitted with all sorts of springs to make it move and walk when one gets inside it, just like a real woman."

Such a figure the king had made, and brought it to the princess.

"That is just the sort of figure I wanted," said she;" and now I don't want anything more." And the simple king went away quite happy.

As soon as she was alone, however, the princess packed all the three dresses and many of

her other dresses, and all her jewelry and a large sum of money, inside the figure of the old woman, and then she got into it and walked away. No one seeing an old woman walking out of the palace thought she had anything to do with the princess, and thus she got far away without anyone thinking of stopping her. On, on, on, she wandered till she came to the palace of a great king, and just at the time that the king's son was coming in from hunting.

"Have you a place in all this fine palace to take in a poor old body?" whined the princess inside the figure of the old woman.

"No, no! get out of the way! How dare you come in the way of the prince!" said the servants, and drove her away.

But the prince took compassion on her, and called her to him. "What's your name, good woman?" said the prince.

"Maria Wood is my name, your Highness," replied the princess.

"And what can you do, since you ask for a place?"

"Oh, I can do many things. First, I understand all about poultry, and then --"

"That'll do," replied the prince; "take her, and let her be the hen-wife, and let her have food and lodging, and all she wants."

So they gave her a little hut on the borders of the forest, and set her to tend the poultry. But the prince as he went out hunting often passed by her hut, and when she saw him pass she never failed to come out and salute him, and now and then he would stop his horse and spend a few moments in gossip with her.

Before long it was Carnival time; and as the prince came by Maria Wood came out and wished him a "good Carnival."

The prince stopped his horse and said, his young head full of the pleasure he expected, "Tomorrow, you know, we have the first day of the feast."

"To be sure I know it; and how I should like to be there; won't you take me?" answered Maria Wood.

"You shameless old woman," replied the prince, "to think of your wanting to go to a *festino* at your time of life!" and he gave her a cut with his whip.

The next day Maria put on her dress of the color of the noontide sky, covered with stars like the sky at midnight, with the parure made to wear with it, and came to the feast. Every lady made place before her dazzling appearance, and the prince alone dared to ask her to dance. With her he danced all the evening, and fairly fell in love with her, nor could he leave her side; and as they sat together, he took the ring off his own finger and put it on to her hand.

She appeared equally satisfied with his attentions, and seemed to desire no other partner.

Only when he tried to gather from her whence she was, she would only say she came from the country of Whipblow, which set the prince wondering very much, as he had never heard of such a country. At the end of the ball, the prince sent his attendants to watch her that he might learn where she lived, but she disappeared so swiftly it was impossible for them to tell what had become of her.

When the prince came by Maria Wood's hut next day, she did not fail to wish him again a "good Carnival."

"Tomorrow we have the second *festino*, you know," said the prince.

"Well I know it," replied Maria Wood; "shouldn't I like to go! Won't you take me?"

"You contemptible old woman to talk in that way!" exclaimed the prince. "You ought to know better!" and he struck her with his boot.

Next night Maria put on her dress of the color of the sea, covered all over with gold fishes, and the parure made to wear with it, and went to the feast. The prince recognized her at once, and claimed her for his partner all the evening, nor did she seem to wish for any other, only when he tried to learn from her whence she was, she would only say she came from the country of Bootkick.

The prince could not remember ever to have heard of the Bootkick country, and thought she meant to laugh at him; however, he ordered his attendants to make more haste this night in following her; but what diligence so ever they used she was too swift for them.

The next time the prince came by Maria Wood's hut, she did not fail to wish him again a "good Carnival."

"Tomorrow we have the last *festino*!" exclaimed he, with a touch of sadness, for he remembered it was the last of the happy evenings that he could feel sure of seeing his fair unknown.

"Ah! you must take me. But, what'll you say if I come to it in spite of you?" answered Maria Wood.

"You incorrigible old woman!" exclaimed the prince; "you provoke me so with your nonsense, I really cannot keep my hand off you;" and he gave her a slap.

The next night Maria Wood put on her dress of a dark blue, all covered with gold embroidery and spangled with silver bells, and the parure made to wear with it. The prince constituted her his partner for the evening as before, nor did she seem to wish for any other, only when he wanted to learn from her whence she was, all she would say was that she came from Slapland.

This night the prince told his servants to make more haste in following her, or he would discharge them all. But they answered, "It is useless to attempt the thing, as no mortal can equal her in swiftness."

After this, the prince fell ill of his disappointment, because he saw no hope of hearing any more of the fair domino with whom he had spent three happy evenings, nor could any doctor find any remedy for his sickness.

Then Maria Wood sent him word, saying, "Though the prince's physicians cannot help him, yet let him but take a cup of broth of my making, and he will immediately be healed."

"Nonsense! how can a cup of broth, or how can any medicament, help me!" exclaimed the prince. "There is no cure for my ailment."

Again Maria Wood sent the same message; but the prince said angrily, "Tell the silly old thing to hold her tongue; she doesn't know what she's talking about."

But again, the third time, Maria Wood sent to him, saying, "Let the prince but take a cup of broth of my making, and he will immediately be healed."

By this time the prince was so weary that he did not take the trouble to refuse. The servants finding him so depressed began to fear that he was sinking, and they called to Maria Wood to make her broth, because, though they had little faith in her promise, they knew not what else to try. So Maria Wood made ready the cup of broth she had promised, and they put it down beside the prince.

Presently the whole palace was roused; the prince had started up in bed, and was shouting, "Bring hither Maria Wood! Quick! Bring hither Maria Wood!"

So they ran and fetched Maria Wood, wondering what could have happened to bring about so great a change in the prince. But the truth was, that Maria had put into the cup of broth the ring the prince had put on her finger the first night of the feast, and when he began to take the broth he found the ring with the spoon. When he saw the ring, he knew at once that Maria Wood could tell where to find his fair partner.

"Wait a bit! There's plenty of time!" said Maria, when the servant came to fetch her in all haste; and she waited to put on her dress of the color of the noontide sky.

The prince was beside himself for joy when he saw her, and would have the betrothal celebrated that very day.

- Source: Rachel Harriette Busk *Roman Legends: A Collection of the Fables and Folk-Lore of Rome* (Boston: Estes and Lauriat, 1877), pp. 84-90.
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All-Kinds-of-Fur

Greece

Once upon a time there was a king whose wife died, leaving him a small daughter. With time she grew into a beautiful maiden, and when the king saw how beautiful she was he said to her, "I want to marry you. You must become my wife."

"How can you take me for a wife," said the girl, "for I am your daughter."

"That is all the same to me. I want to marry you."

"That is entirely impossible!" said the girl. "Just go to the bishop and listen to what he says. If he says that you are right, then take me in God's name."

So the king went to the bishop and asked, "If someone has a lamb that he himself has cared for and raised, is it better that he should eat it, or that another person should eat it?"

"No," answered the bishop, "it is better for the person to eat it who raised it."

Then the king went back to his daughter and said, "He told me that I may take you."

"If he really told you that you make take me, then take me in God's name. But first make me two dresses of pure gold, and fill the pockets with ducats. Also make a bed for me, and a shaft that goes ten fathoms deep into the earth."

When the king had done all this, the girl took the dresses, climbed into the bed, then rode in into the shaft, saying, "Earth, open further." And the earth opened further, and she rode one until she came out at another place, and there she remained.

A prince was hunting there, and he found the girl, wrapped in an animal skin. He approached her and asked, "Are you a human?"

She answered, "Yes, I am a human. May I go with you?"

He replied, "For all I care you may come with me." He took her with him and let her herd the geese.

One day the king gave a feast, and the women began to dance. Then the girl slipped out of her animal skin and went to the ball in her golden dress, and danced. The prince saw her and said to himself," Who can that be? When she leaves the ball, I will follow her."

When the ball was over the girl left, and the prince crept after her. She noticed him, and she began to run, and he ran after her. Then the girl took a handful of ducats and threw them to the ground. While the prince was gathering up the gold she slipped away and hid herself in her animal skin.

Then the prince said, "Tomorrow I will give another feast, in order to see who she is."

The next day at the ball the girl came again and danced, and when she left the ball the prince ran after her. While running away she lost a shoe, and while the prince was picking it up she escaped half barefoot, then hid herself again in her animal skin.

The prince took the shoe and tried it onto all the girls in order to see whom it fitted, but he could not find the right one.

When the servant girls were taking wash water to the king before he ate, the girl split her

animal skin a little at her knee so that her gold dress was visible. Then she went to the servant girls and said that she would like to take the water to the king.

But they said, "What? You, a goose girl want to take water to the king?"

"What is the matter?" asked the king.

"The goose girl want to bring your water."

"Then let her do so. Just let her come."

When she knelt down the golden dress shone through the slit. The prince saw this and cried out, "So you are the one who tormented me so!" And with that he took her as his wife.

- Source: J. G. von Hahn, "Allerleirauh," *Griechische und albanesische Märchen*, vol. 1 (Leipzig: Verlag von Wilhelm Engelmann, 1864), no. 27, pp. 191-93.
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The Princess Who Would Not Marry Her Father

Portugal

There was once a king and a queen. But a few years after their marriage the queen died. At her death she placed a ring on a table, and bade the king marry whomsoever that ring should fit. It happened that their daughter, the princess, approached the table by chance, saw the ring, and tried it on.

She then ran to the king her father, and said, "Sire, do you know that a ring which I found on the table fits me as though it had been made expressly for me! . . ."

The king, on hearing this, replied, "Oh! my daughter, you will have to marry me, because your mother, before she died, expressed a wish that I should marry whoever this ring would fit."

The princess, greatly distressed, shut herself up in a room which had the window looking into the garden, and gave vent to her grief. Soon, however, a little old woman appeared to her, and asked her, "Why do you weep, royal lady?"

To which the princess replied, "Well, what else can I do? My father says that I must marry him."

The little old woman then said to her, " Listen to me, royal lady, go and tell your father that you will only marry him on condition that he buys you a dress of the color of the stars in the heavens."

And after saying this she departed. The princess then went up to the king, who asked her, "Well, my daughter, are we to be married?"

To which she replied, "Well, father, I shall marry you when you bring me a dress of the color of the stars in the heavens."

The father, on hearing this, went out and bought her the dress, and gave it to her readymade. The princess again went to her room to cry.

The little old woman again appeared to her, and asked her, "What ails you, royal lady?"

She replied, "What can ail me! My father has bought me the dress I asked him for, and he wishes to marry me."

The old lady rejoined, "Never mind, you must now ask him to bring you a dress of the color of the flowers that grow in the fields."

The princess again went to her father and told him that she could only marry him on condition of his bringing her a robe of the color of wild flowers. The king bought the dress and gave it to her made up, and quite ready to be put on. The princess, again in trouble, retired to her chamber to weep.

The old lady again appeared and demanded, "What ails you, royal lady? "

To which the princess replied, "What can ail me, indeed! My father has bought me the second robe, and is determined to marry me."

The good old lady rejoined, "Ask your father now for a robe of various colors."

The princess did so, and asked for a robe of various colors, and the king bought her the dress and brought it to her ready to be put on. The princess returned to her chamber to weep over her new trouble, but the little old woman came to her and asked her what troubled her. The princess replied that the king had bought her the third robe she required of him, and was now determined that the marriage should take place. "And now what shall I do to prevent it? " inquired the princess.

The little old woman replied, "Royal lady, you must now send for a carpenter and order him to make you a dress of wood; get inside it and go to the palace of the king who lives yonder, who requires a servant to tend the ducks."

The princess did as she was told, had a dress made of wood, put all her jewels, and everything else she would require, inside, and getting inside it herself; and one fine day she ran away. She walked on and on until she arrived at the said palace. She knocked at the door, and told the servants to ask his majesty the king if he required a maid to mind the ducks.

He replied that he did ; and he asked her what her name was, and she rejoined that her name was Maria do Pau; and after this the king sent her to tend the ducks, which were in a field next to the palace gardens. The moment the princess reached it she took off everything she had on, and the wooden dress also; she washed herself, as she was travel-stained, and then put on the richest robe she had, which was the one the color of the stars.

The king was taking a walk in the garden, and noticed a lovely maiden who was in the field driving the ducks, and heard her repeat

porter to carry it away and place it on board his ship.

The nurse, who was watching the trafficking from a distance, was well pleased with the issue thereof, though she grieved sore at losing the maiden. Wherefore she consoled herself by reflecting that when it comes to the choice of evils it is ever wiser to avoid the greater.

The merchant, having set sail from Salerno with his carven chest and other valuable wares, voyaged to the island of Britain, known to us today as England, and landed at a port near which the country was spread out in a vast plain.

Before he had been there long, Genese, who had lately been crowned king of the island, happened to be riding along the seashore, chasing a fine stag, which, in the end, ran down to the beach and took to the water.

The king, feeling wary and worn with the long pursuit, was fain to rest awhile, and, having caught sight of the ship, he sent to ask the master of it to give him something to drink; and the latter, feigning to be ignorant he was talking to the king, greeted Genese familiarly, and gave him a hearty welcome, finally prevailing upon him to go on board his vessel.

The king, when he saw the beautiful clothes-chest so finely carved, was taken with a great longing to possess it, and grew so impatient to call it his own that every hour seemed like a thousand till he should be able to claim it. He then asked the merchant the price he asked for it, and was answered that the price was a very heavy one. The king, being now more taken than ever with the beautiful handicraft, would not leave the ship till he had arranged a price with the merchant, and, having sent for money enough to pay the price demanded, he took his leave, and straightway ordered the cassone to be borne to the palace and placed in his chamber.

Genese, being yet over-young to wive, found his chief pleasure in going every day to the chase. Now that the cassone was transported into his bedroom, with the maiden Doralice hidden inside, she heard, as was only natural, all that went on in the king's chamber, and, in pondering over her past misfortunes, hoped that a happier future was in store for her. And as soon as the king had departed for the chase in the morning, and had left the room clear, Doralice would issue from the clothes-chest, and would deftly put the chamber in order, and sweep it, and make the bed. Then she would adjust the bed curtains, and put on the coverlet cunningly embroidered with fine pearls, and two beautifully ornamented pillows thereto. After this, the fair maiden strewed the bed with roses, violets, and other sweet-smelling flowers, mingled with Cyprian spices which exhaled a subtle odor and soothed the brain to slumber.

Day after day Doralice continued to compose the king's chamber in this pleasant fashion, without being seen of anyone, and thereby gave Genese much gratification; for every day when he came back from the chase it seemed to him as if he was greeted by all the perfumes of the East.

One day he questioned the queen his mother, and the ladies who were about her, as to which of them had so kindly and graciously adorned his room and decked the bed with roses and violets and sweet scents. They answered, one and all, that they had no part in all this, for

Ducks here, ducks there,
The daughter of a king tends the ducks,
A thing never seen before!

When she had finished saying this she killed one of the ducks; then took off her robes, and again got into her wooden dress. At night she went indoors, saying, "Oh! king, I have killed one of the ducks."

The king asked her, "Maria do Pau, who was that beautiful maiden so splendidly robed that minded the ducks?"

To this she said, "Indeed there was no one else there but myself in disguise."

Next day the king again sent Maria do Pau to tend the ducks. And when she was in the field she did the same thing as the day before. She took off her wooden dress, washed and combed herself carefully, put on the robe the color of wild flowers, and went about driving the ducks, saying as before

Ducks here, ducks there,
The daughter of a king tends the ducks,
A thing never seen before!

After which she killed another duck. Next day she did as the day before, put on the robe of many colors, and killed another duck. In the evening when she went indoors, the king said to her, "I do not wish you to take care of the ducks any longer, for every day we find a duck has been killed! Now you shall remain locked up in the house. We are to have a feast which will last three days, but I promise you that you shall not enjoy it, for I shall not allow you to go to it."

To this she said to the king, "Oh! my liege, do let me go."

But the king replied, "No, indeed, you shall not go."

On the first day of the feast she again begged of the king to allow her to repair to it, and his majesty replied, "God, preserve me! What would be the consequences of taking Maria do Pau to the feast!"

The king put on his gala robes and then sent for her to his chamber, asked her what dress she would like to put on, and the princess replied by asking him to give her a pair of boots, which the king threw at her and took his departure for the feast.

She then repaired to her chamber and removed from inside the dress made of wool a wand she had, which the little old woman, who was a fairy, had given her, and holding it up she said, "Oh! divining rod, by the virtue that God gave you, send me here the best royal carriage, which is the very one that took the king to the feast."

The carriage was instantly in sight, and entering it she made her appearance at the feast, in the robe of the color of the stars. The king, who had his eyes continually fixed upon her, went

out to the guards and told them not to allow the maiden to pass. But when she wished to get out she threw them a bag of money, and the guards allowed her to pass, but they asked her to what country she belonged, to which she replied that she came from the land of the boot.

The king went home, and on arriving found the princess was already in the palace. The king, who wished to find out whether the lovely maiden which he had seen at the feast could possibly be Maria do Pau, went to see if she was safe in her chamber, and afterwards sent for her and said to her, "Oh! Maria do Pau, do you happen to know where the land of the boot is situated?"

"Oh! my liege, do not come troubling me with your questions. Is it possible that your majesty does not know where the land of the boot is situated?"

The king replied, "I do not. A maiden was at the feast. I asked her where she came from, and she said that she came from the land of the boot, but I do not know where that is."

Next day the king again attended the feast, but before leaving he said to Maria do Pau, "You shall not be allowed to go there."

"Do allow me for once," replied she. The king then asked her to give him the towel, and as she presented him with it he threw it at her, and departed for the feast.

The princess repaired to her room, struck the divining rod, and put on the robe, which was the color of the wild flowers. The king who had been charmed with her on the first day of the feast, now admired her all the more, because she appeared more beautiful than ever. He went out to the guards and told them to ask the beautiful maiden when she passed to what country she belonged; and when she went out she informed them that she was from the land of the towel. As soon as the king was told of this he returned to the palace to think over, and try to guess, if possible, where the land of the towel could be situated. And when he arrived at the palace the first thing he did was to ask his maid if she knew where the land of the towel could be found.

To his inquiries she replied, "Well, well! here comes a king who does not know, and cannot tell, where the land of the towel is situated! Neither do I know."

The king now said, "Oh! Maria do Pau, every time that I have been at the feast I have seen such a pretty maiden. If the one I saw yesterday was beautiful, the one of today is perfectly lovely, and much more charming than the first."

Next day as the king was on the point of going out the princess said to his majesty, "Oh! my liege, let me go to the feast, that I may see the maiden that is so beautiful!"

The king replied, "God, preserve me! What would be the result if I were to present you before that maiden?"

After which he asked her to give him his walking stick, and as he was going out he struck her with it. He went to the feast, and when there the princess presented herself before him in the robe of many colors. If on the previous days she appeared most beautiful, on this day of the

feast she looked perfectly ravishing, and more interesting than ever. The king fixed his eyes upon her so as not to lose sight of her, as he wished to see her go out, and follow her to where she lived, as it was the last day of the feast. But the king missed seeing her depart after all, and he could find her nowhere. He went to the guards and asked them what she had said, but the guards replied that she had come from the land of the walking stick.

The king returned to the palace and inquired of his maid where the land of the walking stick could be found; but she replied, "Oh! my liege, that I should know where the land of the walking stick is situated. Does not my liege know? Neither do I."

The king again asked her, "Do you really not know? Today I again saw the same girl who is so beautiful; but I begin to think it cannot be the same one every time, because at one time she says that she comes from the land of the boot, next time that she is from the land of the towel, and lastly she says she is from the land of the walking stick.

The princess repaired to her room, washed and combed herself, and dressed herself in the robe she had on on the first day of the feast. The king went to look through the keyhole to find out why she was so long away and remained in her chamber so quiet, and also to see what she was at. He saw a lovely maiden, the same one who had appeared at the feast dressed in the robe the color of the stars in the heavens, sitting down busy with some embroidery.

When the princess left her chamber to repair to the dinner table again disguised the king said to her, "Oh! Maria do Pau, you must embroider a pair of shoes for me."

She replied, "Do I know how to embroider shoes?" and she left the parlor to go back to her chamber. Every day she put on one of the dresses she had worn at the feast, and on the last day she robed herself with the one of many colors.

The king begged her every day to embroider him a pair of shoes, and she always returned the same answer. He had a key made to open the princess's room, and one day when he saw through the keyhole that she was robed in her best, he suddenly opened the door without her perceiving it and entered the chamber. The princess startled, and very much frightened, tried to run away, but the king said to her, "Do not be troubled for you shall marry me! But I wish you first to tell me your history, and why it is that you wear a wooden dress."

The princess recounted all the events of her life, and the king married her.

The king next sent for the little old woman who had given her the wand, to come and live in the palace, but she refused to live there because she was a fairy.

- Consiglieri Pedroso, *Portuguese Folk-Tales*, translated from the original manuscript by Henriqueta Monteiro (London: Folk Lore Society, 1882), no. 16, pp. 66-72.
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The King Who Wished to Marry His Daughter

Scotland

There was a king before now, and he married, and he had but one daughter. When his wife departed, he would marry none but one whom her clothes would fit. His daughter one day tried her mother's dress on, and she came and she let her father see how it fitted her. It was fitting her well. When her father saw her he would marry no woman but her.

She went crying where her muime was; and her foster mother said to her, "What was the matter with her?"

She said, "that her father was insisting that he would marry her."

Her muime told her to say to him, "that she would not marry him till he should get her a gown of the swan's down."

He went, and at the end of a day and a year he came, and the gown with him.

She went again to take the counsel of her muime. "Say to him," said her muime, "that thou wilt not marry him till he gets thee a gown of the moorland canach."

She said this to him. He went, and at the end of a day and year he returned, and a gown of the moorland canach with him.

"Say now to him," said her muime, "that thou wilt not marry him till he brings thee a gown of silk that will stand on the ground with gold and silver."

At the end of a day and year he returned with the gown.

"Say to him now," said her muime, "that thou wilt not marry him till he brings thee a golden shoe, and a silver shoe."

He got her a golden shoe and a silver shoe.

"Say to him now," said her muime, "that thou wilt not marry him unless he brings thee a kist that will lock without and within, and for which it is all the same to be on sea or on land."

When she got the kist, she folded the best of her mother's clothes, and of her own clothes in it. Then she went herself into the kist, and she asked her father to put it out on the sea to try how it would swim. Her father put it out; when it was put out, it was going, and going, till it went out of sight.

It went on shore on the other side; and a herd came where it was, intending to break it, in hopes that there were findings in the chest.

When he was going to break it she called out, "Do not so, but say to thy father to come here, and he will get that which will better him for life."

His father came, and he took her with him to his own house. It was with a king that he was herd, and the king's house was near him.

"If I could get," said she, "leave to go to service to this great house yonder."

"They want none," said the herd, "unless they want one under the hand of the cook."

The herd went to speak for her, and she went as a servant maid under the hand of the cook.

When the rest were going to the sermon; and when they asked her if she was going to it, she said, "that she was not; that she had a little bread to bake, and that she could not go to it."

When they went away, she took herself to the herd's house, and she put on a gown of the down of the swan. She went to the sermon, and she sat opposite the king's son. The king's son took love for her. She went a while before the sermon skailed, she reached the herd's house, she changed her clothes, and she was in before them. When the rest came home, it was talking about the gentlewoman that was at the sermon they were.

The next Sunday they said to her, "Was she going to the sermon?" and she said, "that she was not, that she had a little bread to bake."

When they went away, she reached the herd's house, and she put on a gown of the moorland canach; and she went to the sermon. The king's son was seated where she was the Sunday before, and she sat opposite to him. She came out before them, and she changed, and she was at the house before them; and when the rest came home, it was talking about the great gentlewoman that was at the sermon they were.

The third Sunday, they said to her, "Was she going to the sermon?" and she said, "that she was not, that she had a little bread to bake."

When they went away, she reached the herd's house. She put on the gown that would stand on the ground with gold and silver, and the golden shoe and the silver shoe, and she went to the sermon. The king's son was seated where she was the Sunday before, and she sat where he was. A watch was set on the doors this Sunday. She arose, she saw a cranny, and she jumped out at the cranny; but they kept hold of one of the shoes.

The king's son said, "Whomsoever that shoe would fit, she it was that he would marry."

Many were trying the shoe on, and taking off their toes and heels to try if it would fit them; but there were none whom the shoe would fit.

There was a little bird in the top of a tree, always saying as everyone was trying on the shoe, "*Beeg beeg ha nan doot a heeg ach don tjay veeg a ha fo laiv a hawchkare*." -- Wee wee, it comes not on thee; but on the wee one under the hand of the cook.

When he could get none whom the shoe would fit, the king's son lay down, and his mother went to the kitchen to talk over the matter.

"Won't you let me see the shoe?" said she. "I will not do it any harm at all events."

"Thou! thou ugly dirty thing, that it should fit thee." She went down, and she told this to her son.

"Is it not known," said he, "that it won't fit her at all events? And can't you give it her to please her?"

As soon as the shoe went on the floor, the shoe jumped on her foot.

"What will you give me," said she, " to let you see the other one?" She reached the herd's house, and she put on the shoes, and the dress that would stand on the floor with gold and silver. When she returned, there was but to send word for a minister, and she herself and the king's son married.

- Source: J. F. Campbell, *Popular Tales of the West Highlands: Orally Collected*, vol. 1 (Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas, 1860), pp. 219-22.
- Campbell's source: Ann Darroch, Islay.
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Morag a Chota Bhain -- Margery White Coats

Scotland

A king had four daughters, and his wife died, and he said he would marry anyone whom his dead wife's clothes would fit. One day the daughters tried, and the youngest only could wear them.

The king saw them from a window, and wished to marry her, and she went for advice to her mother's brother. He advised her to promise to marry the king if he would bring her a gown of birds' down, and a gown of the colors of the sky, woven with silver; and when he got that, a gown of the colors of the stars, woven with gold, and glass shoes.

When he had got them, she escaped with all her clothes, by the help of her uncle, on a filly, with a magic bridle, she on one side, and her chest of clothes on the other. She rode to a king's palace, hid the chest in a hill under a bush of rushes, turned the filly loose, and went to the palace with nothing on but a white petticoat and a shift. She took service with the cook, and grew dirty and ugly, and slept on a bench by the kitchen fire, and her work was to blow under the great caldron all day long.

One day the king's son came home, and was to hold a feast; she went to the queen and asked leave to go, and was refused because she was so dirty. The queen had a basin of water in her hand, and threw it at her, and it broke. She went to the hill, took out the dress of down and silver, and shook her magic bridle; the filly came, and she mounted, and rode to the feast.

The king's son took her by the hand, and took her up as high as any there, and set her on his own lap; and when the feast was over, there was no reel that he danced but he gave it to her.

He asked her whence she came, and she said, "From the kingdom of Broken Basins," and the prince said that he had never heard of that land, though he had travelled far.

She escaped and returned to the cook, and all were talking about the beautiful lady. She

asked about her, and was told not to talk about what she did not understand, "a dirty little wretch like her."

Then the prince had another feast; and she asked leave again, and the queen refused, and threw a candlestick at her, and it broke, and she did as before. She put on another dress and went; the king's son had eight men on each side of the door to catch her. The same scene went on, and she said she came from the country of Candlesticks, and escaped, leaving a glass shoe.

Then the king's son fell sick (of course), and would only marry the woman whom the shoe would fit; and all the ladies came and cut off their toes and heels, but in vain. Then he asked if there was none other.

Then a small creature put his head in at the door and said, "If thou didst but know, she whom thou seekest is under the cook."

Then he got the history of the basin and candlestick from his mother. The shoe was tried and fitted, and he was to marry Morag.

All were in despair, and abused her; but she went out to her chest, shook the magic bridle, and arrayed herself, and came back on the filly, with a "powney" behind with the chest. Then all there that had despised her fell on their knees, and she was married to the prince.

"And I did not get a bit there at the wedding," said the girl.

> This was told as we walked along the road, and is but a short outline of what was told me, written from notes made in the evening. The man said that the girl told it with a great deal of the queer old language, which he could not remember.
>
> The girl and her chest on the same horse may be seen in the Highlands. The girl, in her white coats and short gown, may be seen blowing the fire in highland inns, the queen's likeness might be found; and the feast is a highland ball; the filly and the magic bridle are common in other stories; the incidents of the basin and candlestick have an equivalent in Norse; and I got them from a woman at the Sound of Barra afterwards, in another story. This shows what may be lost by dignified traveling. While the man was enjoying himself in the kitchen, the employer was smoking in solitary dignity, upstairs in his bedroom, writing a journal, and utterly unconscious that the game he pursued was so near.
>
> I have other versions of this tale from other sources, and may find room for them hereafter.
>
> - Source: J. F. Campbell, *Popular Tales of the West Highlands: Orally Collected*, vol. 1 (Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas, 1860), pp. 225-26.
> - Return to the table of contents.

Rashen Coatie

Scotland

At an early period, when a plurality of kings reigned in Scotland, it chanced that one of them had lost his queen; and one of the queens had lost her husband. These two, the widow and widower were married, each of them having had a daughter in their first marriage, it caused a good deal of dissention and strife, particularly as the king's daughter was a perfect model of beauty, and the queen's daughter as much so of deformity; but the king willing to indulge his queen as much as possible, and for the sake of keeping peace in his own house, he often winked at the bad treatment his daughter received from her stepmother, all because she was more handsome and fair than her beloved but ugly daughter. Her treatment was however so very bad, that she was put to herd her father's cattle; while the queen's daughter wallowed in all the luxuries of a court endowed with peace and plenty. Rashen Coatie, (for so shall the king's daughter be called), having her meat, which was of the coarsest fare, brought her by the queen's favourite daughter daily, she had learned from some kind fairy how to charm her asleep when partaking of her food, which she did on her immediate arrival, by repeating the following words:

> Lay down your head upon my knee,
> And well looked after it there shall be,
> Then sleep ye one eye or sleep ye two,
> Ye soon shall see what power can do.

These words had the desired effect of lulling her sound asleep, which no sooner took place than a genii in the shape and form of a calf, brought her meats and dainties of every description, of which she partook heartily, unknown to all but her favourite calf.

The queen being now wearied with trying all the arts that mischief could devise, to bring Rashen Coatie's beauty to a level with her daughter's; or to raise her daughter's beauty to that of Rashen Coatie's; thought she must have some hidden means of subsistence, as all the stratagems she tried were always attended with want of success.

On consulting her henwife, who was a witch, how she should behave in this critical juncture; the witch said she would give her an eye in her neck, by which sight she would be able to discover many things, particularly how Rashen Coatie was fed and maintained without her perceiving it. Accordingly the queen went next day to the castle to discover Rashen Coatie's friends, and discovered how she was fed, owing to an omission of Rashen Coatie's. She found that it was the calf that fed her, which made her long to get it destroyed.

The king though loath to deprive his daughter of her only companion, her favourite calf, he was obliged to comply with the queen's imperious demands, in order to suppress the wrangling and strife which were daily taking place among his domestics, particularly by his queen. Rashen Coatie having discovered the queen's intention, mourned over her ravenous appetite, with streaming eyes and bleached cheeks. The calf having the power of speech, requested her not to be alarmed at what was to take place, but to gather together all the bones into one mass, and place them beneath a particular stone, and in a short time they would revive and come to life again. This having been done as commanded, everything came to pass as predicted by the calf; and the malicious queen having partook of the entrails of the

calf, lingered and died of a disease hitherto unknown in that part of the country. Her daughter now became of contempt, despised and hooted by everyone.

Rashen Coatie's sun now began to shine in meridian splendour; she was gentle and mild, humble to everyone, which gained her the esteem and good will of both great and small. Her beauty having kept pace with her virtue, her father took such a liking to her, as to wish to marry her; but this being quite contrary to her principles of sound morality, she grew melancholy, every day more and more, and lingered out a weary existence, till having met with her calf, she asked it what was best to be done under such pressing difficulties.

The calf advised her to ask from her father a gown and petticoat made of the rashes that grew on the bonny burn side, in which she was to be drest. This having been accomplished; she then requested of him to give her a dress composed of all the colours of the birds of the air. This also having been given her; she demanded a new suit of variegated colours, composed of all those appearances that float in the air, and in the earth beneath. Having obtained all these varieties; she had now no excuse but to comply with her father's wishes, which were to accompany him to the altar, where all things were ready for the marriage ceremony.

Having thus far complied with his wishes, she went, but on arriving at the place appointed, she started back, exclaiming, that she had forgotten her marriage ring. Her father, to prevent her returning home, said he had one which would answer the purpose perfectly well; but she insisted on having her mother's ring, and must needs return for it, but promised to be back in a few minutes.

Again, she had recourse to the advice of her calf, which was to dress herself in her rashen weed, and to leave her father's kingdom with all speed. This was accordingly done, and she wandered far till she came to a hunting lodge, kept by the prince of that country. Here she made free to enter, and go to the prince's bed to rest her wearied limbs, which had undergone much toil and fatigue in the course of a long and laborious travel. When the prince came to his lodge, he was surprised to find a sleeping beauty in his bed, as it was in a sequestered part of his kingdom, where few inhabitants were to be found.

She soon made her escape from him, and went to his father's palace, where she asked a place as a menial servant, which was granted, and thereby put into the kitchen to assist the cook in turning the spits which groaned with the weight of the meat that was roasting for their majesties' dinner. Here she continued for some time, doing all the drudgery of the meanest servant. Christmas, however, came on, when great preparations were made for church.

Rashen Coatie also wished to appear among the rest, but was denied permission by the master cook. But it so happened that, on the first yule day, when all were gone, and she left alone in the kitchen to attend the meat, she said to the spits, peats, and pots, to do their duty till she returned; which was accordingly done. The words of the charm which she made use of on this occasion were as follows:

Every spit gar another turn,
Every peat gar another burn,

Every pot gar another play
Till I return on good yule day.

These did as desired; when she went and dressed herself in rich attire. On arriving at the church, she placed herself in a conspicuous part of the seat, nearly opposite to where the young prince was sitting. He caught more of the flame of love than of the minister's spiritual exhortations, and could scarcely contain himself from making enquiries during the sermon. She went in the same manner all the holy days of yule, but every day more and more superbly drest. The prince at length determined on discovering her rank and place of abode, if possible, little thinking that it was his own menial, Rashen Coatie, as her history seemed to be a mystery to everyone.

The term of her secrecy seemed to be now at end; for hurrying home on the last day, she dropped one of her shoes, which were so completely fitted to her feet, that it was supposed it would suit no one else. The prince, on having found the shoe, which was of pure gold, caused to be proclaimed throughout all the regions of his father's kingdom round about, that everyone should have free liberty to try on the shoe, and whomsoever the shoe fitted best, was to be his bride.

Many trials were made, but all to no purpose, till the henwife's daughter caused her heels and toes to be pared; by which process she got it forced on her foot. Agreeably to the proclamation, it therefore became the prince to marry her, with which he was to comply, but with a heavy heart.

On their way to the marriage seat, a small bird fluttered over their heads, crying as they went:

Clipped heels and pared toes.
They're in the kitchen the shoe on goes.

The prince hearing the voice of the bird, requested to know its meaning, when it was explained. With joy he returned to his father's castle, much against the henwife's inclination, when it was found that Rashen Coatie, who hurkled in the kitchen, had not got an opportunity of trying on the shoe. On presenting her with the shoe, it went easily on, but what was more to their surprise and astonishment, she pulled out its fellow, and put it on before them. They, of course, we need not add, were immediately married, and lived long and happy. Shortly after the marriage, they paid a visit to her father's court in great pomp and grandeur, by whom they were most cordially received, and his kingdom, at his death, bestowed on them.

- Source: *Ancient Scottish Tales: An Unpublished Collection Made by Peter Buchan*, with an introduction by John A. Fairley (Peterhead, Scotland, 1908), pp. 29-32. Reprinted from the transactions of the Buchan Field Club. Buchan assembled this collection between 1827 and 1829.
- Link to a version of this tale that omits the father's attempt to marry the heroine: Rashin-Coatie.
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The Princess and the Golden Cow

every morning, when they went to put the chamber in order, they found the bed strewn with flowers and perfumes.

Genese, when he heard this, determined to clear up the mystery, and the next morning gave out that he was going to hunt at a village ten leagues distant. But, in lieu of going forth, he quietly hid himself in the room, keeping his eyes steadily fixed on the door, and waiting to see what might occur. He had not been long on the watch before Doralice, looking more beautiful than the sun, came out of the cassone and began to sweep the room, and to straighten the carpets, and to deck the bed, and diligently to set everything in order, as was her wont.

The beautiful maiden had no sooner done her kindly and considerate office, than she made as if she would go back to her hiding place. But the king, who had keenly taken note of everything, suddenly caught her by the hand, and, seeing that she was very fair, and fresh as a lily, asked her who she was; whereupon the trembling girl confessed that she was the daughter of a prince. She declared, however, that she had forgotten what was his name, on account of her long imprisonment in the cassone, and she would say nothing as to the reason why she had been shut therein. The king, after he had heard her story, fell violently in love with her, and, with the full consent of his mother, made her his queen, and had by her two fair children.

In the meantime Tebaldo was still mastered by his wicked and treacherous passion, and, as he could find no trace of Doralice, search as he would, he began to believe that she must have been hidden in the coffer which he had caused to be sold, and that, having escaped his power, she might be wandering about from place to place.

Therefore, with his rage will burning against her, he set himself to try whether perchance he might not discover her whereabouts. He attired himself as a merchant, and, having gathered together a great store of precious stones and jewels, marvelously wrought in gold, quitted Salerno unknown to anyone, and scoured all the nations and countries round about, finally meeting by hazard the trader who had originally purchased the clothes-chest. Of him he demanded whether he had been satisfied with his bargain, and into whose hands the chest had fallen, and the trader replied that he had sold the cassone to the King of England for double the price he had given for it.

Tebaldo, rejoicing at this news, made his way to England, and when he had landed there and journeyed to the capital, he made a show of his jewels and golden ornaments, amongst which were some spindles and distaffs cunningly wrought, crying out the while, "Spindles and distaffs for sale, ladies."

It chanced that one of the dames of the court, who was looking out of a window, heard this and saw the merchant and his goods; whereupon she ran to the queen and told her there was below a merchant who had for sale the most beautiful golden spindles and distaffs that ever were seen. The queen commanded him to be brought into the palace, and he came up the stairs into her presence, but she did not recognize him in his merchant's guise. Moreover, she was not thinking ever to behold her father again; but Tebaldo recognized his daughter at once.

England

One there was a king who had a daughter, being very beautiful, and he loved her so much he wanted to marry her. *Here I forget details*, but the princess was in great trouble, especially as she loved a prince who lived a long way off, and he loved her.

She had made (or got her father to give her) a beautiful golden cow as large as a real one. She made arrangements in some manner (*details forgotten*) to have the golden cow conveyed under pretence of its being a parting gift or token of remembrance to the prince. She got inside it, and went in the cow a long journey by sea.

There was a signal prearranged (*details forgotten*) of three knocks on the cow to show when she could come out safely. But when she had gone a long way the cow was landed (I think the captain of the ship was in the secret, and was to see to her reaching the prince), but people came to see the cow, for it was very curious, amongst them three gentlemen who wanted to be able to say they had touched it, and one poked it with his umbrella (*sic*), and said, "I've touched the golden cow," and the next poked it with his umbrella, and said, "I've touched the golden cow," and the third poked it with his umbrella, and said, "I've touched the golden cow."

With that the princess opened the door and came out, for she thought those three knocks were the signal. Then the prince turned up, after some adventures that I have forgotten, and all ended happily.

- Source: Isabella Barclay, "The Princess and the Golden Cow," *Folklore*, vol. 1, no. 4 (December 1890), Supplement, p. 149.
- Barclay's source: "The following variant ... was told to myself and sisters when wer were children by a servant from the Lizard district of Cornwall."
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The Story of Catskin

England, James Orchard Halliwell

Note by D. L. Ashliman: The conflict between father and daughter in most folktales of type 510B derives from the mother's death and the father's subsequent attempts to marry his own daughter, as evidenced in the previous tales at this site. In some versions, however, the incest motif is suppressed, and the conflict between father and daughter is given a different motivation. The following tale, told here in verse, illustrates this minority group. The heroine here is not at risk because of her father's incestuous desires, but for an inclination much less governed by taboo: his displeasure over the birth of a female child. Note also that the abusive relationship between the heroine and the man she will ulitmately marry has also been altered in this version. She receives the same blows, but from the hands of her female employer, not her future husband. And now, an English version of Catskin:

There once was a gentleman grand,
Who lived at his country seat;

He wanted an heir to his land,
For he'd nothing but daughters yet.

His lady's again in the way,
So she said to her husband with joy,
"I hope some or other fine day,
To present you, my dear, with a boy."

The gentleman answered gruff,
"If't should turn out a maid or a mouse,
For of both we have more than enough,
She shan't stay to live in my house."

The lady, at this declaration,
Almost fainted away with pain;
But what was her sad consternation,
When a sweet little girl came again.

She sent her away to be nurs'd,
Without seeing her gruff papa;
And when she was old enough,
To a school she was packed away.

Fifteen summers are fled,
Now she left good Mrs. Jervis;
To see home she was forbid,
She determined to go and seek service.

Her dresses so grand and so gay,
She carefully rolled in a knob;
Which she hid in a forest away,
And put on a catskin robe.

She knock'd at a castle gate,
And pray'd for charity;
They sent her some meat on a plate,
And kept her a scullion to be.

My lady look'd long in her face,
And prais'd her great beauty;
I'm sorry I've no better place,
And you must our scullion be.

So Catskin was under the cook,
A very sad life she led,
For often a ladle she took,
And broke poor Catskin's head.

There is now a grand ball to be,
When ladies their beauties show;
"Mrs. Cook," said Catskin, "dear me,
How much I should like to go!"

"You go with your catskin robe,
You dirty impudent slut!
Among the fine ladies and lords,
A very fine figure you'd cut."

A basin of water she took,
And dash'd in poor Catskin's face;
But briskly her ears she shook,
And went in her hiding place.

She washed every stain from her skin,
In some crystal waterfall;
Then put on a beautiful dress,
And hasted away to the ball.

When she entered, the ladies were mute,
Overcome by her figure and face;
But the lord, her young master, at once
Fell in love with her beauty and grace;

He pray'd her his partner to be,
She said, "Yes!" with a sweet smiling glance;
All night with no other lady
But Catskin, our young lord would dance.

"Pray tell me, fair maid, where you live?"
For now was the sad parting time;
But she no other answer would give,
Than this distich of mystical rhyme, --

Kind sir, if the truth I must tell,
At the sign of the Basin of Water I dwell.

Then she flew from the ballroom, and put
On her catskin robe again;
And slipt in unseen by the cook,
Who little thought where she had been.

The young lord, the very next day,
To his mother his passion betrayed;
He declared he never would rest,
Till he'd found out this beautiful maid.

There's another grand ball to be,
Where ladies their beauties show;
"Mrs. Cook," said Catskin, "dear me,
How much I should like to go!"

"You go with your catskin robe,
You dirty impudent slut!
Among the fine ladies and lords,
A very fine figure you'd cut."

In a rage the ladle she took,
And broke poor Catkin's head;
But off she went shaking her ears,
And swift to her forest she fled.

She washed every blood stain off
In some crystal waterfall;
Put on a more beautiful dress,
And hasted away to the ball.

My lord, at the ballroom door,
Was waiting with pleasure and pain;
He longed to see nothing so much
As the beautiful Catskin again.

When he asked her to dance, she again
Said "Yes!" with her first smiling glance;
And again, all the night, my young Lord
With none but fair Catskin did dance.

"Pray tell me," said he, "where you live?"
For now 'twas the parting time;
But she no other answer would give,
Than this distich of mystical rhyme, --

Kind sir, if the truth I must tell,
At the sign of the Broken Ladle I dwell.

Then she flew from the ball, and put on
Her catskin robe again;
And slipt in unseen by the cook,
Who little thought where she had been.

My lord did again, the next day,
Declare to his mother his mind,
That he never more happy should be,
Unless he his charmer should find.

Now another grand ball is to be,
Where ladies their beauties show;
"Mrs. Cook", said Catskin, "dear me,
How much I should like to go!"

"You go with your catskin robe,
You impudent, dirty slut!
Among the find ladies and lords,
A very fine figure you'd cut."

In a fury she took the skimmer,
And broke poor Catskin's head;
But heart-whole and lively as ever,
Away to her forest she fled.

She washed the stains of blood
In some crystal waterfall;
Then put on her most beautiful dress,
And hasted away to the ball.

My lord, at the ballroom door,
Was waiting with pleasure and pain;
He longed to see nothing so much
As the beautiful Catskin again.

When he asked her to dance, she again
Said "Yes!" with her first smiling glance;
And all the night long, my young Lord
With none but fair Catskin would dance.

"Pray tell me, fair maid, where you live?"
For now was the parting time;
But she no other answer would give,
Than this distich of mystical rhyme, --

Kind sir, if the truth I must tell,
At the sign of the Broken Skimmer I dwell.

Then she flew from the hall, and threw on
Her catskin cloak again;
And slipt in unseen by the cook,
Who little thought where she had been.

But not by my lord unseen,
For this time he followed too fast;
And, hid in the forest green,
Saw the strange things that past.

Next day he took to his bed,
And sent for the doctor to come;
And begg'd him no other than Catskin,
Might come into his room.

He told him how dearly he lov'd her,
Not to have her his heart would break;
Then the doctor kindly promised
To the proud old lady to speak.

There's a struggle of pride and love,
For she fear'd her son would die;
But pride at the last did yield,
And love had the mastery.

Then my lord got quickly well,
When he was his charmer to wed;
And Catskin, before a twelvemonth,
Of a young lord was brought to bed.

To a wayfaring woman and child,
Lady Catskin one day sent an alms;
The nurse did the errand, and carried
The sweet little lord in her arms.

The child gave the alms to the child,
This was seen by the old lady mother;
"Only see," said that wicked old woman,
"How the beggars' brats take to each other!"

This throw went to Catskin's heart,
She flung herself down on her knees,
And pray'd her young master and lord
To seek out her parents would please.

They sent out in my lord's own coach;
They traveled, but naught befell
Till they reach'd the town hard by
Where Catskin's father did dwell.

They put up at the head inn,
Where Catskin was left alone;
But my lord went to try if her father
His natural child would own.

When folks are away, in short time
What great alterations appear;

For the cold touch of death had all chill'd
The hearts of her sisters dear.

Her father repented too late,
And the loss of his youngest bemoan'd;
In his old and childless state,
He his pride and cruelty own'd.

The old gentleman sat by the fire,
And hardly looked up at my lord;
He had no hope of comfort
A stranger could afford.

But my lord drew a chair close by,
And said, in a feeling tone,
"Have you not, sir, a daughter, I pray,
You never would see or own?"

The old man alarm'd, cried aloud,
"A hardened sinner am I!
I would give all my worldly goods,
To see her before I die."

Then my lord brought his wife and child
To their home and parent's face,
Who fell down and thanks returned
To God, for his mercy and grace.

The bells, ringing up in the tower,
Are sending a sound to the heart;
There's a charm in the old church bells,
Which nothing in life can impart!

- Source: James Orchard Halliwell, *The Nursery Rhymes of England* (London: F. Warne and Company, 1886), no. 45, pp. 22-31. First published 1853.
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The Princess in the Cat-Skins

Ireland

There was once a queen that was left a widow with one daughter, who was as good and handsome as any girl could be. But her mother wasn't satisfied to remain without a husband; so she married again, and a very bad choice she made. Her second husband treated her very badly; and she died soon after. Well, would you ever think of the widower taking it into his head to marry the young princess at the end of a year? She was as shocked as she could be when he made her the offer, and burst out a crying.

"I took you too sudden," said he. "Sleep on it, and you can give me an answer tomorrow."

She was in great trouble all the rest of the day, and when the evening came she went out into the paddock, where a beautiful filly she used to ride was grazing. "Oh my poor beast! " said she, "I'm sure if you knew my trouble you'd pity me."

"I do know your trouble, and I pity you, and I'll help you too," says the filly. "I'm the fairy that watched over you from the time you were born, and I am here near you since your mother married the second time. Your stepfather is an enchanter, but he'll find me too strong for him. Don't seem shocked when he'll ask your consent tomorrow, but say you must have first a dress of silk and silver thread that will fit into a walnut shell. He'll promise, and will be able to get it made too, but I'll bother his spinner and his weaver long enough before he'll get it wove, and his seamstress after that, before it's sewed."

The princess *done* as she was bid, and the enchanter was in great joy; but he was kept in great trouble and anger for a full half year before the dress was ready to go on the princess. At last it was fitted, and he asked her was she ready to be his wife.

"I'll tell you tomorrow," said she.

So she went to consult her filly in the paddock. Well, the next day he put the question to her again, and she said that she couldn't think of marrying anyone till she had another dress of silk and gold thread that would fit in a walnut shell.

"I wish you had mentioned itself and the silver dress together. Both could have been done at the same time. No matter. I'll get it done."

Whatever trouble the spinner and the weaver and the seamstress had with the other dress, they had twice it with this; but at last it was tried on, and fitted like a glove.

"Well now," says *Fear Dhorrach*, "I hope you're satisfied, and won't put off the wedding again."

"Oh, you must forgive me," said she, "for my vanity." She was talking to the filly the evening before. "I can't do without a dress of silk thread as thick as it can be with diamonds and pearls no larger than the head of a minnikin pin. Three is a lucky number, you know."

"Well, I wish you had mentioned this at first, and the three could be making together. Now this is the very last thing you'll ask, I expect."

"Oh, I'll never ask another, you may depend, till I'm married."

She didn't say till *we're* married.

The dress came home at last. Well, the same evening she found on her bed another made from bottom to top of cat-skins, and this she put on. She put her three walnut shells in her pocket, and then stole out to the stable, where she found her filly with a bridle in her mouth, and the nicest side-saddle ever you saw on her back. Away they went, and when the light first

appeared in the sky they were a hundred miles away.

They stopped at the edge of a wood, and the princess was very glad to rest herself on a bunch of dry grass at the foot of a tree. She wasn't a minute there when she fell asleep; and soundly she did sleep, till she was woke up by the blowing of bugles and the yelping of beagles. She jumped up in a fright. There was no filly near her, but half a hundred spotted hounds were within forty perches of her, yelling out of them like vengeance.

I needn't tell you she was frightened. She had hardly power to put one foot past the other, and she'd be soon tore into giblets by the dogs on account of her dress, but a fine young hunter leaped over their heads, and they all fell back when he shook his whip and shouted at them. So he came to the princess, and there she was as wild looking as you please, with her cat-skins hanging round her, and her face and hands and arms as brown as a berry, from a wash she put on herself before she left home. Well that didn't hinder her features from being handsome, and the prince was astonished at her beauty and her color and her dress, when he found she was a stranger, and alone in the world. He got off his horse, and walked side by side with her to his palace, for he was the young king of that country.

He sent for his housekeeper when he came to the hall door, and bid her employ the young girl about whatever she was fit for, and then set off to follow the hounds again.

Well, there was great tittering in the servants' hall among the maids at her color and her dress, and the ganders of footmen would like to be joking with her, but she made no freedom with one or the other, and when the butler thought to give her a kiss, she gave him a light slap on the jaw that wouldn't kill a fly, but he felt as if a toothache was at him for eight and forty hours. By my word, the other buckeens did not give her an excuse to raise her hand to them. Well, she was so silent and kept herself to herself so much, that she was no favorite, and they gave her nothing better to do than help the scullery maid, and at night she had to put up with a little box of a place under the stairs for a bedroom.

The next day, when the prince returned from hunting, he sent word to the housekeeper by the whipper-in to let the new servant bring him up a basin and towel till he'd wash before dinner.

"Oh, ho!" says the cook, "there's an honor for Cat-Skin. I'm here for forty years and never was asked to do such a thing; how grand we are! *purshuin* to all impedent people!"

The princess didn't mind their jibes and their jeers. She took up the things, and the prince delayed her ever so long with remarks and questions, striving to get out of her what rank of life she was born in. As little as she said he guessed her to be a lady. I suppose it is as hard for a lady or gentleman to pass for a vulgarian, as for one of us to act like one of the quality.

Well to be sure! all the cold and scornful noses that were in the big kitchen before her; and it was, "Cat-Skin, will you hand me this? Cat-Skin, will you grease my shoes? Cat-Skin, will you draw a jug of beer for me?" And she done everything she was asked without a word or a sour look.

Next night the prince was at a ball about three miles away, and the princess got leave from

the housekeeper to go early to bed. Well, she couldn't get herself to lie down. She was in a fever like; she threw off her outside dress, and she stepped out into the lawn to get a little fresh air. There what did she behold but her dear filly under a tree. She ran over, and threw her arms round her neck, and kissed her face, and began to cry.

"No time for crying!" says the filly. "Take out the first walnut shell you got."

She did so, and opened it.

"Hold what's inside over your head," said the other, and in a moment the silk and silver dress wrapped her round as if a dozen *manty-makers* were after spending an hour about it.

"Get on that stump," says the filly, "and jump into the side-saddle."

She did so, and in a few minutes they were at the hall door of the castle where the ball was. There she sprung from her saddle, and walked into the hall. Lights were in the hall and everywhere, and nothing could equal the glitter of the princess's robes and the accoutrements of her steed. It was like the curling of a stream in the sun.

You may believe that the quality were taken by surprise, when the princess walked in among them as if they were the lords and ladies in her father's court. The young king came forward as he saw the rest were a little cowed, and bade her good evening and welcome; and they talked whatever way kings and queens and princesses do, and he made her sit on his own seat of honor, and took a stool or a chair near her, and if he wasn't delighted and surprised, her features were so like the scullery maid's, leave it till again.

They had a fine supper and a dance, and the prince and she danced, and every minute his love for her was increasing, but at last she said she should go. Every one was sorry, and the prince more than anyone, and he came with her to the hall, and asked might he see her safe home. But she showed him her filly and excused herself.

Said he, "I'll have my brown horse brought, and myself and my servants will attend you."

"Hand me up on my filly," says she, " first of all," and, be the laws, I don't know how princes put princesses on horseback. Maybe one of the servants stoops his back, and the prince goes on one knee, and she steps first on his knee and then on the servant's back, and then sits in the saddle. Anyhow she was safe up, and she took the prince's hand, and bid him good night, and the filly and herself were away like a flash of lightning in the dark night.

Well, everything appeared dismal enough when he went back to where a hundred tongues were going hard and fast about the lady in the dazzling dress.

Next morning he bid his footman ask the girl in the cat-skin to bring him hot water and a towel for him, to shave. She came in as modest and backward as you please; but whenever the prince got a peep at her face, there were the beautiful eyes and nose and mouth of the lady in the glittering dress, but all as brown as a bit of bogwood. He thought to get a little talk out of her, but dickens a word would come out of her mouth but *yes* or *no*.

The queen, when she saw how fair was the work of the spindles and distaffs, asked of the merchant what price he put upon them.

"The prince is great," he answered, "but to you I will give one of them for nothing, provided you suffer me to gratify a caprice of mine. This is that I may be permitted to sleep one night in the same room as your children."

The good Doralice, in her pure and simple nature, never suspected the accursed design of the feigned merchant, and, yielding to the persuasion of her attendants, granted his request.

But before the merchant was led to the sleeping chamber, certain ladies of the court deemed it wise to offer him a cup of wine well drugged to make him sleep sound, and when night had come and the merchant seemed overcome with fatigue, one of the ladies conducted him into the chamber of the king's children, where there was prepared for him a sumptuous couch.

Before she left him the lady said, "Good man, are you not thirsty?"

"Indeed I am," he replied; whereupon she handed him the drugged wine in a silver cup. But the crafty Tebaldo, while feigning to drink the wine, spilled it over his garments, and then lay down to rest.

Now there was in the children's a side door through which it was possible to pass into the queen's apartment. At midnight, when all was still, Tebaldo stole through this, and, going up to the bed beside which the queen had left her clothes, he took away a small dagger, which he had marked the day before hanging from her girdle. Then he returned to the children's room and killed them both with the dagger, which he immediately put back into its scabbard, all bloody as it was. And having opened a window he let himself down by a cord.

As soon as the shopmen of the city were astir, he went to a barber's and had his long beard taken off, for fear he might be recognized, and having put on different clothes he walked about the city without apprehension.

In the palace the nurses went, as soon as they awakened, to suckle the children; but when they came to the cradles they found them both lying dead. Whereupon they began to scream and to weep bitterly, and to rend their hair and their garments, thus laying bare their breasts.

The dreadful tiding came quickly to the ears of the king and queen, and they ran barefooted and in their nightclothes to the spot, and when they saw the dead bodies of the babes they wept bitterly. Soon the report of the murder of the two children was spread throughout the city, and, almost at the same time, it was rumored that there had just arrived a famous astrologer, who, by studying the courses of the various stars, could lay bare the hidden mysteries of the past.

When this came to the ears of the king, he caused the astrologer to be summoned forthwith, and, when he was come into the royal presence, demanded whether or not he could tell the name of the murderer of the children.

The astrologer replied that he could, and whispering secretly in the king's ear he said, "Sire,

And when he asked her was she of high birth, she turned off the discourse and wouldn't say one thing or the other; and when he asked would she like to put on nice clothes and be about his mother, she refused just as if he asked her to drown herself. So he found he could make nothing of her, and let her go down stairs.

There was another great ball in a week's time, and the very same thing took place again. There was the princess, and the dress she had on was of silk and gold thread, and the darlintest little gold crown in the world over her purty curling hair.

If the prince was in love before, he was up to his eyes in it this time; but while they were going on with the nicest sweet talk, says she, "I'm afraid, prince, that you are in the habit of talking lovingly to every girl you meet."

Well, he was very eager to prove he was not.

"Then," said she, "a little bird belied you as I was coming through the wood. He said that you weren't above talking soft even to a young servant girl with her skin as brown as a berry, and her dress no better than cat-skin."

"I declare to you, princess," said he, "there is such a girl at home, and if her skin was as white as yours, and her dress the same, no eye could see a bit of differ between you."

"Oh, thankee, prince!" says she, "for the compliment; it's time for me to be going."

Well, he thought to mollify her, but she curled her upper lip and cocked her nose, and wasn't long till she left, the way she did before. While she was getting on her filly, he almost went down on his knees to her to make it up.

So at last she smiled, and said, "If I can make up my mind to forgive you, I'll come to the next ball without invitation."

So she was away, and when they came under the tree in the lawn she took the upper hem of her dress in her fingers and it came off like a glove, and she made her way in at the hack door, and into her crib at the stair-foot.

The prince slept little that night, and in the morning he sent his footman to ask the girl in the cat-skins to bring up a needle and thread to sew a button on his shirt sleeve. He watched her fingers, and saw they were small and of a lovely shape; and when one of them touched his wrist, it felt as soft and delicate as silk.

All he could say got nothing out of her only, "It wasn't a nice thing for a prince to speak in that way to a girl of low degree, and he boasting of it after to princesses and great ladies."

Well, how he did begin to deny anything so ungenteel, but the button was sewed, and she skipped away downstairs.

The third night came, and she shook the dress of silk and pearls and diamonds over her, and the nicest crown of the same on her head. As grand and beautiful as she was before, she

was twice as grand now; and the lords and ladies hardly dared to speak above their breaths, and the prince thought he was in heaven. He asked her at last would she be his queen, and not keep him in misery any longer, and she said she would, if she was sure he wouldn't ask Miss Cat-Skin the same question next day.

Oh, how he spoke, and how he promised! He asked leave to see her safe home, but she wouldn't agree.

"But don't be downcast," said she. "You will see me again sooner than you think; and if you know me when you meet me next, we'll part no more."

Just as she was sitting in her saddle, and the prince was holding her hand, he slipped a dawny limber ring of gold on one finger. It was so small and so nice to the touch he thought she wouldn't feel it.

"And now, my princess," says he to himself, "I think I'll know you when I meet you."

Next morning he sent again for the scullery girl, and she came and made a *curtchy*.

"What does your majesty want me to do?" said she.

"Only to advise me which of these two suits of clothes would look best on me; I'm going to be married."

"Ah, how could the likes of me be able to advise you? Is the rich dressed lady, that I heard the footmen talking about, to be your queen?"

"Yourself is as likely to be my wife as that young lady."

"Then who is it?"

"Yourself, I tell you."

" Myself! How can your majesty joke that way on a poor girl? They say you're promised to the lady of the three rich dresses."

"I'm promised to no one but yourself. I asked you twice already to be my queen; I ask you now the third time."

"Yes, and maybe after all, you'll marry the lady of the dresses."

"You promised you'd have me if I knew you the next time we'd meet. This is the next time. If I don't know you, I know my ring on your fourth finger."

She looked, and there it was sure enough. Maybe she didn't blush.

"Will your majesty step into the next room for a minute," said she, "and leave me by myself?"

He did so, and when she opened the door for him again, there she was with the brown stain

off her face and hands, and her dazzling dress of silk and jewels on her.

Wasn't he the happy prince, and she the happy princess? And weren't the noisy servants *lewd* of themselves when they saw poor Cat-Skin in her royal dress saying the words before the priest? They didn't put off their marriage, and there was the fairy now in the appearance of a beautiful woman; and if I was to tell you about the happy life they led, I'd only be tiring you.

- Source: Patrick Kennedy, *The Fireside Stories of Ireland* (Dublin: M'Glashan and Gill, 1870), pp. 81-87).
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The Beautiful Princess

Lithuania

Once upon a time there was a king who had a beautiful wife. She had stars on her forehead, the sun on top of her head, and the moon on the back of her head, but she soon died.

The king had a daughter who was just as beautiful as his wife. He traveled far and wide to seek another wife, but found no one as beautiful as his first wife had been. Therefore he decided to marry his own daughter, but she did not want to marry him.

She was not able to change his mind, so she told him to buy for her a louse-coat (a coat lined with louse pelts), a silver dress, a diamond ring, and golden shoes.

The king had an old kinswoman. The evening before the wedding the princess asked her what she should do. The old woman advised her to pack her things and run away, so that night she left. The next morning the king looked for his girl, but could not find her.

He asked everyone, "Haven't you seen her? Haven't you seen my bride?" But no one could give him any information.

When the princess ran away she came to a river. She boarded a boat, but the ferryman did not want to transport her. He said, "If you will not promise to give yourself to me, I will drown you here and now."

She refused him, and he threw her overboard, but she jumped to the water's edge. She continued onward, without knowing where she was going.

Then she came to some cliffs, and said, "Oh, dear God, if only there were a room here!"

Then the cliffs did indeed open into a room, and she went inside. Everything there was just what she had wished for.

She soon went out, leaving her beautiful clothes in the room, and it turned back into a cliff, just as before. She went to an estate where she found a position as a Cinderella.

Her brother was there as well. He too had left their father, and was employed in the estate as a secretary. He had a servant, and whenever he told his servant to bring him water or his boots, Cinderella ran and brought them to him. And every time she did this, he would throw them at her.

She asked her mistress for permission to return home now and then. But instead of going home she went back to the cliffs, and whenever she approached them, they again opened up into a room, and then she would put on her beautiful clothes. Then every time a coach would drive up and take her to church.

The secretary was also at church, and he saw the beautiful girl. Therefore he went to church the next Sunday, and the girl was there as well.

Her mistress had told her that she had to return before the secretary did. However, one day she was late, and she did not have time to take off her beautiful clothes. Instead she put on her everyday clothes over the beautiful ones.

The secretary told his servant to have her come and delouse him.

She did not want to do this, and said, "You have never needed me to do that before, and you don't need me to do it now."

But after the servant had called her a second and a third time, she had to go. While she was looking through his hair, he was examining her clothing, coming finally to the coat. Then he raised his head from her knees, ripped the scarf from her head, and immediately recognized her as his sister.

Then they left the estate, and no one knows where they went.

- Source: August Schleicher, *Litauische Märchen, Sprichworte, Rätsel und Lieder* (Weimar: Hermann Böhlau, 1857), pp. 10-12.
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Pigskin

Russia

In a Little-Russian variant of one of those numerous stories, current in all lands, which commence with the escape of the heroine from an incestuous union, a priest insists on marrying his daughter. She goes to her mother's grave and weeps there.

Her dead mother "comes out from her grave," and tells her what to do. The girl obtains from her father a rough dress of pig's skin, and two sets of gorgeous apparel; the former she herself assumes, in the latter she dresses up three *Kuklui*, which in this instance were probably mere blocks of wood.

Then she takes her place in the midst of the dressed-up forms, which cry, one after the other, "Open, O moist earth, that the fair maiden may enter within thee!"

The earth opens, and all four sink into it.

- Source: W. R. S. Ralston, *Russian Folk-Tales* (London: Smith, Elder, and Company, 1873), p. 159.
- Ralston's source: Alexander Afanasyev.
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Kniaz Danila Govorila

Russia

Sometimes it is a brother, instead of a father, from whom the heroine is forced to flee. Thus in the story of *Kniaz Danila Govorila*, Prince Daniel the Talker is bent upon marrying his sister, pleading the excuse so often given in stories on this theme, namely, that she is the only maiden whose finger will fit the magic ring which is to indicate to him his destined wife.

While she is weeping "like a river," some old women of the mendicant-pilgrim class come to her rescue, telling her to make four *Kukolki*, or small puppets, and to place one of them in each corner of her room. She does as they tell her. The wedding day arrives, the marriage service is performed in the church, and then the bride hastens back to the room.

When she is called for -- says the story -- the puppets in the four corners begin to coo:

> Kuku! Prince Danila!
> Kuku! Govorila!
> Kuku! He wants to marry,
> Kuku! His own sister.
> Kuku! Split open, O Earth!
> Kuku! Sister, disappear!

The earth opens, and the girl slowly sinks into it. Twice again the puppets sing their song, and at the end of its third performance, the earth closes over the head of the rescued bride. Presently in rushes the irritated bridegroom. "No bride is to be seen; only in the corners sit the puppets, singing away to themselves." He flies into a passion, seizes a hatchet, chops off their heads, and flings them into the fire.

- Source: W. R. S. Ralston, *Russian Folk-Tales* (London: Smith, Elder, and Company, 1873), pp. 159-60.
- Ralston's source: Alexander Afanasyev.
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Notes and Bibliography

In their classical form, type 510B folktales include the follow the following motifs:

1. A dying woman extracts from her husband the promise that he will remarry only if he can find a woman that fits a certain description.
2. After a period of mourning, the widower discovers that only his daughter meets the

requirements for remarriage set by his deceased wife, and he asks her to marry him.
3. The daughter, in order to buy time, and in hope of dissuading her father, asks for a number of gifts, but he finds these with little difficulty.
4. Seeing no other solution to her dilemma, the girl dresses herself in an unusual garb and runs away.
5. She finds both refuge and abuse in another man's household, where she serves as a maid.
6. She temporarily escapes from the kitchen where she works and makes a series of appearances at a dress ball.
7. A prince falls in love with the heroine in her beautiful attire. He discovers that the beautiful woman is none other than his maid, and he marries her.

In some versions of the story, the incest motif that sets the plot into motion is suppressed, with a different conflict being given between father and daughter.

The second half of this story bears a strong resemblance to the Cinderella (type 510A) folktales.

Type 510B tales in the English Language

Title	Collection
All-Kinds-of-Fur (Grimm, 1st edition.).	Ashliman, *Voices from the Past*, p. 135.
All-Kinds-of-Fur (Grimm, final edition)	Grimm, *Children's and Household Tales*, no. 65.
Allerleirauh (Grimm, altered).	Lang, *Green Fairy Book*, p. 276.
Ashey Pelt.	Briggs, *A Dictionary of British Folk-Tales in the English Language*, pt. A, v. 1, p. 140.
Barbarina and the Black Snake.	Mathias and Raspa, *Italian Folktales in America*, no. 1.
Bear, The.	Lang, *Grey Fairy Book*, p. 269.

Black Yow, The.	Briggs, *A Dictionary of British Folk-Tales in the English Language*, pt. A, v. 1, p. 164.
Cap o' Rushes.	Jacobs, *English Fairy Tales*, p. 51.
Cap o' Rushes.	Philip, *Penguin Book of English Folktales*, p. 122.
Cap o' Rushes.	Briggs, *A Dictionary of British Folk-Tales in the English Language*, pt. A, v. 2, p. 387.
Catskin.	Jacobs, *More English Fairy Tales*, p. 204.
Catskin: The Princess and the Golden Cow.	Briggs, *A Dictionary of British Folk-Tales in the English Language*, pt. A, v. 1, p. 179.
Catskins.	Chase, *Grandfather Tales*, no. 11.
Cinderella. Examples and commentary. (All examples given in this chapter contain motifs representative of type 510B, although in some instances the incest motif has been supressed.	Taggart, *Enchanted Maidens*, ch. 6.
Deerskin.	McKinly, Robin.
Delgadina.	Robb, *Hispanic Folk Music of New Mexico and the Southwest*, A2a-j, 31-43.
Delgadina.	Paredes, *A Texas-Mexican Cancionero*, p. 5, 14-16.
	Campa, *Spanish Folk Poetry*

Delgadina.	*in New Mexico*, p. 30-33.
Donkey Skin (France, Le Cabinet des Fées).	Lang, *Grey Fairy Book*, p. 1.
Donkey Skin.	Falassi, *Folklore by the Fireside*, p. 42.
Donkey-Skin.	Perrault, *Fairy Tales* (trans. Carter), p. 139.
Fair Maria Wood (Italy).	Ashliman, *Voices from the Past*, p. 139.
Fair Maria Wood.	Crane, *Italian Popular Tales*, no. 10.
Florinda.	Pino-Saavedra, *Folktales of Chile*, no. 21.
Flying Princess, The.	Dawkins, *Modern Greek Folktales*, no. 40.
Gold Teeth.	*Folk-Lore: A Quarterly Review*, London, 1928, v. 39, pp. 236-238.
Golden Box, The.	Villa, *100 Armenian Tales*, no. 24.
Golden Filly Chest, The.	Campbell, *Cloudwalking Country*, p. 196.
Grey Castle, The.	Briggs, *A Dictionary of British Folk-Tales in the English Language*, pt. A, v. 1, p. 298.
Hanchi.	Ramanujan, *Folktales from*

	India, p. 285.
Katie Woodencloak (Norway).	Thompson, *100 Folktales*, no. 41.
King Who Wished to Marry His Daughter.	Campbell, *West Highlands*, v. 1, p. 226.
Like Meat Loves Salt.	Chase, *Grandfather Tales*, no. 13.
Little Blue Bonnet, The.	Gmelch and Kroup, *To Shorten the Road*, p. 177.
Little Cat Skin.	Campbell, *Cloudwalking Country*, p. 82.
Little Donkey Mother, The.	Taggart, *Enchanted Maidens*, p. 204.
Little Stick Figure, The.	Pino-Saavedra, *Folktales of Chile*, no. 20.
Margery White Coats.	Campbell, *West Highlands*, v. 1, p. 232.
Mossycoat.	Briggs, *A Dictionary of British Folk-Tales in the English Language*, pt. A, v. 1, p. 416.
Mossycoat.	Briggs and Tongue, *Folktales of England*, no. 4.
Princess in the Donkey Skin, The.	Roberts, *South from Hell*, no. 18.
Princess in the Suit of Leather, The.	Bushnaq, *Arab Folktales*, p. 193.

Princess That Wore a Rabbit-Skin Dress.	Campbell, *Cloudwalking Country*, p. 161.
Princess Whose Father Wanted to Marry Her, The.	Ramanujan, *Folktales from India*, p. 186.
Queen with the Golden Hair, The.	Campbell, *Cloudwalking Country*, p. 30.
Rashie Coat.	Briggs, *A Dictionary of British Folk-Tales in the English Language*, pt. A, v. 1, p. 455.
Rashiecoat.	Aitken, *A Forgotten Heritage*, p. 73.
Rashin Coatie.	Briggs, *A Dictionary of British Folk-Tales in the English Language*, pt. A, v. 1, p. 456.
Red Calf, The.	Briggs, *A Dictionary of British Folk-Tales in the English Language*, pt. A, v. 1, p. 460.
She Donkey's Skin, The.	Massignon, *Folktales of France*, no. 44.
She-Bear, The (Basile).	Ashliman, *Voices from the Past*, p. 129.
She-Bear, The.	Basile, *Pentamerone*, Day 2, Tale 6.
Silver Dress, the Gold Dress, and the Diamond Dress, The.	Blecher, *Swedish Folktales and Legends*, p. 168.
	Ashliman, *Voices from the*

let all the men and women of your court who are wont to wear a dagger at their side be summoned before you, and if amongst these you shall find one whose dagger is befouled with blood in its scabbard, that same will be the murderer of your children."

Wherefore the king at once gave command that all his courtiers should present themselves, and, when they were assembled, he diligently searched with his own hands to see if any one of them might have a bloody dagger at his side, but he could find none. Then he returned to the astrologer -- who was no other than Tebaldo himself -- and told him how his quest had been vain, and that all in the palace, save his mother and the queen, had been searched.

To which the astrologer replied, "Sire, search everywhere and respect no one, and then you will surely find the murderer."

So the king searched first his mother, and then the queen, and when he took the dagger which Doralice wore and drew it from the scabbard, he found it covered with blood.

Then the king, convinced by this proof, turned to the queen and said to her, "O, wicked and inhuman woman, enemy of your own flesh and blood, traitress to your own children! What desperate madness has led you to dye your hands in the blood of these babes? I swear that you shall suffer the full penalty fixed for such a crime."

But though the king in his rage would fain have sent her straightway to a shameful death, his desire for vengeance prompted him to dispose of her so that she might suffer longer and more cruel torment. Wherefore he commanded that she should be stripped and thus naked buried up to her chin in the earth, and that she should be well fed in order that she might linger long and the worms devour her flesh while she still lived. The queen, seasoned to misfortune in the past, and conscious of her innocence, contemplated her terrible doom with calmness and dignity.

Tebaldo, when he learned that the queen had been adjudged guilty and condemned to a cruel death, rejoiced greatly, and, as soon as he had taken leave of the king, left England, quite satisfied with his work, and returned secretly to Salerno. Arrived there, he told to the old nurse the whole story of his adventures, and how Doralice had been sentenced to death by her husband.

As she listened, the nurse feigned to be as pleased as Tebaldo himself, but in her heart she grieved sorely, overcome by this love which she had always borne towards the princess, and the next morning she took horse early and rode on day and night until she came to England.

Immediately she repaired to the palace and went before the king, who was giving public audience in the great hall, and, having thrown herself at his feet, she demanded an interview on a matter which concerned the honor of his crown. The king granted her request, and took her by the hand and bade her rise.

Then, when the rest of the company had gone and left them alone, the nurse thus addressed the king, "Sire, know that Doralice, your wife, is my child. She is not, indeed, the fruit of my womb, but I nourished her at these breasts. She is innocent of the deed which is laid to her

Story of Catskin, The (England).	*Past*, p. 143.
Tattercoats.	Briggs, *A Dictionary of British Folk-Tales in the English Language*, pt. A, v. 1, p. 502.
Tattercoats.	Jacobs, *More English Fairy Tales*, p. 67.
Tebaldo Wishes to Have His Only Daughter Doralice to Wife.	Straparola, *Facetious Nights*, Night 1, Tale 4.
Wooden Maria.	Calvino, *Italian Folktales*, no. 103.

Type 510B tales in the German Language

Titel	**Sammlung**
Allerlei Rauch.	Grimm, *Älteste Märchensammlung*, Nr. 7.
Allerlei Rauh.	Grimm, *Märchen aus dem Nachlaß*, Nr. 18.
Allerleirauh.	Grimm, *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*, Nr. 65.
Allerleirauh [3 Erzählungen].	Ranke, *Schleswig-Holsteinische Volksmärchen*, Bd. 2, S. 125.
Aschenbrödel - Aschentrödel.	Boskovic-Stulli, *Kroatische Volksmärchen*, Nr. 4.
Aschengrübel.	Wildhaber, *Schweizer Volksmärchen*, Nr. 11.
Aschenpüster mit der Wünschelgerte.	Bechstein, *Sämtliche Märchen*, Nr. N01.
Aschenpuster.	Bartsch, *Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus*

	Meklenburg, Bd. 1, S. 479.
Curia, schöne Curia.	Uffer, *Rätoromanische Märchen*, Nr. 33.
Das Fellmädchen.	Spies, *Türkische Volksmärchen*, Nr. 24.
Das Mädchen im Tierfell.	Karlinger, *Baskische Märchen*, Nr. 8.
Das Rindenmädchen.	Camaj, *Albanische Märchen*, Nr. 27.
Das Wasser-Handtuch-Peitschen-Schloß.	Range, *Litauische Volksmärchen*, Nr. 39.
Der Drächengrudel.	Wildhaber, *Schweizer Volksmärchen*, Nr. 12.
Der gehende Wagen.	Haiding, *Österreichs Märchenschatz*, Nr. 52.
Der goldene Ballon.	Bukowska-Grosse, *Polnische Volksmärchen*, Nr. 16.
Der goldene Stier.	Soupault, *Französische Märchen*, Nr. 27.
Der Vater und die Tochter.	Afanasjew, *Russische Volksmärchen*, S. 799.
Der Vater, der seine Tochter heiraten wollte.	Uffer, *Rätoromanische Märchen*, Nr. 29.
Die Bärin.	Basile, *Das Pentameron*, Tag 2, Novelle 6.
Die drei Kleider.	Meier, *Spanische Märchen*, Nr. 39.
Die hölzerne Maria.	Karlinger, *Italienische Volksmärchen*, Nr. 17.
Die kleine goldene Kuh.	Meier, *Portugiesische Märchen*, Nr. 86.
Die Zarentochter im unterirdischen	Olesch, *Russische Volksmärchen*, Nr. 9.

Reich.

Helga und der Zwerg.	Schier, *Märchen aus Island*, Nr. 17.
Ruuchklaas.	Wisser, *Plattdeutsche Märchen*, Nr. 40.
Schweinehaut.	Afanasjew, *Russische Volksmärchen*, S. 669.
Stoppelpelz.	Schier, *Schwedische Volksmärchen*, Nr. 33.

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- Cinderella. Folktales of Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 510A.
- Kora and His Sister. A folktale from India about brother-sister incest.

Revised August 14, 2013.

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charge, and for which she is sentenced to a lingering and cruel death. And you, when you shall have learnt everything, and laid your hand upon the impious murderer, and understood the reason which moved him to slay your children, you will assuredly show her mercy and deliver her from these bitter and cruel torments. And if you find that I speak falsely in this, I offer myself to suffer the same punishment which the wretched Doralice is now enduring."

Then the nurse set forth fully from beginning to end the whole history of Doralice's past life; and the king, when he heard it, doubted not the truth of it, but forthwith gave orders that the queen, who was now more dead than alive, should be taken out of the earth; which was done at once, and Doralice, after careful nursing and ministration by physicians, was restored to health.

Next day King Genese stirred up through all his kingdom mighty preparations for war, and gathered together a great army, which he dispatched to Salerno. After a short campaign the city was captured, and Tebaldo, bound hand and foot, taken back to England, where King Genese, wishing to know the whole sum of his guilt, had him put upon the rack, whereupon the wretched man made full confession.

The next day he was conducted through the city in a cart drawn by four horses, and then tortured with red-hot pincers like Gano di Magazza, and after his body had been quartered, his flesh was thrown to be eaten of ravenous dogs.

And this was the end of the impious wretch Tebaldo. And King Genese and Doralice his queen lived many years happily together, leaving at their death divers children in their place.

- Source: *The Facetious Nights of Straparola*, vol. 1, translated by W. G. Waters (London: privately printed for members of the Society of Bibliophiles, 1901), pp. 79-101 (night 1, tale 4).
- We know almost nothing about the personal life of Giovanni Francesco [also spelled Gianfrancesco] Straparola (ca. 1480 - ca. 1557). His two-volume work *Le piacevoli notti* (1550-1553), called in English *The Facetious Nights of Straparola* or simply *The Nights of Straparola*, contains some 75 novellas and fairy tales, some of oriental origin. Obviously patterning his collection after Boccaccio's *Decamerone*, Straparola depicts here thirteen nights of revelry in a luxurious villa on the island of Murano near Venice. The participants add to the entertainment by telling one another stories. Included are tales of magic and the supernatural as well as bawdy jokes and anecdotes. Straparola's work is one of Europe's earliest collections of stories based largely on folklore.
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The She-Bear

Italy, Giambattista Basile

Now it is said that once upon a time there lived a king of Roccaspra, who had a wife who for beauty, grace, and comeliness exceeded all other women. Truly she was the mother of beauty, but this beautiful being, at the full time of her life, fell from the steed of health, and broke the threads of life. But before the candle of life was finally put out, she called her

husband, and said, "I know well, that you have loved me with excessive love, therefore show me a proof of your love and give me a promise that you will never marry, unless you meet one beautiful as I have been; and if you will not so promise, I will leave you a curse, and I will hate you even in the other world."

The king, who loved her above all things, hearing this her last will, began to weep and lament, and for a while could not find a word to say; but after his grief subsided, he replied, "If I ever think of taking a wife, may the gout seize me, and may I become as gaunt as an asparagus; oh my love, forget it. Do not believe in dreams, nor that I can ever put my affection upon another woman. You will take with you all my joy and desire." And while he was thus speaking, the poor lady, who was at her last, turned up her eyes and stretched her feet.

When the king saw that her soul had taken flight, his eyes became fountains of tears, and he cried with loud cries, buffeted his face, and wept, and wailed, so that all the courtiers ran to his side. He continually called upon the name of that good soul and cursed his fate, which had deprived him of her, and tore his hair, and pulled out his beard, and accused the stars of having sent to him this great misfortune. But he did as others do. A bump on the elbow and the loss of a wife cause much pain, but it does not last. The one pain disappears at one's side, and the other into the grave.

Night had not yet come forth to look about the heavens for the bats, when he began to make count on his fingers, saying "My wife is dead, and I am a widower, and sad hearted without hope of any kind but my only daughter, since she left me. Therefore it will be necessary to find another wife that will bear me a son. But where can I find one? Where can I meet a woman endowed with my wife's beauty, when all other females seem witches in my sight? There is the rub! Where shall I find another like unto her? Where am I to seek her with a bell, if nature formed Nardella (may her soul rest in glory), and then broke the mould? Alas! in what labyrinth am I! What a mistake was the promise I made her! But what? I have not seen the wolf yet, but I am running away already. Let us seek, let us see, and let us understand. Is it possible, that there is no other donkey in the stable except for Nardella? Is it possible that the world will be lost for me? Will there be such a plague that all women will be destroyed and their seed lost?"

And thus saying, he commanded the public crier to proclaim that all the beautiful women in the world should come and undergo the comparison of beauty, that he would take to wife the best looking of all, and make her the queen of his realm. This news spread in all parts of the world, and not one of the women in the whole universe failed to come and try this venture. Not even flayed hags stayed behind, they came by the dozen, because, when the point of beauty is touched, there is none who will yield, there is no sea monster who will give herself up as hideous; each and everyone boasts of uncommon beauty.

If a donkey speaks the truth, the mirror is blamed for not reflecting the form as it is naturally; it is the fault of the quicksilver at the back. And now the land was full of women, and the king ordered that they should all stand in file, and he began to walk up and down, like a sultan when he enters his harem, to choose the best Genoa stone to sharpen his damascene blade. He came and went, up and down, like a monkey who is never still, looking and staring at this

Faust Legends

translated and/or edited by

D. L. Ashliman
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Doctor Johann Faustus

Abstracted from the Faust Chapbook of 1587

Johann Faustus was born in Roda in the province of Weimar, of God-fearing parents.

Although he often lacked common sense and understanding, at an early age he proved himself a scholar, mastering not only the Holy Scriptures, but also the sciences of medicine, mathematics, astrology, sorcery, prophesy, and necromancy.

These pursuits aroused in him a desire to commune with the Devil, so--having made the necessary evil preparations--he repaired one night to a crossroads in the Spesser Forest near Wittenberg. Between nine and ten o'clock he described certain circles with his staff and thus conjured up the Devil.

Feigning anger at having been summoned against his will, the Devil arrived in the midst of a

through a door, or if buried in a churchyard, or inside a church. Dafydd had commanded, that on his death, the liver and lights were to be taken out of his body and thrown on the dunghill, and notice was to be taken whether a raven or a dove got possession of them; if a raven, then his body was to be taken away by the foot, and not by the side of the bed, and through the wall, and not through the door, and he was to be buried, not in the churchyard nor in the church but under the church walls. And the devil, when he saw that by these arrangements he had been duped cried, saying:

> Dafydd Hiraddug, badly bred,
> False when living, and false when dead.

- Source: Elias Owen, *Welsh Folk-Lore: A Collection of the Folk-Tales and Legends of North Wales, Being the Prize Essay of the National Eisteddfod, 1887* (Oswestry and Wrexham: Woodall, Minshall, and Company, [1896]), pp. 159-60.
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Selected literary works based on the Faust legend

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- 1587. Anonymous. *Historia von D. Johann Fausten* (Frankfurt am Main: Johann Spies).
- 1604. Christopher Marlowe. *The Tragicall History of D. Faustus.*
- 1784. Gotthold Lessing. *D. Faust* (fragment).
- 1791. Friedrich Maximilian Klinger. Fausts Leben, Taten und Höllenfahrt.
- 1813. Adalbert von Chamisso. *Faust: Ein Versuch* (1804); *Peter Schlemihls wundersame Geschichte.*
- 1808-31. Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. *Faust: Eine Tragödie* (Erster Teil, 1808; Zweiter Teil, completed 1831, published 1833).
- 1829. Christian Dietrich Grabbe. *Don Juan und Faust.*
- 1836. Nikolaus Lenau. *Faust: Ein Gedicht.*
- 1847. Woldemar Nürnberger. *Josephus Faust: Ein Gedicht.*
- 1851. Heinrich Heine. *Doktor Faust: Ein Tanzpoem, nebst kuriosen Berichten über Teufel, Hexen und Dichtkunst.*
- 1862. Vischer, Friedrich Theodor. *Faust: Der Tragödie dritter Teil.*
- 1945. Paul Valéry. *Mon Faust.*
- 1950. Thomas Mann. *Doktor Faustus.*

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Selected musical works based on the Faust legend

- 1813. Louis Spohr. *Faust*, an opera based on the Faust legend.
- 1844-53. Robert Schumann. *Scenes from Goethe's Faust*, an oratorio.
- 1846. Hector Berlioz. *The Damnation of Faust*, a dramatic cantata based on a French version of Goethe's work by Gerard de Nerval. This composition is also staged as an opera.

- 1854 (revised 1857-61). Franz Liszt. *A Faust Symphony*.
- 1859. Charles Gounod. *Faust*, an opera based on part one of Goethe's work. Libretto by Jules Barbier and Michel Carré.
- 1868. Arrigo Boito. *Mefistofele*, an opera based on Goethe's work. Boito wrote both the music and the libretto.
- 1995. Randy Newman. *Randy Newman's Faust*, a musical play.

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Related Links

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- "The Devil and Dr. Faustus," *The Cornhill Magazine*, vol. 14 (July - December 1866), pp. 687-701.
- The Damnable Life and Death of Stubbe Peeter is a werewolf legend that shares many motifs with the Faust legends.
- Master Builder Legends, in which a mortal tricks a supernatural being (typically a troll or a giant) into helping him build a grand edifice, have much in common with the Faust stories.
- Bearskin. Folktales of type 361, in which a man gains a fortune and a beautiful bride by entering into a pact with the devil.
- The Name of the Helper. Folktales of type 500, in which a mysterious and threatening helper is defeated when the hero or heroine discovers his name. Texts at this site include "Rumpelstiltskin" from Germany and "Tom Tit Tot" from England.
- Straightening a Curly Hair. Folktales of type 1175, in which a demon helper is defeated because he cannot straighten a curly hair.
- Deceiving the Devil, a folktale of type 1176, in which the devil loses control over his intended victim by failing to catch and return broken wind.
- Devil's Bridge Legends. In these tales (type 1191) the devil builds a bridge, but is then cheated out of the human soul he expected as payment.

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great storm. After the winds and lightning had subsided the Devil asked Dr. Faustus to reveal his will, to which the scholar replied that he was willing to enter into a pact. The Devil, for his part, would agree:

1. to serve Dr. Faustus for as long as he should live,
2. to provide Dr. Faustus with whatever information he might request, and
3. never to utter an untruth to Dr. Faustus.

The Devil agreed to these particulars, on the condition that Dr. Faustus would promise:

1. at the expiration of twenty-four years to surrender his body and soul to the Devil,
2. to confirm the pact with a signature written in his own blood, and
3. to renounce his Christian faith.

Having reached an agreement, the pact was drawn up, and Dr. Faustus formalized it with his own blood.

Henceforth Dr. Faustus' life was filled with comfort and luxury, but marked by excess and perversion. Everything was within his grasp: elegant clothing, fine wines, sumptuous food, beautiful women--even Helen of Troy and the concubines from the Turkish sultan's harem. He became the most famous astrologer in the land, for his horoscopes never failed. No longer limited by earthly constraints, he traveled from the depths of hell to the most distant stars. He amazed his students and fellow scholars with his knowledge of heaven and earth.

However, for all his fame and fortune, Dr. Faustus could not revoke the twenty-four year limit to the Devil's indenture. Finally recognizing the folly of his ways, he grew ever more melancholy. He bequeathed his worldly goods to his young apprentice, a student named Christoph Wagner from the University of Wittenberg .

Shortly after midnight on the last day of the twenty-fourth year, the students who had assembled at the home of the ailing Dr. Faustus heard a great commotion. First came the sound of a ferocious storm and then the shouts--first terrifyingly loud then ever weaker--from their mentor.

At daybreak they ventured into his room. Bloodstains were everywhere. Bits of brain clung to the walls. Here they discovered an eye, and there a few teeth. Outside they found the corpse, its members still twitching, lying on a manure pile.

His horrible death thus taught them the lesson that had escaped their master during his lifetime: to hold fast to the ways of God, and to reject the Devil and all his temptations.

- Source: Abstracted from *Historia von D. Johann Fausten* (Frankfurt am Main: Johann Spies, 1587).
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Dr. Faust at Boxberg Castle

Germany

When Dr. Faust was in Heilbronn, performing his troublesome arts throughout the region, he often went to Boxberg Castle, where he was always courteously received.

Once he was there on a cold winter's day, strolling with the lords and ladies of the palace along the garden paths on the east side of the castle. The ladies complained about the frost, and he immediately caused the sun to shine warmly, the snow-covered ground to turn green, and a mass of violets and beautiful flowers of every kind to spring forth. Then at his command the trees blossomed, and -- following the desires of the group -- apples, plums, peaches, and other good fruit ripened on the branches. Finally he caused grape vines to grow and bear grapes. He then invited each of his companions to cut off a grape, but not before he gave the signal to do so. When all of them were ready to cut away he removed the deception from their eyes, and each one saw that he was holding a knife against the nose of the person next to him. The part of the garden where this took place has ever since been called "the violet garden."

Another time Faust left Boxberg Castle at a quarter past eleven in order to be at a banquet in Heilbronn at the last strike of twelve o'clock. He got into his carriage hitched to four black horses and drove away like the wind, and he did indeed arrive in Heilbronn punctually at the strike of twelve.

A man working in a field saw how horned spirits paved the way before the carriage, while others pulled up the paving stones from behind and carried them away, thus destroying every trace of the pavement.

- Source: August Schnezler, "Doktor Faust zu Boxberg," *Badisches Sagen-Buch*, vol. 2 (Karlsruhe: Verlag von W. Creuzbauer, 1846), pp. 613-14.
- Schnezler's source: Oral tradition, as recorded by Bernhard Baader in *Mone's Anzeiger für Kunde teutscher Vorzeit*, 1838.
- This legend was also published in Bernard Baader, *Volkssagen aus dem Lande Baden und den angrenzenden Gegenden* (Karlruhe: Verlag der Herder'schen Buchhandlung, 1851), no. 367, pp. 327-28.
- The story of hypnotic deception in the garden is reminiscent of an episode at the end of the Auerbach's Cellar scene in Goethe's *Faust*, part one.
- Link to a German-language version of the above legend: Dr. Faust zu Boxberg.
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Faust's Book of Hell's Charms

Zellerfeld, Germany

The Book of Hell's Charms is in the church at Zellerfeld, secured by an iron chain. It was written by Doctor Faust. Only a few people can read it, and it is extremely dangerous to read it. To read it without losing one's life, one must be able to read it forwards and backwards. If one reads it forwards, the devil will appear. If one reads it backwards, he will leave. If anyone has read the Book of Hell's Charms forwards and cannot read it backwards, then the devil will do the rest.

- Source: Hermann Harrys, "Fausts Höllenzwang," Volkssagen, Märchen und Legenden Niedersachsens, vol. 2 (Celle: Verlag von E. H. C. Schulze, 1840) no. 13, p. 20.
- Harrys' source: "Oral."
- The magic book in this legend is called the *Höllenzwang*, which translates literally as "hell's compulsion," i.e. a book of charms that will compel hell to do one's bidding.
- This legend's final statement "The devil will do the rest" is somewhat ambiguous. Although it could be interpretted "The devil will read it backwards," a more logical conclusion is "The devil will take possession of the careless reader."
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Dr. Faust's Hell-Master

Germany

According to legend, there is a book, named *Dr. Faust's Hell-Master,* which teaches the art of controling spirits, even of making the devil subservient to oneself. It is said to be buried beneath a thorn bush behind the Chemnitz Castle, on the road to the Küch Forest. Many advocates of the black art have unsuccessfully attempted to find this book.

- Source: Joh. Aug. Ernst Köhler, "Dr. Faust's Höllenzwang," *Sagenbuch des Erzgebirges* (Schneeberg and Schwarzenberg: Verlag und Druck von Carl Moritz Gärtner, 1886), no. 277, p. 229.
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Dr. Faust in Erfurt

Germany

At one time the renowned Dr. Faust sojourned in Erfurt. He lived in Michelsgasse next to the great Collegium.

As a learned professor and with the permission of the academic senate he lectured in the large auditorium of the Collegium Building about Greek poets. Indeed, he explained Homer to his audience, the students, describing the heroic figures of the Iliad and the Odyssey so realistically that the students expressed their desire to see them with their own eyes. He made this possible, conjuring them up from the underworld, but when the students saw the powerful giant Polyphemus, they all became terrified and wanted to see or hear nothing more from him.

He drove through the narrowest street in Erfurt with a double-span load of hay, for which reason this street has ever since been called "Dr. Faust's Street."

Once he came riding a horse that ate and ate and could never be satisfied.

Another time he tapped all kinds of wine from a wooden table and made the drunken drinking companions think that they saw grapes. They wanted to cut them from the vines, but when he caused the deceptive image to disappear, each one had another one's nose in his fingers

instead of wine grapes.

A house in Schössergasse is said to still have an opening in the roof that can never be closed with roofing tiles because Faust used it for his cloak rides.

He is said to have created a magnificent winter garden and provided delicious meals for numerous noble guests, thus achieving a high reputation.

Soon everyone in Erfurt was talking of nothing but Dr. Faust, and it was feared that a great many people would be led astray through his devilish arts.

Thus a learned monk by the name of Dr. Klinge was sent to convert him. But Faust did not want to be converted. In response to the masses and prayers directed at tearing him away from the devil, Dr. Faust said, "No, my good Dr. Klinge, it would be disreputable for me to break the contract that I signed with my blood. That would be dishonest. The devil has honestly upheld his promises, and I will also keep my word with him."

"Then go to the devil, you cursed piece of devil's meat and member of the devil's band!" cried the monk angrily. "Go to the eternal fires that have been prepared for the devil and his angels!" And the monk ran to Rector Magnificus and reported to him that Dr. Faustus was a totally unrepentant sinner.

Then Faust was banished from the city of Erfurt, and never again has a sorcerer been accepted there.

- Source: J. G. Th. Grässe, "Doctor Faust zu Erfurt," *Sagenbuch des Preußischen Staats*, vol. 1 (Glogau: Verlag von Carl Flemming, 1868), no. 453, pp. 339-40.
- The episode with the drunken companions was incorporated into the Auerbach's Cellar scene of Goethe's *Faust*, part one.
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Dr. Faust and Melanchton in Wittenberg

Germany

It is not true, as some claimed as early as the middle of the sixteenth century, that Dr. Faust grew up in Wittenberg and earned a doctorate of theology there, that he lived near the outer gate and had a house and garden in a street named Schneegasse (which never existed), and that he was strangled by the devil in the village of Kimlich, a half mile from Wittenberg, in the presence of several scholars and students. However, he did spend time in Wittenberg and was tolerated there for a while, until he became so crude that they tried to imprison him, and then fled to another place.

While in Wittenberg he approached Philipp Melanchton, who read the book to him, scolding him and warning him that if he did not immediately desist from his evil ways he would come to an evil end, which did indeed happen. He did not repent.

Now one day at ten o'clock in the morning Master Philipp was leaving his study on his way

downstairs to eat when Faust, who was with him at that time, and whom he had vigorously scolded, said to him: "Master Philipp, you always approach me with rough words. Someday, when you are about to sit down to a meal, I am going to cause all the pots in the kitchen to fly up the chimney, so that you and your guests will have nothing to eat."

Thereupon Philipp answered him: "Desist from such talk! I ---- on your art!" And he did desist.

Another old God-fearing man also tried to convert him. To show his thanks, Faust sent a devil to the man's bedroom to frighten him as he was going to bed. The devil walked about in the room, grunting like a sow. The man, however, was not afraid. Armed with his faith, he ridiculed the devil: "What a fine voice you have! You are singing like an angel who was not allowed to remain in heaven because he wanted to be God's equal and was thus thrust out for his pride and now wanders through people's houses in the form of a sow!" With that the spirit, not wanting to be in a place where he was ridiculed because of his apostasy and his wickedness, returned to Faust and complained to him how he had been received there.

Dr. Faust, however, did lead a student astray. Dr. Lercheimer himself knew one of his friends well into an advanced age. This man had a crooked mouth. Whenever he wanted a hare, he would go out into the woods, make his hocus-pocus, and a hare would run right into his hands.

- Source: J. G. Th. Grässe, "Dr. Faust und Melanchthon zu Wittenberg," *Sagenbuch des Preußischen Staats*, vol. 1 (Glogau: Verlag von Carl Flemming, 1868), no. 453, pp. 391-92.
- Philipp Melanchton (1497-1560), humanist, classical scholar, theologian, and professor at the University of Wittenberg, was an important associate of Martin Luther in the protestant reformation.
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Doctor Faust in Anhalt

Ludwig Bechstein

One winter the renowned Doctor Faustus came to the Count of Anhalt. Seeing that the count's wife was pregnant, Doctor Faustus asked her if she did not desire something special to eat, as is often the case with expectant mothers. He said that with the help of his magic powers he could get her anything she wanted. The countess graciously accepted his friendly offer and told him that a great desire of hers would be satisfied if she could have some fresh fruit such as grapes, cherries, and peaches, instead of the dried confection and nuts that she currently had. But she thought that neither he nor any other magician could get such things in the middle of a harsh winter.

Doctor Faustus took three silver platters, set them in front of the dining room window, muttered a magic formula, then soon returned with fresh fruit. The first platter was filled with apples, pears, and peaches; the second with cherries, apricots, and plums; and the third filled with red and green grapes. He invited the countess to partake of the fruit, which she did with great pleasure.

When it came time for Doctor Faustus to take leave of Anhalt, he requested the count and the countess to accompany him on a walk, for he wanted to show them something new. This they did, accompanied by the count's entourage. Approaching the castle gate, they saw a newly constructed palace on the hill called Rombühl. Water birds were swimming in its broad moats. The palace had five towers. As the party came closer, they found that two of the towers and the outer yard were alive with a menagerie of rare animals which were walking a jumping about inside, without injuring one another. There were apes, monkeys, bears, chamois, ostriches, as well as other animals.

An elaborate breakfast awaited them in one of the halls. Doctor Faust's familiar, Christoph Wagner, served as waiter, and music was sounding from an unseen source. The food and wine were such that everyone ate and drank with great pleasure until they were full.

After spending more than an hour in this place, the party left the beautiful palace. As they were approaching Anhalt Castle they looked back at the new palace and saw and heard it go up in flames, with the sound of rifles and canons. Faustus and Wagner had disappeared, and they all were suddenly as hungry as lions. They had to have breakfast once again, for everything that they had eaten had been merely an illusion.

- Source: Ludwig Bechstein, *Deutsches Sagenbuch* (Leipzig: Verlag von Georg Wigand, 1853), no. 412, pp. 348-49.
- Links to additional Faust legends (in German) in Bechstein's *Deutsches Sagenbuch*:
  - Doctor Faust und sein Teufel Jost (no. 141, pp. 127-28). Another version of this legend: Johann Wilhelm Wolf, "Schloß Waerdenberg bei Bommel (Doctor Faust)," *Niederländische Sagen* (Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus, 1843), no. 266, pp. 355-57.
  - Doktor Faust's Gäßchen (no. 591, p. 494).
  - Doctor Faust in Schwaben (no. 900, pp. 734-35).
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A Scholar Assigns Himself to the Devil

Denmark

There was once a scholar in the school of Herlufsholm, who through the devil's craft was seduced to give himself up to his power and will. He therefore wrote a contract on a strip of paper with his own blood, and stuck it in a hole in the church wall. But for the salvation of his sinful soul, which the fiend would else have seized, it happened that another scholar of the school found the paper and took it to the rector.

Now nothing was to be done but to have recourse to many prayers, whereby the devil's cunning was turned to naught; but it was long impossible to close up the hole in the wall so effectually that it was not immediately found open again.

- Source: Benjamin Thorpe, *Northern Mythology, Comprising the Principal Popular Traditions and Superstitions of Scandinavia, North Germany, and the Netherlands*, vol. 2 (London: Edward Lumley, 1851), p. 180.
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Doctor Faustus Was a Good Man (1)

England

Doctor Faustus was a good man,
He whipt his scholars now and then;
When he whipp'd them he made them dance
Out of Scotland into France,
Out of France into Spain,
And then he whipp'd them back again!

- Source: James Orchard Halliwell, *The Nursery Ghymes of England: Obtained Principally from Oral Tradition*, 2nd edition (London: John Russell Smith, 1843), no. 54, p. 37.
- A slightly different version, with commentary: Alfonzo Gardiner, "On Some of Our English Nursery Rhymes," *Yorkshire Folk-Lore Journal*, edited by J. Horsfall Turner, vol. 1 (1888), pp. 159-60.
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Doctor Faustus Was a Good Man (2)

England

The following lines are common in Hants [Hampshire]:

Doctor Faustus was a good man,
He beat his children now and "tan,"
When he did, he led them a dance,
Out of England into France,
Out of France into Spain,
And then he whipp'd them back again.

- Source: William Holloway, *A General Dictionary of Provincialisms, Written with a View to Rescue from Oblivion the Fast Fading Relics of By-Gone Days*, (Lewes, Sussex: Baxter and Son, 1839), p. 170.
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Devil Compacts

Scotland

It was believed that many went further than the students of "Black Art," and actually made compacts with the devil. Such a compact was made at midnight in some lonely churchyard, or amid the ruins of some castle. Those who did so, were they men or women, became bound to give themselves up soul and body to Satan at the end of a certain number of years, on a fixed day and at a fixed hour, or at the time of their death.

For this they received power to do almost everything man could conceive—to control the

elements, to send disease on man or beast, to make crops unfruitful, to destroy them by wind or rain, to amass as much wealth as they wished to spend upon their evil passions—in short, to do what wicked work they set their minds to. A wild wanton life did such lead, often with the appearance of unbounded wealth and happiness far beyond the reach of most men. Their whole time seemed one round of success and joy.

The time fixed by the contract might be prolonged, but, if the contract was not renewed, go they must at the hour appointed.

A man had made such a contract. He had, to all appearance, lived a life of comfort and success. The time for him to go drew very near. When he began to think of his doom, horror took hold of him. He told his terrible secret to some of his friends. They did what they could to cheer him, and make him forget it. On the last night they met with him, and kept him surrounded, persuading him and themselves that, if it should come to the worst, they would be able to defend him. Hour after hour passed, and they began to think that the devil had forgotten.

The appointed hour came. Next moment a knock was heard at the door. All eyes were turned to it. It opened, and in stalked the devil. There was no delay. He rushed upon his thrall, and both disappeared in fire, leaving behind them nothing but smoke and stench.

- Source: Walter Gregor, *Notes on the Folk-Lore of the North-East of Scotland* (London: Folk-Lore Society, 1881), p. 74.
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Dafydd Hiraddug and the Crow Barn

Wales

There is an incredible tradition connected with this place, Ffinant, Trefeglwys. It is said that an old barn stands on the right-hand side of the highway.

One Sunday morning, as the master was starting to church, he told one of the servants to keep the crows from a field that had been sown with wheat, in which field the old barn stood. The servant, through some means, collected all the crows into the barn, and shut the door on them. He then followed his master to the church, who, when he saw the servant there, began to reprove him sharply. But the master, when he heard the strange news, turned his steps homewards, and found to his amazement that the tale was true, and it is said that the barn was filled with crows. This barn ever afterwards was called *Crow-Barn*, a name it still retains.

It is said that the servant's name was Dafydd Hiraddug, and that he had sold himself to the devil, and that consequently, he was able to perform feats, which in this age are considered incredible.

However, it is said that Dafydd was on this occasion more subtle than the old serpent, even according to the agreement which was between them. The contract was, that the devil was to have complete possession of Dafydd if his corpse were taken over the side of the bed, or

Flood Myths from the Philippines

edited by

D. L. Ashliman
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The Flood Story

Igorot

Once upon a time, when the world was flat and there were no mountains, there lived two brothers, sons of Lumawig, the Great Spirit. The brothers were fond of hunting, and since no mountains had formed there was no good place to catch wild pig and deer, and the older brother said, "Let us cause water to flow over all the world and cover it, and then mountains will rise up."

So they caused water to flow over all the earth, and when it was covered they took the head-basket [a bamboo basket, in which the heads of victims are kept prior to the head-taking celebration] of the town and set it for a trap. The brothers were very much pleased when they went to look at their trap, for they had caught not only many wild pigs and deer, but also many people.

Now Lumawig looked down from his place in the sky and saw that his sons had flooded the earth and that in all the world there was just one spot which was not covered. And he saw that all the people in the world had been drowned except one brother and sister who lived in Pokis.

Then Lumawig descended, and he called to the boy and girl, saying, "Oh, you are still alive."

"Yes," answered the boy, "we are still alive, but we are very cold."

So Lumawig commanded his dog and deer to get fire for the boy and girl. The dog and the deer swam quickly away, but though Lumawig waited a long time they did not return, and all the time the boy and girl were growing colder.

Finally Lumawig himself went after the dog and the deer, and when he reached them he said, "Why are you so long in bringing the fire to Pokis? Get ready and come quickly while I watch you, for the boy and girl are very cold."

Then the dog and the deer took the fire and started to swim through the flood, but when they had gone only a little way, the fire was put out.

Lumawig commanded them to get more fire and they did so, but they swam only a little way again when that of the deer went out, and that of the dog would have been extinguished also had not Lumawig gone quickly to him and taken it.

As soon as Lumawig reached Pokis he built a big fire which warmed the brother and sister; and the water evaporated so that the world was as it was before, except that now there were mountains. The brother and sister married and had children, and thus there came to be many people on the earth.

- Source: Mabel Cook Cole, *Philippine Folk Tales* (Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company, 1916), pp. 102-104.
- Notes by Mabel Cook Cole:
    1. The mythology of nearly all peoples has a flood story.
    2. A bamboo basket, in which the heads of victims are kept prior to the head-taking celebration.
    3. The folklore of all countries has some story accounting for the acquisition of fire. The Tinguian tale is as follows: Once in the very old times Kaboniyan sent a flood which covered all the land. Then there was no place for the fire to stay, so it went into the bamboo, the stones, and iron. That is why one who knows how can still get fire out of bamboo and stones.
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The Flood Story

Bukidnon (Mindanao)

A long time ago there was a very big crab which crawled into the sea. And when he went in he crowded the water out so that it ran all over the earth and covered all the land.

Now about one moon before this happened, a wise man had told the people that they must build a large raft. They did as he commanded and cut many large trees, until they had enough to make three layers. These they bound tightly together, and when it was done they fastened the raft with a long rattan cord to a big pole in the earth.

Soon after this the floods came. White water poured out of the hills, and the sea rose and covered even the highest mountains. The people and animals on the raft were safe, but all the others drowned.

When the waters went down and the raft was again on the ground, it was near their old home, for the rattan cord had held.

But these were the only people left on the whole earth.

- Source: Mabel Cook Cole, *Philippine Folk Tales* (Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company, 1916), pp. 125-126.
- Notes by Mabel Cook Cole:

  1. A somewhat similar belief that a giant Crab is responsible for the tides is widespread throughout Malaysia. The Batak of Palawan now believe, as also do the Mandaya of eastern Mindanao, that the tides are caused by a giant crab going in and out of his hole in the sea.

  2. The similarity of this to the biblical Story of the Flood leads us to suppose that it has come from the neighboring Christianized or Mohammedanized people and has been worked by the Bukidnon into the mould of their own thought. However, the flood story is sometimes found in such a guise that it cannot be accounted for by Christian influence. See, for example, The Flood Story as told in the folklore of the Igorot tribe, on page 102.
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Links to related sites

- Creation Myths from the Philippines.
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From "Narrative and Legendary Poems" by John Greenleaf Whittier

In the early part of the present [nineteenth] century, a fragment of a statue, redely chiselled from dark gray stone, was found in the town of Bradford, on the Merrimac. Its origin must be left entirely to conjecture. The fact that the ancient Northmen visited the northeast coast of North America and probably New England, some centuries before the discovery of the western world by Columbus, is now very generally admitted.

GIFT from the cold and silent Past!
A relic to the present cast,
Left on the ever-changing strand
Of shifting and unstable sand,
Which wastes beneath the steady chime
And beating of the waves of Time!
Who from its bed of primal rock
First wrenched thy dark, unshapely block?
Whose hand, of curious skill untaught,
Thy rude and savage outline wrought?

The waters of my native stream
Are glancing in the sun's warm beam;
From sail-urged keel and flashing oar
The circles widen to its shore;
And cultured field and peopled town
Slope to its willowed margin down.
Yet, while this morning breeze is bringing
The home-life sound of school-bells ringing,
And rolling wheel, and rapid jar
Of the fire-winged and steedless car,
And voices from the wayside near
Come quick and blended on my ear,--
A spell is in this old gray stone,
My thoughts are with the Past alone!

A change! -- The steepled town no more
Stretches along the sail-thronged shore;
Like palace-domes in sunset's cloud,

- For another poetic treatment of this material see The Changeling by James Russell Lowell.
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Kallundborg Church

From "The Tent on the Beach" by John Greenleaf Whittier

"Tie stille, barn min!
Imorgen kommer Fin,
Fa'er din,
Og gi'er dich Esbern Snares öine og hjerte at lege med!"
Zealand Rhyme.

"BUILD at Kallundborg by the sea
A church as stately as church may be,
And there shalt thou wed my daughter fair,"
Said the Lord of Nesvek to Esbern Snare.

And the Baron laughed. But Esbern said,
"Though I lose my soul, I will Helva wed!"
And off he strode, in his pride of will,
To the Troll who dwelt in Ulshoi hill.

"Build, O Troll, a church for me
At Kallundborg by the mighty sea;
Build it stately, and build it fair,
Build it quickly," said Esbern Snare.

But the sly Dwarf said, "No work is wrought
By Trolls of the Hills, O man, for naught.
What wilt thou give for thy church so fair?"
"Set thy own price," quoth Esbern Snare.

"When Kallundborg church is builded well,
Thou must the name of its builder tell,
Or thy heart and thy eyes must be my boon."
"Build," said Esbern, "and build it soon."

By night and by day the Troll wrought on;
He hewed the timbers, he piled the stone;
But day by day, as the walls rose fair,
Darker and sadder grew Esbern Snare.

He listened by night, he watched by day,
He sought and thought, but he dared not pray;
In vain he called on the Elle-maids shy,

And the Neck and the Nis gave no reply.

Of his evil bargain far and wide
A rumor ran through the country-side;
And Helva of Nesvek, young and fair,
Prayed for the soul of Esbern Snare.

And now the church was wellnigh done;
One pillar it lacked, and one alone;
And the grim Troll muttered, "Fool thou art!
To-morrow gives me thy eyes and heart!"

By Kallundborg in black despair,
Through wood and meadow, walked Esbern Snare,
Till, worn and weary, the strong man sank
Under the birches on Ulshoi bank.

At his last day's work he heard the Troll
Hammer and delve in the quarry's hole;
Before him the church stood large and fair:
"I have builded my tomb," said Esbern Snare.

And he closed his eyes the sight to hide,
When he heard a light step at his side:
"O Esbern Snare! a sweet voice said,
"Would I might die now in thy stead!"

With a grasp by love and by fear made strong,
He held her fast, and he held her long;
With the beating heart of a bird afeard,
She hid her face in his flame-red beard.

"O love!" he cried, "let me look to-day
In thine eyes ere mine are plucked away;
Let me hold thee close, let me feel thy heart
Ere mine by the Troll is torn apart!

"I sinned, O Helva, for love of thee!
Pray that the Lord Christ pardon me!"
But fast as she prayed, and faster still,
Hammered the Troll in Ulshoi hill.

He knew, as he wrought, that a loving heart
Was somehow baffling his evil art;
For more than spell of Elf or Troll
Is a maiden's prayer for her lover's soul.

And Esbern listened, and caught the sound
Of a Troll-wife singing underground:
"To-morrow comes Fine, father thine:
Lie still and hush thee, baby mine!

"Lie still, my darling! next sunrise
Thou'lt play with Esbern Snare's heart and eyes!"
"Ho! ho!" quoth Esbern, "is that your game?
Thanks to the Troll-wife, I know his name!"

The Troll he heard him, and hurried on
To Kallundborg church with the lacking stone.
"Too late, Gaffer Fine!" cried Esbern Snare;
And Troll and pillar vanished in air!

That night the harvesters heard the sound
Of a woman sobbing underground,
And the voice of the Hill-Troll loud with blame
Of the careless singer who told his name.

Of the Troll of the Church they sing the rune
By the Northern Sea in the harvest moon;
And the fishers of Zealand hear him still
Scolding his wife in Ulshoi hill.

And seaward over its groves of birch
Still looks the tower of Kallundborg church
Where, first at its altar, a wedded pair,
Stood Helva of Nesvek and Esbern Snare!

- Source: John Greenleaf Whittier, *The Complete Poetical Works*, Cambridge Edition (Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1894), pp. 255-56.
- The modern spelling of the Danish city featured in this poem is "Kalundborg."
- Link to a folk legend about Esbern Snare and the Kalundborg Church.

Related Links

- Changelings: An Essay by D. L. Ashliman.
- Norse Ballads of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
- Vikings in America
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Revised July 4, 2011.

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Fade sun-gilt spire and mansion proud:
Spectrally rising where they stood,
I see the old, primeval wood;
Dark, shadow-like, on either hand
I see its solemn waste expand;
It climbs the green and cultured hill,
It arches o'er the valley's rill,
And leans from cliff and crag to throw
Its wild arms o'er the stream below.
Unchanged, alone, the same bright river
Flows on, as it will flow forever!
I listen, and I hear the low
Soft ripple where its water go;
I hear behind the panther's cry,
The wild-bird's scream goes thrilling by,
And shyly on the river's brink
The deer is stooping down to drink.

But hard! -- from wood and rock flung back,
What sound come up the Merrimac?
What sea-worn barks are those which throw
The light spray from each rushing prow?
Have they not in the North Sea's blast
Bowed to the waves the straining mast?
Their frozen sails the low, pale sun
Of Thulë's night has shone upon;
Flapped by the sea-wind's gusty sweep
Round icy drift, and headland steep.
Wild Jutland's wives and Lochlin's daughters
Have watched them fading o'er the waters,
Lessening through driving mist and spray,
Like white-winged sea-birds on their way!

Onward they glide, -- and now I view
Their iron-armed and stalwart crew;
Joy glistens in each wild blue eye,
Turned to green earth and summer sky.
Each broad, seamed breast has cast aside
Its cumbering vest of shaggy hide;
Bared to the sun and soft warm air,
Streams back the Northmen's yellow hair.
I see the gleam of axe and spear,
A sound of smitten shields I hear,
Keeping a harsh and fitting time
To Saga's chant, and Runic rhyme;
Such lays as Zetland's Scald has sung,

His gray and naked isles among;
Or mutter low at midnight hour
Round Odin's mossy stone of power.
The wolf beneath the Arctic moon
Has answered to that startling rune;
The Gael has heard its stormy swell,
The light Frank knows its summons well;
Iona's sable-stoled Culdee
Has heard it sounding o'er the sea,
And swept, with hoary beard and hair,
His altar's foot in trembling prayer!

'T is past, -- the 'wildering vision dies
In darkness on my dreaming eyes!
The forest vanishes in air,
Hill-slope and vale lie starkly bare;
I hear the common tread of men,
And hum of work-day life again;
The mystic relic seems alone
A broken mass of common stone;
And if it be the chiselled limb
Of Berserker or idol grim,
A fragment of Valhalla's Thor,
The stormy Viking's god of War,
Or Praga of the Runic lay,
Or love-awakening Siona,
I know not, -- for no graven line,
Nor Druid mark, nor Runic sign,
Is left me here, by which to trace
Its name, or origin, or place.
Yet, for this vision of the Past,
This glance upon its darkness cast,
My spirit bows in gratitude
Before the Giver of all good,
Who fashioned so the human mind,
That, from the waste of Time behind,
A simple stone, or mound of earth,
Can summon the departed forth;
Quicken the Past to life again,
The Present lose in what hath been,
And in their primal freshness show
The buried forms of long ago.
As if a portion of that Thought
By which the Eternal will is wrought,
Whose impulse fills anew with breath
The frozen solitude of Death,

To mortal mind were sometimes lent,
To mortal musing sometimes sent,
To whisper -- even when it seems
But Memory's fantasy of dreams --
Through the mind's waste of woe and sin,
Of an immortal origin!

- Source: John Greenleaf Whittier, *The Complete Poetical Works*, Cambridge Edition (Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1894), pp. 9-11.
- For additional information see Vikings in America
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The Brown Dwarf of Rügen

From "Narrative and Legendary Poems" by John Greenleaf Whittier

The hint of this ballad is found in Arndt's *Märchen*, Berlin, 1816. The ballad appeared first in *St. Nicholas*, whose young readers were advised, while smiling at the absurd superstition, to remember that bad companionship and evil habits, desires, and passions are more to be dreaded now than the Elves and Trolls who frightened the children of past ages.

THE pleasant isle of Rügen looks the Baltic water o'er,
To the silver-sanded beaches of the Pomeranian shore;

And in the town of Rambin a little boy and maid
Plucked the meadow-flowers together and in the sea-surf played.

Alike were they in beauty if not in their degree:
He was the Amptman's first-born, the miller's child was she.

Now of old the isle of Rügen was full of Dwarfs and Trolls,
The brown-faced little Earth-men, the people without souls;

And for every man and woman in Rügen's island found
Walking in air and sunshine, a Troll was underground.

It chanced the little maiden, one morning, strolled away
Among the haunted Nine Hills, where the elves and goblins play.

That day, in barley fields below, the harvesters had known
Of evil voices in the air, and heard the small horns blown.

She came not back; the search for her in field and wood was vain:
They cried her east, they cried her west, but she came not again.

"She's down among the Brown Dwarfs," said the dream-wives wise and old,
And prayers were made, and masses said, and Rambin's church bell tolled.

Five years her father mourned her; and then John Deitrich said:
"I will find my little playmate, be she alive or dead."

He watched among the Nine Hills, he heard the Brown Dwarfs sing,
And saw them dance by moonlight merrily in a ring.

And when their gay-robed leader tossed up his cap of red,
Young Deitrich caught it as it fell, and thrust it on his head.

The Troll came crouching at his feet and wept for lack of it.
"Oh, give me back my magic cap, for your great head unfit!"

"Nay," Deitrich said; "the Dwarf who throws his charmëd cap away,
Must serve its finder at his will, and for his folly pay.

"You stole my pretty Lisbeth, and hid her in the earth;
And you shall ope the door of glass and let me lead her forth."

"She will not come; she's one of us; she's mine!" the Brown Dwarf said;
"The day is set, the cake is baked, to-morrow we shall wed."

"The fell fiend fetch thee!" Deitrich cried, "and keep thy foul tongue still.
Quick! open, to thy evil world, the glass door of the hill!"

The Dwarf obeyed; and youth and Troll down the long stairway passed,
And saw in dim and sunless light a country strange and vast.

Weird, rich, and wonderful, he saw the elfin under-land, --
Its palaces of precious stones, its streets of golden sand.

He came unto a banquet-hall with tables richly spread,
Where a young maiden served to him the red wine and the bread.

How fair she seemed among the Trolls so ugly and so wild!
Yet pale and very sorrowful, like one who never smiled!

Her low, sweet voice, her gold-brown hair, her tender blue eyes seemed
Like something he had seen elsewhere or something he had dreamed.

He looked; he clasped her in his arms; he knew the long-lost one;
"O Lisbeth! See thy playmate -- I am the Amptman's son!"

She leaned her fair head on his breast, and through her sobs she spoke:
"Oh, take me from this evil place, and from the elfin folk!

"And let me tread the grass-green fields and smell the flowers again,
And feel the soft wind on my cheek and hear the dropping rain!

"And oh, to hear the singing bird, the rustling of the tree,

The lowing cows, the bleat of sheep, the voices of the sea;

"And oh, upon my father's knee to set beside the door,
And hear the bell of vespers ring in Rambin church once more!"

He kissed her cheek, he kissed her lips; the Brown Dwarf groaned to see,
And tore his tangled hair and ground his long teeth angrily.

But Deitrich said: "For five long years this tender Christian maid
Has served you in your evil world, and well must she be paid!

"Haste! -- hither bring me precious gems, the richest in your store;
Then when we pass the gate of glass, you'll take your cap once more."

No choice was left the baffled Troll, and, murmuring, he obeyed,
And filled the pockets of the youth and apron of the maid.

They left the dreadful under-land and passed the gate of glass;
They felt the sunshine's warm caress, they trod the soft, green grass.

And when, beneath, they saw the Dwarf stretch up to them his brown
And crooked claw-like fingers, they tossed his red cap down.

Oh, never shone so bright a sun, was never sky so blue,
As hand in hand they homeward walked the pleasant meadows through!

And never sang the birds so sweet in Rambin's woods before,
And never washed the waves so soft along the Baltic shore;

And when beneath his door-yard trees the father met his child,
The bells rung out their merriest peal, the folks with joy ran wild.

And soon from Rambin's holy church the twain came forth as one,
The Amptman kissed a daughter, the miller blest a son.

John Deitrich's fame went far and wide, and nurse and maid crooned o'er
Their cradle song: "Sleep on, sleep well, the Trolls shall come no more!"

for in the haunted Nine Hills he set a cross of stone;
And Elf and Brown Dwarf sought in vain a door where door was none.

The tower he built in Rambin, fair Rügen's pride and boast,
Looked o'er the Baltic water to the Pomeranian coast;

And, for his worth ennobled, and rich beyond compare,
Count Deitrich and his lovely bride dwelt long and happy there.

• Source: John Greenleaf Whittier, *The Complete Poetical Works*, Cambridge Edition (Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1894), pp. 138-40.

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The Changeling

From "The Tent on the Beach" by John Greenleaf Whittier

FOR the fairest maid in Hampton
They needed not to search,
Who saw young Anna favor
Come walking into church,--

Or bringing from the meadows,
At set of harvest-day,
The frolic of the blackbirds,
The sweetness of the hay.

Now the weariest of all mothers,
The saddest two years' bride,
She scowls in the face of her husband,
And spurns her child aside.

"Rake out the red coals, goodman,--
For there the child shall lie,
Till the black witch comes to fetch her
And both up chimney fly.

"It's never my own little daughter,
It's never my own," she said;
"The witches have stolen my Anna,
And left me an imp instead.

"Oh, fair and sweet was my baby,
Blue eyes, and hair of gold;
But this is ugly and wrinkled,
Cross, and cunning, and old.

"I hate the touch of her fingers,
I hate the feel of her skin;
It's not the milk from my bosom,
But my blood, that she sucks in.

"My face grows sharp with the torment;
Look! my arms are skin and bone!
Rake open the red coals, goodman,
And the witch shall have her own.

"She'll come when she hears it crying,
In the shape of an owl or bat,

And she'll bring us our darling Anna
In place of her screeching brat."

Then the goodman, Ezra Dalton,
Laid his hand upon her head:
Thy sorrow is great, O woman!
I sorrow with thee," he said.

"The paths to trouble are many
And never but one sure way
Leads out to the light beyond it:
My poor wife, let us pray."

Then he said to the great All-Father,
"Thy daughter is weak and blind;
Let her sight come back, and clothe her
Once more in her right mind.

"Lead her out of this evil shadow,
Out of these fancies wild;
Let the holy love of the mother
Turn again to her child.

"Make her lips like the lips of Mary
Kissing her blessed Son;
Let her hands, like the hands of Jesus,
Rest on her little one.

"Comfort the soul of thy handmaid,
Open her prison-door,
And thine shall be all the glory
And praise forevermore."

Then into the face of its mother
The baby looked up and smiled;
And the cloud of her soul was lifted,
And she knew her little child.

A beam of the slant west sunshine
Made the wan face almost fair,
Lit the blue eyes' patient wonder
And the rings of pale gold hair.

She kissed it on lip and forehead,
She kissed it on cheek and chink
And she bared her snow-white bosom
To the lips so pale and thin.

Oh, fair on her bridal morning
Was the maid who blushed and smiled,
But fairer to Ezra Dalton
Looked the mother of his child.

With more than a lover's fondness
He stooped to her worn young face,
And the nursing child and the mother
He folded in one embrace.

"Blessed be God!" he murmured.
"Blessed be God!" she said;
"For I see, who once was blinded,--
I live, who once was dead.

"Now mount and ride, my goodman,
As thou lovest thy own soul!
Woe's me, if my wicked fancies
Be the death of Goody Cole!"

His horse he saddled and bridled,
And into the night rode he,
Now through the great black woodland,
Now by the white-beached sea.

He rode through the silent clearings,
He came to the ferry wide,
And thrice he called to the boatman
Asleep on the other side.

He set his horse to the river,
He swam to Newbury town,
And he called up Justice Sewall
In his nightcap and his gown.

And the grave and worshipful justice
(Upon whose soul be peace!)
Set his name to the jailer's warrant
For Goodwife Cole's release.

Then through the night the hoof-beats
Went sounding like a flail;
And Goody Cole at cockcrow
Came forth from Ipswich jail.

- Source: John Greenleaf Whittier, *The Complete Poetical Works*, Cambridge Edition (Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1894), pp. 251-53.

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116. Wilkinson, T. T. *See* Harland, John.

Related bibliographies

- **Grimm.** Grimms' Fairy Tales in English.
- **Ireland.** Folklore, Folktales, and Fairy Tales from Ireland.
- **Man.** Folklore, Folktales, and Fairy Tales from the Isle of Man.
- **Scandinavia and Finland.** Folklore, Folktales, and Fairy Tales from Scandinavia and Finland (Denmark, Iceland, Norway, Sweden, and Finland).
- **Scotland.** Folklore, Folktales, and Fairy Tales from Scotland.

- **Slavic.** Slavic and Other Eastern European Folk and Fairy Tales.
- **Wales.** Folklore, Folktales, and Fairy Tales from Wales.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Revised June 15, 2014.

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- Folk and Mythology Electronic Texts, page 2.
- Folk and Fairy Tale Links.
- Germanic Myths, Legends, and Sagas.

- Abducted by Aliens. The aliens in these legends are not men from outer space but the underground folk: fairies, trolls, elves, and the like.
    1. The Recovered Bride (Ireland).
    2. Taken by the Good People (Ireland).
    3. Twenty Years with the Good People (Ireland).
    4. Ethna the Bride (Ireland).
    5. Jamie Freel and the Young Lady (Ireland).
    6. Ned the Jockey (Wales).
    7. The Old Man and the Fairies (Wales).
    8. A Visit to Fairyland (Wales).
    9. Four Years in Faery (Isle of Man).
    10. The Lost Wife of Ballaleece (Isle of Man).
    11. On Fairies (England).
    12. The Lost Child (England).
    13. The Fairies' Hill (Scotland).
    14. The Stolen Lady (Scotland).
    15. Touching the Elements (Shetland Islands).
    16. The Aged Bride (Denmark).
    17. A Smith Rescues a Captured Woman from a Troll (Denmark).
    18. The Sea Nymph (Sweden).
- Advice Well Taken. Folktales of type 910B.
    1. The Three Advices (Ireland).
    2. The Three Advices Which the King with the Red Soles Gave to His Son (Ireland).
    3. The Highlander Takes Three Advices from the English Farmer (Scotland).
    4. The Three Admonitions (Italy).
    5. The Prince Who Acquired Wisdom (India).
- **Aesop**.
    1. Aesop's Fables. Joseph Jacobs' classic retelling of 82 fables and included in

- **Changeling legends.**

Fairies, trolls, elves, and devils kidnap human children, leaving their own demonic offspring in their place.

1. Changelings: An Essay by D. L. Ashliman.
2. The Changeling. A poem by James Russell Lowell.
3. The Changeling. A ballad by John Greenleaf Whittier.
4. Changeling Legends from the British Isles. Stories from England, Wales, the Isle of Man, Scotland, and Ireland.
5. German Changeling Legends. Stories from German-speaking countries.
6. Scandinavian Changeling Legends. Stories from Denmark, Iceland, Norway, and Sweden.

- Charms against Sprains. Charms recorded in the Orkney and Shetland Islands during the nineteenth century that bear a close similarity to the famous pre-Christian Merseburg Incantation (*Merseburger Zauberspruch*) number 2 from Germany.
- **Chaucer, Geoffrey** (ca. 1340-1400).
    1. The Enchanted Pear Tree. Tales of type 1423.
- Child Custody. Tales of type 926 in which a wise judge decides a disputed child custody case.
    1. Solomon and the Two Women (Bible, First Book of Kings).
    2. The Iugement of the kynge Salamon (Geoffroy de La Tour Landry).
    3. The Future Buddha as a Wise Judge (The Jataka Tales).
    4. The Question Regarding the Son (Ummaga Jataka).
    5. The Brahman and His Two Wives (Telugu Folktale).
- **China.**

A Chinese Creation and Flood Myth from the Miao people.

- Cinderella. Aarne-Thompson-Uther folktale type 510A and related stories of persecuted heroines.
    1. The Cinder Maid (reconstructed from various European sources by Joseph Jacobs).
    2. Cinderella; or, The Little Glass Slipper (France).
    3. Cinderella (Germany).
    4. Katie Woodencloak (Norway).
    5. The Broken Pitcher (England).
    6. Ashey Pelt (Ireland).
    7. Fair, Brown, and Trembling (Ireland).
    8. The Sharp Grey Sheep (Scotland).
    9. Rashin-Coatie (Scotland).
    10. The Hearth-Cat (Portugal).
    11. Cinderella (Italy).
    12. Little Saddleslut (Greece).
    13. Conkiajgharuna, the Little Rag Girl (Georgia).
    14. Pepelyouga (Serbia).
    15. The Wonderful Birch (Russia).
    16. The Baba Yaga (Russia).
    17. The Wicked Stepmother (Kashmir).

18. Maria and the Golden Slipper (Philippines).
19. The Turkey Herd (Native American, Zuni).
20. The Indian Cinderella (Native American).
21. Link to The Green Knight (Denmark).
22. Link to The Father Who Wanted to Marry His Daughter. Folktales of type 510B.

- Clothes Make the Man. Folktales of type 1558.
    1. The Brahman's Clothes (India).
    2. Nasreddin Hodja at a Bridal Festival (Turkey).
    3. Eat, My Clothes! (Italy).
    4. Heroes They Seemed When Once They Were Clothed (Iceland).
- A Corpse Claims Its Property. Ghost stories of type 366.
    1. White Cap (Iceland).
    2. The Shroud (Russia).
    3. The Stolen Liver (Poland).
    4. Ahlemann (Germany).
    5. The Man from the Gallows (Germany).
    6. The Burial Dress (Germany).
    7. The Audacious Girl (Germany).
    8. The Golden Leg (Germany).
    9. Saddaedda (Italy).
    10. The Golden Arm (England).
    11. The Golden Cup (England).
    12. Teeny-Tiny (England).
    13. Give Me My Teeth (England).
    14. The Old Man at the White House (England).
    15. A Ghost Story (African-American, Joel Chandler Harris).
    16. How to Tell a Story: The Golden Arm (African-American, Mark Twain).
- **Creation and origin myths.**
    - Blackfoot Creation and Origin Myths.
        1. The Making of the Earth.
        2. Languages Confused on a Mountain.
        3. Order of Life and Death.
        4. Why People Die Forever.
        5. The First Marriage.
        6. Old Man Leads a Migration.
        7. Old Man and the Great Spirit.
    - A Chinese Creation and Flood Myth from the Miao people.
    - Creation Myths from the Philippines.
        1. How the World Was Made.
        2. The Creation (Igorot).
        3. How the Moon and the Stars Came to Be (Bukidnon).
        4. Origin (Bagobo).
        5. The Story of the Creation (Bilaan).
        6. In the Beginning (Bilaan).

7. The Children of the Limokon (Mandaya).
8. The Creation Story (Tagalog).

- The Creation of the Earth and the Great Flood according to Greek and Roman Mythology, abstracted from *The Metamorphoses* of Ovid.
- The Raelian Creation of Life on Earth. In what might be called the most recent of all creation myths, the Raelians outline here their belief that "scientists from another planet created all life on earth using DNA."
- In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. The creation according to *The First Book of Moses*, called *Genesis*.
- Legendary Origins.
    1. The Origin of the Wrekin (England).
    2. Bomere Pool (England).
    3. The Origin of Tis Lake (Denmark).
    4. The Origin of the Island Hiddensee (Germany).
- The Origin of Underground People. Legends about elves and other hidden creatures.
    1. Origin of the Hidden People (Iceland).
    2. When Satan Was Cast out of Heaven (Sweden).
    3. Origin of the Underground People in Amrum (Germany).
    4. Origin of the Elemental Spirits in Bohemia (Bohemia).
    5. Origin of the Fairies (Wales).
- Paiute Creation and Origin Legends.

- Crop Division between Man and Ogre. Folktales of type 1030.
    1. The Farmer and the Devil on Island of the Popefigs (France, François Rabelais).
    2. The Troll Outwitted (Denmark).
    3. The Bear and the Fox Go into Partnership (Norway).
    4. The Fox and the Wolf Plant Oats and Potatoes (Scotland).
    5. The Farmer and the Boggart (England).
    6. The Bogie and the Farmer (England).
    7. Jack o' Kent and the Devil: The Tops and the Butts (England).
    8. Th' Man an' th' Boggard (England).
    9. Above the Ground and under the Ground (USA).
    10. The Peasant and the Devil (Germany).
    11. Saint John and the Devil (Italy/Austria).
    12. The Peasant and the Bear (Russia).
    13. Mercury and the Traveler (Aesop).
- Cupid and Psyche, as recorded by the Roman writer Lucius Apuleius.

- Death of a Child: Folktales about Excessive Mourning
    1. The Parable of the Mustard Seed (A Buddhist parable).
    2. The Death of a Dearly Loved Grandson (A Buddhist parable from *The Udana*).
    3. Ubbiri: Why Weep for Eighty-Four Thousand Daughters (A Buddhist parable).
    4. The Burial Shirt (Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm).
    5. A Mother's Tears (Thomas of Cantimpré).
    6. Let the Dead Rest (Germany).

7. Grief-Stricken Mothers (Germany).
8. The Sad Little Angel (Germany).
9. Excessive Grief for the Dead (England).

- Death of an Underground Person, or of the King of the Cats. Migratory legends of type 6070B and tales of Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 113A.

1. Torke's Child Is Dead / Kilian's Child Is Dead (Germany).
2. Hübel and Habel (Germany).
3. Prilling and Pralling Is Dead (Germany).
4. Pingel Is Dead! (Germany).
5. The Unknown Girl (Germany).
6. King Pippe Is Dead! (Denmark).
7. The Troll Turned Cat (Denmark).
8. The Cat of the Carman's Stage (Ireland).
9. The King of the Cats (Ireland).
10. The King of the Cats (Scotland).
11. The King o' the Cats (England).
12. Dildrum, King of the Cats (England).
13. Mally Dixon (England).
14. Johnny Reed's Cat (England).
15. Le Petit Colin (Guernsey).

- Death of the Seven Dwarfs, a folk legend from Switzerland with an ending quite different from that of the familiar fairy tale "Snow-White and the Seven Dwarfs" by the Grimm brothers.
- **Devil.**

How the Devil Married Three Sisters and other type 311 tales.

1. How the Devil Married Three Sisters (Italy).
2. The Cobbler and His Three Daughters (Basque).
3. Your Hen Is in the Mountain (Norway).
4. Fitcher's Bird (Germany).
5. The Hare's Bride (Germany).
6. The Three Chests: The Story of the Wicked Old Man of the Sea (Finland).
7. The Widow and Her Daughters (Scotland).
8. Peerifool (Scotland).
9. The Secret Room (USA).
10. Zerendac (Palestine).
11. The Tiger's Bride (India).

- The Devil (or Ogre) and the Gun. Folktales of type 1157 in which a stupid ogre is tricked into shooting himself.

1. How the Devil Played the Flute (Germany).
2. The Origin of the Jack-o'-Lantern (Wales).

- Devil's Bridge Legends. Folktales of type 1191, in which the devil builds a bridge, but is then cheated out of the human soul he expected as payment.

1. The Sachsenhäuser Bridge at Frankfurt (Germany).
2. The Bamberg Cathedral and Bridge (Germany).
3. The Devil's Bridge in Lake Galenbeck (Germany).

4. The Devil's Bridge (Austria).
5. The Devil's Bridge (Switzerland).
6. The Devil's Bridge (Switzerland/France).
7. The Devil's Bridge in Cardiganshire (Wales).
8. The Devil's Bridge (Wales).
9. The Devil's Bridge (Wales).
10. The Devil's Bridge at Kirkby (England).
11. The Bridge at Kentchurch (England).
12. The Devil's Bridge (England).
13. Kilgrim Bridge (England).

- Dividing Souls in the Graveyard. Folktales of type 1791.
    1. The Miller and the Tailor (England).
    2. The Bag of Nuts (Derbyshire, England).
    3. Mother Elston's Bag of Nuts (Devonshire, England).
    4. Tom Daly and the Nut-Eating Ghost (Ireland).
    5. Dividing the Souls (Virginia, USA).
    6. Dividing the Souls (North Carolina, USA).
- Doctor Know-All and other folktales of type 1641 about being in the right place at the right time.
    1. Harisarman (India).
    2. The Stolen Treasure (India).
    3. Crab (Italy).
    4. Doctor Know-All (Germany).
    5. Doctor and Detective (Denmark).
    6. The Charcoal Burner (Norway).
    7. Black Robin (Wales).
- Dragon Slayers: An Index Page.
- **Dream.**

Dream Bread. Tales of type 1626.

1. The Three Dreams (Petrus Alphonsi).
2. The Three Travelers (The *Masnavi*).
3. Jesus, Peter, and Judas (The *Toledot Yeshu*).
4. Of the Deceits of the Devil (*Gesta Romanorum*).
5. Comical History of Three Dreamers. (Spain).
6. The "Dream-Bread" Story Once More (USA).
7. The Three Travelers and the Load (W. A. Clouston).

The Man Who Became Rich through a Dream and other tales of type 1645 in which dreamers seek treasure abroad but find it at home.

1. The Ruined Man Who Became Rich Again Through a Dream (*The 1001 Nights*).
2. A Man of Baghdad (Persia).
3. Numan's Dream (Turkey).

4. How the Junkman Traveled to Find treasure in His Own Yard (Turkey).
5. The Peddler of Swaffham (England).
6. The Swaffham Legend (England).
7. A Cobbler in Somersetshire (England).
8. Upsall Castle (England).
9. Dundonald Castle (Scotland).
10. Themselves (Isle of Man).
11. Dreaming Tim Jarvis (Ireland).
12. The Dream of Treasure under the Bridge at Limerick (Ireland).
13. The Dream of the Treasure on the Bridge (Germany).
14. The Dream of Treasure (Austria).
15. The Dream of the Zirl Bridge (Austria).
16. The Church at Erritsø (Denmark).

- East of the Sun and West of the Moon. A classic animal bridegroom tale from the Norwegian collection of Asbjørnsen and Moe.
- Eat Me When I'm Fatter. Fables of type 122F.
    1. The Sheep, the Lamb, the Wolf, and the Hare (Tibet).
    2. The Lambikin (India).
    3. The Fisher and the Little Fish (Aesop).
    4. The Dog and the Wolf (Bohemia).
    5. Mr. Hawk and Brother Rabbit (African-America).
- Edenhall, The Luck of.
    1. The Luck of Edenhall (1). A fairy legend from Cumberland, England.
    2. The Luck of Eden Hall (2). Another version of the above tale.
    3. Das Glück von Edenhall. A German ballad by Ludwig Uhland.
    4. The Luck of Edenhall. An English translation of Uhland's ballad by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.
- The Emperor's New Clothes and other tales of type 1620.
    1. The Emperor's New Clothes (Denmark, Hans Christian Andersen).
    2. The Invisible Cloth (Spain).
    3. How Eulenspiegel Painted the Forbears of the Landgrave of Hessen (Germany).
    4. The Miller with the Golden Thumb (England).
    5. The King's New Turban (Turkey).
    6. The King and the Clever Girl (India).
    7. The Invisible Silk Robe (Sri Lanka).
- End of the World. Folktales type 20C,in which storytellers from around the world make light of paranoia and mass hysteria.
    1. The Timid Hare and the Flight of the Beasts (India, *The Jataka Tales*).
    2. The Flight of the Beasts (Tibet, Anton Schiefner).
    3. The Story of Chicken-Licken (England, James Orchard Halliwell-Phillipps).
    4. Henny-Penny and Her Fellow Travelers (Scotland, Robert Chambers).
    5. Henny-Penny (England/Australia).
    6. The End of the World (Ireland, Patrick Kennedy).
    7. The Cock and the Hen That Went to Dovrefjell (Norway, Peter Christen

Asbjørnsen and Jørgen Moe).
8. The Little Chicken Kluk and His Companions (Denmark, Benjamin Thorpe).
9. The End of the World (Flanders, Jean de Bosschère).
10. Brother Rabbit Takes Some Exercise (African-American, Joel Chandler Harris).

- **England**

Folklore, Folktales, and Fairy Tales from England, a library of books digitized by books.google.com and others.

- Ertha, the Germanic Earth Goddess. The account, written by Tacitus in the year 98, of a north German deity variously named Ertha, Hertha, Nerthus, or Mother Earth. She may be related to the folkloric figures known as Bertha or Frau Holle.

- Fairies' Hope for Christian Salvation. Migratory legends of type 5050.
    1. A Redeemer for the Elves? (Sweden).
    2. Salvation for the Neck (Sweden).
    3. The Water Nymph (Sweden).
    4. The Prospects of the *Huldre*-Folk for Salvation (Norway).
    5. The Trolls Desire to Be Saved (Denmark).
    6. The Clergyman and the Dwarfs (Denmark).
    7. When We Cease to Exist.... (An excerpt from "The Little Mermaid" by Hans Christian Andersen).
    8. A Ross-shire Narrative (Scotland).
    9. The Priest's Supper (Ireland).
    10. The Belated Priest (Ireland).
    11. The Fairy and the Priest (Ireland).
- Fairy Cup Legends. Migratory legends of type 6045 and other stories of drinking vessels stolen from or abandoned by fairies.
    1. The Oldenburg Horn (Germany, Hermann Hamelmann).
    2. The Oldenburg Horn (Germany, Adalbert Kuhn and Wilhelm Schwartz).
    3. The Osenberg Dwarfs (Germany, Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm).
    4. The Stolen Cup (Germany, Karl Müllenhoff).
    5. Church Cups (Germany/Denmark, Karl Müllenhoff).
    6. The Altar Cup in Aagerup [Ågerup] (Denmark, Thomas Keightley).
    7. Svend Fælling and the Elle-Maid (Denmark, J. M. Thiele).
    8. The Öiestad [Øyestad] Horn (Norway, Benjamin Thorpe).
    9. The Trolls Celebrate Christmas (Sweden, Benjamin Thorpe).
    10. Origin of the Noble Name of Trolle (Sweden, Benjamin Thorpe).
    11. The Fairy Banquet (England, William of Newburgh).
    12. The Fairy Horn (England, Gervase of Tilbury).
    13. The Story of the Fairy Horn (England, Ernest Rhys).
    14. The Rillaton Gold Cup (England, Sabine Baring-Gould).
    15. The Luck of Edenhall [Eden Hall] (England).
    16. The Fairy Cup of Kirk Malew (Isle of Man, George Waldron).
    17. The Silver Cup (Isle of Man, Sophia Morrison).
    18. The Trowie Pig (Scotland, John Nicolson).
- The Fairy Flag of Dunraven Castle. Legends from the Scottish Isle of Sky about a gift

from a fairy lover.

- Fairy Gifts. Stories of type 503 from around the world about mortals who are blessed or cursed by the "hidden people."
    1. The Fairies and the Hump-Back (Scotland).
    2. The Hunchback of Willow Brake (Scotland).
    3. The Legend of Knockgrafton (Ireland).
    4. The Palace in the Rath (Ireland).
    5. A Fairy Tale in the Ancient English Style (Thomas Parnell).
    6. Billy Beg, Tom Beg, and the Fairies (Isle of Man).
    7. The Fairies and the Two Hunchbacks: A Story of Picardy (France)
    8. The Tailor on the Brocken (Germany).
    9. The Gifts of the Mountain Spirits (Germany).
    10. The Gifts of the Little People (Germany).
    11. The Two Humpbacks (Italy).
    12. The Elves and the Envious Neighbor (Japan).
    13. How an Old Man Lost His Wen (Japan).
    14. The Story of Hok Lee and the Dwarfs (China).
- Fairy Theft. Legends about thieving fairies.
    1. Of the Subterranean Inhabitants (Scotland).
    2. Fairy Theft (Scotland).
    3. Fairy Control over Crops (Ireland).
    4. Fairies on May Day (Ireland).
    5. The Sidhe (Ireland).
    6. The Silver Cup (Isle of Man).
    7. The Three Cows (England).
    8. A "Verry Volk" Fest (Wales and Brittany).
    9. Riechert the Smith (Germany).
- The Faithful Wife. Folktales of type 888.
    1. Of Chastity (*Gesta Romanorum*).
    2. The Man Hitched to a Plow (France/Germany).
    3. Conrad von Tannenberg (Germany).
    4. The Lute Player (Russia).
    5. A Story Told by a Hindu (India).
    6. Link to Andreas Grein of Purbach, a related legend about Turkish slavery from Burgenland, Austria.
- **Father-daughter incest.**

The Father Who Wanted to Marry His Daughter. Folktales of type 510B.

1. Doralice (Italy, Giovanni Francesco Straparola).
2. The She-Bear (Italy, Giambattista Basile).
3. Donkey Skin (France, Charles Perrault).
4. Ass-Skin (Basque, Wentworth Webster).
5. All-Kinds-of-Fur, also known as "Allerleirauh" (Germany, Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, version of 1812, with a link to the version of 1857).
6. Cinder Blower (Germany, Karl Bartsch).
7. Kaiser Heinrich in Sudemer Mountain (Germany, A. Kuhn and W. Schwartz).

8. Broomthrow, Brushthrow, Combthrow (Austria, Theodor Vernaleken).
9. The Emperor's Daughter in the Pig Stall (Romania, Arthur and Albert Schott).
10. Fair Maria Wood (Italy, Thomas Frederick Crane).
11. Maria Wood (Italy, Rachel Harriette Busk).
12. All-Kinds-of-Fur (Greece, J. G. von Hahn).
13. The Princess Who Would Not Marry Her Father (Portugal, Consiglieri Pedroso).
14. The King Who Wished to Marry His Daughter (Scotland, J. F. Campbell).
15. Morag a Chota Bhain -- Margery White Coats (Scotland, J. F. Campbell).
16. Rashen Coatie (Scotland, Peter Buchan).
17. The Princess and the Golden Cow (England, Isabella Barclay).
18. The Story of Catskin (England, James Orchard Halliwell).
19. The Princess in the Cat-Skins (Ireland, Patrick Kennedy).
20. The Beautiful Princess (Lithuania, August Schleicher).
21. Pigskin (Russia, Alexander Afanasyev).
22. Kniaz Danila Govorila (Russia, Alexander Afanasyev).

- Faust Legends. Stories about mortals who enter into contracts with the demonic powers.
    1. Doctor Johann Faustus (Germany, abstracted from the Faust Chapbook of 1587).
    2. Dr. Faust at Boxberg Castle (Germany, Bernhard Baader).
    3. Faust's Book of Hell's Charms (Germany, Hermann Harrys).
    4. Dr. Faust's Hell-Master (Germany, Joh. Aug. Ernst Köhler).
    5. Dr. Faust in Erfurt (Germany, J. G. Th. Grässe).
    6. Dr. Faust and Melanchton in Wittenberg (Germany, J. G. Th. Grässe).
    7. Dr. Faust in Anhalt (Germany, Ludwig Bechstein).
    8. A Scholar Assigns Himself to the Devil (Denmark).
    9. Doctor Faustus Was a Good Man (1) (a nursery rhyme from England).
    10. Doctor Faustus Was a Good Man (2) (a nursery rhyme from England).
    11. Devil Compacts (Scotland).
    12. Dafydd Hiraddug and the Crow Barn (Wales, Elias Owen).
    13. Selected literary works based on the Faust Legend.
    14. Selected musical works based on the Faust Legend.
- The Fisherman and His Wife and other tales of dissatisfaction and greed.
    1. The Fisherman and His Wife (Germany).
    2. Hanns Dudeldee (Germany).
    3. The Old Man, His Wife, and the Fish (Russia).
    4. The Stonecutter (Japan).
    5. The Bullock's Balls (India).
- Flood Myths from the Philippines.
    1. The Flood Story (Igorot).
    2. The Flood Story (Bukidnon).
- The Flying Dutchman. Legends about a seaman cursed to sail the oceans forever.
    1. A Common Superstition of Mariners (Scotland, 1803).
    2. The Story of the Flying Dutchman *(A Voyage to New South Wales*, 1795).

3. Vanderdecken's Message Home (*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, 1821).
4. The Fable of the Flying Dutchman (Heinrich Heine, *The Memoirs of Herr von Schnabelewopski*, 1833).
5. We Meet the Flying Dutchman (*The Cruise of Her Majesty's Ship "Bacchante,"* 1881).
6. Links to additional texts.

- The Foolish Friend and other tales of type 1586, in which a fool kills an insect resting on someone's head, with catastrophic consequences.
    1. The Mosquito and the Carpenter (The Jataka Tales).
    2. The Foolish Friend (The Panchatantra).
    3. The Gardner and the Bear (Bidpai).
    4. The Stupid Boy (Sri Lanka).
    5. The Seven Wise Men of Buneyr (Pakistan).
    6. The Bald Man and the Fly (Aesop).
    7. The Bear and the Amateur of Gardening (Jean de La Fontaine).
    8. Fortunio (Giovanni Francesco Straparola).
    9. Giufà and the Judge (Italy).
    10. The Little Omelet (Italy).
    11. Permission Granted, but Probably Regreted (Switzerland).
    12. Foolish Hans (Austria-Hungary).
    13. The Blockhead and the Judge (England).
    14. The Tale of the Butter Tub (Iceland).
    15. The Seven Crazy Fellows (Philippines).
    16. The Monkeys and the Dragonflies (Philippines).
- Foolish Wishes. Tales of type 750A and other stories about the foolish use of magic wishes.
    1. The Two-Headed Weaver (The Panchatantra).
    2. The Three Wishes (1001 Nights).
    3. The Ridiculous Wishes (France, Charles Perrault).
    4. The Sausage (Sweden, Gabriel Djurklou).
    5. Loppi and Lappi (Estonia, Friedrich Kreutzwald).
    6. The Wishes (Hungary, W. Henry Jones and Lewis L. Kropf).
    7. The Woodman's Three Wishes (England, Thomas Sternberg).
    8. The Three Wishes (England, Joseph Jacobs).
    9. The Monkey's Paw (England, W. W. Jacobs).
- A Fool Does Not Count the Animal He Is Riding. Folktales of type 1288A.
    1. The Simpleton with Ten Asses (Turkey).
    2. The Hodja and His Eight Donkeys (Turkey).
    3. Johha Fails to Count the Donkey He Is Riding (Palestine).
- The Fool Whose Wishes All Came True. Folktales of type 675.
    1. Hans Dumb (Germany).
    2. Stupid Michel (Germany).
    3. Lazy Lars, Who Won the Princess (Denmark).
    4. Emelyan the Fool (Russia).
    5. Halfman (Greece).

the *Harvard Classics*, vol. 17, part 1. This site is part of Great Books Online: bartleby.com.

2. Aesop's Fables, edited by John R. Long.

3. Aesop's Children. A selection of fables depicting the relationship between children and adults.

4. Old Folks in Aesop's Fables.

- Aging and Death in Folklore. An essay by D. L. Ashliman, with supporting texts from proverbs, folktales, and myths from around the world.
- Air Castles. Tales of type 1430 about daydreams of wealth and fame.
    1. The Broken Pot (India, *The Panchatantra*).
    2. The Poor Man and the Flask of Oil (India, Bidpai).
    3. The Story of the Devotee Who Spilt the Jar of Honey and Oil (India / Persia).
    4. What Happened to the Ascetic When He Lost His Honey and Oil (*Kalilah and Dimnah*).
    5. The Daydreamer (India, Cecil Henry Bompas).
    6. Sheik Chilli (India, Alice Elizabeth Dracott).
    7. The Fakir and His Jar of Butter (*1001 Nights*).
    8. The Barber's Tale of His Fifth Brother (1001 Nights).
    9. Day-Dreaming (*1001 Nights*, retold by Joseph Jacobs).
    10. The Milkmaid and Her Pail (Aesop).
    11. Story of an Old Woman, Carrying Milk to Market in an Earthen Vessel (France, Jacques de Vitry).
    12. What Happened to a Woman Called Truhana (Spain, Prince Don Juan Manuel).
    13. The Dairywoman and the Pot of Milk (France, Jean de La Fontaine).
    14. Lazy Heinz (Germany, Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm).
    15. Lean Lisa (Germany, Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm).
    16. Buttermilk Jack (England, Thomas Hughes).
    17. The Lad and the Fox (Sweden, Gabriel Djurklou).
    18. The Peasant and the Cucumbers (Russia, Leo Tolstoy).
    19. The Milkmaid and Her Bucket (USA, Ambrose Bierce).
- Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves from the *1001 Nights*. The classic "Open Sesame" tale (type 676).
    1. The Forty Thieves (retold by Andrew Lang).
    2. Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves (translated by Richard F. Burton).
- Amleth, Prince of Denmark, from the *Gesta Danorum* of Saxo Grammaticus. This account, written about 1185 but based on older oral tradition, describes the same players and events that were immortalized by William Shakespeare in his *The Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, written about 1602.
- **Andersen, Hans Christian** (1805-1875).
    1. Hans Christian Andersen: Fairy Tales and Stories. An excellent home page featuring Denmark's most famous writer. Included here are a chronological listing of Andersen's folk-like fairy tales, electronic texts of most stories, and links to additional information.
    2. The H. C. Andersen Home Page. Links to Andersen's works in Danish. This site

6. Juvadi and the Princess (Italy).
7. Peter the Fool (Giovanni Francesco Straparola, *The Facetious Nights*).
8. Peruonto (Giambattista Basile, *The Pentamerone*).

- Fools Cannot Count Themselves. Folktales of type 1287.
    1. The Twelve Men of Gotham (England).
    2. The Five Traveling Journeymen (Germany).
    3. The Seven Wise Men of Buneyr (Pakistan).
    4. The Lost Peasant (Kashmir).
    5. How the Kadambawa Men Counted Themselves (Sri Lanka).
- Forgiveness and Redemption. Legends of type 755 and 756.
    1. Tannhäuser (Germany).
    2. The Woman Who Had No Shadow (Scandinavia).
- The Fox and the Cat and other fables of type 105 about the dangers of being too clever.
    1. The Fish That Were Too Clever (India, The Panchatantra).
    2. The Crow and the Swan (India, The Mahabharata).
    3. The Fox and the Cat (Aesop).
    4. The Cat and Fox (France, Jean de La Fontaine).
    5. The Fox and the Cat (Germany, Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm).
    6. The Seven-Witted Fox and the One-Witted Owl (Romania).
    7. The Fox and His Bagful of Wits and the One-Witted Hedgehog (Romania).
    8. The Fox and the Hedgehog (South Slavonic).
    9. The Fox and the Hedgehog (Greece).
    10. The Bear as Judge (Finland).
    11. Two Losses (Georgia).
    12. Can You Swim? (England).
- The Fox and the Crow. Fables of type 57.
    1. The Fox and the Crow (Aesop, 4 versions).
    2. Le Corbeau et le Renard (La Fontaine).
    3. The Crow and the Fox (La Fontaine).
    4. Jambu-Khādaka-Jātaka. (India).
    5. Anta-Jātaka (India).
    6. Auac and Lamiran (Philippines).
    7. The Fox and the Raven (China).
- The Fox (or Jackal) and the Fleas. Fables of type 63.
    1. The Fox and the Flees (Scotland).
    2. The Jackal and the Flees (India).
- The Fox Steals the Butter. Fables of type 15.
    1. Reynard and Bruin (Europe).
    2. The Fox Cheats the Bear out of His Christmas Fare (Norway).
    3. The Fox and The Wolf (Netherlands).
    4. The Keg of Butter (Scotland).
    5. Cat and Mouse in Partnership (Germany).
    6. Mister Rabbit Nibbles Up the Butter (African-American).
- The Fox, the Wolf, and the Horse and other fables of type 47E.

1. The Fox, the Wolf, and the Horse (France, Jean de La Fontaine).
2. Two Foxes and a Horse (Scotland).
3. The Wolf and the Tailor (Russia).
4. The Vixen and the Mule (Italy).

- Frau Holle by Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm. A comparison of the versions of 1812 and 1857.
- Fridleif the Dragon Slayer. An account of a Danish hero from the *Gesta Danorum* by Saxo Grammaticus.
- Frog Kings. Folktales of type 440 about slimy suitors.
    1. The Frog King; or, Iron Heinrich (Germany, Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm).
    2. The Frog Prince (The first English translation [with an altered title and a revised ending] of the above tale).
    3. The Frog Prince (Germany, Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm).
    4. The Wonderful Frog (Hungary, W. Henry Jones and Lewis L. Kropf).
    5. The Enchanted Frog (Germany, Carl and Theodor Colshorn).
    6. The Queen Who Sought a Drink from a Certain Well (Scotland, J. F. Campbell).
    7. The Paddo (Scotland, Robert Chambers).
    8. The Well of the World's End (Scotland, Joseph Jacobs).
    9. The Maiden and the Frog (England, James Orchard Halliwell-Phillipps).
    10. The Kind Stepdaughter and the Frog (England, W. Henry Jones and Lewis L. Kropf).
    11. The Frog Prince (Sri Lanka [Ceylon], H. Parker).
    12. A Frog for a Husband (Korea, William Elliot Griffis).
- The Frog King by the brothers Grimm. A comparison of the versions of 1812 and 1857.
- Der Froschkönig von den Brüdern Grimm. A comparison, in the orignal German, of the versions of 1812 and 1857.

- Gambara and the Longbeards (Langobards). A clever woman, with the help of the goddess Frea (Frigg), tricks Wodan (Odin) into blessing her tribe with victory.
- **Gawain.**

Sir Gawain and the Green Knight. The middle English text, based on a printed book edited by J. R. R. Tolkien and E. V. Gordon.

- Gefion's Home Page. This site contains two accounts, both written by Snorri Sturlason, the 13th-century Icelandic writer, describing how the Æsir goddess Gefion (also spelled Gefjon) created the Danish island of Sjælland (Zealand) by plowing out an enormous field from the Kingdom of Sweden.
- The Girl with White Hands. A Zobell family legend about Kirstine Andersdatter, also known as Christine Andersen.
- Godfather Death. Tales of type 332.
    1. Godfather Death (Germany).
    2. Dr. Urssenbeck, Physician Death (Austria).
    3. The Boy with the Ale Keg (Norway).
    4. The Just Man (Italy).
- Godiva. The legend of Lady Godiva (Godgifu) from Coventry in Warwickshire, England.

1. Lady Godiva (Roger of Wendover).
2. Godiva (Alfred, Lord Tennyson).

- Golden Fowls.
  1. The Goose That Laid the Golden Eggs (Aesop).
  2. The Goose and the Golden Eggs (Aesop).
  3. The Golden Mallard (from *The Jataka; or, Stories of The Buddha's Former Births*).
  4. The Lucky-Bird Humá (Kashmir).
  5. The Duck That Laid Golden Eggs (Russia).
- The Golden Key. The Grimm Brothers' final tale, an enigmatic story with no ending, suggesting perhaps that there is no final word in folktale interpretation.

NEW
- The Grateful Animals and the Ungrateful Man. Fables of type 160.
  1. The Grateful Animals and the Ungrateful Man (India, *The Panchatantra*).
  2. The Traveler and the Goldsmith (India, *Kalila and Dimna*).
  3. Story of the Grateful Animals and the Ungrateful Woman (India, *The Kathasaritsagara*).
  4. The Grateful Animals and the Ungrateful Man (Tibet).
  5. Vitalis and the Woodcutter (England, attributed to Richard the Lionheart (*Richard Coeur de Lion*).
  6. Of Ingratitude (*Gesta Romanorum*).
  7. Adrian and Bardus (England, John Gower).
- The Grateful Dead. Folktales of type 505.
  1. Andersen, Hans Christian. Reisekammeraten (Denmark).
  2. Andersen, Hans Christian. The Travelling Companion (Denmark).
  3. Asbjørnsen, Peter Christen. The Companion (Norway).
  4. Campbell, J. F. The Barra Widow's Son (Scotland).
  5. Crane, Thomas Frederick. Fair Brow (Italy).
  6. Curtin, Jeremiah. Shaking Head (Ireland).
  7. Gale, James S. The Grateful Ghost (Korea).
  8. Gerould, Gordon Hall. *The Grateful Dead: The History of a Folk Story*.
  9. Groome, Francis Hindes. The Dead Man's Gratitude (Turkish-Gypsy).
  10. Grundtvig, Svend. De tre Mark (Denmark).
  11. Grundtvig, Svend. The Three Pennies (Denmark).
  12. Kennedy, Patrick. Jack the Master and Jack the Servant (Ireland).
  13. Lorimer, D. L. R. and E. O. The Story of the Grateful Corpse (Iran).
  14. MacManus, Seumas. The Snow, the Crow, and the Blood (Ireland).
  15. Spence, Lewis. The Man of Honour (Brittany).
  16. Steele, Robert. Sila Tsarevich and Ivashka with the White Smock (Russia).
  17. Straparola, Giovanni Francesco (or Gianfrancesco). Night 11, fable 2 of *The Facetious Nights* (Italy).
  18. Wolf, Johann Wilhelm. Des Todten Dank (Germany).
  19. Wratislaw, Albert Henry. The Spirit of a Buried Man (Poland).
- Greed. Folktales of type 68A in which an individual places himself at risk by trying to hold too much.
  1. The Boy and the Filberts (Aesop).

2. Capturing Monkeys (India).
3. The Greedy Monkey (Pakistan).
4. The Monkey and the Nuts (USA, Ambrose Bierce).

- **Grimm Brothers** -- Jacob (1785-1863) and Wilhelm (1786-1859).
  1. Grimm Brothers' Home Page.
  2. Grimms' *Children's and Household Tales* . Also known as *The Grimms' Fairy Tales*, this is the most influential of all folklore collections and one of the most beloved books of all time. At this site are listed all the stories' titles, in English and in German, plus their Aarne-Thompson-Uther type classification numbers. This site also includes links to texts of the Grimms' tales, both in the original German and in English translation.
  3. Grimms' Fairy Tales in English. A bibliography of books available without cost on the Internet.

- Hand from the Grave. Legends from Germany and Switzerland about wayward children whose hands, following their death and burial, refuse to stay buried.
  1. The Willful Child (Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm).
  2. The Hand on the Grave (J. D. H. Temme).
  3. The Parent Murderer of Salzwedel (J. D. H. Temme).
  4. The Hand in Mellenthin (A. Kuhn and W. Schwartz).
  5. A Hand Grows from the Grave (A. Kuhn and W. Schwartz).
  6. A Hand Grows from the Grave (three legends, Karl Bartsch).
  7. The Withered Hand in the Church at Bergen (A. Haas).
  8. The Cursed Hand (Karl Haupt).
  9. A Hand Grows from the Grave (Bernhard Baader).
  10. The Hand That Grew from the Grave (J. G. Th. Grässe).
  11. A Child's Hand That Wrongly Attacked a Mother Grows Out of the Grave (Friederich Wagenfeld).
  12. A Mother Disciplines Her Deceased Child (Switzerland, Franz Niderberger).
- Hand of Glory. Legends about magic lights made from human hands.
  1. The Hand of Glory (Sabine Baring-Gould)
  2. The Inn of Spital on Stanmore (England, Thomas and Katharine Macquoid).
  3. The Hand of Glory (three legends from England, Edwin Sidney Hartland).
  4. Thieves' Lights (Germany, Ernst Moritz Arndt).
  5. Spell and Counter-Spell (Germany, Adalbert Kuhn).
  6. Thieves' Lights (two legends from Germany, Karl Bartsch).
  7. The Finger of Sin (Poland).
  8. Thief's Foot -- Thief's Hand -- Thief's Finger (Netherlands).
- Hanging Game. Folktales of type 1343 (formerly type 1066), in which boys inadvertenly kill one of their comrades.
  1. The Hanging Game (England).
  2. Boys Try Beheading (Germany/Poland).
  3. The Hanging Game (Switzerland).
  4. Playing at Hanging (China).
- Hansel and Gretel by Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm: A comparison of the versions of 1812 and 1857.

- Hansel and Gretel, and other type 327 folktales about abandoned children.
    1. Hansel and Gretel (Germany, Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm).
    2. Ninnillo and Nennella (Italy, Giambattista Basile).
    3. Little Thumb (France, Charles Perrault).
    4. Molly Whuppie (England).
    5. Jan and Hanna (Poland).
    6. Old Grule (Moravia).
    7. The Little Boy and the Wicked Stepmother (Romania).
    8. Juan and Maria (Philippines).
- Haunted by the Ghost of a Murdered Child. Migratory legends of type 4025.
    1. Mother Mine, in the Fold, Fold (Iceland).
    2. The Child Phantom (Sweden).
    3. The Crying Child (Poland).
- Hávamál: The Words of Odin the High One. Proverbs and wisdom from the Elder or Poetic Edda.
- The Heathen Temple at Uppsala by Adam of Bremen. A description, written between 1072 and 1076, of the Norse temple dedicated to the gods Thor, Wotan (Odin), and Frey.
- Heimskringla; or, The Chronicle of the Kings of Norway by Snorri Sturluson. This monumental work is a collection of sagas concerning the rulers of Norway, between about 850 and 1177. It includes:
- Hello, House! Folktales of type 66A.
    1. The Hare and the Lion (Zanzibar).
    2. The Alligator and the Jackal (India).
    3. Heyo, House! (African-American).
- Hertha Lake, a legend about the heathen deity Hertha. This may be the earth goddess mentioned by Tacitus in his *Germania,* written in the year 98.
- Hildebrandslied. A heroic epic from eight-century Germany.
- **Hodja.** See Nasreddin Hodja: Tales of the Turkish Trickster.
- Hog Bridegrooms. Tales of type 441, in which a beautiful maiden is forced to marry a hog or a hedgehog.
    1. King Pig (Italy, Geovanni Francesco Straparola).
    2. Hans-My-Hedgehog, version of 1814 (Germany, Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm).
    3. The Wild Pig (Germany).
    4. Prince Hedgehog (Russia).
    5. The Hedgehog, the Merchant, the King, and the Poor Man (Hungary).
    6. The Enchanted Pig (Romania).
- **Horse.**

Catching a Horse by Its Tail. Folktales of type 47A in which a trickster cons his victim into thinking he can catch a horse by tying himself to its tail.

1. The Fox and the Horse (Germany).
2. Reynard Wants to Taste Horseflesh (Norway).
3. Fox and Wolf (Netherlands).
4. Brother Fox Catches Mr. Horse (African America).
5. The Fox and the Wolf (Native American--Chickasaw).

- Hot and Cold with the Same Breath. Folktales of type 1342.
    1. The Man and the Satyr (Aesop).
    2. The Satyr and the Traveler (Jean de La Fontaine).
    3. The Peasant and the Satyrs (Flanders).
- The Husband Who Was to Mind the House (Norway). A folktale of type 1408 in which a man and a woman exchange jobs for the day.
- Human Sacrifice in Legends and Myths.
    1. Human Sacrifice among the Gauls (France).
    2. Aun Sacrifices Nine Sons to Odin (Sweden).
    3. The Heathen Temple at Uppsala (Sweden).
    4. Buried Alive (Sweden).
    5. Of the Pestilence in Jutland (Denmark).
    6. The Höxter Ghost (Germany).
    7. Entombment (Germany).
    8. The Entombed Child (Germany).
    9. The Ghost at Spyker (Germany).
    10. Sacrificing Virgins to Lakes (Germany).
    11. The Old Church at Kohlstädt (Germany).
    12. The Name Greene (Germany).
    13. An Infant Speaks (Germany).
    14. The Secured Foundation Stone (Germany).
    15. Plesse Castle (Germany).
    16. Merlin the Magician Rescues King Vortigern (Wales).
    17. Sacrifice, Human (England).
    18. London Bridge Has Fallen Down (England).
    19. The Magdeburg Bridge -- Die Magdeburger Brücke (Germany).
    20. Story of the Bridge (Turkey -- Gypsy).
    21. Rumors of Foundation Sacrifice (India).
    22. Mbila (a Kabyl legend).
    23. How the Cannibals Drove the People from Insofan Mountain to the Cross River (Nigeria).
    24. Jephthah and His Daughter (Book of Judges).

- Iceland Accepts Christianity. The history of the first Christian mission in Iceland, abstracted from the medieval epic *Njal's Saga*.
- Ingratitude Is the World's Reward. Folktales of type 155. A kind person rescues a trapped animal, who in turn threatens to kill his benefactor. In the end the animal is tricked back into the trap.
    1. The Crocodile, the Brahman, and the Fox (India, The Southern Panchatantra).
    2. The Camel Driver and the Adder (Bidpai).
    3. The Brahman, the Tiger, and the Six Judges (India).
    4. The Tiger, the Brahman, and the Jackal (India).
    5. The Farmer, the Crocodile, and the Jackal (Pakistan).
    6. The Young Man and the Snake (Pakistan).
    7. The Jackal's Judgment (Sri Lanka).
    8. The Unmannerly Tiger (Korea).

NEW 9. The Snake's Thanks (Jewish).
10. Inside Again (Europe).
11. Of Nature and the Returns of Ingratitude (*Gesta Romanorum*).
12. The Reward of Good Deeds (Denmark).
13. The Reward of Kindness (Finland).
14. The Man, the Serpent, and the Fox (Greece).
15. The Ingrates (Italy).
16. The Lion, the Horse, and the Fox (Italy).
17. Ingratitude Is the World's Reward (Moravia).
18. The World's Reward (Russia).
19. The Peasant, the Snake, and King Solomon (Romania).
20. Brother Wolf Still in Trouble (African-American).

- **Ireland**

Folklore, Folktales, and Fairy Tales from Ireland, a library of books digitized by books.google.com and others.

- Jack and the Beanstalk. eight versions of the English folktale (type 328).
- The Jackal and the Farmer and other tales of type 154.
    1. The Jackal and the Farmer (North Africa, Kabyl).
    2. Well Done and Ill Paid (Norway).
- Japanese Folktales.
- Japanese Legends about Supernatural Sweethearts.
    1. The Robe of Feathers.
    2. The Snow Bride.
    3. Willow Wife.
    4. The White Butterfly.
    5. The Vampire Cat.
    6. The Firefly.
    7. The Princess Peony.
- Jataka Tales. Stories about the different incarnations of the future Buddha.
    1. The Future Buddha as a Wise Judge.
    2. The Mosquito and the Carpenter.
    3. The Golden Mallard.
    4. The Tortoise That Loved His Home Too Much.
    5. How a Parrot Told Tales of His Mistress and Had His Neck Wrung.
    6. The Monkey's Heart.
    7. The Talkative Tortoise.
    8. The People Who Saw the Judas Tree.
    9. The Timid Hare and the Flight of the Beasts.
    10. How a Vain Woman Was Reborn As a Dung-Worm.
    11. The Language of Animals.
    12. Sulasa and Sattuka.
    13. How an Ungrateful Son Planned to Murder His Old Father.
- Jephthah and His Daughter. A story of human sacrifice from the Old Testament.
- Kora and His Sister. A folktale from India about brother-sister incest.

- The Lambton Worm. A folk legend from England about a vicious serpent.
- **Lang, Andrew** (1844-1912).

Andrew Lang's Colored Fairy Books. Links to original texts.

- The Language of Animals. Folktales of type 670 about wife beating.
    1. The Language of Animals (from *The Jataka; or, Stories of the Buddha's Former Births*).
    2. The King and His Inquisitive Queen (India).
    3. The Billy Goat and the King (India).
    4. Ramai and the Bonga (India).
    5. The King Who Learnt the Speech of Animals (Sri Lanka).
    6. The Bull, the Donkey, and the Husbandman (from *The 1001 Nights*).
    7. The Merchant Who Knew the Language of Beasts (Palestine).
    8. The Snake's Gift: Language of Animals (Serbia).
    9. The Language of Animals (Bulgaria).
    10. The Language of Beasts (Bulgaria).
    11. Woman's Curiosity (Hungary).
    12. The Dog and the Cock (Denmark).
    13. Frederigo da Pozzuolo Is Pressed by His Wife to Tell a Secret (Italy, Giovanni Francesco Straparola).
- **Lion**
    - The Lion in the Water. Fables of type 92.
        1. The Lion and the Hare (India, *The Panchatantra*).
        2. The Lion and the Hare (Bidpai).
        3. Singh Rajah [Lion King] and the Cunning Little Jackals (India).
        4. The Killing of the Rakhas (India).
        5. The Lion and the Hare (India).
        6. The Tiger and the Shadow (Malaya).
        7. The Tiger and the Hare (Pakistan).
        8. The Tiger and the Fox (Pakistan).
        9. The Hare and the Lions (Tibet).
        10. Brother Rabbit Conquers Brother Lion (African-American, Joel Chandler Harris).
        11. Lion Brooks No Rival (African-American).
    - The Sick Lion. Fables of type 50 about lions and other powerful animals who are tricked into punishing a physically weaker (but very clever) animal's enemies.
        1. The Lion, the Wolf, and the Fox (Aesop).
        2. The Lion, Wolf, and Fox (Jean de La Fontaine).
        3. The Hyena Outwitted (India).
        4. The King of the Tigers Is Sick (Malaya).
- Llewellyn and His Dog Gellert and other folktales of type 178A.
    1. The Brahman's Wife and the Mongoose (India, *The Panchatantra*).
    2. The Dog and the Snake and the Child (India, *The Book of Sindibad*)
    3. The Brahman's Wife and the Mongoose (India, Georgiana Kingscote).
    4. The Greyhound, the Serpent, and the Child (*The Seven Wise Masters*).
    5. Folliculus and His Greyhound (*Gesta Romanorum*).

6. Beth Gellert (Wales, Joseph Jacobs).
7. The Dog Gellert (Wales, Horace E. Scudder).
8. The Farmer and His Dog (a modern fable).

- **Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth** (1807-1882).
    1. The Bell of Atri from *Tales of a Wayside Inn*.
    2. Norse Ballads of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.
        - The Challenge of Thor.
        - Thangbrand the Priest.
        - The Skeleton in Armor.
        - Tegner's Drapa [on the death of Balder the Beautiful].
- **Luther, Martin** (1483-1546).

Doctor Luther at the Wartburg. The legend of Martin Luther throwing an ink pot at the devil, here recorded by Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm.

- Lying Tales. Self-contradictory stories of type 1965 and similar playful lies.
    1. Lying Tale (England).
    2. Sir Gammer Vans (England).
    3. One Dark Night (USA).
    4. Knoist and His Three Sons (Germany).
    5. The Three Brothers (Italy).

- The Magdeburg Bridge -- Die Magdeburger Brücke (a nursery rhyme from Germany, similar to the English "London Bridge Is Falling Down").
- Magic Books. Legends from Northern Europe.
    1. The Sixth and Seventh Books of Moses (Chemnitz).
    2. The Sixth and Seventh Books of Moses (Rügen).
    3. The Black Book (Rügen).
    4. Faust's Book of Hell's Charms (Zellerfeld).
    5. Dr. Faust's Hell-Master (Erzgebirge).
    6. The Book of Cyprianus (Denmark).
    7. The Book of Magic (Russia).
- Man and Serpent. Fables of type 285D.
    1. The Man and the Serpent (Aesop).
    2. The Gold-Giving Snake (*The Panchatantra*).
    3. Of Good Advice (*Gesta Romanorum*).
    4. The Rattlesnake's Vengeance (Native American, Cherokee).
- The Man, the Boy, and the Donkey. Fables of type 1215 about the futility of trying to please everyone.
    1. The Man, the Boy, and the Donkey (Aesop).
    2. The Lady's Nineteenth Story (Turkey).
    3. It Is Difficult to Please Everyone (Turkey).
    4. Of the Olde Man and His Sonne That Brought His Asse to the Towne to Sylle (England).
    5. An Unusual Ride (Switzerland/Germany).
    6. The Miller, His Son, and the Ass (Jean de La Fontaine).
    7. Le Meunier, son fils et l'âne (Jean de La Fontaine).
- **Man, Isle of**

Folklore, Folktales, and Fairy Tales from the Isle of Man, a library of books digitized by books.google.com and others.

- Mastermaid (Norway). A masterful telling of a type 313 folktale.
- Master Builder Legends.
    1. Loki and the Master Builder (From *The Prose Edda* of Snorri Sturluson.
    2. King Olaf and the Giant (Norway/Sweden).
    3. The Giant Finn and Lund's Cathedral (Sweden).
    4. Esbern Snare and the Kalundborg Church (Denmark).
    5. The Builder Zi (Denmark).
    6. Who Built the Reynir Church? (Iceland).
    7. The Devil's Church near Dembe (Poland).
    8. Why the North Tower of Saint Stephen's Cathedral Remains Unfinished (Austria).
    9. The Two Master Builders at Wasserburg (Germany).
    10. The Master Builder of the Würzburg Cathedral (Germany).
- Melusina (Mélusine, Melusine). Legends about mermaids, water sprites, and forest nymphs and their sensuous relationships with mortal men.
    1. The Fair Melusina (Albania).
    2. Melusina (France).
    3. The Mysterious Maiden Mélusine (Luxembourg).
    4. Melusina (Germany).
    5. Herr Peter Dimringer von Staufenberg (Germany).
    6. The Water Maid (Germany).
    7. Brauhard's Mermaid (Germany).
    8. Melusina (Germany).
- Merlin the Magician Rescues King Vortigern: Why the Red Dragon Is the Emblem of Wales (Wales, W. Jenkyn Thomas).
- The Mermaid Wife and other legends of type 4080.
    1. The Mermaid Wife (Shetland Islands).
    2. The Silkie Wife (Shetland and Orkney Islands).
    3. Herman Perk and the Seal (Shetland Islands).
    4. The Sealskin (Iceland).
    5. Touched by Iron (Wales).
    6. Tom Moore and the Seal (Ireland).
    7. The Lady of Gollerus (Ireland).
- The Merseburg Incantations (Merseburger Zaubersprüche). Two magic poems from pre-Christian Germany.
    1. The first poem describes the activities of valkyrie-like sorceresses called "the Idisi" who have the power to bind or to free battling warriors. Following the narrative are the words of a brief incantation or charm chanted to free captured warriors.
    2. The second poem tells how a number of goddesses unsuccessfully attempt to cure the injured leg of Balder's horse. Wodan, with his unfailing magic, knows the right charm, and the horse is healed. The narrative concludes with the actual words of an incantation used to heal broken limbs. This pre-Christian incantation

is sponsored by the Danish Royal Library.
3. H. C. Andersen-Centret, a treasure trove of information (in Danish and in English) from the H. C. Andersen Center in Odense, Denmark.

- Androcles and the Lion. Tales of type 156, in which a man pulls a thorn from a lion's paw, thus gaining the beast's eternal gratitude and loyalty.
  1. Androcles (Aesop).
  2. The Slave and the Lion (Aesop).
  3. Androcles and the Lion (Joseph Jacobs).
  4. The Lion and the Saint [Saint Jerome] (Andrew Lang).
  5. Of the Remembrance of Benefits (*Gesta Romanorum*).
  6. The Lion and the Thorn (Ambrose Bierce).
- Animal Brides. Folktales of type 402.
  1. Chonguita the Monkey Wife (Philippines).
  2. The Dog Bride (India).
  3. The Cat Who Became a Queen (India).
  4. The Mouse Maiden (Sri Lanka).
  5. The Frog's Skin (Georgia).
  6. The Tsarevna Frog (Russia).
  7. The Frog (Austria/Italy).
  8. The Frog's Bridegroom (Germany).
  9. Doll i' the Grass (Norway).
  10. The She-Wolf (Croatia).
  11. Links to additional tales of type 402.
- Animal Brides and Animal Bridegrooms: Tales Told by North American Indians.
  1. The Bear Who Married a Woman (Tsimshian).
  2. The Girl Who Married the Crow (Thompson [Ntlakyapamuk]).
  3. The Woman Who Became a Horse (Thompson [Ntlakyapamuk]).
  4. The Woman Who Became a Horse (Skidi Pawnee).
  5. The Bear Woman (Okanagon).
  6. The Fish Man (Salish).
  7. The Man Who Married a Bear (Nez Percé).
  8. Of the Woman Who Loved a Serpent Who Lived in a Lake (Passamaquoddy).
- Anti-Semitic Legends. A collection of legends reflecting anti-Jewish sentiment among European Christians. These tales, like their witchcraft analogs, illustrate an unfortunate chapter in human history.
  1. The Jews' Stone (Austria).
  2. The Girl Who Was Killed by Jews (Germany).
  3. Pfefferkorn the Jew at Halle (Germany).
  4. The Expulsion of the Jews from Prussia (Germany).
  5. The Bloody Children of the Jews (Germany).
  6. The Imprisoned Jew at Magdeburg (Germany).
  7. The Chapel of the Holy Body at Magdeburg (Germany).
  8. The Lost Jew (Germany).
  9. The Story of Judas (Italy).
  10. Malchus at the Column (Italy).

is similar to charms against sprains recorded in the Orkney and Shetland Islands during the nineteenth century.

- Midas, and other folktales of type 782 about humans with animal ears or horns.
    1. Midas (Greece).
    2. The Goat's Ears of the Emperor Trojan (Serbia).
    3. The King with the Horse's Ears (Ireland).
    4. March's Ears (1) (Wales).
    5. March's Ears (2) (Wales).
    6. The Child with the Ears of an Ox (India).
    7. The Presidente Who Had Horns (Philippines).
- Midwife (or Godparent) for the Elves. A human helps deliver an elf-woman's baby, or serves as the elf-child's godparent. Stories of this type are found throughout northern Europe, and are classified as migratory legend type 5070 or Aarne-Thompson-Uther folktale type 476*.
    1. The Troll Labor (Sweden, Peter Rahm).
    2. The Clergyman's Wife (Sweden).
    3. The Servant Girl and the Elves (Germany, Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm).
    4. The Godmother (Switzerland, Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm).
    5. The Woman among the Elves (Germany, Karl Lyncker).
    6. The Dwarfs in Schalk Mountain (Germany, Carl and Theodor Colshorn).
    7. An Underground Woman in Labor (Germany, Karl Bartsch).
    8. Midwife for a Nixie (Germany, Adalbert Kuhn and Wilhelm Schwartz).
    9. The Midwife of Hafoddydd (Wales, John Rhys).
    10. The Fairy Nurse (Ireland, W. R. Wilde).
    11. The Fairy Nurse (Ireland, Patrick Kennedy).
    12. The Midwife of Listowel (Ireland, Jeremiah Curtin).
    13. Fairy Ointment (England, Anna Eliza Bray).
    14. Fairy Ointment (England, Joseph Jacobs).
- Monkey Bridegrooms.
    1. The Monkey Boy (India).
    2. The Monkey and the Girl (India).
    3. The Monkey Husband (India).
    4. Juan Wearing a Monkey's Skin (Philippines).
    5. The Enchanted Prince (Philippines).
    6. Mr. Monkey, the Bridegroom (French Louisiana).
- The Monkey's Heart. Folktales of type 91, in which a captive animal rescues itself by claiming to have left its heart (or other tasty organ) at home.
    1. The Monkey's Heart (India, *Jataka Tales*).
    2. The Monkey and the Crocodile (India, *Suka Saptati; or, Seventy Tales of a Parrot*)
    3. The Foolish Dragon (China).
    4. The Monkey and the Jellyfish (Japan).
    5. The Jellyfish and the Monkey (Japan).
    6. The Heart of a Monkey (Africa, Swahili).
    7. Brother Rabbit and the Gizzard-Eater (African-American, Joel Chandler Harris).

- The Moon in the Well, folktales of type 1335A about fools who attempt to rescue the moon's reflection from a pond or a well.
    1. Nasreddin Hodja Rescues the Moon (Turkey).
    2. The Monkeys and the Moon (Tibet).
    3. The Moon in the Mill-Pond (African-American, Joel Chandler Harris).
    4. The Three Sillies (England).
- **Mother and child.**
    - Every Mother Thinks Her Child Is the Most Beautiful, folktales of type 247.
        1. The Crow and Its Ugly Fledglings (Romania).
        2. Why Is There Enmity Between the Crow and the Hawk? (Romania).
        3. The Eagle and the Owl (France).
        4. Everyone Thinks His Children Are Best (Norway).
        5. Jupiter and the Monkey (Aesop).
        6. Jupiter and the Baby Show (Ambrose Bierce).
    - Mother Killed Me, Father Ate Me, folktales of type 720.
        1. The Juniper Tree (Germany).
        2. The Girl and the Boy (Austria).
        3. The Crow's Nest (Hungary).
        4. The Rose-Tree (England).
        5. The Satin Frock (England).
        6. The Milk-White Doo [Dove] (Scotland).
        7. The Little Boy and the Wicked Stepmother (Romania).
- **Mouse, Mice.**
    - The Iron-Eating Mice. Folktales of type 1592.
        1. Miracle upon Miracle (India, *The Panchantantra*).
        2. The Mice That Ate an Iron Balance (India, *The Kátha Sarit Ságara; or, Ocean of the Streams of Story*).
        3. The Iron Weights and Scales Which Were Eaten by Mice (India, *The "Suka Saptati," or, The Seventy Tales of Parrot.*
        4. The Faithless Depositary (France, Jean de La Fontaine).
        5. The Two Merchants (Russia, Leo Tolstoy).
    - The Mouse Who Was to Marry the Sun. Fables of type 2031C.
        1. The Transformed Mouse Seeks a Bridegroom (India).
        NEW 2. A Story on Caste (India).
        3. The Rats and Their Daughter (Japan).
        4. A Bridegroom for Miss Mole (Korea).
        5. The Most Powerful Husband in the World (French North Africa).
        NEW 6. The Vole Who Sought a Wife (Marie de France).
        NEW 7. The Mouse Metamorphosed into a Maid (Jean de La Fontaine).
        8. The Story of the Rat and Her Journey to God (Romania).
    - Town Mouse and Country Mouse. Fables of type 112.
        1. The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse (Aesop).
        2. The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse (Horace).
        3. The Town Rat and the Country Rat (La Fontaine).
        4. The Story of the Town Mouse and the Field Mouse (Romania).

5. The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse (Norway).

- Multiple Births in Legend and Folklore. Multiple births have not always been considered to be a blessing. Indeed, as the following legends show, in times past they were sometimes seen to be a sign of the mother's infidelity or other sin, with potentially fatal consequences for the children.
    1. King Aistulf (Germany, Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm).
    2. As Many Children As There Are Days in the Year (The Netherlands, Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm).
    3. The Woman with Three Hundred and Sixty-Six Children (Netherlands, William Elliot Griffis).
    4. The Boy in the Fishpond (Germany, Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm).
    5. The Origin of the Welfs (Germany, Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm).
    6. Wölpe (Germany, A. Kuhn and W. Schwarz).
    7. Donkey Meadow and the Nine Brunos (Germany, A. Kuhn and W. Schwarz).
    8. Nine Children at One Time (Germany, Ludwig Bechstein).
    9. The Entombed Noblewoman (Austria, Johann Adolf Heyl).
    10. The Dogs (Germany, Karl Lyncker).
    11. The Nine Children (Germany, Karl Lyncker).
    12. Twelve Children Born at One Time (Scandinavia).
    13. Links to related stories.

- Folk and Mythology Electronic Texts, page 2.

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11. Buttadeu (Sicily).
12. The Eternal Jew on the Matterhorn (Switzerland).
13. The Jew in the Thorns (Germany).

- Arthur, Legendary King of Britain: Excerpts from his Life Story.
    1. Arthur's Conception and Birth.
    2. Arthur Is Chosen King.
    3. Arthur Gets the Sword Excalibur from the Lady of the Lake.
    4. Arthur Marries Guinevere.
    5. Arthur Kills a Giant at Mont-Saint-Michel.
    6. Mordred's Treachery.
- **Asbjørnsen, Peter Christen** (1812-1885) and **Moe, Jørgen** (1813-1882). Norske Folkeeventyr. The classic collection of Norwegian folktales, here in the Norwegian language.

- Bald Stories: Folktales about Hairless Men.
    1. A Man and Two Wives (Aesop -- L'Estrange, type 1394).
    2. The Man and His Two Wives (Aesop -- Jacobs, type 1394).
    3. The Middle-Aged Man between Two Ages and His Two Mistresses (Jean de La Fontaine, type 1394).
    4. A Horse-Man's Wig Blown Off (Avianus).
    5. The Bald Man and the Fly (Aesop, type 1586).
    6. The Pedant, the Bald Man, and the Barber (Europe, type 1284).
    7. The Foolish Bald Man and the Fool Who Pelted Him (India).
    8. How Saint Peter Lost His Hair (Germany, type 774J).
    9. How Come Mr. Buzzard to Have a Bald Head (African-American).
- The Bear Trainer and His Cat. Folktales of Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 1161 (also categorized as migratory legends of Christiansen type 6015) in which a troll or other sinister creature mistakes a bear for a cat (or other domestic animal), then quickly learns that bears do not make good pets.
    1. Peer Gynt and the Trolls (Norway).
    2. The Cat on the Dovrefjell (Norway).
    3. The Cat of Norrhult (Sweden).
    4. The Troll and the Bear (Denmark).
    5. The Kobold and the Polar Bear (Germany).
    6. The Cat Mill (Germany).
    7. The Water Nix in the Oil Mill near Frauendorf (Germany).
    8. The Water-Man (Moravia).
    9. Kelpie and the Boar (Scotland).
- Bearskin and other tales of type 361, in which a man gains a fortune and a beautiful bride by entering into a pact with the devil.
    1. Bearskin (Hans Jakob Christoffel von Grimmelshausen, Germany).
    2. Bearskin (Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, Germany).
    3. The Devil as Partner (Switzerland).
    4. Hell's Gatekeeper (Austria).
    5. Never-Wash (Russia).
    6. Don Giovanni de la Fortuna (Sicily).

7. The Reward of Kindness (Philippines)

- Beauty and the Beast. Folktales of type 425C.
    1. Beauty and the Beast (Reconstructed from various European sources by Joseph Jacobs).
    2. Beauty and the Beast (France, Jeanne-Marie LePrince de Beaumont).
    3. The Story of Beauty and the Beast (France, Gabrielle-Suzanne Barbot de Villeneuve).
    4. Beauty and the Beast (France, Gabrielle-Suzanne Barbot de Villeneuve [abridged and retold by Andrew Lang]).
    5. Beauty and the Beast (Basque, Wentworth Webster).
    6. The Small-Tooth Dog (England, Sidney Oldall Addy).
    7. The Summer and Winter Garden (Germany, Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm).
    8. The Singing, Springing Lark (Germany, Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm).
    9. The Clinking Clanking Lowesleaf (Germany, Carl and Theodor Colshorn).
    10. The Little Nut Twig (Germany, Ludwig Bechstein).
    11. Little Broomstick (Germany, Ludwig Bechstein).
    12. The Enchanted Frog (Germany, Carl and Theodor Colshorn).
    13. Beauty and the Horse (Denmark, J. Christian Bay).
    14. The Singing Rose (Austria, Ignaz and Joseph Zingerle).
    15. The Bear Prince (Switzerland, Otto Sutermeister).
    16. Zelinda and the Monster (Italy, Thomas Frederick Crane).
    17. The Snake-Prince (Greece, Lucy M. J. Garnett).
    18. The Enchanted Tsarévich (Russia, Alexander Afanasyev).
    19. The Fairy Serpent (China, Adele M. Fielde).
- **Bells.**
    - The Bell of Justice. Folktales of type 207C, in which a serpent or an abandoned old horse gains justice by tugging on a bell rope.
        1. Of the Vicissitude of Everything Good, and Especially of a Right Justice (*Gesta Romanorum*).
        2. The Emperor Charlemagne and the Serpent (Switzerland).
        3. The Bell of Atri (Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, *Tales of a Wayside Inn*).
        4. The Dumb Plaintiff (Germany).
    - Sunken Bells. Legends of type 7070.
        1. Kentsham Bell (Herefordshire, England).
        2. The Bells of Forrabury Church (Cornwall, England).
        3. The Bosham Bell (Sussex, England).
        4. The Whitby Abbey Bells (Yorkshire, England).
        5. The Whitby Abbey Bells (Yorkshire, England).
        6. The Buried Chime (Yorkshire, England).
        7. The Bells of Brinkburn (Brinkburn/Durham, England).
- Beowulf: A Summary in English Prose.
- Big Peter and Little Peter, a classic trickster tale of type 1535 from Norway.
- The Bird's Three Precepts. Fables of type 150, in which a captured bird gains its freedom by giving its captor three pieces of advice.
    1. Of Hearing Good Counsel (*Gesta Romanorum*).

2. The Three Proverbs (Poland).

- The Black School. Migratory legends of type 3000, in which a wizard in training escapes from his satanic teacher, albeit with the loss of his shadow.
    1. The Black School (Iceland).
    2. Black Airt (Scotland).
- The Blind Men and the Elephant. Parables of type 1317.
    1. The Blind Men and the Elephant (*The Udāna*).
    2. On the Blind Men and the Affair of the Elephant (Sanai, *The Enclosed Garden of the Truth*).
    3. All Faiths Lead to God: Four Blind Men and an Elephant (Ramakrishna)
    4. The Blind Men and the Elephant: A Hindoo Fable (John Godfrey Saxe).
    5. The King and the Elephants (Leo Tolstoy).
- The Blood Brothers, a European folktale of type 303.
- The Blue Light by Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm: A Comparison of the Versions of 1815 and 1857.
- The Blue Light. Folktales of type 462.
    1. The Blue Light (Germany, Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm).
    2. The Iron Man (Germany, August Ey).
    3. The Three Dogs (Germany, Georg Schambach and Wilhelm Müller).
    4. The Tinderbox (Denmark, Hans Christian Andersen).
    5. Lars, My Lad! (Sweden, G. Djurklo).
    6. Sir Buzz (India, Flora Annie Steel).
- Bluebeard. Folktales of types 312 and 312A about women whose brothers rescue them from their ruthless husbands or abductors.
    1. Bluebeard (France, Charles Perrault).
    2. King Bluebeard (Germany).
    3. Don Firriulieddu (Italy).
    4. The Little Boy and His Dogs (African-American, Joel Chandler Harris).
    5. Blue-Beard (North Carolina, USA).
    6. The Chosen Suitor (Antigua, British West Indies).
    7. The Brahman Girl That Married a Tiger (India).
- The Blue Belt. A folktale from Norway, collected in the mid nineteenth century by Peter Christen Asbjørnsen and Jørgen Moe. The magic belt in this tale is reminiscent of the Norse god Thor's belt of strength as described in *The Prose Edda* of Snorri Sturluson.
- **Boccaccio, Giovanni** (1313-1375).
    1. The Decameron Web. Sponsored by the Italian Studies Department at Brown University.
    2. The Boy Who Had Never Seen a Woman. Tales of type 1678.
    3. The Enchanted Pear Tree. Tales of type 1423.
    4. The Three-Ring Parable. Tales of type 972.
    5. Griselda (type 887).
- The Boy Who Had Never Seen a Woman. Tales of types 1678 and 1459.
    1. Filippo Balducci and His Son (abstracted from *The Decameron* by Giovanni Boccaccio).

2. A Young Monk Wanted to Have a Goose (Germany).
3. An Inexperienced Youth (Italy, *The Facetiæ* of Poggio).

- Breaking Wind: Legendary Farts.
  1. The Historic Fart (*1001 Nights*).
  2. The Hodja as Envoy to the Kurds (Turkey).
  3. How Till Eulenspiegel Became a Furrier's Apprentice (Germany).
  4. Till Eulenspiegel and the Innkeeper at Cologne (Germany).
  5. Deceiving the Devil (Germany).
- The Bremen Town Musicians and other folktales of type 130, about aging animals who make a new life for themselves.
  1. The Bremen Town Musicians (Germany).
  2. The Robber and the Farm Animals (Germany/Switzerland).
  3. The Choristers of St. Gudule (Flanders).
  4. The Story of the White Pet (Scotland).
  5. The Bull, the Tup, the Cock, and the Steg (England).
  6. Jack and His Comrades (Ireland).
  7. How Jack Went to Seek His Fortune, version 1 (USA).
  8. How Jack Went to Seek His Fortune, version 2 (USA).
  9. The Dog, the Cat, the Ass, and the Cock (USA).
  10. Benibaire (Spain).
  11. The World's Reward (South Africa).
- Bride Tests. Folktales about housekeeping tests used for choosing a bride.
  1. The Hurds (type 1451, Germany).
  2. Choosing a Bride (type 1452, Germany).
  3. The Cheese Test (type 1452, Switzerland).
  4. The Storehouse Key in the Distaff (type 1453, Norway).
  5. The Suitor (types 1450, 1453, and 1457; Denmark).
- **Brothers.**

The Blood Brothers, a European folktale of type 303.

The Brothers Who Were Turned into Birds, folktales of type 451.

1. The Seven Doves (Italy, Giambattista Basile).
2. The Curse of the Seven Children (Italy).
3. The Bewitched Brothers (Romania).
4. The Twelve Brothers (Germany, Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm).
5. The Seven Ravens (Germany, Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm).
6. The Six Swans (Germany, Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm).
7. The Twelve Wild Ducks (Norway, Peter Christen Asbjørnsen and Jørgen Engebretsen Moe).
8. The Wild Swans (Denmark, Hans Christian Andersen).
9. The Little Sister: The Story of Suyettar and the Nine Brothers (Finland).
10. The Twelve Wild Geese (Ireland).
11. The Sister and Her Seven Brothers (Basque).
12. Udea and Her Seven Brothers (Libya).

- Bump in the Night.
    1. Scottish Prayer.
    2. When the Whole Earth Was Overrun with Ghosts (England).

- Cain and Abel. Scriptures and folktales.
    1. Cain and Abel (Genesis).
    2. The Story of the Two Sons of Adam (The Koran).
    3. Kabil and Habil (Palestine).
    4. Cain and Abel (Turkey).
    5. Cain and Abel (Turkey [Armenian]).
    6. Abel and Cain (Italy).
    7. The First Grave (Poland).
- **Cannibalism.**

The Place Where There Were No Graves. Folktales about eating dead people.

    1. The Place Where There Were No Graves (Egypt).
    2. The Country Where Death Is Not (Sudan).
- Cat and Mouse. Fables about cats and mice.
    1. Cat and Mouse in Partnership (Germany, Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm), type 15.
    2. Mouse and Mouser (England), type 111.
    3. Belling the Cat (Aesop), type 110.
    4. The Cat and the Mice (Aesop), type 113*.
    5. The Hypocritical Cat (Tibet), type 113B.
    6. The Cat and the Mice (Tibet), type 113B.
    7. The Cat as Holy Man (Palestine), type 113B.
    8. The Town Mouse and the Field Mouse (Romania), types 112 and 113B.
    9. The Dog, the Cat, and the Mouse (Romania), type 200.
    10. The Cat and the Mouse (England), type 2034.
    11. Cat and Mouse (Germany), type 2034.
    12. Why the Cat Kills Rats (Nigeria).
- Cattarinetta, a folktale from Italy of type 333A about a careless girl who is eaten up by a witch.
- Censorship in Folklore: An Essay by D. L. Ashliman.
- **Chain tales** (also known as cumulative tales).
    - Type 2015: Nanny Who Wouldn't Go Home to Supper (Norway).
    - Type 2022: Mourning the Death of a Spouse.
        1. Little Louse and Little Flea (Germany).
        2. Titty Mouse and Tatty Mouse (England).
        3. The Cock Who Fell into the Brewing Vat (Norway).
        4. The Cat and the Mouse (Italy).
        5. The Death and Burial of Poor Hen-Sparrow (Pakistan).
    - Type 2025: The Runaway Pancake.
        1. The Pancake (Norway).
        2. The Runaway Pancake (Germany).
        3. The Thick, Fat Pancake (Germany).
        4. Dathera Dad (England).
        5. The Wonderful Cake (Ireland).

6. The Wee Bunnock (Scotland [Ayrshire]).
7. The Wee Bannock (Scotland [Dumfriesshire]).
8. The Wee Bannock (Scotland [Selkirkshire]).
9. The Fox and the Little Bonnach (Scotland).
10. The Gingerbread Boy (USA).
11. The Johnny-Cake (USA).
12. The Little Cakeen (USA).
13. The Devil in the Dough-Pan (Russia).

- Type 2030.
  1. The Old Woman and Her Pig (England).
  2. Moorachug and Meenachug (Scotland).
  3. The Wife and Her Bush of Berries (Scotland).
  4. The Wifie an Her Kidie (Scotland).
  5. Nanny Who Wouldn't Go Home to Supper (Norway).
- Type 2031C: The Mouse Who Was to Marry the Sun.
  1. The Transformed Mouse Seeks a Bridegroom (India).
  NEW 2. A Story on Caste (India).
  3. The Rats and Their Daughter (Japan).
  4. A Bridegroom for Miss Mole (Korea).
  5. The Most Powerful Husband in the World (French North Africa).
  NEW 6. The Vole Who Sought a Wife (Marie de France).
  NEW 7. The Mouse Metamorphosed into a Maid (Jean de La Fontaine).
  8. The Story of the Rat and Her Journey to God (Romania).
- Type 2032.
  1. The Cock and the Mouse (Italy).
  2. The Sexton's Nose (Italy).
- Type 20C (formerly type 2033): The End of the World (The Sky Is Falling In).
  1. The Timid Hare and the Flight of the Beasts (India).
  2. The Flight of the Beasts (Tibet).
  3. The Story of Chicken-Licken (England).
  4. Henny-Penny and Her Fellow Travelers (Scotland).
  5. Henny-Penny (England/Australia).
  6. The End of the World (Ireland)
  7. The Cock and the Hen That Went to Dovrefjell (Norway).
  8. The Little Chicken Kluk and His Companions (Denmark).
  9. The End of the World (Flanders).
  10. Brother Rabbit Takes Some Exercise (African-American).
- Type 2034D.
  1. The Grain of Corn (India).
  2. The Little Blackbird (India).
- Type 2035: The House That Jack Built.
- Type 2043: What Have You Got There? (children's games with chain-tale narratives.
- Tikki Tikki Tembo. A chain tale from China about a boy with an enormously long name.

Foolish Wishes

tales of Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 750A
and other stories about the foolish use
of magic wishes
selected and edited by

D. L. Ashliman
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5. Loppi and Lappi (Estonia, Friedrich Kreutzwald).
6. The Wishes (Hungary, W. Henry Jones and Lewis L. Kropf).
7. The Woodman's Three Wishes (England, Thomas Sternberg).
8. The Three Wishes (England, Joseph Jacobs).
9. Link to The Monkey's Paw (England, W. W. Jacobs). This external link opens in a new window.

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The Two-Headed Weaver

The Panchatantra

In a certain place there lived a weaver by the name of Mantharaka, which means "the simpleton." One day, while weaving cloth, the wooden pieces on his loom broke. He took an ax, and set forth to find some wood. He found a large sissoo tree at the ocean's shore, and said aloud, "Now this is a large tree. If I fell it, I will have wood enough for all my weaving tools."

Having thus thought it through, he raised his ax to begin cutting. However, a spirit lived in this tree, and he said, "Listen! This tree is my home, and it must be spared in any event, because I like it here where my body can be stroked by the cool breezes that blow in from the ocean's waves."

The weaver said, "Then what am I to do? If I don't find a good tree, then my family will starve. You will have to go somewhere else. I am going to cut it down."

The spirit answered, "Listen, I am at your service. Ask whatever you would like, but spare this

Evening arrived, and with it the time when they could make their wishes. The pot of cabbage soup was steaming on the table, and husband and wife sat down to eat. Now they could have their wishes fulfilled. They had already eaten several spoonfuls of the tasty soup when Lappi said, contentedly, "Thanks be to God for this good soup. It will fill us up nicely, but it would taste even better if we only had a sausage to go with it!"

Bang! A large sausage fell from above onto the middle of the table. For a while husband and wife were so startled that it did not occur to them to eat the sausage. Loppi remarked that with the sausage their first wish had been fulfilled, and that so angered him that he shouted, "May the Evil One grab you and stick this sausage onto your nose! If...."

But the poor man was too frightened to continue speaking, for the sausage was already hanging from Lappi's nose, not like a normal sausage, but like a piece of flesh growing out of the nose. What could they do now? Two wishes had already been wasted, and the second one had so misshapen the woman that she would not dare to be seen by other people. They still had one wish that had not been stated, and with this one they could set everything right. At this moment poor Lappi had no other desire than to free herself from the long sausage, so she said this wish aloud, and the sausage disappeared.

Now all three wishes were gone, and Loppi and Lappi had to continue living poorly in their hut. For some time afterward they expected the beautiful woman to return, but the stranger never appeared again. Whoever fails to take immediate advantage of unexpected luck will lose it forever.

- Source: Friedrich Kreutzwald, "Loppi und Lappi," *Estnische Märchen*, vol. 2 (Dorpat: Verlag von C. Mattiesen, 1881), no. 4, pp. 23-26.
- Translated from Estonian into German by F. Löwe. Translated from German into English by D. L. Ashliman. © 2008.
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The Wishes

Hungary

There were 10,000 wagons rolling along the turnpike road, in each wagon there were 10,000 casks, in each cask 10,000 bags, in each bag 10,000 poppy seeds, in each poppy seed 10,000 lightnings. May all these thunderous lightnings strike him who won't listen to my tale, which I have brought from beyond the Operencian Sea!

There was once, it doesn't matter where: there was once upon a time, a poor man who had a pretty young wife; they were very fond of each other. The only thing they had to complain of was their poverty, as neither of them owned a farthing; it happened, therefore, sometimes, that they quarreled a little, and then they always cast it in each other's teeth that they hadn't got anything to bless themselves with. But still they loved each other.

One evening the woman came home much earlier than her husband and went into the kitchen and lighted the fire, although she had nothing to cook. "I think I can cook a little soup,

at least, for my husband. It will be ready by the time he comes home."

But no sooner had she put the kettle over the fire, and a few logs of wood on the fire in order to make the water boil quicker, than her husband arrived home and took his seat by the side of her on the little bench. They warmed themselves by the fire, as it was late in the autumn and cold. In the neighboring village they had commenced the vintage on that very day.

"Do you know the news, wife?" inquired he.

"No, I don't. I've heard nothing. Tell me what it is."

"As I was coming from the squire's maize field, I saw in the dark, in the distance, a black spot on the road. I couldn't make out what it was, so I went nearer, and lo! do you know what it was? -- A beautiful little golden carriage, with a pretty little woman inside, and four fine black dogs harnessed to it."

"You're joking," interrupted the wife.

"I'm not, indeed, it's perfectly true. You know how muddy the roads about here are; it happened that the dogs stuck fast with the carriage and they couldn't move from the spot; the little woman didn't care to get out into the mud, as she was afraid of soiling her golden dress. At first, when I found out what it was, I had a good mind to run away, as I took her for an evil spirit, but she called out after me and implored me to help her out of the mud; she promised that no harm should come to me, but on the contrary she would reward me. So I thought that it would be a good thing for us if she could help us in our poverty; and with my assistance the dogs dragged her carriage out of the mud. The woman asked me whether I was married. I told her I was. And she asked me if I was rich. I replied, not at all; I didn't think, I said, that there were two people in our village who were poorer than we. 'That can be remedied,' replied she. 'I will fulfill three wishes that your wife may propose.' And she left as suddenly as if dragons had kidnapped her. She was a fairy."

"Well, she made a regular fool of you!"

"That remains to be seen. You must try and wish something, my dear wife."

Thereupon the woman without much thought said, "Well, I should like to have some sausage, and we could cook it beautifully on this nice fire."

No sooner were the words uttered than a frying pan came down the chimney, and in it a sausage of such length that it was long enough to fence in the whole garden.

"This is grand!" they both exclaimed together.

"But we must be a little more clever with our next two wishes; how well we shall be off! I will at once buy two heifers and two horses, as well as a sucking pig," said the husband.
Whereupon he took his pipe from his hatband, took out his tobacco pouch, and filled his pipe; then he tried to light it with a hot cinder, but was so awkward about it that he upset the frying pan with the sausage in it.

"Good heavens! The sausage! What on earth are you doing! I wish that sausage would grow on to your nose," exclaimed the frightened woman, and tried to snatch the same out of the fire, but it was too late, as it was already dangling from her husband's nose down to his toes.

"My Lord Creator help me!" shouted the woman.

"You see, you fool, what you've done, there! Now the second wish is gone," said her husband. "What can we do with this thing?"

"Can't we get it off?" said the woman. "Take off the devil! Don't you see that it has quite grown to my nose. You can't take it off."

"Then we must cut it off," said she, "as we can do nothing else."

"I shan't permit it. How could I allow my body to be cut about? Not for all the treasures on earth. But do you know what we can do, love? There is yet one wish left. You'd better wish that the sausage go back to the pan, and so all will be right."

But the woman replied, " How about the heifers and the horses, and how about the sucking pig? How shall we get those?"

"Well, I can't walk about with this ornament, and I'm sure you won't kiss me again with this sausage dangling from my nose."

And so they quarreled for a long time, till at last he succeeded in persuading his wife to wish that the sausage go back to the pan. And thus all three wishes were fulfilled; and yet they were as poor as ever.

They, however, made a hearty meal of the sausage; and as they came to the conclusion that it was in consequence of their quarrelling that they had no heifers, nor horses, nor sucking pig, they agreed to live thenceforth in harmony together; and they quarreled no more after this. They got on much better in the world, and in time they acquired heifers, horses, and a sucking pig into the bargain, because they were industrious and thrifty.

- Source: W. Henry Jones and Lewis L. Kropf, *The Folk-Tales of the Magyars: Collected by Kriza, Erdély, Pap, and Others* (London: Folk-Lore Society, 1889), pp. 217-19.
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The Woodman's Three Wishes

England

A woodman went to the forest to fell some timber. Just as he was applying the axe to the trunk of a huge old oak, out jumped a fairy, who beseeched him with the most supplicating gestures to spare the tree. Moved more by fright and astonishment than anything else, the man consented, and as a reward for his forbearance was promised the fulfillment of his three next wishes.

Whether from natural forgetfulness, or fairy illusion, we know not, but certain it is, that long before evening all remembrance of his visitor had passed from his noddle. At night, when he and his dame were dozing before a blazing fire, the old fellow waxed hungry, and audibly wished for a link of hog's pudding.

No sooner had the words escaped his lips than a rustling was heard in the chimney, and down came a bunch of the wished-for delicacies, depositing themselves at the feet of the astounded woodman, who, thus reminded of his morning visitor, began to communicate the particulars to his wife.

"Thou bist a fool, Jan," said she, incensed at her husband's carelessness in neglecting to make the best of his good luck. " I wish em wer atte noäse!" whereupon, the legend goes on to state, they immediately attached themselves to the member in question, and stuck so tight that the woodman, finding no amount of force would remove these unsightly appendages from his proboscis, was obliged, reluctantly, to wish them off, thus making the third wish, and at once ending his brilliant expectations.

- Source: Thomas Sternberg, *The Dialect and Folk-lore of Northamptonshire* (London: John Russell Smith, 1851), pp. 135-36.
- Sternberg does not give this story a title.
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The Three Wishes

England

Once upon a time, and be sure 'twas a long time ago, there lived a poor woodman in a great forest, and every day of his life he went out to fell timber. So one day he started out, and the goodwife filled his wallet and slung his bottle on his back, that he might have meat and drink in the forest. He had marked out a huge old oak, which, thought he, would furnish many and many a good plank. And when he was come to it, he took his ax in his hand and swung it round his head as though he were minded to fell the tree at one stroke. But he hadn't given one blow, when what should he hear but the pitifullest entreating, and there stood before him a fairy who prayed and beseeched him to spare the tree. He was dazed, as you may fancy, with wonderment and affright, and he couldn't open his mouth to utter a word. But he found his tongue at last, and, "Well," said he, "I'll e'en do as thou wishest."

"You've done better for yourself than you know," answered the fairy, "and to show I'm not ungrateful, I'll grant you your next three wishes, be they what they may." And therewith the fairy was no more to be seen, and the woodman slung his wallet over his shoulder and his bottle at his side, and off he started home.

But the way was long, and the poor man was regularly dazed with the wonderful thing that had befallen him, and when he got home there was nothing in his noddle but the wish to sit down and rest. Maybe, too, 'twas a trick of the fairy's. Who can tell? Anyhow, down he sat by the blazing fire, and as he sat he waxed hungry, though it was a long way off suppertime yet.

"Hasn't thou naught for supper, dame?" said he to his wife.

"Nay, not for a couple of hours yet," said she.

"Ah!" groaned the woodman, "I wish I'd a good link of black pudding here before me."

No sooner had he said the word, when clatter, clatter, rustle, rustle, what should come down the chimney but a link of the finest black pudding the heart of man could wish for.

If the woodman stared, the goodwife stared three times as much. "What's all this?" says she.

Then all the morning's work came back to the woodman, and he told his tale right out, from beginning to end, and as he told it the goodwife glowered and glowered, and when he had made an end of it she burst out, "Thou bee'st but a fool, Jan, thou bee'st but a fool; and I wish the pudding were at thy nose, I do indeed."

And before you could say "Jack Robinson," there the goodman sat, and his nose was the longer for a noble link of black pudding.

He gave a pull, but it stuck, and she gave a pull, but it stuck, and they both pulled till they had nigh pulled the nose off, but it stuck and stuck.

"What's to be done now?" said he.

"'Tisn't so very unsightly," said she, looking hard at him.

Then the woodman saw that if he wished, he must need wish in a hurry; and wish he did, that the black pudding might come off his nose. Well! there it lay in a dish on the table, and if the goodman and goodwife didn't ride in a golden coach, or dress in silk and satin, why, they had at least as fine a black pudding for their supper as the heart of man could desire.

- Source: Joseph Jacobs, *More English Fairy Tales* (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, n.d.), pp. 107-109. This collection was first published in 1894.
- Jacobs' source: "Sternberg's *Folk-Lore of Northamptonshire*, 1851, but entirely rewritten by Mr. Nutt, who has introduced from other variants one touch at the close -- viz., the readiness of the wife to allow her husband to remain disfigured."
- Aarne-Thompson type 750A.
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Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Revised June 8, 2013

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tree!"

The weaver said, "If that is what you want then I will go home and ask my friend and my wife, and when I return, you must give me what I ask for."

The spirit promised, and the weaver, beside himself with joy, returned home. Upon his arrival in his city he saw his friend, the barber, and said, "Friend, I have gained control over a spirit. Tell me what I should demand from him!"

The barber said, "My dear friend, if that is so then you should demand a kingdom. You could be king, and I would be your prime minister, and we two would first enjoy the pleasures of this world and then those of the next one. For they say: *A prince who piously gives to others, achieves fame in this world, and through these good deeds, he will arrive in heaven, equal to the gods themselves.*"

The weaver spoke, "Friend, so be it! But let us also ask my wife."

The barber said, "One should never ask women for advice. They also say: *A wise man gives women food, clothing, jewelry, and above all the duties of marriage, but he never asks for their advice.* And further: *That house must perish where a woman, a gambler, or a child is listened to.* And: *A man will advance and be loved by worthy people as long as he does not secretly listen to women. Women think only of their own advantage, of their own desires. Even if they love only their own son, still, he will serve their wishes.*"

The weaver spoke, "Even though this is true, she nonetheless must be asked, because she is subservient to her husband."

Having said this, he went quickly to his wife and said to her, "Dear one, today I have gained control over a spirit who will grant me one wish. Hence I have come to ask for your advice. Tell me, what should I ask for? My friend the barber thinks that I should request a kingdom."

She answered, "Oh, son of your excellence, what do barbers understand? You should never do what they say. After all, it is stated: *A reasonable person will no sooner take advice from dancers, singers, the low born, barbers, or children, than from beggars.* Furthermore, a king's life is an unending procession of annoyances. He must constantly worry about friendships, animosities, wars, servants, defense alliances, and duplicity. He never gets a moment's rest, because: *Anyone who wants to rule must prepare his spirit for misfortune. The same container that is used for salve can also be used to pour out bad luck. Never envy the life of a king.*"

The weaver said, "You are right. But what should I ask for?"

She answered, "You can now work on only one piece of cloth at a time. That is barely enough to pay for the necessities. You should ask for another pair of arms and a second head so that you can work on two pieces of cloth at once, one in front of you, and one behind you. We can sell the one for household necessities, and you can use the money from the second one for other things. You will thus gain the praise of your relatives, and you will make gains in both

worlds."

After hearing this he spoke with joy, "Good, you faithful wife! You have spoken well, and I will do what you say. That is my decision."

With that he went to the spirit and let his will be known, "Listen, if you want to fulfill my wish, then give me another pair of arms and another head."

He had barely spoken before he was two-headed and four-armed. Rejoicing, he returned home, but the people there thought that he was a demon and beat him with sticks and stones, until he fell over dead.

And that is why I say: *He who cannot think for himself and will not follow the advice of friends, he will push himself into misfortune, just like the weaver Mantharaka.*

- Source: *Pantschatantra: Fünf Bücher indischer Fabeln, Märchen und Erzählungen*, translated from the Sanskrit into German by Theodor Benfey (Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus, 1859), book 5, story 8 (v. 2, pp. 341-344).
- Translated into English by D. L. Ashliman. © 2002.
- Similar to Aarne-Thompson type 750A.
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The Three Wishes

1001 Nights

A certain man had longed all his life to look upon the Night of Power, and one night it befell that he gazed at the sky and saw the angels, and Heaven's gates thrown open; and he beheld all things prostrating themselves before their Lord, each in its several stead. So he said to his wife, "Harkye, such an one, verily Allah hath shown me the Night of Power, and it hath been proclaimed to me, from the invisible world, that three prayers will be granted unto me; so I consult thee for counsel as to what shall I ask."

Quoth she, "Oh man, the perfection of man and his delight is in his prickle; therefore do thou pray Allah to greaten thy yard and magnify it."

So he lifted up his hands to heaven and said, "Oh Allah, greaten my yard and magnify it." Hardly had he spoken when his tool became as big as a column and he could neither sit nor stand nor move about nor even stir from his stead; and when he would have carnally known his wife, she fled before him from place to place. So he said to her, "Oh accursed woman, what is to be done? This is thy list, by reason of thy lust."

She replied, "No, by Allah, I did not ask for this length and huge bulk, for which the gate of a street were too strait. Pray Heaven to make it less."

So he raised his eyes to Heaven and said, "Oh Allah, rid me of this thing and deliver me therefrom." And immediately his prickle disappeared altogether and he became clean smooth.

When his wife saw this she said, "I have no occasion for thee, now thou art become pegless as a eunuch, shaven and shorn."

And he answered her, saying, "All this comes of thine ill-omened counsel and thine imbecile judgment. I had three prayers accepted of Allah, wherewith I might have gotten me my good, both in this world and in the next, and now two wishes are gone in pure waste, by thy lewd will, and there remaineth but one."

Quoth she, "Pray Allah the Most High to restore thee thy yard as it was."

So he prayed to his Lord and his prickle was restored to its first estate. Thus the man lost his three wishes by the lack of wit in the woman.

- Source: *The Book of the Thousand Nights and a Night*, translated by Richard F. Burton (Privately printed, 1885), v. 6, pp. 180-181.
- The full title of this story is "The Three Wishes, or the Man who Longed to see the Night of Power." Although I usually find Burton's translation style too florid for twentieth-century taste, his linguistic ornamentation seems to fit this tale, so I have let it stand.
- Aarne-Thompson type 750A.
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The Ridiculous Wishes

Charles Perrault

In days long past there lived a poor woodcutter who found life very hard. Indeed, it was his lot to toil for little guerdon, and although he was young and happily married there were moments when he wished himself dead and below ground.

One day while at his work he was again lamenting his fate. "Some men," he said, "have only to make known their desires, and straightway these are granted, and their every wish fulfilled; but it has availed me little to wish for ought, for the gods are deaf to the prayers of such as I."

As he spoke these words there was a great noise of thunder, and Jupiter appeared before him wielding his mighty thunderbolts. Our poor man was stricken with fear and threw himself on the ground.

"My lord," he said, "forget my foolish speech; heed not my wishes, but cease thy thundering!"

"Have no fear," answered Jupiter; "I have heard thy plaint, and have come hither to show thee how greatly thou dost wrong me. Hark! I, who am sovereign lord of this world, promise to grant in full the first three wishes which it will please thee to utter, whatever these may be. Consider well what things can bring thee joy and prosperity, and as thy happiness is at stake, be not over-hasty, but revolve the matter in thy mind."

Having thus spoken Jupiter withdrew himself and made his ascent to Olympus. As for our woodcutter, he blithely corded his faggot, and throwing it over his shoulder, made for his home. To one so light of heart the load also seemed light, and his thoughts were merry as he

strode along. Many a wish came into his mind, but he was resolved to seek the advice of his wife, who was a young woman of good understanding.

He had soon reached his cottage, and casting down his faggot: "Behold me, Fanny," he said. "Make up the fire and spread the board, and let there be no stint. We are wealthy, Fanny, wealthy for evermore; we have only to wish for whatsoever we may desire."

Thereupon he told her the story of what had befallen that day. Fanny, whose mind was quick and active, immediately conceived many plans for the advancement of their fortune, but she approved her husband's resolve to act with prudence and circumspection.

"'Twere a pity," she said, "to spoil our chances through impatience. We had best take counsel of the night, and wish no wishes until tomorrow."

"That is well spoken," answered Harry. "Meanwhile fetch a bottle of our best, and we shall drink to our good fortune."

Fanny brought a bottle from the store behind the faggots, and our man enjoyed his ease, leaning back in his chair with his toes to the fire and his goblet in his hand.

"What fine glowing embers!" he said, "and what a fine toasting fire! I wish we had a black pudding at hand."

Hardly had he spoken these words when his wife beheld, to her great astonishment, a long black pudding which, issuing from a corner of the hearth, came winding and wriggling towards her. She uttered a cry of fear, and then again exclaimed in dismay, when she perceived that this strange occurrence was due to the wish which her husband had so rashly and foolishly spoken. Turning upon him, in her anger and disappointment she called the poor man all the abusive names that she could think of.

"What!" she said to him, "when you can call for a kingdom, for gold, pearls, rubies, diamonds, for princely garments and wealth untold, is this the time to set your mind upon black puddings!"

"Nay!" answered the man, "'twas a thoughtless speech, and a sad mistake; but I shall now be on my guard, and shall do better next time."

"Who knows that you will?" returned his wife. "Once a witless fool, always a witless fool!" and giving free rein to her vexation and ill-temper she continued to upbraid her husband until his anger also was stirred, and he had wellnigh made a second bid and wished himself a widower.

"Enough! woman," he cried at last; "put a check upon thy froward tongue! Who ever heard such impertinence as this! A plague on the shrew and on her pudding! Would to heaven it hung at the end of her nose!"

No sooner had the husband given voice to these words than the wish was straightway granted, and the long coil of black pudding appeared grafted to the angry dame's nose.

Our man paused when he beheld what he had wrought. Fanny was a comely young woman, and blest with good looks, and truth to tell, this new ornament did not set off her beauty. Yet it offered one advantage, that as it hung right before her mouth, it would thus effectively curb her speech.

So, having now but one wish left, he had all but resolved to make good use of it without further delay, and, before any other mischance could befall, to wish himself a kingdom of his own. He was about to speak the word, when he was stayed by a sudden thought.

"It is true," he said to himself, "that there is none so great as a king, but what of the queen that must share his dignity? With what grace would she sit beside me on the throne with a yard of black pudding for a nose?"

In this dilemma he resolved to put the case to Fanny, and to leave her to decide whether she would rather be a queen, with this most horrible appendage marring her good looks, or remain a peasant wife, but with her shapely nose relieved of this untoward addition.

Fanny's mind was soon made up: Although she had dreamt of a crown and sceptre, yet a woman's first wish is always to please. To this great desire all else must yield, and Fanny would rather be fair in drugget than be a queen with an ugly face.

Thus our woodcutter did not change his state, did not become a potentate, nor fill his purse with golden crowns. He was thankful enough to use his remaining wish to a more humble purpose, and forthwith relieved his wife of her encumbrance.

- Source: Charles Perrault, *The Fairy Tales of Charles Perrault*, (London: George G. Harrap and Company, 1922), pp. 129-36.
- Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 750A.
- The husband and wife, here called Harry and Fanny, are named Blaise and Fanchon in the original French story.
- Link to "The Ridiculous Wishes" in the original French verse: Les souhaits ridicules.
- Link to Charles Perrault's Mother Goose Tales, information about Perrault and his famous collection *Histoires ou contes du temps passé, avec des moralités: Contes de ma mère l'Oye*, including links to individual tales.
- Link to Les contes de Perrault. A French-language site featuring Perrault's tales, but not including "The Ridiculous Wishes."
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The Sausage

Sweden

There was once an old woman, who was all alone one evening in her cottage, occupied with her household affairs. While she was waiting for her husband, who was away at work over in the forest, and while she was bustling about, a fine, grand lady came in, and so the woman began to curtsy and curtsy, for she had never seen such a grand person before.

"I should be so much obliged if you would lend me your brewing pan," said the lady, "for my daughter is going to be married, and I expect guests from all parts."

Oh, dear, yes! That she might have, said the woman, although she could not remember whether she had ever seen her before, and so she went to fetch the pan.

The lady took it, and thanked the woman, saying that she would pay her well for the loan of it, and so she went her way.

Two days afterwards the lady came back with it, and this time she also found the woman alone.

"Many thanks for the loan," said the lady. "and now in return you shall have three wishes."

And with this the lady left, and vanished so quickly that the old woman had not even time to ask her name or where she lived. But that did not matter, she thought, for now she had three wishes, and she began to think what she should wish for. She expected her husband back soon, and she thought it would be best to wait until he came home and could have a say in the matter. But the least they could wish for must be a fine big farm -- the best in the parish, and a box full of money, and just fancy how happy and comfortable they would be then, for they had worked so hard all their days! Ah, yes, then the neighbors would have something to wonder at, for you may guess how they would stare at all the fine things she would have.

But since they were now so rich it was really a shame that there should be nothing but some blue, sour milk and some hard crusts of bread in the cupboard for her husband when he came home tired and weary, he who was fond of hot food. She had just been to her neighbor's and there she had seen a fine big sausage, which they were going to have for supper.

"Ah, deary me, I wish I had that sausage here!" sighed the old woman; and the next moment a big sausage lay on the table right before her.

She was just going to put it in the pan when her husband came in.

"Father, father!" cried the woman, "it's all over with our troubles and hard work now. I lent my brewing pan to a fine lady, and when she brought it back she promised we should have three wishes. And now you must help me to wish for something really good, for you're so clever at hitting upon the right thing -- and it's all true, for just look at the sausage, which I got the moment I wished for it!"

"What do you mean, you silly old woman?" shouted the husband, who became angry. "Have you been wishing for such a paltry thing as a sausage, when you might have had anything you liked in the world? I wish the sausage were sticking to your nose, since you haven't any better sense."

All at once the woman gave a cry, for sure enough there was the sausage sticking to her nose; and she began tearing and pulling away at it, but the more she pulled the firmer it seemed to stick. She was not able to get it off.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" sobbed the woman. "You don't seem to have any more sense than I, since you can wish me such ill luck. I only wanted something nice for you, and then -- , oh dear! oh, dear!" and the old woman went on crying and sobbing.

The husband tried, of course, to help his wife to get rid of the sausage; but for all he pulled and tugged away at it he did not succeed, and he was nearly pulling his wife's head off her body.

But they had one wish left, and what were they now to wish?

Yes, what were they to wish? They might, of course, wish for something very fine and grand; but what could they do with all the finery in the world, as long as the mistress of the house had a long sausage sticking to the end of her nose? She would never be able to show herself anywhere!

"You wish for something," said the woman in the midst of her crying.

"No, you wish," said the husband, who also began crying when he saw the state his wife was in, and saw the terrible sausage hanging down her face.

So he thought he would make the best use he could of the last wish, and said, "I wish my wife was rid of that sausage."

And the next moment it was gone! They both became so glad that they jumped up and danced around the room in great glee -- for you must know that although a sausage may be ever so nice when you have it in your mouth, it is quite a different thing to have one sticking to your nose all your life.

- Source: Gabriel Djurklou, *Fairy Tales from the Swedish* , translated by H. L. Brækstad (Philadelphia and New York: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1901), pp. 27-32.
- Aarne-Thompson type 750A.
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Loppi and Lappi

Estonia

Once a poor cottager lived with his wife in a lonely hut outside the village. The man's name was Loppi, and the woman's name was Lappi. It seems as though both of them had been born into misfortune, for nothing went well for them. In the earlier years of their marriage God had given them children, but none of them were still alive to support the parents in their old age.

Every evening husband and wife sat next to the stove like two dried-up tree stumps, and often, for no reason at all, their bitterness spilled over, and they quarreled. As everyone knows, unfortunate people usually try to push their own guilt onto others, and even if they are not willfully evil, they blame others for their own bad luck.

Thus Loppi often angrily said, "If only I had had the good luck to marry a better woman, I would have lacked nothing. Today I could have been a wealthy man."

Lappi had an even quicker tongue, and for every one of her husband's words, she came back with a dozen of her own. "Just look at you, you stupid lout! Of course it is partially my fault that in my child-like simplicity I did not know enough to choose a better husband, but there must have been witchcraft involved to make me turn to you. Only the devil knows what you secretly put into my food or drink. I had plenty of suitors, and if I had not settled for you, you miserable creature, today I could be a lady seated at a full table. It is your fault, you worthless man, that I'll be suffering from hunger and sorrow until I die. And it is also your fault that all our children have died, because you did not know how to take care of a wife and children."

This stream of words gushed forth, not ceasing until the husband stopped her mouth with his fist.

One evening the couple were again quarrelling in their hut when a stately woman dressed in clothes of German cut stepped inside. Her appearance brought the wife's tongue to a standstill, and caused the husband to lower his raised arm.

After a friendly greeting, the strange woman said, "You are poor wretches and until now have suffered much. However, three days from now your misery will suddenly end. Therefore keep peace in your house, and decide what destiny you would best choose for yourselves. I am not a human, as I appear to you, but rather a higher being who, through God's power, can cause wishes to be fulfilled. You have three days' time for consideration, and then you may state three wishes that you desire. Say your wishes aloud, and in the same instant they will come true through magic power. But be careful not to wish for unnecessary things."

Following these words, the stately woman greeting them once again, then disappeared out the door in a flash.

Loppi and Lappi, who had now forgotten their quarrel, stared speechlessly out the door through which the miraculous vision had entered and disappeared. Finally the husband said, "Let's go to bed now. We have three days to think about this. We want to use these wishes wisely, so we can get the best luck for ourselves."

Although they had three days for consideration, they spent more than half the night burdened with thoughts of which wish would be the very best. Oh, what precious freedom ruled in the hut without interruption for the next three days! Loppi and Lappi had become different people. They spoke together friendlily, and looked after one another's needs. They spent the greatest part of each day sitting quietly in the corner thinking about what they should wish for.

On the third day Loppi went into the village, where that morning a swine had been slaughtered, and the sausage kettle must just now be standing on the fire. He took with him the butter pot, with its lid, wanting to ask his neighbor's wife for sausage water to cook his cabbage in that evening. Loppi felt that they would be able to think better if their stomachs were filled with good food. Arriving home he put the cabbage on the fire so their meal would be ready at the right time.

Fools Cannot Count Themselves

folktales of Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 1287
translated and/or edited by

D. L. Ashliman
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1. The Twelve Men of Gotham (England).
2. The Five Traveling Journeymen (Germany).
3. The Seven Wise Men of Buneyr (Pakistan).
4. The Lost Peasant (Kashmir).
5. How the Kadambawa Men Counted Themselves (Sri Lanka).
6. Links to related sites.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

England

On a certain day there were twelve men of Gotham that went to fish, and some stood on dry land; and in going home one said to the other, "We have ventured wonderfully in wading. I pray God that none of us come home and be drowned."

"Nay, marry," said one to the other, "let us see that; for there did twelve of us come out." Then they counted themselves, and every one counted eleven.

Said one to the other, "There is one of us drowned." They went back to the brook where they had been fishing, and sought up and down for him that was wanting, making great lamentation. A courtier, coming by, asked what it was they sought for, and why they were sorrowful.

"Oh," said they, "this day we went to fish in the brook; twelve of us came out together, and one is drowned."

Said the courtier, "Count how many there be of you."

One of them said, "Eleven," and he did not count himself.

"Well," said the courtier, "what will you give me, and I will find the twelfth man?"

"Sir," said they, "all the money we have got."

"Give me the money," said the courtier, and began with the first, and gave him a stroke over

the shoulders with his whip, which made him groan, saying, "Here is one," and so served them all, and they all groaned at the matter. When he came to the last, he paid him well, saying, "Here is the twelfth man."

"God's blessing on your heart," said they, "for thus finding our dear brother!"

- Source: W. A. Clouston, *The Book of Noodles: Stories of Simpletons; or, Fools and Their Follies* (London: Elliot Stock, 1888), pp. 28-29.
- Gotham is a village in Nottinghamshire, England. The foolishness of the men of Gotham is legendary. The earliest known printed collection of their pranks is *Merrie Tales of the Mad Men of Gotham*, published in 1540, although by that date their pranks had been circulating in oral tradition for at least 100 years. According to some stories, there was method in the Gothamites' madness: They only feigned stupidity to avoid the costs that would have been entailed in hosting King John, who reigned from 1199 to 1216. When royal messengers witnessed their foolish pranks they chose another town for the king to stay in.
- Link to the *Wikipedia* article on Gotham, Nottinghamshire.
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The Five Traveling Journeymen

Germany (Swabia)

Five journeymen once left a particular place to travel together, and they promised one another that they would all stay together. After walking a good distance, one of them suddenly wondered if they were still all there, and so he asked his comrades. They all stood still, and one of them began counting, "Here am I, one, two, three, four!"

"Gracious! How concerned they were when one of them turned up missing!" One after the other each one counted, and the result was always four, because everyone missed himself.

Then a stranger came by and asked what the trouble was. They told him and asked if he could help. The man told them all to press their noses into the mud and then count the holes. This they did, and when they saw that five noses were there, they knew that they had not lost one of their comrades, and they happily continued their journey.

- Source: Ernst Meier, "Die fünf Handwerksburschen auf Reisen," *Deutsche Volksmärchen aus Schwaben: Aus dem Munde des Volks gesammelt* (Stuttgart: C. P. Scheitlin's Verlagshandlung, 1852), no. 68, pp. 242-43.
- Swabians are featured in many German anecdotes about fools. The above tale is from Swabia, but it does not identify the ethnicity of the characters.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 1999.
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The Seven Wise Men of Buneyr

Pakistan

Seven men of Buneyr once left their native wilds for the purpose of seeking their fortunes. When evening came they all sat down under a tree to rest, when one of them said, "Let us count to see if we are all here." So he counted, "One, two, three, four, five, six," but, quite omitting to reckon himself, he exclaimed, "There's one of us missing. We are only six!"

"Nonsense!" cried the others, and the whole company of seven began counting with uplifted forefingers, but they all forgot to count themselves.

Fearing some evil, they now rose up, and at once set out to search for their missing comrade. Presently they met a shepherd, who greeted them civilly and said, "Friends, why are you in such low spirits?"

"We have lost one of our party," answered they; "we started this morning seven in number, and now we are only six. Have you seen any one of us hereabouts?"

"But," said the shepherd, "seven you are, for I have found your lost companion; behold: one, two, three, four, five, six, *seven!*"

"Ah," answered the wise men of Buneyr, "you have indeed found our missing brother. We owe you a debt of gratitude."

- Source: Charles Swynnerton, *Indian Nights' Entertainment; or, Folk-Tales from the Upper Indus* (London: Elliot Stock, 1892), no. 74, p. 305.
- This tale continues with addtional episodes further demonstrating the foolishness of the men of Buneyr.
- Buneyr (also spelled Banêr) is a district in northwestern Pakistan.
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The Lost Peasant

Kashmir

Ten peasants were standing on the side of the road weeping. They thought that one of their number had been lost on the way, as each man had counted the company and found them nine only.

"Ho, you! What is the matter?" asked a townsman passing by.

"Oh, sir," said the peasants, "we were ten men when we left the village, but now we are only nine."

The townsman saw at a glance what fools they were. Each of them had omitted to count himself in the number. He therefore told them to take off their *topís* [skull caps] and place them on the ground. This they did, and counted ten of them, whereupon they supposed they were all there, and were comforted. But they could not tell how it was.

- Source: J. Hinton Knowles, *Folk-Tales of Kashmir*, 2nd ed. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Company, 1893), pp. 322-23.

- Knowles' source: Pandit Ánand Kol, Zaina Kadal, Srinagar.
- This tale is the second episode in a group of six stories collectively titled "The Stupid Peasant."
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How the Kadambawa Men Counted Themselves

Sri Lanka

Twelve Kadambawa men cut fence sticks, tied them into twelve bundles, then set them upright and leaned them together. Then one of the men said, "Are our men all here? We must count and see."

So a man counted them, but he counted only eleven men, omitting himself. "There are only eleven men, but there are twelve bundles of fence sticks," he said.

Then another man said, "Maybe you have made a mistake," and counted them again in the same way. "There are eleven men and twelve bundles of fence sticks. There is a man missing," they said, and they went into the jungle to look for him.

While they were in the jungle looking, a man from another village heard them shouting. He came to them and asked why they were shouting.

The men said, "Twelve of our men came to cut fence sticks. There are twelve bundles of sticks but only eleven men. One man is missing."

This man saw that there were twelve men, so he said, "Let each of you pick up your own bundle of fence sticks."

So each of the twelve men picked up his own bundle of sticks, and thus they all returned to their village.

- Source: H. Parker, *Village Folk-Tales of Ceylon*, vol. 1 (London: Luzac and Company, 1910), no. 44, pp. 258-59.
- Ceylon is the name given to Sri Lanka by the British East India Company.
- Retold by D. L. Ashliman. Parker's translation follows his Sinhalese sources so closely that English syntax is violated in almost every sentence. I have cautiously attempted to bring his narrative a little closer to idiomatic English.
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Links

- A Fool Does Not Count the Animal He Is Riding. Tales of type 1288A.

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legends of Aarne-Thompson-Uther types 755 and 756

translated and/or edited by

D. L. Ashliman
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1. Tannhäuser (Germany).
2. The Woman Who Had No Shadow (Scandinavia).

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Germany

Noble Tannhäuser, a German knight, had traveled through many lands. He even visited the beautiful women of the Mountain of Lady Venus, hoping to see what great miracles occurred there. After sojourning there for a while, with joy and contentment, his conscience finally directed him to return to the world, and he asked to take leave.

Lady Venus, however, tempted him with whatever it might take to make him change his mind. She offered him one of her comrades for a wife, pointing out her red lips that never ceased smiling.

Tannhäuser answered that he desired no woman other than the one he was now thinking of, nor did he want to burn forever in hell. He was not interested in the red lips. He did not want to stay here any longer, for to do so would destroy his life.

Then the she-devil tried to lure him into her room, tempting him with love, but the noble night cursed her loudly, calling upon the Heavenly Virgin to help him escape.

Filled with remorse, he set forth toward Rome in order to confess his sins to Pope Urban, and thus do penance to save his soul. However, after he confessed that he had remained an entire year with Lady Venus in her mountain, the Pope said: "Not until leaves begin to grow on this dry stick that I am holding in my hand, will your sins will be forgiven!"

Tannhäuser said: "Had I but had only one more year to live, I would have shown remorse and done penance such that God would have taken mercy on me." Grieving that the Pope had cursed him, he left the city and returned to the demonic mountain, intending to stay there forever and ever. Lady Venus welcomed him as one welcomes a long absent lover.

Three days later leaves began to grow on the stick, and the Pope sent messengers throughout the country, attempting to discover where Tannhäuser had gone. But it was too late. He was inside the mountain and had chosen a lover.

There he will remain until Judgment Day, at which time God may send him to a different place. And a priest should never discourage a sinner but should forgive all who present themselves with remorse and penance.

- Source: Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, "Der Tannhäuser," *Deutsche Sagen* (Berlin: in der Nicolaischen Buchhandlung, 1816), no. 170, pp. 246-47. In later editions this legend is given the number 171. A second volume of German legends followed in 1818.
- Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 756.
- Link to a copy of this legend in a single file: Tannhäuser.
- The historical Tannhäuser (ca. 1205-1267) was a knight, a poet, and a minstrel whose exploits as a crusader and as a lover are featured in numerous ballads and legends. Literary interpretations of his adventures include Richard Wagner's opera *Tannhäuser und der Sängerkrieg auf Wartburg* (composed between 1842 and 1845).
- Urban IV served as Pope between 1261 and 1264.
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The Woman Who Had No Shadow

Scandinavia

Once there was a pastor's wife who was afraid to have children. Other women are concerned when they have no children, but she was constantly afraid that she could have children.

One day she went to a wise woman, a wicked witch, and asked her what to do to avoid having children. The wise woman gave her seven stones and told her if she would throw them into the well she would be spared from having children.

The pastor's wife threw the stones into the well. As each stone splashed below, she thought that she heard the cry of a child, but still she felt a great sense of relief.

Some time later the pastor and his wife were walking across the churchyard by the light of a full moon, when the pastor suddenly noticed that his wife did not have a shadow. This frightened him, and he asked her for an explanation, stating that she must have committed a dreadful sin, a sin that she would have to confess to him.

He continued to press her for a confession, until finally she admitted what she had done. Upon hearing her story, he angrily proclaimed, "Cursed woman! Flowers will grow from our slate roof before God forgives you of this sinful deed!" With that he sent her away, telling her to never again step across his threshold.

One night, many years later, a wretched and tattered beggar woman approached the parsonage and asked for shelter. The housekeeper gave the poor woman a bit to eat and made a bed for her next to the kitchen stove.

The next morning the pastor found the beggar woman dead on the kitchen floor. In spite of her rags, he recognized her immediately as the woman he had cursed and disowned. As he stood there contemplating her lifeless, but serene face, his housekeeper burst into the room.

"Pastor!" she exclaimed. "Come outside! A miracle has happened during the night!" The pastor followed her outside and saw that his slate roof was covered with blossoming flowers.

- Source: Retold from Scandinavian sources, including: Sven Grundtvig, *Gamle danske Minder i Folkemunde* (Copenhagen, 1854-1861), v. 3, no. 6.
- The opera *Die Frau ohne Schatten* (1919), with text by Hugo von Hofmannsthal and music by Richard Strauss is related to this folktale.
- Link to another group of folktales about heroes who lose their shadows because of sinister relationships: The Black School.
- Link to the German-language text of a literary fairy tale by Adelbert von Chamisso (1781-1838) about a man who trades his shadow to the devil for a purse that will never run out of money: Peter Schlemihls wundersame Geschichte.
- Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 755.
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Revised March 19, 2013.

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The Fox Steals the Butter

fables of Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 15
translated and/or edited by

D. L. Ashliman
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Reynard and Bruin

Europe

You must know that once upon a time Reynard the Fox and Bruin the Bear went into partnership and kept house together. Would you like to know the reason? Well, Reynard knew that Bruin had a beehive full of honeycomb, and that was what he wanted. But Bruin kept so close a guard upon his honey that Master Reynard didn't know how to get away from him and get hold of the honey.

So one day he said to Bruin, "Pardner, I have to go and be gossip -- that means godfather, you know -- to one of my old friends."

"Why, certainly," said Bruin. So off Reynard goes into the woods, and after a time he crept back and uncovered the beehive and had such a feast of honey.

Then he went back to Bruin, who asked him what name had been given to the child. Reynard had forgotten all about the christening and could only say, "Just-Begun."

"What a funny name," said Master Bruin.

A little while after, Reynard thought he would like another feast of honey. So he told Bruin that he had to go to another christening. And off he went. And when he came back and Bruin asked him what was the name given to the child, Reynard said, "Half-Eaten."

now," and that sort of made Brer Fox and Brer Possum feel in mourning with Brer Rabbit.

By and by, when dinnertime came, they all got out their vittles, but Brer Rabbit kept on looking lonesome, and Brer Fox and Brer Possum, they sort of rustled around to see if they couldn't make Brer Rabbit feel sort of splimmy.

"What is that, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy.

"Sort of splimmy-splammy [feeling fine], honey. Sort of like he was among friends, sort of like his old woman wasn't dead after all. You know what folks do when they are around people who are mourning?

The little boy didn't know, fortunately for him, and Uncle Remus went on:

Brer Fox and Brer Possum rustled around, they did, getting out the vittles, and by and by Brer Fox, he said, "Brer Possum, you run down to the spring and fetch the butter, and I'll sail around you and set the table," he said.

Brer Possum, he loped off after the butter, and directly he came loping back with his ears a-trembling and his tongue a-hanging out.

"Brer Fox!" he hollered out.

"What's the matter now, Brer Possum?" he said.

"You all had better run, folks" said Brer Possum. "The last drop of that butter is gone."

"Where did it go?" said Brer Fox.

"It looks like it dried up," said Brer Possum.

Then Brer Rabbit, he looked sort of solemn, he did, and he up and said, "I suspect that the butter melted in somebody's mouth," he said.

Then they went down to the spring with Brer Possum, and sure enough, the butter was gone. While they were talking about the mystery, Brer rabbit said that he could see tracks all around there, and he pointed out that if they would all go to sleep, he could catch the chap that stole the butter.

They all lay down, and Brer Fox and Brer Possum, they soon dropped off to sleep, but Brer Rabbit, he stayed awake, and when the time came, he got up easy, and smeared Brer Possum's mouth with the butter on his paws, and then he ran off and nibbled up the best of the dinner that they had left lying out, and then he came back and woke up Brer Fox and showed him the butter on Brer Possum's mouth. Then they woke up Brer Possum and told him about it, but of course Brer Possum denied it to the last.

> Now Brer Fox, he's kind of a lawyer, and he argued this way: that Brer Possum was the first one at the butter, and the first one to miss it, and more than that, there were the signs on his mouth.
>
> Brer Possum could see that they had him jammed up in a corner, and then he up and said that the way to catch the man that stole the butter was to build a big brush heap and set it on fire, and everyone would try to jump over it, and the one that fell in, that would be the chap that stole the butter.
>
> Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox, they both agreed, they did, and they whirled in and built the brush heap, and they built it high, and they built it wide, and then they touched it off. When it got to blazing up good, Brer Rabbit he took the first turn. He sort of stepped back, and looked around and giggled, and over he went, just like a bird flying.
>
> Then came Brer Fox. He got back a little further, and spit on his hands, and lit out and made the jump, and he came so close to falling in that his tail caught fire.

"Haven't you ever seen a fox, honey?" inquired Uncle Remus, in a tone that implied both conciliation and information.

The little boy thought probably he had, but he wouldn't commit himself.

"Well then, continued the old man, "next time you see one of them, you look right close and see if the end of his tail isn't white. It's just like I tell you. They bear the scar of that brush right down to this day. They are marked, that's what they are. They are marked."

"And what about Brother Possum?" asked the little boy.

"Old Brer Possum, he took a running start, he did, and he came lumbering along, and he lit -- kerblam! -- right in the middle of the fire, and that was the last of old Brer Possum."

"But, Uncle Remus, Brother Possum didn't steal the butter after all," said the little boy, who was not at all satisfied with such summary injustice.

"That's what makes me say what I say, honey. In this world, lots of folks have to suffer for other folks' sins. It looks like it's mighty wrong, but it's just that way. Tribulation seems like it's a-waiting just around the corner to catch one and all of us, honey."

- Source: Joel Chandler Harris, *Uncle Remus; or, Mr. Fox, Mr. Rabbit, and Mr. Terrapin* (London and New York: George Routledge and Sons, 1883), no. 17, pp. 82-88.
- Dialect normalized by D. L. Ashliman. © 2000-2002.
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Revised November 9, 2014.

The third time the same thing occurred, and this time the name given by Reynard to the child that didn't exist was "All-Gone." You can guess why.

A short time afterwards, Master Bruin thought he would like to eat up some of his honey and asked Reynard to come and join him in the feast. When they got to the beehive, Bruin was so surprised to find that there was no honey left, and he turned round to Reynard and said, "Just-Begun, Half-Eaten, All-Gone. So that is what you meant. You have eaten my honey."

"Why no," said Reynard. "How could that be?" I have never stirred from your side except when I went a-gossiping [serving as godfather], and then I was far away from here. You must have eaten the honey yourself, perhaps when you were asleep. At any rate we can easily tell. Let us lie down here in the sunshine, and if either of us has eaten the honey, the sun will soon sweat it out of us."

No sooner said than done, and the two lay side by side in the sunshine. Soon Master Bruin commenced to doze, and Mr. Reynard took some honey from the hive and smeared it round Bruin's snout. Then he woke him up and said, "See, the honey is oozing out of your snout. You must have eaten it when you were asleep."

- Source: Joseph Jacobs, *Europa's Fairy Book* (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1916), pp. 42-43.
- Jacobs, an eminent folklorist, derived this "restored" text from a variety of European sources.
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The Fox Cheats the Bear out of His Christmas Fare

Norway

A bear and a fox had once bought between them a tub of butter, which they intended to keep till Christmas, and, therefore, hid it under a thick pine bush. They then went a little distance and lay down on a sunny bank to sleep.

When they had lain some time, the fox started up and cried out, "Yes," and ran away towards the butter tub, out of which he ate a good third. When he returned the bear asked him where he had been, as he looked so greasy about the mouth.

He said, "What do you think of my being invited to a christening?"

"Oh, indeed! What is the name of the child?" asked the bear.

"Begun Upon," answered the fox.

Thereupon they lay down to sleep again. In a little while the fox sprang up again and cried out, "Yes," and ran to the butter tub. This time he also ate a good portion. When he came back, and the bear again asked where he had been, he answered, "Oh, would you believe it? I have again been invited to a christening."

"What is the name of the child?" asked the bear.

"Half Eaten," answered the fox.

The bear thought that was a strange name, though he did not wonder long about it, but gave a gape and went to sleep again. They had not lain long when the same took place as before. The fox sprang up and cried out, "Yes," and ran to the butter tub, and this time he ate the remainder. When he came back, he had been once more to a christening, and when the bear inquired the name of the child, he answered, "Licked to the Bottom!"

They now lay down and slept a long time.

At length they agreed to go and look after their butter, and when they found it all eaten up, the bear accused the fox, and the fox accused the bear, of having eaten it. One said that the other must have been to the butter tub while he slept.

"Well, well!" said Reynard. "We shall soon see which of us two has stolen the butter. Let us both now lie down on this sunny bank, and the one whose tail is the greasiest when we wake, must be the one who has stolen it."

The bear was willing to undergo the ordeal. So, feeling conscious of his innocence, and that he had not even tasted the butter, he lay down to have a good sound sleep in the sun. But Reynard, instead of sleeping, crept softly to the butter tub, and got a little that still remained between the staves. Then sneaking gently back to the bear, he rubbed his tail with it, and lay down to sleep as if nothing had happened. When they both woke, the sun had melted the butter on the bear's tail, so that he was proved to be the one that had eaten the butter.

- Source: Benjamin Thorpe, *Yule-Tide Stories: A Collection of Scandinavian and North German Popular Tales and Traditions* (London: Henry G. Bohn, 1853), pp. 279-80. Translation slightly revised by D. L. Ashliman.
- Thorpe's source: Peter Christen Asbjørnsen and Jørgen Moe, Bjørnen og reven: Reven snyter bjørnen for julekosten.
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The Fox and the Wolf

Netherlands

The fox and the wolf stole a keg of butter from a peasant and hid it in a safe place. However, the hiding-place was far from where they lived, and one day when the fox got the urge to have a taste of the butter by himself, he felt the necessity of borrowing the wolf's boots for the long journey. The wolf, of course, asked him why he needed the boots.

"Well," said the fox, "I must travel a great distance to a baptism."

"Good," said the wolf, and the fox, wearing the wolf's boots, took off for the keg.

When he returned, the wolf asked him what the child's name was.

"Beginning" said the fox, and wolf thought to himself, "That is a nice name."

A short time later the fox came again and asked to borrow the boots, saying that once again he had to go to a baptism.

"Good," said the wolf, and once again the fox set forth wearing the wolf's boots.

When he returned, the wolf asked him, "What is the child's name?"

"Middle-of-the-Keg" said the fox, and the wolf thought, "That is an even nicer name."

Some time later the fox came again and said that still another child was to be baptized. When he brought back the boots, the wolf again asked him what name the child had been given.

"Well," said the fox, "this time his name is Bottom-of-the-Keg."

When the fox came a fourth time, the wolf grew somewhat impatient and asked if there would be no end to the baptisms.

"Yes," said the fox. "This is the last time."

"If that is so," said the wolf, "then go ahead and put on the boots."

The fox went again to the keg, and licked it clean. Then he filled it with stones, spread a thin layer of butter over them, and went home.

The wolf again asked him what the child's name was, and the fox answered, "Scrape-out-the-Keg."

Some time later the fox proposed to the wolf that the two of them should go to the keg of butter and have a real feast. Arriving there, they began quarreling with one another which one should have the first serving. Unable to decide, they drew straws. The wolf was lucky and drew the longer one, so he was to begin first. He started eating vigorously, but, of course, got only a mouthful of stones.

You should have seen the wolf and the fox. Each one accused the other one of eating up the butter.

"You did it when you were going to the baptisms," said the wolf.

"No," said the fox. "You did it when you knew that I wasn't at home."

But none of this led anywhere. The keg was empty and remained empty, so they decided to return home without further delay.

On their way home they found an old horse in a mire. They wanted to take it with them and asked one another how they might manage.

The fox said, "You are the strongest. Tie the horse's tail around your body and pull, while I

prod the horse with a stick."

That happened, and soon the horse was out of the mud, but it then ran off with the wolf tied to its tail.

"Claw your paws into the ground!" cried the fox.

"But I can see neither heaven nor earth!" answered the wolf.

Finally the wolf succeeded in breaking loose, and he and the fox continued on their way, but without the horse.

When they arrived at home the wolf sat down with his back to the fire, for he was wet to the bone. Sitting there, he fell asleep. The fox took some butter and spread it under the wolf's tail. Because of the warmth it soon melted.

Then the fox woke up the wolf and shouted, "Now it is clear who licked out the butter keg."

- Source: G. J. Boekenoogen, "Van den vos en den wolf," *Volkskunde: Tijdschrift voon Nederlandsche Folklore*, vol. 15 (1903), no. 32, pp. 112-13. Collected 1894 in Beilen, province of Drente.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2014.
- The episode of catching a horse by the tail is categorized as Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 47A. Link to additional tales of type 47A: Catching a Horse by Its Tail.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Keg of Butter

Scotland

The russet dog and the wild dog (the fox and the wolf) were going together. And they went round about the seashore, and they found a keg of butter, and they buried it.

On the morrow the fox went out, and when he returned, he said that a man had come to ask him to a baptism. The fox went, and he arrayed himself in excellent attire, and he went away. And where should he go but to the butter keg. And when he came home, the wolf asked him, "What name was given to the child?"

And he said that it was Foveeal (under its mouth).

On the morrow the fox said that a man had sent to ask him to a baptism. And he went to the keg, and he took out about half.

The wolf asked, when he came home, "What name was given to the child?"

"Well," said he, "It is a queer name that I myself would not give to my man child, if I had one. It is Moolay Moolay (about half and half)."

On the morrow the fox said that a man had come to ask him to a baptism again. And he went

to the keg, and he ate it all up. When he came home, the wolf asked him, "What name was given to the child?"

And he said that it was Booill Eemlich (licking all up).

On the morrow the fox said to the wolf that they ought to bring the keg home. They went, and when they reached the keg, there was not a shadow of the butter in it.

"Well," said the fox, "you came here without me!"

The other one swore that he had not come near it.

"You need not be claiming that you did not come here. I know that you did come, and that it was you who took the butter. And when we go home, I will see if you ate the butter," said the fox.

When they arrived home, the fox hung the wolf by his hind legs, with his head dangling below him. Then he put a dab of the butter under the wolf's mouth, as though it had come out of the wolf's belly.

"You red thief!" said the fox. "I said before, that it was you who ate the butter!"

- Source: J. F. Campbell, *Popular Tales of the West Highlands, Orally Collected*, vol. 3 (Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas, 1862), no. 65, pp. 96-98.
- Campbell's text cautiously modernized and normalized by D. L. Ashliman.
- Campbell's source: "From Hector Boyd, Barra, who learnt it from Neil M'Neill, Watersay; and from many other old men. Neil M'Neill died ten years ago, past eighty years of age. -- Castle Bay, Sept. 20, 1860."
- Return to the table of contents.

Cat and Mouse in Partnership

Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm

A cat had made the acquaintance of a mouse, and had said so much to her about the great love and friendship that he felt for her, that at last the mouse agreed that they should live and keep house together. "But we must make preparations for winter, or else we shall suffer from hunger," said the cat, "and you, little mouse, cannot venture out everywhere, or in the end you will be caught in a trap."

This good advice was followed, and they bought a pot of fat, but they did not know where to store it. Finally, after much consideration, the cat said, "I know of no place where it will be better stored up than in the church. No one dares take anything away from there. We will put it beneath the altar, and not touch it until we are need it."

So the pot was stored safely away, but it was not long before the cat took a great longing for it, and said to the mouse, "I wanted to tell you, little mouse, that my cousin has brought a little son into the world, and she has asked me to be his godfather. He is white with brown spots,

and I am to hold him over the baptismal font. Let me go out today, and you look after the house by yourself."

"Yes, yes," answered the mouse. "By all means go, and if you get anything good to eat, think of me. I would like to drink a drop of sweet red christening wine myself."

All this, however, was untrue. The cat had no cousin, and had not been asked to be godfather. He went straight to the church, crept up to the pot of fat, began to lick at it, and licked off the top of the fat. Then he went for a stroll on the roofs of the town, looked out for opportunities, and then stretched out in the sun, licking his whiskers whenever he thought of the pot of fat. He did not return home until it was evening.

"Well, here you are again," said the mouse. "You must have had a happy day."

"Everything went well," answered the cat.

"What name did they give the child?" asked the mouse.

"Top-Off," said the cat quite coolly.

"Top-Off?" cried the mouse. "That is a very odd and uncommon name. Is it a usual one in your family?"

"What does that matter?", said the cat. "It is no worse than Crumb-Thief, as your godchildren are called."

Before long the cat was seized by another fit of longing. He said to the mouse, "You must do me a favor, and once more manage the house alone for a day. I have been asked again to be godfather, and since the child has a white ring around its neck, I cannot refuse."

The good mouse consented. However, the cat crept behind the town wall to the church, and devoured half the pot of fat. "Nothing tastes as good as that which one eats by oneself," he said, and was quite satisfied with his day's work.

When he arrived home the mouse asked, "What name was this child christened with?"

"Half-Gone," answered the cat.

"Half-Gone? What are you saying? I have never heard that name in all my life. I'll wager it is not in the almanac."

The cat's mouth soon again began to water for the delicious goods. "All good things come in threes," he said to the mouse. "I have been asked to be godfather again. The child is totally black, only it has white paws. Otherwise it has not a single white hair on its whole body. This only happens once every few years. You will let me go, won't you?"

"Top-Off. Half-Gone," answered the mouse. "They are such odd names, that they make me stop and think."

"Here you sit at home," said the cat, "with your dark gray fur coat and long braid of hair capturing fantasies. That is because you do not go out in the daytime."

During the cat's absence the mouse cleaned the house, and put it in order, but the greedy cat devoured all the rest of the fat. "One has peace only after everything is eaten up," he said to himself. Well filled and fat, he did not return home until nighttime.

The mouse immediately asked what name had been given to the third child.

"You will not like it either," said the cat. "His name is All-Gone."

"All-Gone!", cried the mouse. "That is the most worrisome name of all. I have never seen it in print. All-Gone! What can that mean?" Then she shook her head, curled herself up, and lay down to sleep.

From this time forth no one invited the cat to be godfather, but when winter had come and there was no longer anything to be found outside, the mouse thought of their stored food, and said, "Come cat, we will go to our pot of fat which we have stored up for ourselves. It will taste good now."

"Yes," answered the cat. "You will enjoy it as much as you would enjoy sticking that dainty tongue of yours out of the window."

They set out on their way, but when they arrived, the pot of fat, to be sure, was still in its place, but it was empty. "Alas," said the mouse, "now I see what has happened. Now it comes to light. You are a true friend. You ate everything when you were serving as a godfather. First top off, then half done, then ..."

"Be quiet!" cried the cat. "One more word, and I will eat you too."

"All gone" was already on the poor mouse's lips. She had scarcely spoken it before the cat sprang on her, seized her, and swallowed her down. You see, that is the way of the world.

- Source: Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, "Katze und Maus in Gesellschaft," Kinder- und Hausmärchen, 7th edition, vol. 1 (Göttingen: Verlag der Dieterichschen Buchhandlung, 1857), no. 2, pp. 6-8.
- The Grimms' source: Oral tradition, communicated by Gretchen Wild (1787-1819) in Kassel.
- This tale, in a shorter version, was included in the Grimms' manuscript collection of 1808 and in their first edition (1812), vol. 1, no. 2.
- Translated by Margaret Hunt (1884). Translation revised and corrected by D. L. Ashliman. © 2000.
- I have arbitrarily assigned male gender to the cat. Its natural (as opposed to grammatical) gender cannot be determined by the German text.
- Link to a file containing only the Grimms' Cat and Mouse in Partnership.
- Return to the table of contents.

Mr. Rabbit Nibbles up the Butter

African-American

"The animals and the creatures," said Uncle Remus, shaking his coffee around in the bottom of his tin cup, in order to gather up all the sugar,

> they just kept on getting more and more familiar with one another, until by and by it wasn't long before Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox and Brer Possum got to sort of bunching their provisions together in the same shanty. After a while the roof sort of began to leak, and one day Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox and Brer Possum assembled to see if they couldn't kind of patch it up. They had a big day's work in front of them, and they fetched their dinner with them. They lumped the vittles up in one pile, and the butter that Brer Fox brought, they went and put it in the spring-house to keep it cool, and then they went to work, and it wasn't long before Brer Rabbit's stomach began to sort of growl and pester him. Brer Fox's butter sat heavy on his mind, and his mouth watered every time he remembered it.
>
> Presently he said to himself that he would like to have a nip at the butter, and then he laid out his plans, he did. First thing you know, while they were working along, Brer Rabbit raised his head quickly and flung his ears forward, and hollered out, "Here I am. What do you want with me?" and off he went, like something was after him.
>
> He sallied around, old Brer Rabbit did, and after he made sure that nobody was following, he bounced into the spring-house, and there he stayed until he got a helping of butter. Then he sauntered on back and went to work.
>
> "Where have you been?" said Brer Fox.
>
> "I heard my children calling me," said Brer Rabbit, "and I had to go see what they wanted. My old woman has gone and taken sick," he said.
>
> They worked on until by and by the butter tasted so good that old Brer Rabbit wanted some more. Then he raised up his head, he did, and hollered out, "Heyo! Hold on! I'm a-coming!" And off he went.
>
> This time he stayed a good while, and when he got back, Brer Fox asked him where he'd been.
>
> "I've been to see my old woman, and she's sinking," he said.
>
> Directly Brer Rabbit heard them calling him again, and off he went, and this time, bless your soul, he got the butter out so clean that he could see himself in the bottom of the bucket. He scraped it clean and licked it dry, and then he went back to work looking like a black man that had been picked up by the plantation patrol.
>
> "How's your old woman this time?" said Brer Rabbit.
>
> "I'm obliged to you, Brer Fox," said Brer Rabbit, "but I'm afraid that she's gone by

by the
Brothers Grimm

a comparison of the versions of 1812 and 1857
compiled and translated
by

D. L. Ashliman
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Return to:

- Frau Holle by Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, a translation of the version of 1857.
- The Grimm Brothers' Home Page.
- The Grimm Brothers' Children's and Household Tales (Grimms' Fairy Tales).
- D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

First edition, 1812	Final edition, 1857
Frau Holle	**Frau Holle**
A widow had two daughters; the one was beautiful and industrious, the other ugly and lazy.	A widow had two daughters, the one was beautiful and industrious, the other ugly and lazy.
She greatly favored the ugly, lazy girl.	She greatly favored the ugly, lazy girl, because she was her own daughter.
The other one had to do all the work, and was truly a Cinderella in the house.	And the other one had to do all the work, and be the Cinderella of the house.
Once the girl went to fetch water, and when she leaned over to pull the bucket from the	Every day the poor girl had to sit by a well, next to the highway, and spin so much that her fingers bled. Now it happened that one day the reel was completely bloody, so she dipped it in the well, to wash it off, but it dropped out of her hand and fell in. She cried, ran to her stepmother, and told her of the mishap.

well, she leaned over too far and fell in.

She scolded her so sharply, and was so merciless that she said, "Since you have let the reel fall in, you must fetch it out again."

Then the girl went back to the well, and did not know what to do. Terrified, she jumped into the well to get the reel.

And when she awoke and came to herself again, she was in a beautiful meadow. The sun was shining, and there were many thousands of flowers.

She lost her senses. And when she awoke and came to herself again, she was in a beautiful meadow where the sun was shining, and there were many thousands of flowers.

She walked across this meadow and came to an oven full of bread.

She walked across this meadow and came to an oven full of bread.

The bread called out, "Oh, take me out. Take me out, or I'll burn! I've been thoroughly baked for a long time!"

The bread called out, "Oh, take me out. Take me out, or I'll burn. I've been thoroughly baked for a long time."

So she stepped up to it and took everything out.

So she stepped up to it, and with a baker's peel took everything out, one loaf after the other.

After that she walked further and came to a tree laden with apples. "Shake me! Shake me! We apples are all ripe!" cried the tree. So she shook the tree until the apples fell as though it were raining apples. When none were left in the tree, she continued on her way.

After that she walked further and came to a tree laden with apples. "Shake me. Shake me. We apples are all ripe." cried the tree. So she shook the tree until the apples fell as though it were raining apples. When none were left in the tree, she gathered them into a pile, and then continued on her way.

Finally she came to a small house. An old woman was peering out from inside.

Finally she came to a small house. An old woman was peering out from inside.

She had very large teeth, which frightened the girl, and she wanted to run away.

She had very large teeth, which frightened the girl, and she wanted to run away.

But the old woman called out to her, "Don't be afraid, dear child. Stay here with me, and if you do my housework in an orderly fashion, it will go well with you. Only you must take

But the old woman called out to her, "Don't be afraid, dear child. Stay here with me, and if you do my housework in an orderly fashion, it will go well with you. Only you must take care to make

care to make my bed well and shake it diligently until the feathers fly, then it will snow in the world.* I am Frau Holle."

my bed well and shake it diligently until the feathers fly, then it will snow in the world.* I am Frau Holle."

[Footnote:] *Therefore in Hessen whenever it snows they say that Frau Holle is making her bed.

[Footnote:] *Therefore in Hessen whenever it snows they say that Frau Holle is making her bed.

Because the old woman spoke so kindly to her, the girl agreed, and started in her service.

Because the old woman spoke so kindly to her, the girl took heart, agreed, and started in her service.

The girl took care of everything to Frau Holle's satisfaction and always shook her featherbed vigorously.

The girl took care of everything to Frau Holle's satisfaction and always shook her featherbed vigorously until the feathers flew about like snowflakes.

Therefore she had a good life with her: no angry words, and boiled or roast meat every day.

Therefore she had a good life with her: no angry words, and boiled or roast meat every day.

Now after she had been with Frau Holle for a time, her heart saddened. Even though she was many thousands of times better off here than at home, still she had a yearning to return.

Now after she had been with Frau Holle for a time, she became sad. At first she did not know what was the matter with her, but at last she determined that it was homesickness. Even though she was many thousands of times better off here than at home, still she had a yearning to return.

Finally she said to the old woman, "I have such a longing for home, and even though I am very well off here, I cannot stay longer."

Finally she said to the old woman, "I have such a longing for home, and even though I am very well off here, I cannot stay longer. I must go up again to my own people."

Frau Holle said, "You are right, and because you have served me so faithfully, I will take you back myself."

Frau Holle said, "I am pleased that you long for your home again, and because you have served me so faithfully, I will take you back myself."

With that she took her by the hand and led her to a large gate.

With that she took her by the hand and led her to a large gate.

The gate was opened, and while the girl was standing under it, an immense rain of gold fell, and all the gold stuck to her, so that she was completely covered with it.	The gate was opened, and while the girl was standing under it, an immense rain of gold fell, and all the gold stuck to her, so that she was completely covered with it.
"This is yours because you have been so industrious," said Frau Holle.	"This is yours because you have been so industrious," said Frau Holle, and at the same time she gave her back the reel which had fallen into the well.
With that the gate was closed and the girl found herself above on earth.	With that the gate was closed and the girl found herself above on earth, not far from her mother's house.
	And as she entered the yard the rooster, sitting on the well, cried:
She went home to her mother, and because she arrived all covered with gold, she was well received.	Cock-a-doodle-doo, Our golden girl is here anew. Then she went inside to her mother, and as she arrived all covered with gold, she was well received, both by her mother and her sister.
When the mother heard how she had come to the great wealth, she wanted to achieve the same fortune for the other, the ugly and lazy daughter.	The girl told all that had happened to her, and when the mother heard how she had come to the great wealth, she wanted to achieve the same fortune for the other, the ugly and lazy daughter.
She made her go and jump into the well.	She made her go and sit by the well and spin. And to make her reel bloody, the lazy girl pricked her fingers and shoved her hand into a thorn bush. Then she threw the reel into the well, and jumped in herself.
Like the other girl, she too awoke in a beautiful meadow, and she walked along the same path.	Like the other girl, she too came to the beautiful meadow and walked along the same path.

When she came to the oven, the bread cried again, "Oh, take me out! Take me out, or else I'll burn! I've been thoroughly baked for a long time!"

When she came to the oven, the bread cried again, "Oh, take me out. Take me out, or else I'll burn. I've been thoroughly baked for a long time."

But the lazy girl answered, "As if I would want to get all dirty," and walked away.

But the lazy girl answered, "As if I would want to get all dirty," and walked away.

Soon she came to the apple tree. It cried out, "Oh, shake me! Shake me! We apples are all ripe!"

Soon she came to the apple tree. It cried out, "Oh, shake me. Shake me. We apples are all ripe."

But she answered, "Oh yes, one could fall on my head," and with that she walked on.

But she answered, "Oh yes, one could fall on my head," and with that she walked on.

When she came to Frau Holle's house, she was not afraid, because she had already heard about her large teeth, and she immediately began to work for her.

When she came to Frau Holle's house, she was not afraid, because she had already heard about her large teeth, and she immediately began to work for her.

On the first day she forced herself, was industrious, and obeyed Frau Holle, when she said something to her, because she was thinking about all the gold that she would give her.

On the first day she forced herself, was industrious, and obeyed Frau Holle, when she said something to her, because she was thinking about all the gold that she would give her.

But on the second day she already began to be lazy, on the third day even more so, and then she didn't even want to get up in the morning.

But on the second day she already began to be lazy, on the third day even more so, and then she didn't even want to get up in the morning.

She did not make the bed for Frau Holle, the way she was supposed to, and she did not shake it until the feathers flew.

She did not make the bed for Frau Holle, the way she was supposed to, and she did not shake it until the feathers flew.

Frau Holle soon became tired of this and dismissed her of her duties.

Frau Holle soon became tired of this and dismissed her of her duties.

This was just what the lazy girl wanted, for she thought that she would now get the rain

This was just what the lazy girl wanted, for she thought that she would now get the rain of gold.

of gold.

Frau Holle led her too to the gate. She stood beneath it, but instead of gold, a large kettle full of pitch spilled over her.

"That is the reward for your services," said Frau Holle, and closed the gate.

Then the lazy girl went home, entirely covered with pitch, and it would not come off as long as she lived.

Frau Holle led her too to the gate. She stood beneath it, but instead of gold, a large kettle full of pitch spilled over her.

"That is the reward for your services," said Frau Holle, and closed the gate.

Then the lazy girl went home, entirely covered with pitch. As soon as the rooster on the well saw her, he cried out:

Cock-a-doodle-doo,
Our dirty girl is here anew.

And the pitch stuck fast to her, and did not come off as long as she lived.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Link to the Grimm brothers' German text (1857 version), Frau Holle.

Revised Jaunuary 18, 2003.

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Fridleif the Dragon Slayer

edited by

D. L. Ashliman

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Fridleif ... set forth on his [courtship] voyage; and his fleet being becalmed, he invaded some villages to look for food; where, being received hospitably by a certain Grubb, and at last winning his daughter in marriage, he begat a son named Olaf. After some time had passed he also won Frogertha; but, while going back to his own country, he had a bad voyage, and was driven on the shores of an unknown island.

A certain man appeared to him in a vision, and instructed him to dig up a treasure that was buried in the ground, and also to attack the dragon that guarded it, covering himself in an ox-hide to escape the poison; teaching him also to meet the envenomed fangs with a hide stretched over his shield. Therefore, to test the vision, he attacked the snake as it rose out of the waves, and for a long time cast spears against its scaly side; in vain, for its hard and shelly body foiled the darts flung at it. But the snake, shaking its mass of coils, uprooted the trees which it brushed past by winding its tail about them. Moreover, by constantly dragging its body, it hollowed the ground down to the solid rock, and had made a sheer bank on either hand, just as in some places we see hills parted by an intervening valley. So Fridleif, seeing that the upper part of the creature was proof against attack, assailed the lower side with his sword, and piercing the groin, drew blood from the quivering beast.

When it was dead, he unearthed the money from the underground chamber and had it taken off in his ships.

- Source: *The First Nine Books of the Danish History of Saxo Grammaticus [Gesta Danorum]*, translated by Oliver Elton (London: David Nutt, 1894), p. 222.
- Saxo Grammaticus lived between about 1150 and 1220.

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Revised December 27, 2009.

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Frog Kings

folktales of Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 440
about slimy suitors
translated and/or edited by

D. L. Ashliman
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The Frog King; or, Iron Heinrich

Germany

Once upon a time there was a princess who went out into a forest and sat next to a cool well. She took great pleasure in throwing a golden ball into the air and catching it, but once it went too high. She held out her hand with her fingers curved to catch it, but it fell to the ground and rolled and rolled right into the water.

Horrified, the princess followed it with her eyes, but the well was so deep that she could not see its bottom. Then she began to cry bitterly, "I'd give anything, if only I could get my ball back: my clothes, my precious stones, my pearls, anything in the world." At this a frog stuck his head out of the water and said, "Princess, why are you crying so bitterly?"

The father sent the second girl, but the frog again croaked: "Father-in-law! Father-in-law! I don't want that, Betsie is the girl I want."

"Go, my Betsie," said the father, quite disheartened, "else this confounded monster will cast a spell on us."

So Betsie went to bed with the frog, but her father thoughtfully left a lamp burning on the top of the oven; noticing which, the frog crawled out of bed and blew the lamp out. The father lighted it again, but the frog put it out as before, and so it happened a third time. The father saw that the frog would not yield, and was therefore obliged to leave his dear little Betsie in the dark by the side of the ugly frog, and felt great anxiety about her.

In the morning, when the father and the two elder girls got up, they opened their eyes and mouths wide in astonishment, because the frog had disappeared, and by the side of Betsie they found a handsome Magyar lad, with auburn locks, in a beautiful costume, with gold braid and buttons and gold spurs on his boots. The handsome lad asked for Betsie's hand, and, having received the father's consent, they hastened to celebrate the wedding, so that christening might not follow the wedding too soon.

The two elder sisters looked with invidious eyes on Betsie, as they also were very much smitten with the handsome lad. Betsie was very happy after, so happy that if anyone doubt it he can satisfy himself with his own eyes. If she is still alive, let him go and look for her, and try to find her in this big world.

- Source: W. Henry Jones and Lewis L. Kropf, *The Folk-Tales of the Magyars* (London: Published for the Folk-Lore Society by Elliot Stock, 1889), pp. 224-26.
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The Queen Who Sought a Drink from a Certain Well

Scotland

There was before now, a queen who was sick, and she had three daughters. Said she to the one who was eldest, "Go to the well of true water, and bring to me a drink to heal me."

The daughter went, and she reached the well. A *losgann* (frog or toad) came up to ask her if she would wed him, if she should get a drink for her mother.

"I will not wed thee, hideous creature! on any account," said she.

"Well then," said he, "thou shalt not get the water."

She went away home, and her mother sent away her sister that was nearest to her, to seek a drink of the water. She reached the well, and the toad came up and asked her if she would marry him if she should get the water.

"I won't marry thee, hideous creature!" said she.

"Thou shalt not get the water then," said he.

She went home, and her sister that was youngest went to seek the water. When she reached the well the toad came up as he used, and asked her if she would marry him if she should get the water.

"If I have no other way to get healing for my mother, I will marry thee," said she; and she got the water, and she healed her mother.

They had betaken themselves to rest in the night when the toad came to the door saying:

A chaomhag, a chaomhag,	Gentle one, gentle one,
An cuimhneach leat	Rememberest thou
An gealladh beag	The little pledge
A thug thu aig	Thou gavest me
An tobar dhomh?	Beside the well?
A ghaoil, a ghaoil!	My love, my love!

When he was ceaselessly saying this, the girl rose and took him in, and put him behind the door, and she went to bed; but she was not long laid down, when he began again saying, everlastingly:

A hàovaig, a hàovaig,
An cuineach leat
An geallug beag
A hoog oo aig
An tobar gaw,
A géule, a géule.

Then she got up and she put him under a noggin [small wooden pail]. That kept him quiet a while. But she was not long laid down when he began again, saying:

A hàovaig, a hàovaig,
An cuineach leat
An geallug beag
A hoog oo aig
An tobar gaw,
A géule, a géule.

She rose again, and she made him a little bed at the fireside.

But he was not pleased, and he began saying, "A chaoimheag, a chaoimheag, an cuimhneach leat an gealladh beag a thug thu aig an tobar dhomh, a ghaoil, a ghaoil."

Then she got up and made him a bed beside her own bed.

But he was without ceasing, saying, "A chaoimheag, a chaoimheag, an cuimhneach leat an gealladh beag a thug thu aig an tobar dhomh, a ghaoil, a ghaoil."

But she took no notice of his complaining, till he said to her, "There is an old rusted glave [sword] behind thy bed, with which thou hadst better take off my head than be holding me longer in torture."

She took the glave and cut the head off him. When the steel touched him, he grew a handsome youth; and he gave many thanks to the young wife, who had been the means of putting off him the spells under which he had endured for a long time.

Then he got his kingdom, for he was a king; and he married the princess, and they were long alive and merry together.

- Source: J. F. Campbell, *Popular Tales of the West Highlands: Orally Collected*, vol. 2 (Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas, 1860), no. 33, pp. 130-32.
- Campbell's source: Mrs. MacTavish, Port Ellen, Islay.
- From Campbell's notes to this tale (pp. 133-34):

> The lady who has been so kind as to write down this, and other stories, is one of my oldest friends. She has brought up a large family, and her excellent memory now enables her to remember tales, which she had gathered during a long life passed in the West Highlands, where her husband was a respected minister. The story is evidently a Celtic version of the "Wearie Well at the Warldis End," of which Chambers has published one Scotch version, to which Grimm refers in notes "Der Froschkönig," in his third volume. There are many versions still current in Scotland, told in broad Scots; and it can be traced back to 1548. According to Grimm it belongs to the oldest in Germany. This version clearly belongs to the Gaelic language, for the speech of the frog is an imitation of the gurgling and quarking of spring frogs in a pond, which I have vainly endeavored to convey to an English reader by English letters; but which is absurdly like, when repeated in Gaelic with this intention. The persevering, obstinate repetition of the same sounds is also exceedingly like the habit of frogs, when disturbed, but not much frightened. Let anyone try the experiment of throwing a stone into the midst of a frog concert, and he will hear the songsters, after a moment of stillness, begin again. First a half-smothered guark guark; then another begins, half under water, with a gurgle, and then more and more join in till the pond is in full chorus once again. Guark, guark, gooill -- -- gooark gooill -- --.
>
> Holy healing wells are common all over the Highlands; and people still leave offerings of pins and nails, and bits of rag, though few would confess it. There is a well in Islay where I myself have, after drinking, deposited copper caps amongst a board of pins and buttons, and similar gear, placed in chinks in the rocks and trees at the edge of the "Witches' Well." There is another well with similar offerings, freshly place beside it in an island in Loch Maree in Ross-shire; and similar wells are to be found in many other places in Scotland. For example, I learn from Sutherland, that "a well in the black

> Isle of Cromarty near Rosehaugh has miraculous healing powers. A country woman tells me that about forty years ago she remembers it being surrounded by a crowd of people every first Tuesday in June who bathed or drank of it before sunrise. Each patient tied a string or rag to one of the trees that overhung it before leaving. It was sovereign for headaches. Mr. __ remembers to have seen a well here called Mary's Well, hung round with votive rags."

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The Paddo

Scotland

A poor widow was one day baking bannocks, and sent her dochter wi' a dish to the well to bring water. The dochter gaed, and better gaed, till she came to the well, but it was dry. Now, what to do she didna ken, for she couldna gang back to her mother without water; sae she sat down by the side o' the well, and fell a-greeting. A paddo [frog] then came loup-loup-louping out o' the well, and asked the lassie what she was greeting for; and she said she was greeting because there was nae water in the well.

"But," says the paddo, "an ye'll be my wife, I'll gie ye plenty o' water."

And the lassie, no thinking that the poor beast could mean anything serious, said she wad be his wife, for the sake o' getting the water. So she got the water into her dish, and gaed away hame to her mother, and thought nae mair about the paddo, till that night, when, just as she and her mother were about to go their beds, something came to the door, and when they listened, they heard this sang:

> O open the door, my hinnie, my heart,
> O open the door, my ain true love;
> Remember the promise that you and I made,
> down i' the meadow, where we twa met.

Says the mother to the dochter, "What noise is that at the door?"

"Hout," says the dochter, "it's naething but a filthy paddo."

"Open the door," says the mother, "to the poor paddo." So the lassie opened the door, and the paddo came loup-loup-louping in, and sat down by the ingle-side. Then he sings:

> O gie me my supper, my hinnie, my heart,
> O gie me my supper, my ain true love;
> Remember the promise that you and I made,
> Down i' the meadow, where we twa met.

"Hout," quo' the dochter, 'wad I gie a filthy paddo his supper?"

"O ay," said the mother, "e'n gie the poor paddo his supper." So the paddo got his supper; and after that he sings again:

> O put me to bed, my hinnie, my heart,
> O put me to bed, my ain true love;
> Remember the promise that you and I made,
> Down i' the meadow, where we twa met.

"Hout," quo' the dochter, "wad I put a filthy paddo to bed?"

"O ay," says the mother, "put the poor paddo to bed." And so she put the paddo to his bed. (Here let us abridge a little.) Then the paddo sang again:

> Now fetch me an axe, my hinnie, my heart,
> Now fetch me an axe, my ain true love;
> Remember the promise that you and I made,
> Down i' the meadow, where we twa met.

Well, the lassie chappit aff his head; and no sooner was that done, than he started up the bonniest young prince that ever was seen. And the twa lived happy a' the rest o' their days.

- Source: Robert Chambers, *Popular Rhymes of Scotland: New Edition* (London and Edinburgh: W. and R. Chambers, 1870), pp. 87-89.
- Note by Chambers concerning his source: "The above is ... from the memory of the late Charles K. Sharpe, Esq., who would be sitting at the knee of Nurse Jenny, his father's house of Hoddam in Dumfriesshire, about the year 1784."
- Chambers' note within his text "Here let us abridge a little" apparently alludes to material deemed inappropriate for his sensitive readers.
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The Well of the World's End

Scotland

Once upon a time, and a very good time it was, though it wasn't in my time, nor in your time, nor anyone else's time, there was a girl whose mother had died, and her father had married again. And her stepmother hated her because she was more beautiful than herself, and she was very cruel to her. She used to make her do all the servant's work, and never let her have any peace.

At last, one day, the stepmother thought to get rid of her altogether; so she handed her a sieve and said to her, "Go, fill it at the Well of the World's End and bring it home to me full, or woe betide you" For she thought she would never be able to find the Well of the World's End, and, if she did, how could she bring home a sieve full of water?

Well, the girl started off, and asked everyone she met to tell her where was the Well of the World's End. But nobody knew, and she didn't know what to do, when a queer little old woman, all bent double, told her where it was, and how she could get to it. So she did what

the old woman told her, and at last arrived at the Well of the World's End.

But when she dipped the sieve in the cold, cold water, it all ran out again. She tried and she tried again, but every time it was the same; and at last she sate down and cried as if her heart would break. Suddenly she heard a croaking voice, and she looked up and saw a great frog with goggle eyes looking at her and speaking to her.

"What's the matter, dearie?" it said.

"Oh, dear, oh dear," she said, "my stepmother has sent me all this long way to fill this sieve with water from the Well of the World's End, and I can't fill it no how at all."

"Well," said the frog, " if you promise me to do whatever I bid you for a whole night long, I'll tell you how to fill it."

So the girl agreed, and then the frog said:

> Stop it with moss and daub it with clay,
> And then it will carry the water away;

and then it gave a hop, skip and jump, and went flop into the Well of the World's End.

So the girl looked about for some moss, and lined the bottom of the sieve with it, and over that she put some clay, and then she dipped it once again into the Well of the World's End; and this time, the water didn't run out, and she turned to go away.

Just then the frog popped up its head out of the Well of the World's End, and said, "Remember your promise."

"All right," said the girl; for thought she, "What harm can a frog do me?"

So she went back to her stepmother, and brought the sieve full of water from the Well of the World's End. The stepmother was fine and angry, but she said nothing at all.

That very evening they heard something tap tapping at the door low down, and a voice cried out:

> Open the door, my hinny, my heart,
> Open the door, my own darling;
> Mind you the words that you and I spoke,
> Down in the meadow, at the World's End Well.

"Whatever can that be?" cried out the stepmother, and the girl had to tell her all about it, and what she had promised the frog.

"Girls must keep their promises," said the stepmother. "Go and open the door this instant." For she was glad the girl would have to obey a nasty frog.

So the girl went and opened the door, and there was the frog from the Well of the World's

End. And it hopped, and it skipped, and it jumped, till it reached the girl, and then it said:

> Lift me to your knee, my hinny, my heart;
> Lift me to your knee, my own darling;
> Remember the words you and I spoke,
> Down in the meadow by the World's End Well.

But the girl didn't like to, till her stepmother said, "Lift it up this instant, you hussy! Girls must keep their promises!"

So at last she lifted the frog up on to her lap, and it lay there for a time, till at last it said:

> Give me some supper, my hinny, my heart,
> Give me some supper, my darling;
> Remember the words you and I spake,
> In the meadow, by the Well of the World's End.

Well, she didn't mind doing that, so she got it a bowl of milk and bread, and fed it well. And when the frog had finished, it said:

> Go with me to bed, my hinny, my heart,
> Go with me to bed, my own darling;
> Mind you the words you spake to me,
> Down by the cold well, so weary.

But that the girl wouldn't do, till her stepmother said, "Do what you promised, girl; girls must keep their promises. Do what you're bid, or out you go, you and your froggie."

So the girl took the frog with her to bed, and kept it as far away from her as she could. Well, just as the day was beginning to break what should the frog say but:

> Chop off my head, my hinny, my heart,
> Chop off my head, my own darling;
> Remember the promise you made to me,
> Down by the cold well so weary.

At first the girl wouldn't, for she thought of what the frog had done for her at the Well of the World's End. But when the frog said the words over again, she went and took an axe and chopped off its head, and lo! and behold, there stood before her a handsome young prince, who told her that he had been enchanted by a wicked magician, and he could never be unspelled till some girl would do his bidding for a whole night, and chop off his head at the end of it.

The stepmother was that surprised when she found the young prince instead of the nasty frog, and she wasn't best pleased, you may be sure, when the prince told her that he was going to marry her stepdaughter because she had unspelled him. So they were married and went away to live in the castle of the king, his father, and all the stepmother had to console her was, that it was all through her that her stepdaughter was married to a prince.

- Source: Joseph Jacobs, *English Fairy Tales* (London: David Nutt, 1890), pp. 215-19.
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The Maiden and the Frog

England

Many years ago there lived on the brow of a mountain, in the north of England, an old woman and her daughter. They were very poor, and obliged to work very hard for their living, and the old woman's temper was not very good, so that the maiden, who was very beautiful, led but an ill life with her.

The girl, indeed, was compelled to do the hardest work, for her mother got their principal means of subsistence by traveling to places in the neighborhood with small articles for sale, and when she came home in the afternoon she was not able to do much more work. Nearly the whole domestic labor of the cottage devolved therefore on the daughter, the most wearisome part of which consisted in the necessity of fetching all the water they required from a well on the other side of the hill, there being no river or spring near their own cottage.

It happened one morning that the daughter had the misfortune, in going to the well, to break the only pitcher they possessed, and having no other utensil she could use for the purpose, she was obliged to go home without bringing any water. When her mother returned, she was unfortunately troubled with excessive thirst, and the girl, though trembling for the consequences of her misfortune, told her exactly the circumstance that had occurred.

The old woman was furiously angry, and so far from making any allowances for her daughter, pointed to a sieve which happened to be on the table, and told her to go at once to the well and bring her some water in that, or never venture to appear again in her sight.

The young maiden, frightened almost out of her wits by her mother's fury, speedily took the sieve, and though she considered the task a hopeless one to accomplish, almost unconsciously hastened to the well. When she arrived there, beginning to reflect on the painful situation in which she was placed, and the utter impossibility of her obtaining a living by herself, she threw herself down on the brink of the well in an agony of despair.

Whilst she was in this condition, a large from came up to the top of the water, and asked her for what she was crying so bitterly. She was somewhat surprised at this, but not being the least frightened, told him the whole story, and that she was crying because she could not carry away water in the sieve.

"Is that all?" said the frog; "cheer up, my hinny! for if you will only let me sleep with you for two nights, and then chop off my head, I will tell you how to do it."

The maiden thought the frog could not be in earnest, but she was too impatient to consider much about it, and at once made the required promise. The frog then instructed her in the following words:

> Stop with fog (moss),

And daub with clay;
And that will carry
The water away.

Having said this, he dived immediately under the water, and the girl, having followed his advice, got the sieve full of water, and returned home with it, not thinking much of her promise to the frog. By the time she reached home the old woman's wrath was appeased, but as they were eating their frugal supper very quietly, what should they hear but the splashing and croaking of a frog near the door, and shortly afterwards the daughter recognized the voice of the frog of the well saying:

Open the door, my hinny, my heart,
Open the door, my own darling;
Remember the word you spoke to me
In the meadow by the well-spring.

She was now dreadfully frightened, and hurriedly explained the matter to her mother, who was also so much alarmed at the circumstance, that she dared not refuse admittance to the frog, who, when the door was opened, leapt into the room, exclaiming:

Go wi' me to bed, my hinny, my heart,
Go wi' me to bed, my own darling;
Remember the words you spoke to me,
In the meadow by the well-spring.

This command was also obeyed, although as may be readily supposed, she did not much relish such a bedfellow. The next day, the frog was very quiet, and evidently enjoyed the fare they placed before him, the purest milk and the finest bread they could procure. In fact, neither the old woman nor her daughter spared any pains to render the frog comfortable. That night, immediately supper was finished, the frog again exclaimed:

Go wi' me to bed, my hinny, my heart,
Go wi' me to bed, my own darling;
Remember the words you spoke to me,
In the meadow by the well-spring.

She again allowed the frog to share her couch, and in the morning, as soon as she was dressed, he jumped towards her, saying:

Chop off my head, my hinny, my heart,
Chop off my head, my own darling;
Remember the words you spoke to me,
In the meadow by the well-spring.

The maiden had no sooner accomplished this last request, than in the stead of the frog there stood by her side the handsomest prince in the world, who had long been transformed by a magician, and who could never have recovered his natural shape until a beautiful virgin had

consented, of her own accord, to make him her bedfellow for two nights. the joy of all parties was complete; the girl and the prince were shortly afterwards married, and lived for many years in the enjoyment of every happiness.

- Source: James Orchard Halliwell-Phillipps, *Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales: A Sequel to the Nursery Rhymes of England* (London: John Russell Smith, 1849), pp. 43-47.
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The Kind Stepdaughter and the Frog

England

I have often had this tale told to me by my nurse when a child, and heard the following version a short time ago in Holderness [Yorkshire], and was informed it had been told thus for ages:

> There was a stepmother who was very unkind to her stepdaughter and very kind to her own daughter; and used to send her stepdaughter to do all the dirty work. One day she sent her to the pump for some water when a little frog came up through the sink and asked her not to pour dirty water down, as his drawing room was there. So she did not; and as a reward, he said pearls and diamonds should drop from her mouth when she spoke.
>
> When she returned home it happened as he said; and the stepmother, learning how it had come about, sent her own daughter to the pump. When she got there the little frog spoke to her and asked her not to throw dirty water down, and she replied, "Oh! you nasty, dirty little thing, I won't do as you ask me."
>
> Then the frog said, "Whenever you speak, frogs, and toads, and snakes shall drop from your mouth."
>
> She went home and it happened as the frog had said. At night when they were sitting at the table a little voice was heard singing outside:
>
> > Come bring me my supper,
> > My own sweet, sweet one.
>
> When the stepdaughter went to the door, there was the little frog. She brought him in in spite of her stepmother, took him on her knee, and fed him with bits from her plate. After a while he sang:
>
> > Come, let us go to bed,
> > My own sweet, sweet one.
>
> So, unknown to her stepmother, she laid him at the foot of her bed, as she said he was a poor, harmless thing. Then she fell asleep and forgot all about him.

"Oh," she said, "you ugly frog, how can you help me? My golden ball has fallen into the well."

The frog said, "I do not want your pearls, your precious stones, and your clothes, but if you'll accept me as a companion and let me sit next to you and eat from your plate and sleep in your bed, and if you'll love and cherish me, then I'll bring your ball back to you."

The princess thought, "What is this stupid frog trying to say? After all, he does have to stay here in the water. But still, maybe he can get my ball. I'll go ahead and say yes," and she said aloud, "Yes, for all I care. Just bring me back my golden ball, and I'll promise everything."

The frog stuck his head under the water and dove to the bottom. He returned a short time later with the golden ball in his mouth and threw it onto the land. When the princess saw her ball once again, she rushed toward it, picked it up, and was so happy to have it in her hand again, that she could think of nothing else than to run home with it. The frog called after her, "Wait, princess, take me with you like you promised," but she paid no attention to him.

The next day the princess was sitting at her table when she heard something coming up the marble steps: plop, plop. Then there came a knock at the door, and a voice called out, "Princess, princess, open the door for me!" She ran and opened the door. It was the frog, whom she had put completely out of her mind. Frightened, she slammed the door shut and returned to the table.

The king saw that her heart was pounding and asked, "Why are you afraid?"

"There is a disgusting frog out there," she said, "who got my golden ball out of the water. I promised him that he could be my companion, but I didn't think that he could leave his water, but now he is just outside the door and wants to come in." Just then there came a second knock at the door, and a voice called out:

> Youngest daughter of the king,
> Open up the door for me,
> Don't you know what yesterday,
> You said to me down by the well?
> Youngest daughter of the king,
> Open up the door for me,

The king said, "What you have promised, you must keep. Go and let the frog in." She obeyed, and the frog hopped in, then followed her up to her chair.

After she had sat down again, he called out, "Lift me up onto your chair and let me sit next to you." The princess did not want to, but the king commanded her to do it. When the frog was seated next to her he said, "Now push your golden plate closer. I want to eat from it." She had to do this as well. When he had eaten all he wanted, he said, "Now I am tired and want to sleep. Take me to your room, make your bed, so that we can lie in it together."

The princess was horrified when she heard that. She was afraid of the cold frog and did not dare to even touch him, and yet he was supposed to lie next to her in her bed; she began to

Next morning there stood a beautiful prince, who said he had been enchanted by a wicked fairy and was to be a frog till a girl would let him sleep with her. They were married, and lived happily in his beautiful castle ever after.

This is one of the few folk stories I have been able to collect from the lips of a living storyteller in England.

- Source: W. Henry Jones and Lewis L. Kropf, *The Folk-Tales of the Magyars* (London: Published for the Folk-Lore Society by Elliot Stock, 1889), pp. 404-405.
- This tale, and the statement concerning its provenance, were written by W. Henry Jones as a commentary to the Hungarian story The Wonderful Frog. He does not give his English version a title.
- This story includes elements from other traditional folktales:
    - Underground People Disturbed by Farm Waste, Christiansen migratory legend type 5075.
    - The Kind and the Unkind Girls, Aarne-Thompson-Uther folktale type 480.
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The Frog Prince

Sri Lanka (Northwestern Province)

At a city there is a certain king; a widow lives at a house near his palace. She subsists by going to this royal palace and pounding rice there; having handed it over, she takes away the rice powders and lives on it.

During the time while she was getting a living in this way, she bore a frog, which she reared there. When it was grown up, the king of that city caused this proclamation to be made by beat of tom-toms, "I will give half my kingdom, and goods amounting to an elephant's load to the person who brings the Jeweled Golden Cock that is at the house of the Rakshasi (ogress).

The frog took the bundle of rice, and hanging it from his shoulder, went to an indi (wild date) tree, scraped the leaf off a date spike (the mid-rib of the leaf), and strung the rice on it. While going away after stringing it, the frog then became like a very good-looking royal prince, and a horse and clothing for him made their appearance there. Putting on the clothes he mounted the horse, and making it bound along he went on till he came to a city.

Hearing that he had arrived, the king of that city prepared quarters for this prince to stay at, and having given him ample food and drink, asked, "Where art thou going?"

Then the prince said, "The king of our city has made a proclamation by beat of tom-toms, that he will give half his kingdom and an elephant's load of gold to the person who brings him the Jeweled Golden Cock that is at the Rakshasi's house. Because of it I am going to fetch the Jeweled Golden Cock."

The king, being pleased with the prince on account of it, gave him a piece of charcoal.

"Should you be unable to escape from the Rakshasi while returning after taking the Jeweled Golden Cock, tell this piece of charcoal to be created a fire-fence, and cast it down," he said. Taking it, he went to another city.

The king of that city in that very manner having prepared quarters, and made ready and given him food and drink, asked, "Where art thou going?" The prince replied in the same words, "I am going to bring the Jeweled Golden Cock that is at the house of the Rakshasi." That king also being pleased on account of it, gave him a stone, "Should you be unable to escape from the Rakshasi, tell this stone to be created a mountain, and cast it down," he said.

Taking the charcoal and the stone which those two kings gave him, he went to yet another city. The king also in that very manner having given him quarters, and food and drink, asked, "Where art thou going?" The prince in that very way said, "I am going to bring the Jeweled Golden Cock." That king also being greatly pleased gave him a thorn. "Should you be unable to escape from the Rakshasi, tell a thorn fence to be created, and cast down this thorn," he said.

On the next day he went to the house of the Rakshasi. She was not at home; the Rakshasi's daughter was there. That girl having seen the prince coming and not knowing him, asked "Elder brother, elder brother, where are you going?"

The prince said, "Younger sister, I am not going anywhere whatever. I came to beg at your hands the Jeweled Golden Cock which you have got."

To that she replied, "Elder brother, today indeed I am unable to give it. Tomorrow I can. Should my mother come now she will eat you; for that reason come and hide yourself."

Calling him into the house, she put him in a large trunk at the bottom of seven trunks, and shut him up in it.

After a little time had passed, the Rakshasi came back. Having come and seen that the prince's horse was there, she asked her daughter, "Whose is this horse?"

Then the Rakshasi's daughter replied, "Nobody's whatever. It came out of the jungle, and I caught it to ride on."

The Rakshasi having said, "If so, it is good," came in. While lying down to sleep at night, the sweet odor of the prince having reached the Rakshasi, she said to her daughter, "What is this, Bola? A smell of a fresh human body is coming to me."

Then the Rakshasi's daughter said, "What, mother! Do you say so? You are constantly eating fresh bodies; how can there not be an odor of them?"

After that, the Rakshasi, taking those words for the truth, went to sleep.

At dawn on the following day, as soon as she arose, the Rakshasi went to seek human flesh for food. After she had gone, the Rakshasa-daughter, taking out the prince who was shut up in the box, told that prince a. device on going away with the Jeweled Golden Cock: "Elder

brother, if you. are going away with the cock, take some cords and fasten them round my shoulders. Having put them round me, take the cock, and having mounted the horse, go off, making him bound quickly. When you have gone, I shall cry out. Mother comes when I give three calls. After she has come, loosening me will occupy much time; then you will be able to get away."

In the way she said, the prince tied the Rakshasa-daughter, and taking the Jeweled Golden Cock mounted the horse, and making it bound quickly came away.

As that Rakshasa-daughter said, while she was calling out, the Rakshasi came. Having come, after she looked about (she found that) the Rakshasa-daughter was tied, and the Jeweled Golden Cock had been taken away. After she had asked, "Who was it? Who took it?" the Rakshasa-daughter said, "I don't know who it was." After that, she very quickly unfastened the Rakshasa-daughter, and both of them came running to eat that prince.

The prince was unable to go quickly. While going, the prince turned round, and on looking back saw that this Rakshasi and the Rakshasa-daughter were coming running to eat that prince.

After that, he cast down the thorn which the above-mentioned king of the third city gave him, having told a thorn fence to be created. A thorn fence was created. Having jumped over it, they came on.

After that, when he had put down the piece of stone which the king of the second city gave him, and told a mountain to be created a mountain was created. They sprang over that mountain also, and came on.

After that, he cast down the charcoal which the king of the first city gave him, having told a fire fence to be created. In that very manner, a fire fence was created. Having come to it, while jumping over it, both of them were burnt and died.

From that place, the prince came along. While coming, he arrived at the Indi tree on which he had threaded the rice, and having taken off it all that dried-up rice, he began to eat it. On coming to the end of it, the person who was like that prince again became a frog.

After he became a frog, the clothes that he was wearing, and the horse, and the Jeweled Golden Cock vanished. Out of grief on that account, that frog died at that very place.

- Source: H. Parker, Village Folk Tales of Ceylon (1910), v. 1, pp. 59-62.
- "Bola" is a word without any special meaning in English, often used in addressing a person familiarly and somewhat disrespectfully. [footnote by Parker]
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A Frog for a Husband

Korea

Off in a valley, among very stony mountains, lived an old farmer named Pak We and his wife.

His land was poor and he had to toil from sunrise to sunset and often in the night, when the moon was shining, to get food. No child had ever come to his home and he was in too great straits of poverty to adopt a son. So he took his amusement in fishing in the pond higher up on the hills that fed the stream which watered his millet and rice fields. Being very skilful, he often caught a good string of fish and these he sold in the village nearby to get for himself and his wife the few comforts they needed. Thus the old couple kept themselves happy, despite their cheerless life, though they often wondered what would become of them when they got too old to work.

But one summer Pak noticed that there were fewer fish in the pond, and that every day they seemed to be less in number. Where he used to catch a stringful in an hour, he could hardly get half that many during a whole day.

What was the matter? Was he getting less skilful? Was the bait poor? Not at all! His worms were as fat, his hooks and lines in as good order, and his eyesight was as keen as ever.

When Pak noticed also that the water was getting shallower, he was startled. Could it be that the pond was drying up? Things grew worse day by day until at last there were no fish.

Where once sparkled the wavelets of a pond was now an arid waste of earth and stones, over which trickled hardly more than a narrow rill, which he could jump over. No fish and no pond meant no water for his rice fields. In horror at the idea of starving, or having to move away from his old home and become a pauper, Pak looked down from what had been the banks of the pond to find the cause of all this trouble. There in the mud among the pebbles he saw a bullfrog, nearly as big as an elephant, blinking at him with its huge round eyes.

In a rage the farmer Pak burst out, charging the frog with cruelty in eating up all the fish and drinking up all the water, threatening starvation to man and wife. Then Pak proceeded to curse the whole line of the frog's ancestors and relatives, especially in the female line, for eight generations back, as Koreans usually do.

But instead of being sorry, or showing any anger at such a scolding, the bullfrog only blinked and bowed, saying, "Don't worry, Farmer Pak. You'll be glad of it, by and by. Besides, I want to go home with you and live in your house."

"What! Occupy my home, you clammy reptile! No you won't," said Pak.

"Oh! but I have news to tell you and you won't be sorry, for you see what I can do. Better take me in."

Old Pak thought it over. How should he face his wife with such a guest? But then, the frog had news to tell and that might please the old lady, who was fond of gossip. Since her husband was not very talkative, she might be willing to harbor so strange a guest. So they started down the valley. Pak shuffled along as fast as his old shins could move, but the bullfrog covered the distance in a few leaps, for his hind legs were three feet long.

Arrived at his door, Mrs. Pak was horrified at the prospect of boarding such a guest. But when

the husband told her that Froggie knew all about everybody and could chat interestingly by the hour, she changed her manner and bade him welcome. Indeed, she so warmed in friendliness that she gave him one of her best rooms. All the leaves, grass, and brushwood that had been gathered in the woodshed to supply the kitchen fire and house flues, was carried into the room. There it was doused with tubs of water to make a nice soft place such as bullfrogs like. After this he was fed all the worms he wanted.

Then after his dinner and a nap, Mrs. Pak and Mr. Pak donned their best clothes and went in to make a formal call on their guest. Mr. Pak put on his horsehair hat and long white coat, as white as snow, which had been starched and beaten by his loving wife, until it glistened all over like hoar frost.

Mr. Bullfrog was so affable and charming in conversation, besides telling so many good stories and serving up so many dainty bits of gossip, that Mrs. Pak was delighted beyond expression. Indeed, she felt almost like adopting Froggie as her son.

The night passed quietly away, but when the first rays of light appeared, Froggie was out on the porch singing a most melodious tune to the rising sun. When Mr. and Mrs. Pak rose up to greet their guest and to hear his song, they were amazed to find that the music was bringing them blessings. Everything they had wished for, during their whole lives, seemed now at hand, with more undreamed of coming in troops. In the yard stood oxen, donkeys, and horses loaded with every kind of box, bale, and bundle, waiting to be unloaded, and more were coming; stout men porters appeared and began to unpack, while troops of lovely girls in shining white took from the men's hands beautiful things made of jade, gold, and silver. There were fine clothes and hats for Mr. Pak, jade-tipped hairpins, tortoise-shell and ivory combs, silk gowns, embroidered and jeweled girdles, and every sort of frocks and woman's garments for Mrs. Pak, besides inlaid cabinets, clothes racks, and wardrobes. Above all, was a polished metal mirror that looked like the full autumn moon, over which Mrs. Pak was now tempted to spend every minute of her time.

Four or five of the prettiest maidens they had ever seen in all their lives danced, sang and played sweetest music. The unpacking of boxes, bales, and bundles continued. Tables of jade and finest sandalwood were spread with the richest foods and wines. Soon, under the skilful hands of carpenters and decorators, instead of oiled paper on the floors, covering old bricks and broken flat stones set over the flues, and smoky rafters and mud walls poorly papered, there rose a new house. It had elegant wide halls and large rooms with partitions made of choicest joiner work. It was furnished with growing flowers, game boards for chess, and had everything in it like a palace.

As for the riches of the larder and the good things to eat daily laid on the table, no pen but a Korean's can tell of them all. In the new storehouse were piles of dried fish, edible seaweed, bags of rice, bins of millet, tubs of kim-chee made of various sorts of the pepper-hash, and Korean hot pickle in which the natives delight, to say nothing of peaches, pears, persimmons, chestnuts, honey, barley, sugar, candy, cake, and pastry, all arranged in high piles and gay colors.

The old couple seemed able to eat and enjoy twice as big dinners as formerly, for all the

while the adopted bullfrog was very entertaining. Mr. and Mrs. Pak laughed continually, declaring they had never heard such good stories as he told. The good wife was, however, quite equal to her guest in retailing gossip. One of her favorite subjects, of which she never tired, was the beauty and charm of Miss Peach. She was the accomplished daughter of the big Yang-ban, or nobleman, Mr. Poom, who lived in a great house, with a host of servants and retainers in the next village, and Mrs. Pak insisted there was no young woman in the world like her. It was noticed that Mr. Bullfrog was particularly interested when Miss Peach Poom was the subject of the old lady's praises.

After a week of such luxury, during which Mr. and Mrs. Pak seemed to dwell in the Nirvana, or Paradise, which the good priests often talked about, Mr. Pak's full cup of joy was dashed to earth when the bullfrog informed him that he intended to marry, and that Mr. Pak must get him a wife. Still worse than that, Pak was informed by the frog that he would have no one but Miss Peach, the daughter of Poom, so renowned for her beauty and graces.

At this, old Pak nearly went wild. He begged to be excused from the task, but the bullfrog was inexorable. So, after imprecating his wife's tongue, for her ever putting it into the frog's head to marry Miss Peach, he donned his fine clothes and set out to see Mr. Poom. He expected to be beaten to death for his brazen effrontery in asking a noble lady to marry a frog.

Now this Mr. Poom had long been the magistrate of a district, who had squeezed much money wrongly from the poor people over whom he ruled, and having won great wealth, had retired and come back to his native place to live. Yet to keep up his old habits, he still kept a cross bench on which common people who offended him were thrown and beaten with paddles, until often they went away bleeding cripples. This man had two daughters married, but the third, the youngest and most beautiful, Miss Peach, now eighteen years old, was the only one Mr. Bullfrog would have for his bride.

Arriving at the Pooms' grand mansion, Mr. Pak told of the suitor's wealth, power and fame, high position and promise, and how he had made the old couple happy.

Old Poom had pricked up his ears from the first mention of riches and power, and became highly interested as Pak went on sounding the praises of his prospective son-in-law.

"And what is his name?" asked Mr. Poom.

Here Pak was in a quandary. He knew that the frog family was the oldest and most numerous in the world and was famous for fine voices. He fell into a brown study for a few minutes. Then, looking up, he declared that he had so long thought of the suitor's graces and accomplishments, that he had forgotten his name and could not then recall it.

So Mr. Poom, in order to help Pak out, ran over the list of famous families in Korea, reciting the names of the Kims, Sims, Mins, the Hos, Chos, Kos, Quongs, and Hongs, etc., etc., for Mr. Poom was an authority on the Korean peerage.

"It is none of these," said Pak. "I deeply regret that I cannot recall the name."

"Strange," said Mr. Poom. "I have named all the families of any standing in the kingdom. What is his office or rank and where do his relations live?"

Pak was pressed so hard by Mr. Poom's searching questions that at last he had to confess that the suitor for the beautiful maiden was not a man but a frog.

"What! Do you want me to marry my daughter to a pond-croaker? You shall suffer for thus insulting me in my own house. Slaves, bring the cross bench and give this wretch twenty blows."

Forthwith, while four men brought out the whipping bench, three others seized poor Pak, stripped off his coat, and bound him with feet and arms stretched out to the bench. Then a tall, stalwart fellow raised the huge paddle of wood to let fall with all his might on the bare flesh of the old man. But all this while the sky was darkening, and, before the first blow was given, the lightning flashed, the thunder rolled, and floods of rain fell that threatened to overwhelm house, garden, and all in a deluge. The hail, which began to pelt the cattle, was first the size of an egg and then of stones, like cannon balls.

"Hold," cried the frightened Mr. Poom. "I'll wait and ask further."

Thereupon the lightning and thunder ceased, the sun burst out in splendor.

Mightily impress by this, Mr. Poom at last agreed to let his daughter become the bride of the frog, not telling her who her husband was to be. Within an hour, while she was getting ready, a string of fine horses and donkeys with palanquins loaded with presents for the bride and her family appeared. Besides boxes of silk dresses and perfumes, headgear and articles for a lady's boudoir, there were troops of maidens to wait on the bride. Arraying Miss Peach in the loveliest of robes, they also dressed her hair, until, what with satin puffs and frame, jade-tipped silver hairpins, rosettes, and flowers, her headgear stood over a foot high above her forehead, on which was the bride's red round spot.

Then, when the happy maiden had sufficiently admired herself in the metal mirror and heard the praises of her attendant virgins, she entered the bridal palanquin -- a gorgeous mass of splendor. According to custom, her eyes were sealed shut and covered with wax, for a Korean bride sees nothing of her husband until the end of the feast, when she meets him in the bridal chamber.

So to his house she was carried in great pomp and with gay attendance of brilliantly arrayed maidens. The marriage ceremony and the grand supper were happy affairs for all the guests, even though the bride, according to Korean etiquette, was as if blind, quietly and patiently waiting sightless throughout the whole joyful occasion. The actual ceremony was witnessed only by the foster parents and the bridegroom.

When in the bridal chamber, the bride having unsealed her eyes, and her vision being clear, she looked up at the one she had married and found not a man, but a frog, she was furiously angry. She burst out into a protest against having such a bridegroom. Gently and in tenderest tones the bridegroom attempted first to comfort her. Then, handing her a pair of scissors, he

begged her to rip open the skin along his back from shoulder to thigh, for it was very tight and he was suffering pain from it. In her bitter disappointment at being married to a frog, she seized the scissors and almost viciously began to cut from nape to waist. Her surprise was great to find what seemed to be silk underneath the speckled skin.

When she had slit down two yards or so, her husband the frog stood upon his hind legs. He twisted himself about as if in a convulsion, pulled his whole speckled hide hard with his front paws, and then jumping out of his skin, stood before his bride a prince. Fair, tall, of superb figure, and gorgeously arrayed, he was the ideal of her dreams. A jeweled baldric bound his waist, embroidery of golden dragons on his shoulders and breast told of his rank, while on his head was the cap of royalty with a sparkling diamond in the centre. Yet no clothes, handsome as they were, could compare in beauty with his glorious manhood. Never had she seen so fair a mortal.

Happy was the bride whose feelings were thus changed in a moment from repulsion and horror to warmest affection and strongest veneration. The next morning when, to the amazement of his foster father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Pak, the prince presented himself and his bride at breakfast, he told the story of his life. As son of the King of the Stars he had committed some offense, in punishment for which his father condemned him to live upon the earth in the form of a frog. Furthermore he had laid upon his son the duty of performing three tasks. These must be done before he should be allowed to come back and live in Star Land. These were, to drink up all the water in the lake, to eat all the fish, and to win a human bride, the handsomest woman in the world.

All the precious things which he had presented to Pak and his wife to make their old days comfortable, and the gifts sent to the bride's house before her wedding day, had come by power from the skies. Now, leaving his foster parents on earth to enjoy their gifts, he must return home to his father, taking his bride with him. Scarcely had he spoken these words than a chariot and horses, silver bright, appeared at the door of the house. Bowing low to his foster parents, and stepping in with his bride, the pair disappeared beyond the clouds. From this time forth a new double star was seen in the sky.

- Source: William Elliot Griffis, *The Unmannerly Tiger, and Other Korean Tales* (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 1911), pp. 112-125.
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- A comparison of the Grimms' 1812 and 1857 versions of "The Frog King" (in the original German): Der Froschkönig; oder, Der eiserne Heinrich von den Brüdern Grimm: Ein Vergleich der Fassungen von 1812 und 1857.
- Grimm Brothers Home Page.
- More animal bridegroom stories:
    1. Beauty and the Beast.
    2. Hog Bridegrooms.
    3. Snake and Serpent Bridegrooms.
- D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.
- Folk and Fairy Tale Links.

cry and didn't want to at all. Then the king became angry and commanded her to do what she had promised. There was no helping it; she had to do what her father wanted, but in her heart she was bitterly angry. She picked up the frog with two fingers, carried him to her room, and climbed into bed, but instead of laying him next to herself, she threw him bang! against the wall. "Now you will leave me in peace, you ugly frog!" But when the frog came down onto the bed, he was a handsome young prince, and he was her dear companion, and she held him in esteem as she had promised, and they fell asleep together with pleasure.

The next morning the prince's faithful Heinrich arrived in a splendid carriage drawn by eight horses and decorated with feathers and glistening with gold. He had been so saddened by the prince's enchantment that he had had to place three iron bands around his heart to keep it from bursting in sorrow. The prince climbed into the carriage with the princess. His faithful servant stood at the rear to drive them to his kingdom. After they had gone a short distance, the prince heard a loud crack. He turned around and said:

"Heinrich, the carriage is breaking apart."
"No, my lord, the carriage it's not,
But one of the bands surrounding my heart,
That suffered such great pain,
When you were sitting in the well,
When you were a frog."

Once again, and then once again the prince heard a cracking sound and thought that the carriage was breaking apart, but it was the bands springing from faithful Heinrich's heart because his master was now redeemed and happy.

- Source: Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, "Der Froschkönig oder der eiserne Heinrich," *Kinder- und Hausmärchen,* 1st ed., vol. 1 (Berlin: In der Realschulbuchhandlung, 1812), no. 1, pp. 1-5.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 1999.
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The Frog Prince

A translation of the Grimms' "Frog King" by Edgar Taylor

One fine evening a young princess went into a wood, and sat down by the side of a cool spring of water. She had a golden ball in her hand, which was her favorite plaything, and she amused herself with tossing it into the air and catching it again as it fell. After a time she threw it up so high that when she stretched out her hand to catch it, the ball bounded away and rolled along upon the ground, till at last it fell into the spring. The princess looked into the spring after her ball; but it was very deep, so deep that she could not see the bottom of it.

Then she began to lament her loss, and said, "Alas! If I could only get my ball again, I would give all my fine clothes and jewels, and everything that I have in the world."

Whilst she was speaking a frog put its head out of the water and said, "Princess, why do you

weep so bitterly?"

"Alas! said she, "What can you do for me, you nasty frog? My golden ball has fallen into the spring."

The frog said, "I want not your pearls and jewels and fine clothes; but if you will love me and let me live with you, and eat from your little golden plate, and sleep upon your little bed, I will bring you your ball again."

"What nonsense," thought the princess, "This silly frog is talking! He can never get out of the well. However, he may be able to get my ball for me; and therefore I will promise him what he asks." So she said to the frog, "Well, if you will bring me my ball, I promise to do all you require."

Then the frog put his head down, and dived deep under the water; and after a little while he came up again with the ball in his mouth, and threw it on the ground. As soon as the young princess saw her ball, she ran to pick it up, and was so overjoyed to have it in her hand again, that she never thought of the frog, but ran home with it as fast as she could.

The frog called after her, "Stay, princess, and take me with you as you promised." But she did not stop to hear a word.

The next day, just as the princess had sat down to dinner, she heard a strange noise, tap-tap, as if somebody was coming up the marble staircase. And soon afterwards something knocked gently at the door, and said,

> Open the door, my princess dear,
> Open the door to thy true love here!
> And mind the words that thou and I said
> By the fountain cool in the greenwood shade.

Then the princess ran to the door and opened it, and there she saw the frog, whom she had quite forgotten. She was terribly frightened, and shutting the door as fast as she could, came back to her seat. The king, her father, asked her what had frightened her.

"There is a nasty frog," said she, "at the door, who lifted my ball out of the spring this morning. I promised him that he should live with me here, thinking that he could never get out of the spring; but there he is at the door and wants to come in!"

While she was speaking the frog knocked again at the door, and said,

> Open the door, my princess dear,
> Open the door to thy true love here!
> And mind the words that thou and I said
> By the fountain cool in the greenwood shade.

The king said to the young princess, "As you have made a promise, you must keep it. So go and let him in."

She did so, and the frog hopped into the room, and came up close to the table. "Pray lift me upon a chair," said he to the princess, "and let me sit next to you." As soon as she had done this, the frog said, "Put your plate closer to me that I may eat out of it." This she did. And when he had eaten as much as he could, he said, "Now I am tired. Carry me upstairs and put me into your little bed."

And the princess took him up in her hand and put him upon the pillow of her own little bed, where he slept all night long. As soon as it was light he jumped up, hopped downstairs, and went out of the house.

"Now," thought the princess, "he is gone, and I shall be troubled with him no more."

But she was mistaken; for when night came again, she heard the same tapping at the door, and when she opened it, the frog came in and slept upon her pillow as before till the morning broke.

And the third night he did the same; but when the princess awoke on the following morning, she was astonished to see, instead of the frog, a handsome prince gazing on her with the most beautiful eyes that ever were seen, and standing at the head of her bed.

He told her that he had been enchanted by a malicious fairy, who had changed him into the form of a frog, in which he was fated to remain till some princess should take him out of the spring and let him sleep upon her bed for three nights. "You," said the prince, "have broken this cruel charm, and now I have nothing to wish for but that you should go with me into my father's kingdom, where I will marry you, and love you as long as you live."

The young princess, you may be sure, was not long in giving her consent; and as they spoke a splendid carriage drove up with eight beautiful horses decked with plumes of feathers and golden harness, and behind rode the prince's servant, the faithful Henry, who had bewailed the misfortune of his dear master so long and bitterly that his heart had well nigh burst. Then all set out full of joy for the prince's kingdom, where they arrived safely, and lived happily a great many years.

- Source: *German Popular Stories, translated [by Edgar Taylor] from the Kinder und Haus Märchen, collected by M. M. Grimm, from Oral Tradition* (London: C. Baldwyn, 1823), pp. 205-210.
- The above book was the first translation of the Grimms' folktales into English.
- **Edgar Taylor, the translator of "The Frog King," departs from his source in substantial ways. Not only does he change the title, but he totally revises the ending, replacing the Grimms' violent resolution with one of passivity. It appears that, in his judgment, the English readers of the 1820's, unlike their German counterparts, would not accept a heroine who throws her frisky bed companion against the wall.**
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The Frog Prince

Germany

Once upon a time there was a king who had three daughters. In his courtyard there was a well with wonderful clear water. One hot summer day the oldest daughter went down and drew herself a glassful, but when she held it to the sun, she saw that it was cloudy. This seemed strange to her, and she was about to pour it back when a frog appeared in the water, stuck his head into the air, then jumped out onto the well's edge, saying:

> If you will be my sweetheart dear,
> Then I will give you water clear.

"Ugh! Who wants to be the sweetheart of an ugly frog!" exclaimed the princess and ran away. She told her sisters about the amazing frog down at the well who was making the water cloudy. The second one was curious, so she too went down and drew herself a glassful, but it was so cloudy that she could not drink it. Once again the frog appeared at the well's edge and said:

> If you will be my sweetheart dear,
> Then I will give you water clear.

"Not I!" said the princess, and ran away. Finally the third sister came and drew a glassful, but it was no better than before. The frog also said to her:

> If you will be my sweetheart dear,
> Then I will give you water clear.

"Why not! I'll be your sweetheart. Just give me some clean water," she said, while thinking, "There's no harm in this. You can promise him anything, for a stupid frog can never be your sweetheart."

The frog sprang back into the water, and when she drew another glassful it was so clear that the sun glistened in it with joy. She drank all she wanted and then took some up to her sisters, saying, "Why were you so stupid as to be afraid of a frog?"

The princess did not think anything more about it until that evening after she had gone to bed. Before she fell asleep she heard something scratching at the door and a voice singing:

> Open up! Open up!
> Youngest daughter of the king.
> Remember that you promised me
> While I was sitting in the well,
> That you would be my sweetheart dear,
> If I would give you water clear.

"Ugh! That's my boyfriend the frog," said the princess. "I promised, so I will have to open the door for him." She got up, opened the door a crack, and went back to bed. The frog hopped after her, then hopped onto her bed where he lay at her feet until the night was over and the morning dawned. Then he jumped down and disappeared out the door.

The next evening, when the princess once more had just gone to bed, he scratched and sang again at the door. The princess let him in, and he again lay at her feet until daylight came. He came again on the third evening, as on the two previous ones. "This is the last time that I'll let you in," said the princess. "It will not happen again in the future." Then the frog jumped under her pillow, and the princess fell asleep. She awoke in the morning, thinking that the frog would hop away once again, but now a beautiful young prince was standing before her. He told her that he had been an enchanted frog and that she had broken the spell by promising to be his sweetheart. Then they both went to the king who gave them his blessing, and they were married. The two other sisters were angry with themselves that they had not taken the frog for their sweetheart.

- Source: Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, Der Froschprinz, *Kinder- und Hausmärchen,* 1st ed. (Berlin, 1812/1815), v. 2, no. 13.
- Because of its close similarity with "The Frog King," this tale was omitted from all future editions of the Grimms' collection. Curiously, the first English translator of the Grimms' tales, Edgar Taylor, combined the two versions. He called the story "The Frog Prince," giving it the beginning of the Grimms' "The Frog King" and the conclusion of the Grimms' "The Frog Prince."
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The Enchanted Frog

Germany

Once upon a time there was a merchant who had three daughters, but his wife was with God. Once he planned a journey across the ocean to a foreign land in order to bring back gold and other valuable things. He consoled his weeping children, saying, "I will bring back something beautiful for you. What do you want?"

The oldest asked for a silk dress, "and it must be made of three kinds of silk."

The second desired a feathered hat, "and it must have three kinds of feathers."

The youngest finally said, "Bring me a rose, dear father, and it must be fresh and have three colors."

The merchant promised to do this, kissed his daughters, and departed.

After arriving in the foreign land, he ordered the dress of three kinds of silk for his oldest daughter and the hat with three kinds of feathers for the second one. Both were soon finished, and of seldom splendor. Then he sent messengers throughout the entire country to seek a three-colored rose for his youngest and dearest daughter, but they all returned empty handed, even though the merchant had promised a high price, and even though there were more roses there than there are daisies here.

Sadly he set off for home and was downhearted the entire voyage. This side of the ocean he came to a large garden in which there was nothing but roses and roses. He went inside and

looked, and behold, on a slender bush in the middle of the garden there was a three-colored rose. Filled with joy, he plucked it, and was about to leave, when he was magically frozen in place.

A voice behind him cried out, "What do you want in my garden?" He looked up. A large frog was sitting there on the bank of a clear pond staring at him with its goggle-eyes. It said, "You have broken my dear rose. This will cost you your life unless you give me your youngest daughter to wife."

The merchant was terrified. He begged and he pleaded, but all to no avail, and in the end he had to agree to marry his dearest daughter to the ugly frog. He could now move his feet, and he freely walked out of the garden. The frog called out after him, "In seven days I shall come for my wife!"

With great sorrow the merchant gave his youngest daughter the fresh rose and told her what had happened. When the terrible day arrived, she crept under her bed, for she did not at all want to go. At the hour of noon a stately carriage drove up. The frog sent his servants into the house, and they immediately went to the bedroom and dragged the screaming maiden from beneath her bed, then carried her to the carriage. The horses leaped forward, and a short time later they were in the blossoming rose garden. In the middle of the garden, immediately behind the clear pond, there stood a small house. They took the bride into the house and laid her on a soft bed. The frog, however, sprang into the water.

Darkness fell, and after the maiden had awakened from her unconsciousness, she heard the frog outside singing wonderfully sweet melodies. As midnight approached, he sang ever more sweetly, and came closer and closer to her. At midnight the bedroom door opened, and the frog jumped onto her bed. However, he had touched her with his sweet songs, and she took him into bed with her and warmly covered him up.

The next morning when she opened her eyes, behold, the ugly frog was now the handsomest prince in the world. He thanked her with all his heart, saying, "You have redeemed me and are now my wife!" And they lived long and happily together.

- Source: Carl and Theodor Colshorn, Der verwunschene Frosch, *Märchen und Sagen* (Hannover: Verlag von Carl Rümpler, 1854), no. 42, pp. 139-141.
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The Wonderful Frog

Hungary

There was once, I don't know where, a man who had three daughters. One day the father thus spoke to the eldest girl, "Go, my daughter, and fetch me, some fresh water from the well."

The girl went, but when she came to the well a huge frog called out to her from the bottom, that he would not allow her to draw water in her jug until she threw him down the gold ring on

her finger.

"Nothing else? Is that all you want?" replied the girl. "I won't give away my rings to such an ugly creature as you." And she returned as she came with the empty pitchers.

So the father sent the second girl, and she fared as the first; the frog would not let her have any water, as she refused to throw down her gold ring. Her father gave his two elder daughters a good scolding, and then thus addressed the youngest, "You go, Betsie, my dear, you have always been a clever girl. I'm sure you will be able to get some water, and will not allow your father to suffer thirst. So, shame your sisters!"

Betsie picked up the pitchers and went, but the frog again refused the water unless she threw her ring down; but she, as she was very fond of her father, threw the ring in as demanded, and returned home with full pitchers to her father's great delight.

In the evening, as soon as darkness set in, the frog crawled out of the well, and thus commenced to shout in front of Betsie's father's door, "Father-in-law! Father-in-law! I should like something to eat."

The man got angry, and called out to his daughters; "Give something in a broken plate to that ugly frog to gnaw."

"Father-in-law! Father-in-law! This won't do for me; I want some roast meat on a tin plate," retorted the frog.

"Give him something on a tin plate then, or else he will cast a spell on us," said the father.

The frog began to eat heartily, and, having had enough, again commenced to croak: "Father-in-law! Father- in-law! I want something to drink."

"Give him some slops in a broken pot," said the father.

"Father-in-law! Father-in-law! I won't have this; I want some wine in a nice tumbler."

"Give him some wine then," angrily called out the father.

He guzzled up his wine and began again, "Father-in-law! Father-in-law! I would like to go to sleep."

"Throw him some rags in a corner," was the reply.

"Father-in-law! Father-in-law! I won't have that; I want a silk bed," croaked the frog. This was also given to him; but no sooner has he gone to bed than again he began to croak, "Father-in-law! Father-in-law! I want a girl, indeed."

"Go, my daughter, and lie by the side of him," said the father to the eldest.

"Father-in-law! Father-in law! I don't want that, I want another."

German Changeling Legends

translated and edited by

D. L. Ashliman
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- See also the electronic texts:
  - Changelings: An Essay by D. L. Ashliman.
  - The Changeling. A ballad by John Greenleaf Whittier.
  - Changeling Legends from the British Isles.
  - Scandinavian Changeling Legends.
- Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.
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doch dat seih ik taum irsten Mal,
dat man Bier brugt in Eierschal.

The Underground People Try to Steal a Child

Karl Bartsch, *Legends, Tales, and Customs from Mecklenburg*

In Lanken near Parchim a peasant woman was lying in bed one night with her small child that had not yet been baptized. Because the moon was shining, she blew out the light. Then she suddenly noticed that a little woman was standing at the door next to the bell. She came to the bed and took hold of the boy and wanted to take him away. The peasant woman held as fast as she could, but the small person was pulling almost stronger than she was. Then the peasant woman called for her husband, and when he struck a light, the little woman disappeared.

Source: Karl Bartsch, *Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg* (Vienna, Wilhelm Braumüller, 1879), vol. 1, p. 46. Bartsch's source for this legend is a secondary school student named Behm from Parchim.

The Changeling of Spornitz

Karl Bartsch, *Legends, Tales, and Customs from Mecklenburg*

A young peasant woman in Spornitz had her child stolen by an underground person or a Mönk, and a changeling put in its place in the cradle. The mother saw it happen, but she could neither move nor call out. The maniken told her that her son would someday become the king of the underground people. From time to time they had to exchange one of their king's children for a human child so that earthly beauty would not entirely die out among them. She was told to take good care of the little dwarf prince, and her house would be blessed with good fortune. With that the Mönk laid the changeling on her breast and disappeared with her child. She took care of the child, and the prosperity of her household increased visibly. However, the changeling remained small and ugly, and died in his twentieth year.

Source: Karl Bartsch, *Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg* (Vienna, Wilhelm Braumüller, 1879), vol. 1, p. 46. Bartsch gives his source for this legend as "Niederhöffer 4, 154 ff."

The Underground People of Lüth Farm

Karl Bartsch, *Legends, Tales, and Customs from Mecklenburg*

It is said that the farmyard of Peasant Lüth in Spornitz was formerly frequented by the underground people. Once when the peasant had gone to town they exchanged his child for one of their own, one who had an enormously large head and who did not grow properly, but who otherwise was mentally all right. In order to get their own child back, acting on the advice of a neighbor woman, the peasant's wife brewed beer in an eggshell.

As she was doing it, the child asked: "What are you doing there?"

She answered: "I'm brewing."

Then the child said:

> I am as old
> As Bohemian gold,
> And in all my days I've never seen such brewing.

Then the woman said: "I'll throw you in." Then the child began to cry. The underground people heard it and brought her child back.

> Source: Karl Bartsch, *Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg* (Vienna, Wilhelm Braumüller, 1879), vol. 1, pp. 46-47. Bartsch's source for this legend is a secondary school student named Thoms from Parchim.
>
> The verse in Low German:
>
> > Ik bün so olt
> > as Böhmegold
> > ⍰wer so'n Brugen heww 'k min Dag nich seihn.

Mecklenburg Changelings

Karl Bartsch, *Legends, Tales, and Customs from Mecklenburg*

In Rövershagen the underground people once exchanged a woman's unbaptized child for one of their own. Following the advice of a wise man, she laid the underground people's child on the chopping block as though she were going to kill it with an ax. The dwarf's child immediately disappeared, and her own child was returned.

> Source: Karl Bartsch, *Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg* (Vienna, Wilhelm Braumüller, 1879), vol. 1, p. 62. Bartsch's source for this legend is Pastor Dolberg from Hinrichshagen.

The Underground People Steal a Child

Karl Bartsch, *Legends, Tales, and Customs from Mecklenburg*

According to an old woman from Witzin, in her village and in the entire district of Sternberg, it was formerly the practice to keep a light burning all night in the vicinity of a newborn child until it was baptized. A certain woman who failed to do this had her child stolen by the underground people, and they laid one of their own in its place.

The woman noticed the exchange the next day and asked her neighbor for advice. She told her that she should "brew through an egg." The mother followed this advice, and the changeling, who until now had not uttered a sound, cried out:

I am as old
As Bohemian gold,
But I have never seen such brewing.

At this the woman cried out: "To the devil with you! You are not my child!" Then there was a great commotion, and the changeling disappeared, and the mother got back her own child.

Source: Karl Bartsch, *Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg* (Vienna, Wilhelm Braumüller, 1879), vol. 1, pp. 64-65. Bartsch's source is a seminary student from Zarrentin identified by the initials "G. P."

Bartsch explains the phrase "brew through an egg" with the following note: "This is done by opening an egg at both ends, but the one hole must be larger than the other. One then pours water into the larger hole and lets it drip out through the smaller one."

The verse in Low German:

Ik bün so olt
as Böhmer Gold,
doch sonn Brug'n heww ik noch nie seihn.

The Changeling

Johann August Ernst Köhler, *Legend Book of Erzgebirge*

A child less than six weeks old should not be carried "on the change," (that is, alternating between the right arm and the left arm), for consequently it might be stolen by a changeling.

Source: Johann August Ernst Köhler, *Sagenbuch des Erzgebirges* (Schneeberg and Schwarzenberg: Verlag und Druck von Carl Moritz Gärtner, 1886), no. 198, p. 154.

Note by Köhler: Here the changeling is the demon who exchanges children. However, in the legends of Lausitz [See Karl Haupt *Sagenbuch der Lausitz* (Leipzig: Verlag von Wilhelm Engelmann, 1862), vol. 1, no. 71], a changeling is a mentally retarded, malformed child that an old woman from the mountains or the woods has exchanged for an unattended and unbaptized well formed child less than six weeks old. Similarly, according to a Schlesian legend a water-nymph exchanged her child for a human child that had been left alone in a field. The child from the water-nymph remained retarded and was also called a changeling.

Table Talks on Changelings

Martin Luther

The Story of a Changeling at Dessau

Eight years ago [in the year 1532] at Dessau, I, Dr. Martin Luther, saw and touched a changeling. It was twelve years old, and from its eyes and the fact that it had all of its senses, one could have thought that it was a real child. It did nothing but eat; in fact, it ate enough for any four peasants or threshers. It ate, shit, and pissed, and whenever someone touched it, it cried. When bad things happened in the house, it laughed and was happy; but when things went well, it cried. It had these two virtues. I said to the Princes of Anhalt: "If I were the prince or the ruler here, I would throw this child into the water--into the Molda that flows by Dessau. I would dare commit *homicidium* on him!" But the Elector of Saxony, who was with me at Dessau, and the Princes of Anhalt did not want to follow my advice. Therefore, I said: "Then you should have all Christians repeat the Lord's Prayer in church that God may exorcise the devil." They did this daily at Dessau, and the changeling child died in the following year.... Such a changeling child is only a piece of flesh, a *massa carnis,* because it has no soul.

> Source: Martin Luther, *Werke, kritische Gesamtausgabe: Tischreden* (Weimar: Böhlau, 1912-1921), v. 5, p. 9.

Changelings from the Devil

Changelings and killcrops are laid in the place of legitimate children by Satan in order to plague mankind. He often pulls certain girls into the water, impregnates them, and keeps them with him until they deliver their children; afterward he places these children in cradles, taking the legitimate children away. But such changelings, it is said, do not live more than eighteen or nineteen years.

> Source: Martin Luther, *Werke, kritische Gesamtausgabe: Tischreden* (Weimar: Böhlau, 1912-1921), v. 4, p. 357.

The Killcrop of Halberstadt

A man who lived near Halberstadt in Saxony had a killcrop who had sucked his mother and five additional wet nurses dry. Further, he was eating a great deal and behaving very strangely. The man was told that he should take the child on a pilgrimage to Hockelstadt to praise the Virgin Mary and to have him weighed there. The peasant followed this advice and set forth, carrying the child in a basket. But when he came to a bridge over some water, a devil in the water beneath the bridge called out: "Killcrop! Killcrop!" The child in the basket, who had never yet spoken a word, answered: "Ho! Ho!" This startled the peasant. The devil in the water then asked: "Where are you going?" The killcrop said: "I'm on my way to Hockelstadt to Our Dear Lady, to have myself weighed there so that I may grow." When the peasant heard the changeling speak, the first time this had ever happened, he became angry and threw the child into the water, basket and all. Then the two devils came together, shouted "Ho, ho, ha!," played with each other, rolled around with each other, and disappeared.

Satan plagues mankind with such changelings and killcrops by substituting them for real children. Satan has the power to exchange children, placing a devil in the cradle in the place of a child. This devil will suck and eat like an animal, but it will not grow. Thus it is said that changelings and killcrops do not live longer than eighteen or nineteen years.

It happens often, that babies are exchanged during their first six weeks, and that devils lay themselves in their place, making themselves detestable by shitting, eating, and crying more than any ten other children. The parents get no rest from such filthy beasts. The mothers are sucked dry and are no longer able to nurse.... However, changeling children should be baptized, because they cannot always be recognized as such during their first year.

> Source: Martin Luther, *Werke, kritische Gesamtausgabe: Tischreden* (Weimar: Böhlau, 1912-1921), v. 4, pp. 357-358. This story is included in the *Deutsche Sagen* (1816, no. 83) of Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm.

The Changeling of Cüstrinichen

J. G. Th. Grässe, *Legend Book of the Prussian State*

In the year 1565 in the village of Cüstrinichen in the New Mark Brandenburg, the wife of a peasant named of Andreas Prawitz gave birth to a child who was baptized with the name Matthias. The child originally appeared to be perfectly normal, but by the time it had reached the age of twenty it still lacked all reason, and had developed a repulsive appearance. And even though it reached the legal age of majority and had a beard upon its chin, it never learned to stand or to walk or even to speak. When it was hungry it just whimpered or bellowed. It could not move from one place to the next, and did nothing but eat and drink. Many people thought that it must be a killcrop or a changeling, of the kind that Luther discusses in his works.

> Source: J. G. Th. Grässe, *Sagenbuch des Preußischen Staats,* vol. 1 (Glogau: Verlag von Carl Flemming, 1871), no. 59, p. 75.

The Underground People of Amrum

J. G. Th. Grässe, *Legend Book of the Prussian State*

On the Island of Amrum there were many underground people, little manikins or dwarfs no taller than a table. They wore red caps on their heads. It was feared that if one did not keep watch over a newborn child until it was baptized, it might be exchanged by the underground people.

> Source: J. G. Th. Grässe, *Sagenbuch des Preußischen Staats,* vol. 1 (Glogau: Verlag von Carl Flemming, 1871), p. 1091. This account (no. 1350, pp. 1091-1092) contains additional beliefs about the underground people on the Island of Amrum in the North Sea.

J. G. Th. Grässe, *Legend Book of the Prussian State*

In the previous century in the vicinity of Lüttensee in Holstein there were two girls with enormously large heads who were descendants of the underground people who had exchanged them from the cradle for other children. Previously, parents always kept a light burning near their children and kept constant watch to prevent the underground people from taking them away. It is said that the girls lived in a house that was owned by a certain Eggert

Möller, but no one knows what became of them.

> Source: J. G. Th. Grässe, *Sagenbuch des Preußischen Staats,* vol. 1 (Glogau: Verlag von Carl Flemming, 1871), no. 1243, p. 1010.

Phantom Swedes

Karl Lyncker, *German Legends and Customs in the Hessian Districts*

Since the Thirty Years' War, the Swedes have lived in dreadful memory along the Kinzig River. "Swede," like "Croat," is a bad curse word, and there are stories of male and female phantom Swedes as harmful beings and evil sorcerers.

In Steinau, a woman, carrying her year and a half old boy on her arm, came upon the Phantom Swedish Woman while walking across the street in broad daylight. The latter grabbed the child and made it disappear. She told the grieving mother to go back home, where she would find her child in his bed. Seized by a deathly fear, the woman hurried home. In the bed she saw a howling, ugly changeling, a boy with an extremely thick head. With time the boy grew up, but he remained mentally retarded.

> Source: Karl Lyncker, *Deutsche Sagen und Sitten in hessischen Gauen* (Cassel: Verlag von Oswald Bertram, 1854), p. 110. Lyncker's source: Dr. Bernstein from Schlüchtern.

The Changeling

Anton Altrichter, *Legends from the Iglau Language Island [in Moravia]*

An old midwife related this, so it must be true. Until a child is baptized, mysterious beings attempt to steal it and put a changeling in its place. Such a changeling has a large head with coal-black hair and a small body with thin legs, which do not learn to walk. When this misfortune occurs, one must beat the changeling without mercy until the thief returns the right child.

A woman had laid her as yet unbaptized baby in a canopied bed. The cherries had just ripened, and the red, tempting fruit was beckoning through the window from the garden. The new mother could not resist, and went outside to pick a few cherries. She had scarcely crossed the threshold when she was overcome by anxiety for her slumbering child, and she quickly returned. There was, in fact, a being standing next to the bed. The woman cried out and the being disappeared. The imprint of its horrible paw, where it had grabbed for the child, could still be seen on the canopied bed.

> Source: Anton Altrichter, *Sagen aus der Iglauer Sprachinsel* (Iglau: Druck von J. Rippel und Sohn, 1920), p. 100.

Satan Attempts to Steal a Child

Johann Adolf Heyl, *Folk Legends, Customs, and Beliefs from Tyrol*

In the Sarn Valley there lived a farmer's wife who did not take Christianity all too seriously. She failed to bless her children morning and night. Nor was she good to people in other regards. She quarreled with the servants, and no one did well enough to please her.

One evening she scolded the entire household and sent the children the bed without giving them a blessing or having them say their prayers. Suddenly the devil stood in the middle of the room, ripped the youngest child from its bed and was about to carry it away. He was already at the hole in the wall though which he had entered when the farmer's wife saw him. She was terrified, but fortunately it occurred to her to make the sign of the cross above the child. Seeing this, the devil dropped the child to the floor and fled screaming back out through the hole.

That was a good lesson for the woman. She changed her ways and became pious and patient, and she also had her children say their prayers. Never again did she allow one of them to get up or go to bed without receiving her blessing. However, no one was ever able to plaster shut the hole that the devil had made in the wall in order to enter the house.

> Source: Joh. Adolf Heyl, *Volkssagen, Bräuche und Meinungen aus Tirol* (Brixen: Verlag der Buchhandlung des Kath.-polit. Pressvereins, 1897), pp. 277-278.

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How to Protect Your Child

Jacob Grimm, *German Mythology*

1. Placing a key next to an infant will prevent him from being exchanged.
2. Women may never be left alone during the first six weeks following childbirth, for the devil then has more power over them.
3. During the first six weeks following childbirth, mothers may not go to sleep until someone has come to watch the child. If mothers are overcome by sleep, changelings are often laid in the cradle. To prevent this one should lay a pair of men's pants over the cradle.
4. Whenever the mother leaves the infant's room she should lay an article of the father's clothing on the child, so that it cannot be exchanged.

Source: Jacob Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie,* 4th ed. (1877), v. 3, pp. 450-460 (items 484, 509, 510, 744).

The Elves

Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, *Children's and Household Tales*

A mother had her child taken from the cradle by elves. In its place they laid a changeling with a thick head and staring eyes who would do nothing but eat and drink. In distress she went to a neighbor and asked for advice. The neighbor told her to carry the changeling into the kitchen, set it on the hearth, make a fire, and boil water in two eggshells. That should make

the changeling laugh, and if he laughs it will be all over with him. The woman did everything just as her neighbor said. When she placed the eggshells filled with water over the fire, the blockhead said:

> Now I am as old
> As the Wester Wood,
> But have never seen anyone cooking in shells!

And he began laughing about it. When he laughed, a band of little elves suddenly appeared. They brought the rightful child, set it on the hearth, and took the changeling away.

> Source: Wilhelm and Jacob Grimm, Die Wichtelmänner: Drittes Märchen, *Kinder- und Hausmärchen,* no. 39/III.

The Nixie Changelings from the Saal River

Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, *German Legends*

From time to time nixies would emerge from the Saal River and go into the city of Saalfeld where they would buy fish at the market. They could be recognized by their large, dreadful eyes and by the hems of their skirts that were always dripping wet. It is said that they were mortals who, as children, had been taken away by nixies, who had then left changelings in their place.

> Source: Wilhelm and Jacob Grimm, Die Elbjungfer und das Saalweiblein, *Deutsche Sagen,* no. 60. The passage above is an extract from a longer depiction of nixies and related water spirits in the Elbe and Saal Rivers.

The Changeling

Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, *German Legends*

At Hessloch near Odernheim in the Gau the servant and the cook of a clergyman were living together as man and wife, although they had not been able to have their relationship publicly consecrated. They had a child together, but it failed to grow and gain weight. It cried day and night, always demanding to be fed.

Finally the woman sought advice, and was told that the baby would improve if she would take it to Neuhausen on the Cyriak Meadow, have it weighed there, and give it water from the Cyriak Spring. At that time it was believed that in such cases a child thus would be restored to health or would die within nine days. [Note 1]

As the woman approached the millrace near Westhofen, the child, whom she was carrying on her back, became so heavy that she began to pant, and the sweat began running from her face. At that moment a traveling student approached her, saying: "Woman, what sort of wild creature are you carrying? It will be a miracle if it doesn't break your neck!"

She answered that it was her own dear child that would neither grow nor gain weight, and

that she was therefore taking it to Neuhausen to have it weighed.

He replied: "That is not your child! It is the devil! [Note 2] Throw him into the brook!"

She did not want to do this, insisting that it was her child while kissing it.

He continued: "Your child is at home in a new cradle behind the chest in the side room. Throw this monster into the brook!"

Crying and sobbing she did has she had been told. Immediately there issued a great cry and commotion from beneath the bridge she was standing on, like the howling of wolves and bears. And when the mother arrived home, she found her baby, hearty and healthy, laughing in its new cradle.

> Note 1: A changeling generally does not live longer that seven years; according to others, they live eighteen or nineteen years. [Footnote in the original]
>
> Note 2: For the devil removes the rightful children from their cradles, takes them away, and replaces them with his own. Hence the name "changeling." [Footnote in the original]
>
> Source: Wilhelm and Jacob Grimm, Der Wechselbalg, *Deutsche Sagen,* no. 82.

Changelings in the Water

Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, *German Legends*

Near Halberstadt a peasant had a killcrop that sucked its mother and five wet nurses dry, all the while eating voraciously (for they eat more than ten other children). It behaved in such a manner that they became tired of it. The peasant was advised that he should take the child on a pilgrimage in praise of the Virgin Mary to Heckelstadt and have him weighed at that place.

The good peasant followed this advice. He put the child in a pack basket and set forth carrying it on his back. He was about to cross over a stream on a bridge when he heard a shout from the water beneath him: "Killcrop! Killcrop!"

The child in the basket, who had until now never spoken a word, answered: "Ho! Ho!" The peasant did not expect this, and it startled him.

Then the devil in the water asked further: "Where are you going?"

The killcrop above answered "I am going to Heckelstadt to our Dear Lady, and have myself weighed, that I might thrive."

When the peasant heard that the changeling could talk perfectly well, he became angry and threw him, together with the basket, into the water. Then the two devils came together, cried out "Ho! Ho! Ha!" and frolicked and jousted with one another, and then disappeared.

Source: Wilhelm and Jacob Grimm, Die Wechselbälge im Wasser, *Deutsche Sagen*, no. 83.

A Changeling Is Beaten with a Switch

Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, *German Legends*

The following true story took place in the year 1580. Near Breslau there lived a distinguished nobleman who had a large crop of hay every summer which his subjects were required harvest for him. One year there was a new mother among his harvest workers, a woman who had barely had a week to recover from the birth of her child. When she saw that she could not refuse the nobleman's decree, she took her child with her, placed it on a small clump of grass, and left it alone while she helped with the haymaking. After she had worked a good while, she returned to her child to nurse it. She looked at it, screamed aloud, hit her hands together above her head, and cried out in despair, that this was not her child: It sucked the milk from her so greedily and howled in such an inhuman manner that it was nothing like the child she knew.

As is usual in such cases, she kept the child for several days, but it was so ill-behaved that the good woman nearly collapsed. She told her story to the nobleman. He said to her: "Woman, if you think that this is not your child, then do this one thing. Take it out to the meadow where you left your previous child and beat it hard with a switch. Then you will witness a miracle."

The woman followed the nobleman's advice. She went out and beat the child with a switch until it screamed loudly. Then the Devil brought back her stolen child, saying: "There, you have it!" And with that he took his own child away.

This story is often told and is known by both the young and the old in and around Breslau.

Source: Wilhelm and Jacob Grimm, Wechselkind mit Ruten gestrichen, *Deutsche Sagen,* no. 88. This legend is also recounted in J. G. Th. Grässe, *Sagenbuch des Preußischen Staats,* vol. 1 (Glogau: Verlag von Carl Flemming, 1871), no. 171, p. 183.

Keeping Watch over Children

Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, *German Legends*

A reliable citizen of Leipzig told the following story: When his first child was a few weeks old they found it on three different nights lying crossways and uncovered in its cradle, even though the cradle stood immediately next to the mother's bed. The father therefore resolved to stay awake during the third night and to pay close attention to his child. He persisted a long while, staying awake until after midnight. Nothing happened to the child, because he had been keeping a watchful eye on it. But then his eyes began to close a little. Shortly afterward the mother woke up and saw that the child was again lying crossways, and that the cover had been taken from the cradle and thrown across the middle of her bed. In keeping with common

custom, she normally folded the cover back at the foot of the cradle. Everything had happened so fast that everyone was amazed. However, the demon did not seem to have had any further power over the child.

Source: Wilhelm and Jacob Grimm, Das Schauen auf die Kinder, *Deutsche Sagen,* no. 89.

The Rye-Mother

Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, *German Legends*

The rural people of Mark Brandenburg tell the legend of the Rye-Mother who hides in grain fields. For this reason children do not dare to walk into a grain field.

In Altmark children a kept silent with the words: "Hold your mouth or the Rye-Mother, with her long black tits, will come and take you away!"

In the vicinity of Braunschweig and Lüneburg she is called the Grain-Wife. Children seeking cornflowers tell one another stories about how she steals little children; and hence they do not dare go too far into the green fields.

In the year 1662 a woman from Saalfeld told Prätorius the following story: A nobleman from there forced one of his subjects, a woman who had given birth less than six weeks earlier, to help bind sheaves during the harvest. The woman, who was still nursing her baby, took it with her to the field. In order better to perform her work, she laid the child on the ground. Some time later, the nobleman, who was present there, saw an Earth-Woman with a child come and exchange it for the peasant woman's child. The false child began to cry. The peasant woman hurried to it in order to nurse it, but the nobleman held her back, saying that he would tell her the reason in good time. The woman thought that he was doing this in order to make her work harder, which caused her great concern. Meanwhile, the child cried incessantly, until finally the Rye-Mother returned, picked up the crying child, and layed the stolen child back in its place.

After seeing all of this transpire, the nobleman summoned the peasant woman and told her to return home. And from that time forth he resolved to never again force a woman who had recently given birth to work.

Source: Wilhelm and Jacob Grimm, Die Roggenmuhme, *Deutsche Sagen,* no. 90.

The Two Underground Women

Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, *German Legends*

The following story was told to Prätorius by a student, whose mother claimed that it happened in Dessau.

A woman gave birth to a child and laid it next to herself. She fell into a deep sleep. The child had not yet been baptized. At midnight two underground women came in and made a fire on

the hearth. They placed a kettle of water over the fire. Then they bathed the child they had brought with them in the water, and carried it into the woman's room where they exchanged it for her sleeping child.

They took the child away, but upon arriving at the first hill, they began fighting over it, throwing it back and forth at each other like a ball. The child began to cry, which woke up the housemaid. She looked at the underground women's child and realized that an exchange had taken place. She ran to the front of the house, where she found the women arguing about the stolen child. She stepped into the fray and caught the child as they were throwing it back and forth. With the child in her arms she ran home. She placed the changeling outside the door, and the hill-women came and took it back.

> Source: Wilhelm and Jacob Grimm, Die zwei unterirdischen Weiber, *Deutsche Sagen,* no. 91.

The Nickert

A. Kuhn and W. Schwartz, *North German Legends, Tales, and Customs*

The Nickert is a small gray person that lives in the water and has a great desire for human children. If they have not yet been baptized, he will steal them, leaving his own children in their place. They are very small, but have large, broad heads.

Once a woman on a journey gave birth to a child at Scharfenbrück. As soon as she had recovered and was crossing the Ruthe Bridge on her way home, the Nickert came upon her without being seen and stole her newborn child, leaving in its place his malformed brat with its thick head. It lived for eight years, and then died. If the woman had not crossed over running water with her newborn, the Nickert would not have been able to do anything to her.

The changelings that the Nickert substitutes for human children are very strong, often having more strength than three strong men together.

Once in Zühlichendorf there was a large Nickert child that was completely wild. He dirtied himself, and was almost like an animal. One day a worker came home with a heavily loaded wagon full of grain and ran into the gatepost so hard that he could not get loose. The Nickert child, who was sitting inside next to the window, saw what had happened and asked, "Should I help you?"

The bad-tempered worker replied, "You stupid quack, it's too heavy for you!" Then the Nickert child came outside and with one powerful shove pushed the wagon free. Three days later the Nickert child disappeared.

> Source: A. Kuhn and W. Schwartz, *Norddeutsche Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche* (Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus, 1848), pp. 92-93.

Changeling Beliefs in Altmark

J. D. H. Temme, *Folk Legends from Altmark*

1. To prevent the "thickheads" (underground spirits) from exchanging a newborn child, it must be continuously watched until it is baptized. For this reason the baptism takes place as soon as possible.
2. Dwarfs in the region between Salzwedel and Disdorf are not called "thickheads," but rather "the underground people." Here the belief that a child can be exchanged is especially strong. People fear that the misshapen dwarfs who live beneath the earth, and who would like nothing more than to have beautiful, well-formed human children, will steal newborns, leaving their own malformed children, called changelings, in their place. Therefore there is always a great rush to have the child baptized, and until this happens the mother and child will not be left alone for even an instant. Furthermore, until then there must always be a burning light near them, even in broad daylight, because the underground people are afraid of light.
3. A child must carefully and continuously be protected against exchange by the underground people until it is baptized. Therefore the so-called "word of God," a leaf from the Bible from a hymnbook, is either wrapped up with the child in its blanket or laid in its cradle.

Source: J. D. H. Temme, *Die Volkssagen der Altmark* (Berlin: In der Nicolaischen Buchhandlung, 1839), pp. 74, 82, 86.

The Changeling

Karl Haupt, *The Legend Book of Lausitz*

A child must always have someone nearby until it is six weeks old. Otherwise, an old woman from the woods or the mountains could come and exchange a physically and mentally retarded, malformed changeling for the infant. At the very least, one must place a hymnbook near the child's head before leaving the room. However, if--through negligence--the misfortune does occur, you should take prompt notice of it. Then you need only make a switch from the branches of a weeping birch tree and beat the changeling severely with it. The old woman will respond to his cries by bringing back the exchanged child and taking the beastly child away. You must allow her to depart unhindered, neither scolding nor cursing her, otherwise you will be left with the changeling hanging on your neck.

Source: Karl Haupt, *Sagenbuch der Lausitz. Erster Theil: Das Geisterreich* (Leipzig, Verlag von Wilhelm Engelmann, 1862), p. 69. Haupt's source is Leopold Haupt and J. E. Schmaler, *Volkslieder der Wenden in der Ober- und Niederlausitz* (Grimma, 1841), vol. 2, p. 267.

The Dwarf's Confession

August Ey, *Legends and Tales from the Upper Harz*

A mother had her child exchanged by the dwarfs, and in its place they laid a changeling. The mother was concerned, because the child looked so very old. She shared her grief with a laborer. He told her that it wasn't her child, but rather a dwarf. She could prove this by boiling some oil while holding the child and then asking him how old he was. The woman did this.

With the child on her arm, she put the oil on the fire. It asked her what she was doing, and the mother said that she wanted to brew some beer. With that she set some empty walnut shells around the fire, so she could later pour the beer into them. Then the dwarf said, innocently and without thinking:

> Now I am as old
> As the Harz Wood,
> And I've never seen anything like this,
> My entire life long.
> Brewing beer in walnut shells!

Now the mother knew that it was an old dwarf. Thus she set him down and threatened to kill him if he didn't bring her child back. The dwarf told just to go outside for a short while. When she came back in, her child was there and the dwarf was gone. Later the child became large, strong, wealthy, and very happy.

> Source: August Ey, *Harzmärchenbuch; oder, Sagen und Märchen aus dem Oberharze* (Stade: Verlag von Fr. Steudel, 1862), pp. 106-107.

The Changeling of Plau

Karl Bartsch, *Legends, Tales, and Customs from Mecklenburg*

A married couple in Plau had a child that after two years was still only as long as a shoe. It had an enormously large head and could not learn to talk. They shared their concern with an old man, who said: "For sure the underground people have exchanged your child. If you want to be certain about this, then take an empty eggshell and in the presence of the child pour fresh beer into it, then add yeast to make it ferment. If the child then starts to talk, then my suspicion is right." They followed this advice. The beer had scarcely begun to ferment when the child called out from its cradle:

> Now I am as old
> As Bohemian gold,
> But this is the first I've ever heard tell,
> Of beer being brewed in an eggshell.

The parents determined that the very next night they would throw the child into the Elbe River. They arose after midnight and went to the cradle, where they discovered a strong and healthy child. The underground people had taken back their own child.

> Source: Karl Bartsch, *Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg* (Vienna, Wilhelm Braumüller, 1879), vol. 1, p. 42. Mecklenburg is in northeast Germany, bordering the Baltic Sea.
>
> The dwarf's actual words, in the original Low German:
>
> > Ik bün so olt
> > as Böhmer Gold,

Hertha Lake

A Legend from Northern Germany

translated by

D. L. Ashliman
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In the part of the Island of Rügen named Jasmund, not far from Stubbenkammer, one can still see remnants--especially the outer wall--of Hertha Castle, which has stood there for many centuries, ever since the days of heathenism. In this castle the heathens of Rügen worshipped an idol that they called Hertha, whom they perceived to be Mother Earth.

Not far from Hertha Castle there is a deep, black lake, surrounded by woods and hills. The goddess bathed there several times each year. She rode there in a carriage covered with a mysterious veil and drawn by two cows. Only her consecrated priest was allowed to accompany her. Slaves were also brought along to lead the draft animals, but they were drowned in the lake immediately upon completing their task, because any unconsecrated person who caught sight of the goddess would have to die. For this reason nothing more is known about the worship of this goddess.

There are all kinds of stories about uncanny happenings near this lake. Some believe that these are caused by the devil, who, in the form of the goddess Hertha, was worshipped by the heathens and who therefore still lays claim to the lake. Others believe that these happenings are caused by an ancient queen or princess who had been banished to this place.

Especially when the moon is shining brightly, a beautiful woman is often seen emerging from the woods adjacent to Hertha Castle. She proceeds to the lake, where she bathes herself. She is surrounded by many female servants, who accompany her into the water. Then they all disappear, but they can be heard splashing about. After a while they all appear again, and they can be seen returning to the woods dressed in long white veils.

It is very dangerous for a wanderer to observe this, for he will be drawn by force into the lake where the white woman is bathing, and as soon as he touches the water, he will be powerless; the water will swallow him up. They say that the woman has to lure one human into the water every year.

No one is allowed to use boats or nets on this lake. Some time ago some people dared to bring a boat to the lake. They left it afloat overnight, and when they returned the next morning, it had disappeared. After a long search, they found it atop a beech tree on the bank. It was spirits of the lake that had put it up there during the night, for when the people were

getting it back down, they heard a spiteful voice calling to them from beneath the lake, saying: "My brother Nickel and I did it!"

- Source: J. D. H. Temme, *Die Volkssagen von Pommern und Rügen* (Berlin, In der Nicolaischen Buchhandlung, 1840), no. 38, pp. 65-66.
- See also Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, *Deutsche Sagen* (1816/1818), no. 365.
- Rügen is a German island in the Baltic Sea.
- Hertha may be the earth goddess referred to by Tacitus in his treatise on the Germans, written in the year 98.
- Hertha is also known by the names Ertha and Nerthus, among others.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Tabulation by WebCounter.

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